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SIR JOHN C. HOBHOUSE.

M. Faraday

AUTHOR OF "CHEMICAL MANIPULATION"

Dion Lardner

THE EDITOR OF "THE CABINET CYCLOPEDIA"

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Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

JULY, 1836.

From the Monthly Review.

Six Months of a Newfoundland Missionary's Journal, from February to August, 1835. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1836.

THE author of this journal, we believe, is one of the most simple-minded, pious, and laborious Archdeacons that ever existed, and probably the least skilled of all his class in the art of writing. We wonder that the editor through whose hands these pages have passed, did not prune them of some glaring errors in point of grammar, and polish or correct some of the sentences; which the reader could not have conceived it possible for a dignitary of the Church of England to indite. Here is a specimen taken from the dedicatory letter, which is addressed to his wife.

> "To whom, lastly, could I more fitly dedicate it, than to one who so deeply sympathized with me when I was prevented, in the visit which I was obliged to undertake, two years ago, to England, for the restoration of my shattered health—from urging upon the members of the church at home, the need which there is for some larger provision for the accommodation of the poor protestant emigrant, with the means of protestant worship in the capital of the island—and who are now so deeply concerned at witnessing the same want, that you have resolved to forego, for a time, all the comforts of your home—to rend yourself from the sphere of your interesting duties here, and to expose yourself to the discomforts of a voyage across the Atlantic, at this most inclement season, that you may lend your aid to superintend, the urgent appeal which I am about to make from hence, before it be too late, through the public press in England, for aid in the erection of the new church, which, after having painfully witnessed the want of it for more than five years, I feel it, at length, my imperative duty to undertake, in faith, for the protestants of St. John's, who to a greater number than 3,000, are without any means whatever of assembling to worship God, after the manner of their fathers?"—pp. 7, 8.

The whole of this dedication is remarkable, however, for its sincerity, and serves as a very good explanatory introduction to the succeeding journal, which possesses an interest and an excellence we never dreamt of finding in a volume of this character.

This journal contains an account of the reverend author's visitation tour to the scattered members of the episcopal church in Newfoundland, which includes many notices of matters beyond the immediate field of the Missionary's office, the whole being so artlessly, faithfully, and sincerely communicated, as to afford the reader a valuable treat. The information given, and the simple and natural style in which it is given, are not the only grounds of delight derived from this volume; perhaps the unstudied and full exposure of the author's pure and zealous heart and character affords the most pleasing object to which the work introduces us. We shall at once proceed therefore to present a pretty ample account of its contents.

It appears that the settlements in the interior of Newfoundland, and remote from St. John's, are so difficult of access to the inhabitants of the capital, that many who have been all their lives resident in it, have not so much knowledge of them as they have of the more distant provinces of North America. It also appears, that travelling over the snow in the month of March is less difficult than walking on land at any other season of the year. The author, therefore, in fulfilment long entertained of an extensive visitation tour, set out about the middle of February of last year, with a guide who had at one time lived for four years among the Micmac Indians, which it was natural to be concluded must have given him an acquaintance with the best mode of travelling in what the author calls an *untractable* island. He also informs us that a greater quantity of snow had fallen there last winter than had been remembered for twenty years, which had led him to expect a more easy journey than is usual in winter. But the most favourable season would be found to offer inconveniences and labour enough to most archdeacons, as we shall soon learn.

Our author carried a knapsack, in which were 14lbs. weight of luggage, to which his guide had restricted him. They were not long, after leaving a regular road, in missing their way, but some time after dark regained it, by observing the inclination of the topmost branches of the juniper trees, which always, he says, point to the east. After many falls, owing to the slippery wood-path, they reached, on the night of the 17th February, the house of a Mr. Miller, a respectable planter on the south shore of Conception Bay. The man had retired to bed; but, says the author, "I assembled the females of the family, and read and explained a chapter of the Bible, and offered up prayers with them before I retired to bed; and the next morning the men, before their work, joined us in the same employment." This was a portion of the journalist's labour which he seems never to have overlooked, wherever and whenever he entered a house or a hut in the course of his tour. But he never fatigues his readers with any attempt at magnifying exertions; on the contrary, he passes from one thing to another, when the circumstances would afford some tourists matter for a long chapter, with a rapidity and a cheerfulness of manner that is perfectly delightful as well as unusual.—For example, after being prevented by a snow-storm for one day from travelling, on the morning of

> "*Friday*, 20—We took a heavy mallet, with a long handle, which the people called an ice-pounder, and escaped some hours of very laborious walking, by crossing in a boat to Bay Roberts. I regretted to find that Mr. Joyce, an exceedingly kind friend to the church and clergy, whom I had found here on former visits, had paid the debt to nature. Mr. Blackman had been engaged to attend a funeral at Bay Roberts yesterday; but the storm had made all close prisoners to their houses. It may give some idea of the difficulty of communication in the winter, even in the neighborhood of St. John's, if I state here that gentlemen at Port de Grave had not seen a St. John's newspaper for a month, when I arrived amongst them; and that in Trinity Bay, I found that the sum of twenty-five shillings had been, on a late occasion, demanded, and twenty-five shillings actually paid, for the casual conveyance of a single letter, overland, by one of the cross-country guides. I found that Ridout, a respectable young man, who had been used to keep a congregation together upon the south shore of Conception Bay, had died last spring, from the exertion and exposure consequent on going round the head of the bay at that inclement season on foot; and ——— Hodge, the packet-man of Killigrews, was just recovering from a most severe cold caught a few days before, from his having been washed overboard in a gale. The Reverend John Burt, the Protestant episcopal missionary at St. Paul's, Harbour Grace, was dangerously ill, and I wished much to go to see him; but as the Reverend William Nisbet, of St. Mary's Church, Heart's Content, Trinity Bay, was within him, assisting him in his duties, I did not delay my journey to visit him. Mr. Blackman kindly accompanied me to Spaniards' Bay Beech. Here my guide and I struck into the woods at eleven, A. M., and crossed the neck which divides Conception from Trinity Bay. I broke into the ice of one brook on my way, and by half-past seven, P. M., reached the house of Mr. Charles Nieuhook, jun., of New Harbour, a late worthy parishioner of the Reverend William Bullock, at St. Paul's Church, Trinity, whose father is of French Huguenot extraction. The distance is not more than fifteen miles by my compass, but the necessarily circuitous course which we were obliged to take to avoid a steep hill in one direction, a running brook, or a thick wood, in another, made it at least twenty. The distance which persons, liable to serve on petty juries, may be obliged to travel that they may meet the circuit judges in this island, is, from these circumstances, not very easily defined. I have met with places in Fortune Bay, two or three miles only from each other, to visit which by land in winter, it might be necessary to make a circuit of fifteen miles, to get round the deep precipitous chasms or 'gulshes' and ravines, which cross from the coast into the interior. 'Why, it is but seven miles, my friend, as the crow flies,' observed a judge to a remonstrant petty juryman, who pleaded the difficulty and the distance.—'That may be,' replied he, 'but as I cannot go as the crow goes I make the distance fifteen or sixteen.'"—pp. 16—19.

About two or three days afterwards—

> "Assembled two dozen people, all who had not gone into the woods for their work before our arrival, for full service, at the tilt of William Pollett. As we passed a point in our boat, I got sight of a black fox close to the water's edge, and was informed by the people, that I might expect shortly to see an otter, which I soon did; and, on going to the spot, found several holes which the otter had made on the slob-ice when diving for fish, which the fox, at this period of scarcity of other provisions, would monopolize on his bringing it up, or share with him. The otter and the fox, consequently, at this season, are generally to be found very near each other. I had a cliff pointed out to me at Norman's Cove, not far from hence, a part of which, from its losing the power of cohesion, (no uncommon event here after our long winter) had fallen down a few springs since, and had buried several men, friends of my present guides, in its fall. The 'barber,' a vapour so called from its cutting qualities, was distinctly visible upon the water this morning. It arises, I believe, from the air's being colder than the water. I was glad, on the approach of day, to turn myself towards the sun, which rose most brilliantly this cold morning. No description can convey an idea of the beauty of the overfalling stalactites of ice, some white through, some transparent, which hung down from the rugged cliffs on the side of this fine arm of the sea, till they nearly touched the water."—pp. 23—25.

Where do our readers suppose, did the reverend gentleman pass the night? He does not inform us; but we shall soon hear of other nights, which were, no doubt, got over in a similar and extraordinary manner for dignified churchmen. For a scene of splendour, and one felicitously delineated, where yet, there is only a plain enumeration of facts, followed by a pious reflection we cite the following example.

> "The country at this time presented an appearance quite different from that presented by the vegetation when affected by the moisture of the atmosphere which is afterwards operated upon by sudden frosts, and is improperly denominated here, a silver *thaw*. The present appearance was much more beautiful, although that cannot but be much admired. The under current of air had been sufficiently cold to freeze rain upon its reaching the earth, or alighting upon any exposed vegetable object, although the upper media, through which it had passed, permitted it still to fall as rain. As soon as this transparent liquid had alighted upon a branch of evergreen, or on a blade of grass, which projected above the snow, it had congealed; giving, through its transparent covering, a brighter tint to every colour of the objects which it enveloped. As the rain had continued to fall very fast for several hours while the lower air was in this state, this bright incrustation had collected on every object, even on those which were most minute, and offered the least firm support to such a weighty girdle, to the depth of at least an inch. The splendour of the spectacle which was presented by woods, shrubs, and underbrush, thus brilliantly illuminated in a morning of unclouded sunshine, was greater than any effort of art could come near to imitate. It left all the spectacles of scenic illusion, or the imaginative creations of fairy descriptions

> far, far behind the reality of the natural phenomenon, which, though it was calculated most surely to fix the gaze of admiring crowds, only called forth now the grateful admiration of one fond admirer of the gospel of nature. Yet this profusion of sparkling beauty was not lost:—'O ye frost and cold! O ye ice and snow! bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him for ever!'"—pp. 24—27.

Thursday, 26th February, on conversing with J. G. an Englishman, who had been twenty-one years in the country, the author found that he was still pennyless, the poor servant of another Englishman who was scarcely less poor. The man himself could trace all his misfortunes to his fondness for ardent spirits. The Archdeacon entered his tilt, and prayed with and for him.

At Great Placentia, which at one time was the seat of French Government, but now much decayed, the author found only nine persons of his communion, whom he assembled. He there saw a valuable service of communion plate, which was given by His Royal Highness Prince William Henry, in 1787, and also a splendid folio Prayer Book and Bible, and a new version of the Psalms, which were presented by a Roman Catholic, O. F. Sweetman, Esq. This gentleman entertained the author kindly; and indeed a good feeling exists generally, he continues to say, on the part of Roman Catholics in that part of Newfoundland, towards the English church—being of a very different character from what he gives to the more recent Irish settlers in the vicinity of St. John's. A Roman Catholic aged widow expressed to him a hearty wish that the silver plate, above alluded to, would be used monthly.

In many of the settlements, the author found not a little employment in writing letters for the people to their relatives who had been settled, some ten, some twenty years, in other parts of the island, and with whom they had been unable to hold communication since their original settlement or dispersion; the simple announcement of this fact affording a striking idea, not merely of the country and climate, but of the author's toil and anxiety to benefit the people wherever he went, and without even uttering a syllable indicative of inconvenience or weariness. A day or two after, we find him assembling fifteen persons for full service, "by the light of a piece of ignited seal's fat, placed in a scollop shell, which served for the lamp of our humble sanctuary in the woods. I made acquaintance here, too, for the first time, with a decoction of the tops of the spruce branches, to which I afterwards became much accustomed, as a substitute for tea, and which, from experience, I can pronounce to be very salutary and bracing, though not so palatable as the beverage supplied by the Honourable East India Company." This is the manner in which the Archdeacon proceeds to announce adventures, scenes, and strange facts, and to classify them, with as much seeming equanimity as if they were neither important nor picturesque. How differently would a hackneyed book-maker, or a fashionable continental tourist go to work!

Not far from Chandler's Harbour, in Paradise Sound, the Archdeacon and his guide had but indifferent lodgings one night.

> "We got benighted, however; the moon became obscured, and as a drift came on, with a drizzling snow and rain, we made a night fire. For feeding this, we felled in the course of the night, a sufficient quantity of spruce and birch to have made a most shady retreat in a space equal to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there we waited for the dawn. This is a more accurate account of such a night, than it would be to record that we had slept in the woods; for the traveller, lying on a few fir branches upon the snow, freezes on one side, while the blazing flame scorches him on the other. I did not, at this early period of my cruise, understand so well, as I afterwards did, the plan of making a fire in the woods; and in my hurry to greet the welcome sight of a cheerful fire, by which I might break the fast which I had kept since seven in the morning, I had neglected the necessary preliminary of digging out a hole in the eight feet of snow, which were on the ground. The immense fire which we kindled, for want of this precaution, continued to melt down the snow, lower and lower by degrees, till, before the dawn of morning, I was left to the action of the piercing winds, on the top of a bank of snow, the fire being in a hole much below my level, and only benefiting me by its smoke, which threatened to blind, as well as to stifle me. I may mention, that the first tree, which I felled, nearly demolished my faithful dog which accompanied me, as it fell across the terrified creature's loins; the soft newly fallen snow, however, offered no resistance to his body, but sunk under his weight, so that he received no injury."—pp. 56, 57.

Here are no ejaculations, no amplifications about the badness of the bed, or the coldness of the dwelling; for it immediately is added, that after having travelled in the morning some distance "in a very wet condition, from my last night's lair," sleet and rain continuing to fall, "I was most humanely entertained by a Roman Catholic planter, Handlin and his wife, at whose house I dried and warmed myself." Does not the reader find that by every step which this most unsophisticated Christian takes, he gains upon the affections? and does he not also find an attractive lesson of charitable feeling and beautiful contentedness in every unadorned, unambitious sentiments, which the good man utters? We are greatly mistaken if this cheap volume does not produce an effect never contemplated by the author, and which he will be the last to believe it capable of producing. So much for truth, natural feeling, and sincere religion. Religion, in its simple power and beauty, is seen in every paragraph inserted in this Journal. We shall not prejudice the book, when we announce, that in the author's future progress, monotonous though the country, the events, and the description may necessarily seem to be, we have still more effective details and more strongly varied circumstances introduced than any that have yet been noticed. We must still, however, jump over much that is interesting; it is only a sort of random abridgment that we pursue.

> "I was fortunate enough to come out upon the shore in Fortune Bay, exactly where there were no houses, and a very decent young man B. L. and his wife, having only left their winter tilts that morning, had cleaned up their

> neat summer house, and lighted a good fire, as though for my reception. I sent round to his neighbours to give notice of my intention to hold divine service at this house the next morning, and was delighted to see the serious and intelligent manner in which the children were taught to say their grace before and after meat, and their morning and evening prayers. My eyes, which have been much tried by the glare of the sun upon the snow, and by the cutting winds abroad, are further tried within the houses by the quantity of smoke, or 'cruel steam,' as the people emphatically and correctly designate it, with which every tilt is filled. The structure of the winter tilt, the chimney of which is of upright studs, stuffed or 'stogged' between with moss, is so rude, that in most of them in which I officiated the chimney has caught fire once, if not oftener, during the service. When a fire is kept up, which is not unusual, all night long, it is necessary that somebody should sit up, with a bucket of water at hand, to stay the progress of these frequent fires; an old gun-barl is often placed in the chimney corner, which is used as a syringe, or diminutive fire engine, to arrest the progress of these flames; or masses of snow are placed on the top of the burning studs, which, as they melt down, they extinguish the dangerous elements. The chimneys of the summer-houses in Fortune Bay, are better fortified against the danger, being lined within all the way up with a coating of tin, which is found to last for several years."—pp 63—65.

Next day the Archdeacon had an unusually bad course to go over, in one place being obliged to crawl upon hands and knees, through a hole in a hollow rock, "in others we went over crags, from which heavy icicles were pendant, resembling some mimic Niagara, which had been caught and fixed by the frost at midnight." His sealskin cap and crape gauze veil, worn for the protection of the eyes, were stiffened by the frost; his gloves and handkerchief became masses of ice, and as he could not get off his sealskin mockasins, he was in more danger than ever of being *frost burnt*. On the 3d of April, he saw a rude calendar: it was a piece of board, on which was carved an initial letter for each day of the week. Under these letters the day of the month was chalked afresh at the beginning of each week. He met pious persons, however, who had occasionally so miscalculated the time, that they had scrupulously abstained from work on Saturday or Monday, supposing them to be Sunday.

The Archdeacon meets with some Indian families of the Banokok tribe from Canada, and lodges in a wigwam, spruce boughs, like feathers, being spread around the fire, covered with deer-skin; the softest and cleanest were offered to him, and he passed the night comfortably. He found them very regular in their evening and morning devotions. They were Romanists.—"The females particularly had a soft melodious hum in which they chanted with much seeming devotion, every night before they gave themselves to rest."

> "The Indian squaws pleased me much by their natural courtesy. Though walking above a hundred miles in Indian rackets or snow-shoes has made me now somewhat expert in the use of them, it may be imagined that I was at first, indeed I must be still, very awkward in them, by the side of an Indian. Being thirty-three inches in length, and eighteen inches broad, and weighing each of them twenty ounces, even before they are saturated with wet, they occasioned me many falls and disasters. This was especially the case in descending very steep hills, or going upon the thin ice of Long Pond, which broke in under our weight. The water which had collected to the depth of a foot or a foot and a half on the top of ice of some of the large lakes, had its own coat of ice, and although the safety of the traveller is not endangered by the weakness of this upper ice, his expedition is very much impeded."—pp. 89, 90.

We have already been informed, that the author became more expert in making a temporary place of rest during the night among the snow. A description of the process is thus given:—

> "The snow being at least ten feet deep, a rude shovel is first cut out of the side of some standing tree, which is split down with a wedge made for the purpose. Snow does not adhere to wood as it does to an iron shovel, consequently a wooden shovel is preferable for the purpose of shovelling out the snow. The snow is then turned out for the space of eight or ten feet square, according to the number of the company which requires accommodation. When the snow is cleared away, quite to the ground, the wood is laid on the ground for the fire. About a foot of loose snow is left in the cavern round the fire. On this the spruce of fir branches, which break off very easily when bent hastily back downwards, are laid all one way, featherwise, with the lower part of the bough upwards. Thus the bed is made. Some of these boughs are also stuck upright on the snow against the wall of snow by the side of the cavern, and a door or opening is left in the wall of snow for the bringing in during the night the birch-wood for burning, which is piled up in heaps close by for the night's supply, that any one who may be awake during the night may bring it in as it is required. Here the traveller lies with no covering from the weather, or other shelter than the walls of snow on each side of his icy cavern and surrounding trees may supply. Of course as the laborious exercise during the day is sufficiently heating, and he is unwilling unnecessary to increase his burden, he has no great coat or cloak for wrapping up at night. A yellow fungus which grows on the wich-hazel supplies tinder to the Indian, who is never without flint or steel, and he is remarkably expert in vibrating moss and dry leaves and birch bark rapidly through the air in his hands, which, soon after the application of a spark, ignite and make a cheerful blaze. One who passes a night in the woods in the winter must halt by four P. M.; for by the time the hole in the snow is dug, and a sufficient number of trees are felled, and cut up to serve for the supply of fuel for the night, it will have become dark."—pp. 90, 92.

The Archdeacon engages an Indian guide; but both guides, as well as himself, found their sight becoming very weak, and at length they all three become blind. "A field of white paper, varied only by an occasional blot of the pen, with the glare of the bright sun upon it all day, and the red glare of the fire all night," together with the wind by day, and the "cruel steam" by night, produced this calamity, while they were lodging for several successive nights and days in the snow. There were other hardships which they had to encounter.

> "In a country which abounds with game, and in which it is so difficult to travel even without any burden, none think of carrying provisions for more than a day or two into the interior with them; but neither the pilots nor I

> could now see sufficiently to use a gun, or bear indeed to look upwards. The Indian did try, but he came back without success, although he met with many fresh tracks of deer, and heard many partridges, and in the course of the night, deer had evidently passed within twenty yards of our retreat. It became so thick, moreover, that, had we been ever so little affected with snow-blindness, we could not have seen more than a few yards, and could not consequently have made any way in an unknown country. Our Indian guide, while he was in search of deer, nearly lost all track of us, when, our allowance of food being exceedingly scanty, our situation seemed likely to be very deplorable. All Tuesday we rested in our icy chamber. What an oratory was it for the prayers of two or three, who were surely agreed touching what they should ask of their Father in heaven. The ejaculations, 'give us this day our daily bread,' and 'lighten our darkness,' commanded a ready response. Such place might be a Bethel, and there may be seasons in the lives of those who travel, and scenes such as these, of which they may afterwards say, that the Lord was by them in the wilderness, and that it has been good for them to have been there. Some natural tears may have mingled with the water which the acrid vapour from the smoke of the damp wood (for it now rained) forced from my eyes, as I thought of the probable anxiety of my dear wife, and of the likelihood that all my dreams of future useful labours in the church might be thus fatally dissipated. It was at length hinted by the Indian, that my dog might make a meal, and it is as much that they may serve in such a season of extremity, as for any fondness which they have for the animal, or use they generally make of them, that Indians are usually attended by dogs of a mongrel breed. Had my Indian pilot known the coast, we might have got to some Indian wigwams in White Bear Bay, but he did not like to attempt reaching that bay. The straggling locations of these Indians along our coast, reminded me much of the separation between Abraham and Lot.
>
> "I divided the bread-dust and crumbs, all which now remained of our provisions, not amounting altogether to more than two biscuits, into three parts, and gave a part to each of my guides, reserving a like share for myself; and, as I had not the patent apparatus with me for extracting bread from saw-dust, though I saw the danger which must attend our moving in such thick weather, and blind as we all were, I perceived that we must either make an effort to return, or must starve where we were. I proposed, therefore, to the Indian pilot, that we should try to return to the spot where we had left so much venison buried. At first he hesitated; but, at length he agreed that we should attempt it. A black gauze veil, which I had kept over my eyes when the sun was at its height, and the resolution to which I had adhered of not rubbing my eyes, had preserved me, perhaps, from suffering so much sun-blindness as my companions. Maurice Louis, the Indian, would open his eyes now and then to look at my compass:—we could not see for fog more than 100 yards; he would fix on some object as far as the eye could reach, and then shut his eyes again, when I would lead him up to it. On reaching it he would open his eyes again, and he would, in the same manner, take a fresh departure. It was literally a case in which the blind was leader to the blind."—pp. 98—103.

The want of water in this journey was a great privation. The Archdeacon contented himself, however, with that which was supplied by snow melted by the smoky fire, which cracked his swollen lips to such a degree, that he had afterwards difficulty in recognizing himself when looking in a piece of broken glass; and he adds, that the most scorching heat in summer does not tan and swell the face more than does travelling in the snow at that season.

After numerous dangers and great exertions they reached a winter crew's tilt, where, throwing himself into a dark "lean-to," the Archdeacon sought repose for his eyes, when so heavy a rain came on, that he was truly thankful he was not in one of the unroofed snow caves, which for some time before had been his only place of retreat in all weathers. But we must confine our remaining space for other notices than such as belong to the author's dangers and endurances from the weather and his lodgings.

> "At Chalcur Bay, I had an audience, who gathered their chairs nearer to me, and nearer, as their interest in a beautiful religious narrative, which I was reading, heightened, until one and another lifted the hand, and the corner of the rough apron in silence, to wipe the tear from their sunburnt cheeks; and one woman, at the close of the tale, took up the chord for the rest, and remarked with a striking simplicity: 'It is very feeling, Sir!' The conduct of Reuben Samms, contrasts well with the less creditable conduct of many upon this shore, as regards wrecks. Before the wreck of the 'William Ashton,' he had been instrumental with his brother, in saving persons at different times from five other wrecks. On one occasion, he had observed signs of a wreck and discovered foot-marks upon the rugged shore, and tracked them several miles into the interior, where he found seven men from the 'Mary,' which belonged to Mr. Broom, the present senior magistrate of St. John's. The poor fellows had been three days and nights without food, and, but for his exertions in pursuing their tracks, must have perished. The simple description which he gave me of the joy which was depicted upon the haggard countenances of these starving and lost seamen, when they first caught sight of him in the interior, was most affecting, and reminded me of the experience of the lost sinner, when he first makes discovery of a Saviour! When I had performed full service at Bay Chaleur, and baptized his four children, his wife humbly offered herself for baptism, as did also his mother-in-law, who was sixty-two years of age, but had never before had an opportunity, though well read and instructed, and of pious conversation—of thus solemnly dedicating herself in this scriptural method to the service of Christ.
>
> "I may mention here a pious fraud which I detected in this neighbourhood. There is, among the poor, in many parts of this island, a superstitious respect paid to a piece of printed paper, which is called the 'Letter of Jesus Christ.' This, in addition to Lentulus's well-known epistle to the Senate of Rome, contains many absurd superstitions, such as the promise of safe delivery in child-bed, and freedom from bodily hurt to those who may possess a copy of it. A humble person on this shore, who had long possessed one of these papers, wished to supply some of her relatives and neighbours with copies, and sent home a commission for several. Instead of the lying imposition which she had sent for, several hand-bill placards, or sheets came out to her, in which admirable texts were appended to the above-named letter of Lentulus, and a promise of eternal life was held out to those who, possessing—not that paper! but a copy of the sacred scriptures, should read and believe them, and live according to them. The woman had felt disappointed, and detailed her disappointment to me. On examining the case, of course I could not sympathize with her, and endeavoured, I trust successfully, to explain the

> unscriptural character of the first papers, and to recommend that, in all future importations, she should take care to order those which came from the same press; Davis, of Paternoster Row.
>
> "'You think, then, they will have as much goodness in them as the old ones sir?'
>
> "'As much, certainly; and I should imagine more, my good woman, if you would only be guided by the good advice which is given in that paper.'"—pp. 131—136.

The Archdeacon's waggery is admirable, and the more so that it is perfectly innocent. Perhaps, however, the most touching information to be found in this volume, is connected with the shipwrecks that are so frequent on the coast of Newfoundland. At the cabin at Burnt Islands, in which the author staid, "the playthings of the children were bunches of small patent desk and cabinet keys, which had been picked up from wrecks." Beautiful China plates, which had been washed ashore, were ranged upon shelves alongside of the most common ware, and a fine huckabac towel, marked L. C. D., was given to him to dry his hands, which had been supplied from a wrecked vessel in which there had been several ladies.

> "To some hearts those letters, doubtless, would renew a sad period of anxiety, which preceded the intelligence of the melancholy certainty of a sad bereavement. I could not look at this relic of a toilet, now no more required, without emotions of deep interest, although I had no clue by which I could attach recollections of brilliant prospects early blighted, or pious faith exemplified in death to these three letters. Indeed, the scenes and circumstances, the very people by whom I was surrounded, roused within me a train of deeply melancholy sensations. My host may have been a humane man; his conduct to me was that of genuine hospitality; but it had been his frequent employment at intervals, from his youth till now, to bury wrecked corpses, in all stages of decomposition. There had been washed on shore here, as many as three hundred, and an hundred and fifty on two occasions, and numerous in others. This sad employment appeared to have somewhat blunted his feelings. I would not do him injustice—the bare recital of such revolting narratives, 'quorum pars magna fuit,' unvarnished as such tales would naturally be, in the simpler expression of a fisherman, might give an appearance of a want of feeling, which nature may not have denied to him, and of which the scenes and occupations of his life may not have wholly divested him. I remember well my expressing my reluctance to allow him to disinter a delicate female foot, the last human relic, which the waves, or the wild cats, or the fox, or his own domestic dog, had deposited in the neighbourhood of his cabin. He had recently picked it up close to his door, and had buried it in his garden, and was very anxious to be allowed to shovel away the lingering snow, that he might indulge me with a sight of it. I suppose my countenance may have betrayed some feeling of abhorrence, when he said, 'Dear me, Sir, do let me; it would not give me any concern at all: I have had so much to do with dead bodies, that I think no more of handling them, than I do of handling so many codfish!' I have said, that I believe him humane; yet wrecks must form his chief inducement to settle in a place so barren and bleak, and to live through the winter out upon the shore as he does, contrary to the usual habit of people, which is to retire into the woods until late in spring. But humanity might prompt a man to live where his services may occasionally be exerted usefully for the preservation of human life. Yet, did I wrong him in the judgment of charity, when I saw his quick eye kindle with the gale, as he watched the stormy horizon? Was I wrong when, as he went in the early dawn and dusk each evening, while I was there, to a hill a little higher than the rest, with his spy-glass, I thought his feelings and my own—on discerning that a vessel had, during the night, struck some of the numerous rocks which abound hereabouts, or was on her way to do so—might be of a very different character? This man is only a sample of many whom I saw on this part of the coast."—pp. 143—146.

It would not be easy to find a parallel to this account, in point of sadness, simplicity of narration, or tender charity on the part of the narrator, who is so afraid lest he wrong the hardy wrecker.

We are not without snatches of information which exhibit the Archdeacon as one feelingly alive to the beauties and the wonders of natural objects. For instance, he speaks of "those very beautiful birds, called by the people of Newfoundland 'lords and ladies,'" and then introduces the name of Mr. Audubon, who visited the island along with some pupils, some time ago, with deserved admiration, whose works, it appears, he has perused. At St. George's Harbour—

> "One person presented me with a piece of thick birch tree, which had been cut through by the beaver near a beaver house, which was in the neighbourhood. The long teeth of these animals are sharp as chisels, and somewhat curved at the end: through this formation they are enabled to scoop the wood away at each incision, and trees, thick as the body of a stout man, are cut down by them in an incredibly short period, if they are in the way of their beaver path. They have the instinct too, so to cut them, as that they may fall in any direction they wish, and not lie across their path. The tree, of which this is a part, having fallen inconveniently, had been cut through a second time. It is a good specimen, therefore, of their ingenuity, as it shews the marks of their labour at each end. Near the same beaver house, from which this was taken, a tree which the beaver had cut through, had so fallen that it rested against a neighbouring tree. On visiting the beaver house a few days after the first falling of the tree, my informant found that the supporting tree had, in the meantime, paid dearly for the protection it had afforded the condemned one. It had been itself cut through, so that it offered now no obstacle to their plans of improvement."—pp. 164, 165.

The Archdeacon has even a taste for sport as well as for adventure. One night he voluntarily joined some people who went out to spear trout and eels in the salmon fisheries, being highly gratified with the midnight occupation. A rude flambeau made of bunches of birch bark was placed at the bow of the canoe, where a man stood with a cleft pole of a certain description, with which he dexterously and alternately impelled the vessel and speared the fish, that were either bewildered or attracted by the light. Four hundred trout, the author says, were thus taken in the canoe in which he was, some of them of a size that a salmon net would have taken them. Six of them weighed twenty-two pounds. We must not pass unnoticed the Archdeacon's testimony to the sagacity of Newfoundland dogs, especially as the account is connected with a man at Gale's Harbour, of whom honourable mention is made.

> "I staid here at the house of a French Canadian, whose simple recital of the efficacy of his prayers, in a certain season of imminent peril at sea, and intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures, which he knew just sufficient of English to read in our tongue, pleased me very much. Within a few days of my leaving his house, the courage and humanity of this man of faith were called into exercise by the appearance in his neighbourhood, of a boat with a portion of the exhausted crew from a wrecked vessel in her. The breakers made it impossible that the people in the boat should effect a landing; he leaped into the sea at the peril of his life, to give them a rope: a favourite dog, which I had admired while there, was with him; and on the boat's swamping, when Miessau swam with one man in his protection, his faithful dog seized another to draw him to the shore. The south-wester cap, however, which the drowning seaman wore, on which the dog had seized his hold, came off in the water, and the dog not observing the diminution in the weight of his burden, was proceeding to the shore with the cap alone, when the sailor seized the tail of the dog, and so was towed to shore. The master of the wrecked vessel, who was one of the boat's crew, was taken in a state of insensibility into Miessau's house, and some hours elapsed before he became conscious of any thing which was passing around him. This late instance, which I have quoted above, of the sagacity of the dog of Newfoundland, may be classed with many of the same kind, which I have heard well authenticated, and indeed have witnessed many since my residence in the island. An old dog is now living at Jersey Harbour, near Harbour Briton, in Fortune Bay, which has exhibited, in many instances, a degree of sagacity which will hardly be credited. He has been known to assist in carrying on shore some light spars, which the captain of a vessel in the harbour desired him to carry to the land-wash, that a boat's crew might be spared the trouble of carrying them. Another dog belonging to the same wharf has, as a volunteer, or upon invitation, assisted him in his work for a time; but has left his work in the middle of his second turn, swimming to shore without his spar: when the first dog has quietly swam to shore with his own turn, and then sought the runaway dog, and given him a sound threshing, and used to him other arguments of a character so significant and convincing, that the runaway has returned to his work, and quietly persevered in it, till the spars which had been thrown over-board, were rafted to the shore by the sagacious animals."—pp. 150, 153.

Our author speaks pointedly of a marked dissimilarity between the settlers who have descended from Jerseymen, Frenchmen, Irish, Scotch, and English people; nay, of a remarkable difference between the manners of the same races, when only separated by what seems an inconsiderable space; in some spots a population which is sadly degenerated may be found to be thus contrasted with one that has gained by being removed from the mother country. He speaks also in high terms of the character of some of the Indians, whom he heard speak with horror and disgust of the profligacy of the whites. He says he met with more feminine delicacy in the wigwams of the Micmac and Canokok Indians, than in the tilts of many of his own people; and he expresses his fears, that unless some farther means be taken for the improvement of the latter than are at present available, they may fast merge into a state similar to that in which the first missionaries found the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. This interesting Journal, indeed, is intended to enforce an appeal which he is now making, as we learn from the Dedicatory Letter, through the agency of his "dear Fanny," as he characterizes his "Missionary wife," who has come to England for the purpose—showing that she is of a kindred spirit and character with the excellent Archdeacon. The more immediate desire which he expresses, and which the fair ambassadress is to urge in this country, is that assistance may be obtained for the erection of an additional Protestant episcopal church in St. John's, the sum of two thousand pounds being required. Hitherto, it appears, the island has been altogether indebted to the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," for its church institutions, its clergy, and till recently all its schools—the author being one of the Society's servants, and without doubt a most exemplary missionary. We cannot for a moment suppose that his appeal, so supported as it is by the whole current of the Journal, and the zeal of his lady, can fail with the English religious public.

From the Monthly Review.

The Life and Works of William Cowper.—By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. L. L. D. London: Baldwin and Cradock. 1836.

SINCE the times are favourable to an impartial estimate of the merits of this distinguished man, we cannot help regarding it as a signal calamity that he should have fallen into the hands of Mr. Robert Southey. The whole work consists of shreds and patches, taken partly from the writings of Cowper, and partly from the biographies and criticisms of others, strung together with a want of skill which does much to destroy their charm. Hayley's Life, it is true, was made up in the same way; but then Cowper's letters were new, and Hayley was wise enough to know, that to permit Cowper to be his own historian would give the work a surprising attraction. But now, when those who would read a new biography are already familiar with his letters and history, the biographer must adopt a different course, and one which requires higher qualifications. He must, to be sure, set down the incidents of Cowper's life, but this is a trifling part of his duty. He must tell us what Cowper was, and show how far circumstances tended to make him what he was; he must explain to us the nature and spirit of his mind, and the strength and weakness of his heart; he must show us what that mysterious affection was, before which he sometimes bowed down in infant helplessness, while at other times, he threw it off like dust from the eagle's wing. In short, a biographer, worthy of the subject, must do much which Mr. Southey never thought of doing, and if he had, would not have been able to do.

The first biographer of Cowper, Hayley, was a man in no respect equal to the undertaking; but, by a fortunate accident, he adopted a plan similar to Mason's in his life of Gray, and thus acquired considerable reputation from the circumstance that so little of the work was his own. He was probably induced to take this course by the embarrassing nature of his subject. Having no taste or capacity for philosophical investigation, he did not venture to inquire into the causes of Cowper's literary success nor of his physical depression; and, knowing that his religious opinions, if expressed, were likely to give offence to some of Cowper's surviving friends, he seems to have been unwilling to provoke them to a conflict, in which his elegant literary repose would have been seriously endangered. There was also another reason for his reserve, which we cannot find it in our hearts to condemn. The details of mental suffering, when they oblige us to follow a man of fine genius to the cells of a madhouse, are painful and revolting. It was natural that he should wish to draw a veil over this dismal scene in the history of his excellent and honoured friend: but this forbearance gave an incompleteness to his work, and its readers found many questions starting up in their minds to which it furnished no reply. As often happens in such cases of truths withheld, the imaginations to which it gave birth were worse than the worst reality. But it was necessary to say something, and nothing can be more misplaced than Hayley's attempt at explanation. He says, "Had Cowper been prosperous in early love, it is probable that he might have enjoyed a more uniform and happy tenor of health." Here let us stop to say, that we learn only by intimation that Cowper was disappointed in love, not, however, by the insensibility of his mistress, but the interference of their relations. An event so important in the annals of his life might surely have been described at large after the lapse of more than a generation. "Thwarted in love," says Hayley, "the native fire of his temperament turned impetuously into the kindred channel of devotion. The smothered flames of desire, uniting with the vapours of constitutional melancholy and the fervency of religious zeal, produced altogether that irregularity of corporeal sensation and of mental health, which gave such extraordinary vicissitudes of splendour and darkness to his mortal career." This explanation, for doubtless it was so intended, only serves to show the writer's perplexity, and when translated, means that Cowper's malady was owing in part to circumstances, in part to physical constitution, and in part to the habits of his mind. But Hayley does not seem to have been aware of the power of disease to destroy the moral energy: the mind, like the harp, when under firm command, gives out bold, expressive, and inspiring sounds; if the moral energy be lost, it is like the harp of the winds, all sadness. But in criticising Hayley's work, we must not forget what does him more honour—his generous kindness to Cowper; he was one of those matchless friends who remained faithful to the poor invalid, when even the Samaritan would have been tempted to pass by. Nothing in the endeavours and successes of genius can make our hearts burn within us like the self-devotion of those living martyrs, who, unseen by the world, can sit within the shadow of death with the sick and sorrowful, and count it their highest glory to bind up the broken heart.

Cowper evidently had, in his constitution, the elements of that disorder which made such fearful inroads upon the happiness of his life; and the circumstances of his childhood brought them into early action. His mother died when he was but six years old; and if we may believe the accounts we have respecting her, she would have had the judgment to detect and control the native tendencies of his feeling. It is not at all uncommon for the young, at a very early age, to be suspicious of kindness, jealous of affection, and to betray all those infirmities which, if not resisted, make their possessor, or rather their victim, a burden to himself, and useless to the world. But so slow and difficult is it to give a new direction to character which has already begun to take its form, that nothing less than a mother's affection has the long patience which it requires. What Cowper's father was, we do not know. His biographers only tell us that he was once chaplain to George II., and afterwards rector of Great Berkhamstead: as to his character we have no information beyond the fact, that he was a learned and respectable man. But whatever he may have been, he could not fulfil that delicate trust, which nature has confided to a mother's hands, nor does it appear that he secured to himself more than an ordinary place in the affection of his son. We do not remember, in all his letters, any particular allusion to his father, except where he speaks of the sorrow with which he felt that his death dissolved the relations that bound him to the place of his birth. Till his father's death, he had always considered their dwelling-place as a family possession: he had become intimate with every tree that grew near it; and it was with a bitter feeling that he gave it up to the stranger's hands.

Immediately after the death of his mother, which was of itself a sore calamity, he was sent by his father to a public school. Young, shy, and timid as he was, he shrunk back into himself, at witnessing the rough and savage manners of the older boys; and being unable to defend himself, and finding no defender, he was treated by them as lawful prey. Dr. Johnson said to a parent, who wished to overcome the retiring disposition of his child by sending him to a public school, that it was forcing an owl into the sun: a comparison more just than the Doctor himself imagined; for every one familiar with the woods knows, that when the owl is forced into the day, the painful glare of the sunshine is not the worst evil he endures. Every thing that has wings takes advantage of his helplessness, and torments him with insults and injuries, till he is weary of existence. The wonder is, that such discipline did not entirely break the great spirit of Cowper. He tells us that one young savage tortured him in such a manner, that he was afraid to lift his eyes upon him, higher than his knees: but he dared not to complain, and this dire oppression was discovered by accident at last. Here his heart was confirmed in the habit of keeping to itself its own bitterness; an unfortunate reserve; for there were more instances than one, in which the counsel of a judicious friend, who could have entered into his feelings, would have been worth more to him than all the world besides. The consumptive patient, wasting in loneliness and sorrow, is not a sight more affecting to the thoughtful, than he whose moral energy is withered by disease of mind. But in the world at large, the sight inspires less sympathy than ridicule and scorn.

There must be a time in every man's life, we mean every good man, when he begins to act from principle; and Christians, of course, regard Christian principles as the rule by which the conduct and feelings should be governed. It is the object of religious education to supply these principles to the young, and to teach them to act upon them; and nature points to the beginning of conscious existence as the time when these principles should be formed, requiring those who have given life to the child to teach him how to live—to give him a right direction, so that, when he becomes responsible for himself, his tastes and habits may be already formed in favour of loving and doing that which is excellent, honourable and good. When the young mind has been so unfortunate as not to receive this early care, it is hard to supply the deficiency in later years. Still it can be done, and not unfrequently is done; and we take it that, when he who has lived at random begins decidedly to form the character of a Christian, and to govern himself by Christian principles in all that relates to himself, to others, and to God, he is said, in the dialect of our religion, to begin life anew, or in other words, passes through the conversion of the Gospel.

Now such is our condition, that energetic principles of action are absolutely necessary. The man without them can no more reach excellence, usefulness, and peace, either in this world, or another, than a vessel can drift to its destined harbour. The ship, which moves most rapidly and powerfully when under command, would drive most wildly, when left to the winds; and the man most largely gifted with passions and powers is dangerous to himself and others, in exact proportion to the success and glory with which he might exert himself in the way of duty. Cowper, unhappily, by the misfortune of his childhood, lost the benefit of a religious education, which might have formed principles, and taught him to act upon them; nor was there ever a time in the earlier history of his life, though he often lamented the defect, when he could summon energy enough to make himself what he wished to be. He felt that he was living without purpose; but as often as he attempted to break his habits and associations, he was like a man with a withered hand. His conscience perpetually haunted him, but it disturbed him like a dream; the moral energy to act was wanting. We do not believe that he was a profligate wretch, as he afterwards represents himself in his own confessions: we see more evidence of weakness and frailty than hardened guilt, in his course of life: but there certainly was enough to deplore in the loss of his earliest years, in which little was done, and that little not what it ought to have been.

That his conscience was always upbraiding him, appears from various incidents recorded by his own hand. His tastes were evidently in favour of what was right, but the force of circumstances was too strong for mere taste; and as for principles, as we have said, they never had been formed. The admonitions of his conscience, which seems to have had power to avenge though not to redress its own wrongs, were deeply felt at the time, but his unhealthy sensibility gave so much force to external things, that her warnings were lost, if not forgotten. Still they returned again and again: he endeavoured to escape from them by joining in society with gay companions, but in vain. Even at that early period when he was at the public school, he tells us that one day, when sitting in solitude, he was forcibly struck with a passage of Scripture, which applied to the oppression under which he laboured: it started up suddenly in his mind by some association which he could not discover, and he seems to have regarded it as a suggestion *made* to his soul. While he was at Westminister, happening to cross a churchyard late one evening, a sexton, who was digging a grave by the light of a lantern, threw up a skull, which struck him upon the leg. This excited his conscience through his imagination; but he was, he tells us, "as ignorant in all points of religion as the satchel at his back," and though he regarded these as religious impulses, he did not know how to use them. Never having been taught to regard the subject in its true light, he seems to have considered these incidents as supernatural intimations, and to have condemned himself for neglecting them, as if they had been given by an articulate voice from on high.

This weakness and frailty, however, were owing principally to disease; for his taste and judgment were so decidedly in favour of what was right, that we can hardly account for the disturbing force which held him back from religious excellence and intellectual exertion, except by supposing that this secret infirmity weighed him to the dust. His diseased frame communicated its unhealthy action to the mind: and the mind, in turn, worn by perplexities, increased the disorder of the body; so that, although he was painfully conscious of the defects of his early education, he had not sufficient energy to repair them. But his mind naturally turned toward the subject of religion in times of sadness: it was like the fountain of Ammon, which, however cold by day, grew warmer as the shadows fell. Soon after he went to the Temple, a cloud of dejection settled heavily upon him. He met accidentally with Herbert, and some of the beautiful inspirations in which that writer threw off the restraints of the bad taste which prevailed, and followed his own taste and feeling, went to the heart of Cowper, and touched the string which was then silent, but was afterwards waked into deep and full vibration. He tells us distinctly, that it was the piety of that devout writer which gave him such a hold upon his mind. Inspired by the example, he attempted to secure the peace which religion alone could give: but not being aware that such peace is not to be found till the whole heart consents to this direction of the feeling, nor indeed till familiarity has made it easy and sweet, he gave over his attempts in despair, because he did not find at once the relief which he expected. As often as his mind attempted to rise, the strong hand of his disorder bound it down. He gives us a remarkable instance of this in his own narrative. At the time alluded to, he went into the country. While there, he walked one day to some distance from the village, and sat down in a retired spot, which commanded a noble prospect both of land and sea: the land-view was quiet and lovely, and the sun shone bright upon the sleeping ocean. Suddenly as if a new sun had been kindled in the heavens, his soul was lighted up with joy, and filled with a glow of gratitude to the Power, to which he felt that he was indebted for this unexpected blessing. Unfortunately he returned to his old associations, and the benefit of this restoration was lost.—The effect here described was precisely similar to what he tells us of his later periods of depression. He rose in the morning, he says, "like an infernal frog out of Acheron, covered with the ooze and mud of melancholy;" but as the sun rose higher, his gloom gradually cleared up, its depth and duration depending upon the brightness of the day. In all this we see the misfortune of a man, whose heart longed to commune with the grand and beautiful words of nature, but was compelled to remain in the cells and caverns of the town, who needed to associate with the contemplative and thoughtful, but was driven to the society of the busy or the gay, who had a mind formed for poetical musing, but had not yet discovered where his strength lay, whose soul was made for devotion, but never had been taught to rise; and who, in addition to all these unfavourable circumstances, was afflicted with a disorder, which palsies every faculty of body and spirit at the time when the man most needs exertions of power.

Situated as Cowper was, those difficulties, which in better times might have operated as springs to his active and powerful mind, became so many dead weights to him. Difficulties came thick and fast. His resources were so few and small, that an attachment, which, so far as we can discover from slight intimations, was returned by the object of his affection, was broken off by the friends of the parties: and not merely did this privation interfere with his happiness; he had the prospect of actual poverty before him. Affrighted at this vision, he eagerly grasped at the place of reading-clerk to the House of Lords, which a friend offered him, and forgot that the nervous shyness, which made a public exhibition of himself "mortal poison," would render it impossible for him ever to discharge its duties.—The moment this difficulty occurred to him, it covered his mind with gloom. But he had not resolution to explain himself to his friend; and though they passed great part of every day together, it was only by letter that he could bring himself to propose that this office should be exchanged for that of clerk of the journals, which required no public appearance, and was also in the gift of his patron. No sooner had he applied for the change as a personal favour, than his friend generously consented to it, though it disappointed his kind purpose and even, from particular circumstances, exposed his integrity to suspicion. Thus, where a single word would have saved him from much suffering, it was one which he had not strength to speak; and yet, hardly had his mind been set at rest on this subject, before it was called upon to make a similar but still greater exertion. For reasons, of which it is enough to say that they were not personal, he was threatened with a public examination before the House, before he entered upon the duties. This made him completely wretched; he had not resolution to decline what he had not strength to do: the interest of his friend, and his own reputation and want of support, pressed him forward to an attempt, which he knew from the first could never succeed. In this miserable state, like Goldsmith's Traveller, "to stop too fearful and too faint to go," he attended every day for six months at the office where he was to examine the journals in preparation for his trust. His feelings were like those of a man at the place of execution, every time he entered the office door, and he only gazed mechanically upon the books, without drawing from them the least portion of the information which he wanted.—A single letter to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, shows how helpless and hopeless was his condition; he had not strength to stand self-sustained, and he had not courage nor confidence to reveal to his friends the torture which was wasting the living fibre of his heart. Perhaps those only, who have been in a condition in which the lightest touch is to the mind like sharp iron to the naked nerve, can sympathize with the heart-sick delicacy which prevented his making another appeal to his friend, who seems to have been actuated throughout simply by the wish to serve him. As the time drew nigh, his agony became more and more intense; he hoped and believed, that madness would come to relieve him; he attempted also to make up his mind to commit suicide, though his conscience bore stern testimony against it; he could not by any argument persuade himself that it was right, but his desperation prevailed, and he procured from an apothecary the means of self-destruction. On the day before his public appearance was to be made, he happened to notice a letter in the newspaper, which to his disorderd mind seemed like a malignant libel on himself. He immediately threw down the paper and rushed into the fields, determined to die in a ditch, but the thought struck him that he might escape from the country.—With the same violence he proceeded to make hasty preparations for his flight; but while he was engaged in packing his portmanteau his mind changed, and he threw himself into a coach, ordering the man to drive to the Tower wharf, intending to throw himself into the river, and not reflecting that it would be impossible to accomplish his purpose in that public spot. On approaching the water, he found a porter seated upon some goods: he then returned to the coach and was conveyed to his lodgings at the Temple. On the way, he attempted to drink the laudanum, but as often as he raised it, a convulsive agitation of his frame prevented its reaching his lips; and thus, regretting the loss of the opportunity, but unable to avail himself of it, he arrived, half dead with anguish, at his apartments. He then shut the doors and threw himself upon the bed with the laudanum near him, trying to lash himself up to the deed: but a voice within seemed constantly to forbid it, and as often as he extended his hand to the poison, his fingers were contracted and held back by spasms. At this time some one of the inmates of the place came in, but he concealed his agitation, and as soon as he was left alone, a change came over him, and so detestable did the deed appear, that he threw away the laudanum and dashed the phial to pieces. The rest of the day was spent in heavy insensibility, and at night he slept as usual: but on waking at three in the morning, he took his pen-knife and lay with his weight upon it, the point towards his heart. It was broken and would not penetrate. At day-break he rose, and passing a strong garter round his neck, fastened it to the frame of his bed: this gave way with his weight, but on securing it to the door, he was more successful, and remained suspended till he had lost all consciousness of existence.—After a time the garter broke and he fell to the floor, so that his life was saved: but the conflict had been greater than his reason could endure. He felt for himself a contempt not to be expressed or imagined; whenever he went into the street, it seemed as if every eye flashed upon him with indignation and scorn: he felt as if he had offended God so deeply, that his guilt could never be forgiven, and his whole heart was filled with tumultuous pangs of despair. Madness was not far off, or rather madness was already come.

Here we must say that we entirely agree with those who contend, with more zeal it may be than the occasion calls for, that religion had no agency in any of its forms in causing his insanity. Those who have thrown out this suggestion seem to have done it as matter of inference merely; finding in him that despair of salvation, which they think that certain views of religion are fitted to produce, and knowing that he afterwards adopted those views of religion, they have taken it for granted, that this was the cause which produced depression at various periods, and once conducted him to the maniac's cell. But if they look into the history of his life, they will see that his depression took the same form before he embraced that religious system: he was then agitated by the same fears, lest he had committed the unpardonable sin, and destroyed all his hopes of immortality. And after he had become a convert to that faith, his mind, in its seasons of depression, was oppressed with fears which were in direct opposition to his religious convictions; for in health he believed himself accepted, but in depression he imagined he was cast out in consequence of his neglecting to destroy himself on the former occasion. Surely it is needless to assign intellectual causes to such wild fancies as this. We are rather disposed to believe, that some such anchor to the soul as religion would have afforded, might have enabled him to outride the storm; for though his disorder was physical, the calm energy and sacred confidence which religion would have inspired, might have prevented it from affecting his mind so deeply; the concentrated purpose and quiet determination which religious principle gives to the mind, might have removed some of those perplexities by which the fever of his soul was exasperated to madness and despair. Of course we do not speak of the effect of the views of religion which he adopted: this is not the place to discuss the merits and influences of different systems. Each sect, by a natural habit of association, imagines that the water of life has most virtue when drawn from its own fountains, as wayfarers in the world think that the element is no where else so sweet and reviving, as that of their father's well. Any one who reads Cowper's letters, will see that his religion was pure and undefiled by the spirit of any party. In fact we know not where to find a finer exhibition of the beauty of holiness, than in the life of this remarkable man. Hardier spirits could doubtless accomplish more in the warfare and struggle of the world; and feeling that he was physically disabled for such a service, he retired from the public ways of men.—But those who suppose him to have been a recluse, are entirely mistaken in his character. He was ready to enter into society and contribute to its employments, when disease did not prevent him: so far from cherishing a spirit of devotion like the shew-bread of the temple, which was a formal offering to Heaven, his religion was always carried out into useful and benevolent action. He was familiar in the cottages of the poor, where he gave comfort, counsel, and such relief as his slender means would allow. He seems to have been employed by Thornton, the well-known philanthropist, who considered him as a judicious and faithful dispenser of his bounty to the destitute, and who would not have entrusted it to incompetent hands. This is in our view the very spirit of religion. That messenger of Heaven dwells not exclusively in cells or cloisters; but goes forth among men not to frown upon their happiness, but to do them good; she is familiar and cheerful at the tables and firesides of the happy; she is equally intimate in the dwellings of poverty and sorrow, where she encourages the innocent smiles of youth, and kindles a glow of serenity on the venerable front of age; she is found too at the bedside of the sick, when the attendants have ceased from their labour, and the heart is almost still; she is seen in the house of mourning, pointing upward to the house not made with hands; she will not retire so long as there is evil that can be prevented, or kindness that can be given, and it is not till the last active duty is done, that she hastens away and raises her altar in the wilderness, so that she may not be seen by men.

There never was a spirit more evidently made for religious excellence than that of Cowper;

through all that early period of life, of which he speaks in such exaggerated but natural terms of condemnation, his conscience was, as we have seen, always upbraiding him with the infirmity of purpose which made his best resolutions vain. In times of distress, too, he seems like a ship-wrecked man, constantly trying to cling to the Rock of Ages, but as often as he seemed to clasp it, sinking down from his hold with the returning waves. But while the tendencies of his feeling were naturally favourable to religion, it seems probable that they must have received a direction in his early childhood. Many deep and lasting impressions in favour of religion may be made by a mother's affection, before she is aware that the young heart is open to receive them: and if the parent be early lost, as in the case of Cowper, the heart will be conscious of the impressions, without being conscious whence they proceed. Certainly his recollections of her were strong and vivid, as will be seen by those who read his sweet and affecting lines upon his mother's picture; and it is not to be supposed that a parent, so tender and faithful, would have been inattentive to the most sacred of all her duties.

The complaint under which Cowper laboured throughout his life was *hypochondriasis*, a disorder not, as is idly supposed, originating in the imagination, though it employs perverted fancies as its chief instruments of torture. Cowper was aware of this; for he says to Lady Hesketh, "could I be translated to Paradise, unless I could leave my body behind me, my melancholy would cleave to me there." His disease was dyspeptic habit, which gave a morbid sensibility to his body and mind, and placed him in that state which predisposes to insanity. The conscience shares in the general excitement. The disease is not without its remissions; we see in his letters, written at the times when his melancholy disqualified him for society and exertion, occasional flashes of humour, which seem strangely at variance with the accounts of his biographers; but it was the fact, as he says, that sometimes, while he was the most distressed of all beings, he was cheerful upon paper. But as the disease gains ground, even these gleams of happiness vanish; all becomes dreary, comfortless, and cold; there is no beauty in nature; its sights and sounds become painful and disgusting; there is no brightness in the sun; however brilliantly it lights up the world, it cannot shine inward to the heart. Kindness, friendship, and affection, all lose their power; their attentions are accepted without seeming gratitude or pleasure; even the voice of religious consolation speaks as hopelessly as if it were addressed to the dead. The anguish arising from this constant depression is so intolerable, that it often drowns all sensation of the most intense bodily pain. Sometimes the sufferer prays for madness, like King Lear, hoping in that way to be relieved from the agony of thought; it would seem as if there could be no darker change beyond this; but it is, if possible, worse, when it settles down into the frozen calm of despair. Here, there is often a conflict between the wish and the fear to die. The sufferer longs for death as a hidden treasure, and would welcome it from the hand of another, but dares not inflict it with his own. Sometimes the hatred of life prevails, and he resorts to poison, the pistol, or the halter. Such is, in general terms, the description given of hypochondria by those whose profession makes them familiar with it; and almost every one of these signs and sufferings is found in the history of Cowper.

It would have been surprising if a heart like his, after being tormented for months by such a disease, should not have overflowed with gratitude and praise as soon as light broke in upon the darkness of his soul. For we have seen that this was the case on a former occasion, when the veil of darkness was suddenly lifted; but at this period, when he felt that he was sinking into an insanity which might last as long as life, and was grasping at every thing that afforded the faintest hope of relief, his attention was turned to the subject of Christianity. His mind fastened itself upon that subject; it was his prevailing imagination while he was ill, though of course perverted by the wildness natural to his disease, and was the idea uppermost in his mind when he began to recover. And now being separated from his old associations, and placed in a situation favourable to the indulgence of his religious feelings, where the influences about them were all auspicious, and no uncongenial pursuits and temptations were present to distract his mind, he studied the subject of Christianity, and applied it to his life and feeling, till his whole heart became a living sacrifice of grateful praise. Nor is it strange, that the particular aspect in which the subject was presented to him when it first engaged his earnest attention, should have been dear to him ever after; but if any think of him as the slave to a system, they will find, on reading his letters, that he did not take offence at the sentiments of others, and was content with holding fast his own. There was not in his whole composition one particle of the material of which bigots are made. Interested, ardent, and zealous no doubt he was, but his zeal, instead of blazing out against others, rose upwards in a clear bright flame, which, wherever it shone before men, could have no other effect than to attract them onward in the same strait and narrow path of duty.

Some of the evangelical friends of Cowper, considering the honour of their views of religion deeply involved in the discussion of this subject, have entered largely into an investigation of this curious page in the history of human nature. They have endeavoured to draw the limits between religious concern and the terrors of a disturbed imagination; they allow that his religious anxiety might have had a tendency to increase his disorder for the time, but so far as his unhappiness was of a religious nature, he was wounded only that he might be more effectually healed. A sensible writer on the subject allowed "the extreme difficulty of determining, in all cases, the true character of those alterations of joy and despondency, of levity and seriousness, naturally enough connected with correspondent frames of thought, to which his narrative continually refers." "In cases where the sympathy between the body and the mind is peculiarly exquisite; where the slightest change in the temperament of the frame communicates itself to the imagination and the feelings, and the breath and pulsation seem in return to be regulated by the thoughts it is almost impossible to depend upon a person's own account of the origin of his emotions. There can be no doubt, that the presence of fever is the real cause of much that passes for religious transport in the prospect of dissolution, and that despondency is not less frequently the mere effect of the bodily langour, consequent upon the exhaustion." But he contends that these emotions, though they may originate in physical changes, are not to be viewed as physical phenomena; impressions may be made in dreams which are true; and convictions may come over the mind in sickness, which are not the less just because partly attributable to the state of the system. The way to ascertain whether they are delusive or not, is to learn whether there is any ground for them; meaning, we suppose, that the question is, whether the mind creates unnatural or only exaggerates natural emotions. His inference, if we understand him, is that Cowper was an example of the latter state of mind; and of course, that disordered as he was, he may be considered as a moral agent, and his conversion quoted as a genuine instance of the effect of the influences of religion.

One would think, however, that admitting the justness of this distinction, it would be unsafe and undesirable to present a mind, which has lost the power of judging and comparing, as an illustration of the effect of religion upon a healthy understanding. When the man in delirium sees spectres about him, it will not do to point out objects in the chamber, which his mind distorts and enlarges into shapes of terror; they may furnish a starting-point for the imagination, but they will not prove that the patient's observations are any more to be trusted. Neither will it do to say, that the subject of religion is infinite, and that no amount of devotion to the subject can therefore be excessive. This will be readily admitted by all, if by religion we understand religious duty. The question is, whether there is no such thing as excessive remorse for neglect of some particular obligation. On the whole, we think, that the friend of religion, instead of endeavouring to find order in the confusion which prevailed at that time in Cowper's mind, will consult the honour of Christianity more by pointing to the healthy action of his powerful intellect and the daily beauty of his unclouded life, as a fine and attractive example of the spirit and power of religion. His regret for lost and wasted years, was best manifested by the earnestness with which he redeemed the rest; his gratitude for the divine goodness, which restored him from suffering, was displayed by his beginning life anew. These facts are undoubted; and they afford volumes of testimony in favour of Christian truth.

When Cowper, at the age of thirty-three, had recovered so far as to be able to leave the care of the physician, and retreat into the country, he became acquainted with the family of Unwin, to which he was indebted for so much of the comfort of his later years. Wherever he felt at ease, his manners were said to be singularly attractive: and this family seem to have had a simplicity and warmhearted kindness, which offered him precisely the social resources which he wanted, besides having the advantage of being able to sympathize with him in all his religious feelings. After residing with them two years, the circumstances of the family were changed by the death of Mr. Unwin, and, at the suggestion of Mr. Newton, they went to reside near him in Olney, the scene of his pastoral labours. In Mrs. Unwin, a woman of intelligence as well as excellence, who was seven years older than himself, he found a counsellor as well as friend, who was so much interested in his welfare, that after her children, who were both of mature years, left her, she made it her duty and pleasure to devote her life to him. Beside the all-engrossing subject of which his heart was full, he spent his time in exercise, conversation, and music, in which he always delighted. It does not appear that he engaged seriously in writing any thing more than the Olney Hymns, which he undertook in conjunction with his friend Mr. Newton: but as he wrote with great facility, these were trifles which made but small demands upon his mind. By external circumstances he was little troubled, with the exception of the loss of his brother, a learned and excellent member of the University, whose death he deeply deplored; but he found consolation for sorrows like this more easily than for the perplexing evils of the world, and this will not furnish us with a reason for his relapsing into gloom. Hayley ascribed it to his excessive religious feeling, not discriminating between the feeling itself and the means which he took to cherish it. In true religious feeling there can be no excess; since the feeling, as it grows, will spend itself in works of active duty; but in his religious exercises, possibly there may have been a cause for his returning disorder.

But though Cowper may have been in error in giving, not too much of his feeling, but too much of his time to religion, this period of his life seems to have been more tranquil and serene than any other. There are not many letters, but those are on the subject nearest his heart, and are written in a cheerful spirit, which seems to show that there was nothing morbid in his devotion. There is nothing in the least presumptuous or intrusive in his manner: he speaks of himself in terms of unfeigned humility, stating his own sentiments with manly freedom, but never complaining of others because their feelings did not keep pace with his own. This way of life seems much more favourable to the health of his mind, than the more brilliant period when he stood out before the gaze of men: for however much he endeavoured to guard himself against excessive sensibility to the world's opinion, it is manifestly impossible that any man should be indifferent to censure or praise, and he of all mankind was least likely to present a breast of steel to the critic's blow. He succeeded much better in guarding himself against the temptations of flattery, than against the depressing effect of censure. His letters betray the consternation with which he looked for the critical sentence of Johnson, and the almost bodily fear in which he waited for the signal from the Doctor's heavy gun, which should give notice whether the poet was to live or die. He was delighted with a line from Franklin, which, though it betrayed no great poetic enthusiasm, showed that he had discernment to see the substantial excellence of the new candidate for fame. Throughout Cowper's life, he seems to have been deeply wounded by neglect and scorn, whether as a poet or a man. When he first went to Huntingdon as an invalid stranger, some one had spoken of him as "that fellow Cowper;" and he does not disguise the satisfaction which it gave him to prove that he was by birthright a gentleman. He never was reconciled to the neglect which he experienced at the hands of Thurlow, who was once his intimate friend. He had once playfully engaged to provide for Cowper if he ever had the power; but when he became Lord Chancellor, he followed the example of Pharaoh's chief butler, a person who has found more imitators than most others recorded in the Scripture. It was not to be expected, that a coarse and somewhat savage individual like Thurlow could sympathize much with one so gentle and refined; nor would it have been easy to provide for him except by a pension; but all that Cowper wished from him was an assurance that he was not forgotten, and it is a disgrace to Thurlow that this small measure of attention to his feelings was never paid.

After eight years of health, in the year 1773 Cowper's depression returned, and soon deepened into an impenetrable gloom. No enjoyments, no cares nor duties could find the least access to his mind; he did not show the least interest in the society of his friends, nor gratitude for their kindness, though they were unwearied in their exertions to rescue him from his distress. Mr. Newton though he was sometimes injudicious in his treatment of Cowper, proved himself a faithful friend on this occasion; and Mrs. Unwin attended him with a kindness and self-devotion, which were requited by his lasting gratitude and affection. But nothing would avail; he remained in a state of helpless despondency for five years, all the while in utter despair of salvation; and when he began to recover, it was five years more before he regained sufficient firmness to throw off his anxiety, and return to the world again. It was at this period that he helped forward his restoration by taking care of the tame hares which he has made so celebrated.

When he was so far restored as to be able to write, Mrs. Unwin, with a judgment which does her honour, urged him to employ his mind upon poetical subjects; and as this had always been a favourite pursuit, without his being aware of the richness and variety of his powers, he was easily induced to make the exertion. He made a beginning early in life, and one or two specimens, preserved by Hayley, show the same vigour of thought and expression which distinguish his later writings. Table Talk was the earliest of the pieces which compose his first volume, and the rest were written at the suggestion of friends, on subjects which happened to strike his imagination. Original and powerful as these poems were, they were very slow in winning their way to the public favour; the sale was far from rapid, and the critical verdicts of literary tribunals did not tend to increase their circulation. One of the reviews declared, that they were evidently the production of a very pious gentleman, without one spark of genius. But considering all circumstances, this was not surprising; the versification of the day was such as Pope had left it, and ears accustomed to the even flow of his numbers, were startled by the bolder grace of Cowper's lines; it seemed like absurd presumption, in one unknown to fame, to step so widely from the beaten path; and, as every one knows, literary independence is not easily forgiven. Then, too, the preface by Mr. Newton was of a nature to alarm light readers: it was written with more solemnity than was called for by the occasion; he does not seem to have admired the play of Cowper's humour, though it was one of his most remarkable powers; the poet studiously apologizes for it in his letters to Newton, assuring him that it was introduced in order to gain a hearing from the thoughtless, on the same principle that induces parents, in giving physic to their children, to touch the brim of the cup with honey. This language is one of those instances of bad taste, of which Cowper was not often guilty. It must be manifest to every one, that he indulged his humour simply because he could not help it. It was much more natural to him to give way to this sportive wit, than to launch anathemas at the head of Charles Wesley, for amusing himself with sacred music on Sunday evening, and was at least as likely to have a good effect upon the world. The tone of severity with which he cannonades follies and sins alike, does not seem like Cowper's choice, but has the appearance of being borrowed from some one who exerted a powerful influence over him. It is in direct opposition to sentiments which he sometimes expresses, particularly in a letter where he disapproves a certain clergyman's preaching, or rather his constant endeavour to scold men out of their sins. He says, "the heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with good manners, and scolds again. There is no grace, that the spirit of self can counterfeit more successfully than a religious zeal." "A man that loves me, if he sees me in an error, will pity me, and calmly endeavour to convince me of it, and persuade me to forsake it: if he has great and good news to tell me, he will not do it angrily, nor in heat and discomposure of spirit." We fear that Cowper was guilty of some violations of his own excellent rule, and he was ready afterwards to acknowledge it: when a friend applied the phrase "multa cum bile" to the tone of those poems, he confessed that in some respects it was just. All this only serves to prove what was forcibly stated by an old English divine, that religious zeal, though a sweet Christian grace no doubt, is "exceedingly apt to sour."

Though the immediate success of his first volume was not great, it was sufficient to encourage one who never had a very exalted opinion of his own powers; and having at this time a new and animated companion, Lady Austen, who had much influence over him, and used it to induce him to write, he commenced a new poem, The Task, which was completed and given to the world in 1785. This work was at once successful, and placed him at the head of all the poets of the day. But all the while that he was thus fortunate in gaining reputation, he was a prey to his constitutional melancholy, believing himself unfit to engage in religious exercises, and entirely cut off from the hope of salvation. A domestic incident, too, tended to destroy the happiness which he might have received from his literary fame. He was obliged to give up the society of Lady Austen, in deference to the feelings of Mrs. Unwin, who felt herself eclipsed by this new companion. Mrs. Unwin has been generally condemned for this jealousy, as if it proceeded from a narrow mind; but there are several circumstances to be taken into view. It does not appear, that she ever complained of the ascendency of Lady Austen. Cowper perceived that she was dispirited, and for this there was sufficient reason. She felt that she was the person on whose care and kindness he had leaned for years. She had devoted her life to secure the happiness of his; and in his seasons of melancholy he had required a self-devotion to his welfare, which very few were able or willing to give. While she had done all this for him, Lady Austen had only amused him, and it was not in human nature to behold the interest, to which she was entitled by years of hardship, thus transferred to a more entertaining companion, without regret. Cowper knew that there was cause for her uneasiness, and at once made the sacrifice which he felt was her due. The loss was soon after supplied by Lady Hesketh, his cousin, said to have been a woman of fine understanding and remarkable social powers, who was often an inmate in the same household, and faithful to him till the last. Soon after his renewal of personal intercourse with her, and about a year after the separation from Lady Austen, he went to reside at Weston, at the instance of the Throckmortons, a wealthy family, who spent the summer in that village. It was time to leave Olney, if we may judge from reports circulated concerning them, which accused them of fashionable dissipation. These foolish reports reached Mr. Newton in London, and he, with a singular want of good sense, transmitted them to Cowper; and this, at the time when the poor invalid was "miserable," as he himself says, "on account of God's departure from him, which he believed to be final, and was seeking his return, in the path of duty and by continual prayer." The Throckmortons were Catholics, and his intercourse with them, which began while he was still in Olney, might have occasioned this rumour to his disadvantage. Cowper was above those miserable prejudices against other sects and sentiments, which are sometimes inculcated as a duty.

His literary undertakings, thus far, had not been of a kind which exacted severe labour; they were sufficient to engage and interest, but not to tax and exhaust his mind. But when he found the benefit of being employed, he seems to have thought, that it would be well to put himself under a necessity for exertion; he therefore undertook the gigantic enterprise of translating Homer, and thus, in avoiding the danger of doing too little, ran headlong into the danger of doing too much. He thought, like the rest of the world, that Pope had not succeeded; but he ascribed his failure to his moving in the fetters of rhyme; and it does not seem to have occurred to him, that no translation, however exact and worthy of the original, could ever equal the demands of scholars or the imaginations of the unlearned. This enterprise was not fortunate in any point of view. It rather wearied than employed him; it added nothing to his literary fame, and when it was completed it left a vacancy of mind, in which, having neither strength for labour nor power to live without it, he was open at once to the attacks of his depression. These were deferred for a time by various literary plans which he formed; but in 1794, the cloud settled upon his mind, and it remained in eclipse to the last.

The fact seems to have been, that the distinction which his genius gave him, though it was in some respects gratifying, was not favourable to the health of his mind. Though no man was less vain or assuming, he was very much annoyed by the critical remarks to which he was constantly exposed. His eminence also made him a subject of public curiosity, which, however flattering, was necessarily oppressive to his retiring disposition. The friends of his later years do not appear to have sympathised with him in his peculiar views of religion. The subject disappears from his letters, and though it never lost its hold upon his mind, still, if those about him had no feelings in common with his, he would not force it upon them, and therefore folded it up in the depths of his own heart. But since he needed free conversation with judicious friends to correct his own diseased imaginations, it is evident that the water of life itself, like the material element in a sealed fountain, might generate an atmosphere fatal to light and life. His history, throughout his life, cannot be contemplated without deep feelings of pity for his misfortunes, and admiration of his moral excellence and intellectual power. But that history is yet to be written. In all cultivated minds it still excites an unabated interest, and should it fall into the hands of one sufficiently enlarged and enlightened to do justice to it, he will find an ample reward for his labour.

We have already alluded to the success of his earlier poems, and explained the reasons why it was so small. But his change in the style of English versification, though it seemed wild and lawless at the time, was a great improvement upon his predecessors. There was an artificial elegance in the measure of Pope, which, however pleasing to the musical ear, was a restraint upon the flow of sentiment, and sometimes wearied with its sweetness. Cowper's bold freedom, though it seemed at first like uncouth roughness, gained much in variety of expression, without losing much in point of sound. It offended, because it seemed careless, and as if he respected little the prevailing taste of his readers; but it was far from being unpolished as it seemed. He tells us, that the lines of his earlier poems were touched and retouched, with fastidious delicacy: his ear was not easily pleased; and yet, if we may judge from one or two specimens of alterations, his corrections very often injured what they were meant to repair. As to the kind of zeal which abounded in those poems, and which, as we have said, was one obstacle to their success, it was not the earnestness which gave offence, so much as the manner in which it was displayed. And it is true, that fierce and angry sarcasm is a very injudicious way of expressing generous emotions. We see very little of it in the letters of Cowper, where he pours out his soul without reserve, and we hardly know how to account for his adopting it in those poems. But whatever his motive may have been, the public could not be persuaded that bitterness was any proof of deep conviction; or that those who were most severe upon offences and offenders, were the most likely to attempt their reform. We occasionally witness similar displays of feeling, and it is easy to see that, while they are hailed with acclamations by all who agree in opinion with the writer, they are offensive and disgusting to those whose hearts it is most important to reach. It was truly said of these poems, in the words of the younger Pliny, translated, " many passages are delicate, many sublime, many beautiful, many tender, many sweet, many acrimonious." " Yes, yes," said Cowper, "the latter part is very true indeed: there are many acrimonious." The truth was probably, that, as often happens in men of retired habits, his words outran his feelings.

Those of the earlier poems which are written in this spirit, are quite inferior to the others. *Expostulation*, which treats the sins of his country in a solemn tone of remonstrance and warning, is an admirable poem; it breathes a spirit resembling that of one of the ancient prophets —grave, dignified, and stern. Its sound is that of a trumpet blown to warn the people—a sound, which wakes no angry passion, but before which the heart stands still and listens with a shuddering chill of dread. *Conversation* is next in excellence; it is written in a fine strain of humour, not with the " droll sobriety" of Swift, nor the grave irony of Fielding, but with a wit peculiarly his own, such as makes his letters the best English specimen of that kind of writing, and at times affords a singular contrast with his gloom.

The Task is a work of more pretension than his other writings, we mean in its form; for it has no singleness of subject, and is in fact a collection of poems, in each of which the topic which affords the name serves only as a text, to which the images and sentiments of the writer are attached by the most capricious and accidental associations. One advantage of this freedom is, that it affords an agreeable variety; it excludes nothing above or beneath the moon; it requires no unity of thought, or manner, and permits the poet to pass from the serious to the playful, at his pleasure, without formal apology or preparation. Cowper certainly availed himself of the privilege, and made his readers acquainted with all his feelings, circumstances, and opinions, affording a curious example of a man, reserved to excess in social life, and almost erring on the side of frankness in his writings, if we can possibly call that frankness excessive, which simply tells what all the world was burning to know. For we must consider that his previous works had made him known sufficiently to gain him the reputation of a genius, at a time when such stars were not common in the British sky. He made his first appearance, too, in the maturity of his years and powers—no one had beheld his rising—no one had marked him till he suddenly emerged from the cloud. There was a natural desire to know who and what he was—and all such questions were answered in the poem, in a manner which rendered his readers familiar with his powerful mind and amiable heart. They found much to respect in the vigour of his understanding, which refused to be enslaved by inherited prejudices, and manifested every where a manly love of freedom and of truth: nor could any one help admiring his singleness of heart, and the openness with which he declared its emotions. The effect of the work was greater than can now be imagined: it conducted many to the pure fountains of happiness which are found by those who commune with nature, and many to those sources of religious peace, which keep on flowing when all earthly springs are dry. It tended to make man feel an interest in man, and opened the eyes of thousands to those traditional abuses, which are detested as soon as the attention of the world is directed full upon them: and in a literary point of view, it gladdened the hearts of all who felt an interest in English poetry, by reviving its own glories at the moment when the last beam of inspiration seemed to have faded from the sky.

As a poet, Cowper was a man of great genius, and in a day when poetry was more read than at present, enjoyed a popularity almost unexampled. The strain of his writing was familiar even to homeliness. He drew from his own resources only; throwing off all affectation and reserve, he made his reader acquainted with all his sentiments and feelings, and did not disguise his weaknesses and sorrows. There is always something attractive in this personal strain, where it does not amount to egotism, and he thus gained many admirers, who never would have been interested by poetry alone. The religious character of his writings was also a recommendation to many, besides those who favoured views of that subject similar to his own. There were those who felt, like Burns, that "bating some scraps of Calvanistic divinity, the Task was a noble poem." There was a wide sympathy, a generous regard for all the human race expressed in it, which gave his readers a respect for his heart. Then, too, his views of nature were drawn from personal observation; all his readers could remember or at any time see those which precisely resembled the subjects of his description. He associated no unusual trains of thought, no feelings of peculiar refinement, with the grand and beautiful of nature, while at the same time the strain of his sentiment was pure, manly, and exalted. By addressing himself to the heart universal, and using language such as could be understood by the humble as well as the high, he influenced a wider circle than any poet who went before him; and by inspiring a kind of domestic confidence in his readers, he made his works "household words," and all who shared his feelings became interested in his fame.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Reise in Chile, Peru, und auf dem Amazonenstrome während der Jahre, 1827—1832. Von Edward Poeppig. (Travels in Chili and Peru, and on the River Amazons, in the years 1827—1832.) 2 Vol. 4to. with Atlas of 16 plates.

After the numerous volumes which have been published within these few years relative to the several countries of South America, the appearance of two quartos, containing between 900 and 1000 closely printed pages, might justly excite some doubts of the propriety of drawing so largely on the time and patience of the reader, perhaps we should say of the reviewer, as the reader *may*, but the reviewer *must*, peruse the books set before him. It is certainly true that, since those vast regions threw off their allegiance to the mother country, numerous European visiters have resorted to them, a few attracted by curiosity and love of science, and more by hope of gain; and that many of them have published reports of their observations and discoveries. But, without discussing the greater or less degree of merit of these works, it may be observed that none of the authors made a long residence in the countries visited by Dr. Poeppig, in a purely scientific view, and that some, having passed only a few weeks there, could neither penetrate into the interior and the less frequented parts, nor even acquire a sufficient insight into what came more immediately under their notice. But longer experience, as our author justly remarks, often causes us to see things in a different point of view, and at the end of the year we might, perhaps, gladly disavow the opinion which we suffered to escape us at its commencement. Dr. Poeppig, therefore, having spent five successive years in those interesting countries, we felt that we could depend at least on his having given us the result of mature consideration, and accordingly opened his volumes with a tolerable degree of confidence that we should find them deserving of attention. Nor have we been disappointed. We have found the work replete with new and interesting information communicated in an agreeable manner, and calculated to give a very favourable idea of the acquirements, perseverance, and impartiality of the author. Dr. Poeppig was besides not a novice in such enterprises. He had previously visited the fine island of Cuba, and was in the United States, where he had been long waiting for letters from Europe, which enabled him to set out on his intended voyage to South America.

This plan originated with a few zealous friends of natural history in Germany, who confided the execution of it to our author, and supplied him with funds for the purpose. The immediate object was to collect specimens of natural history in as great a number as possible; and the result, as stated by Dr. Poeppig, is highly creditable to his industry. Seventeen thousand specimens of dried plants, many hundred stuffed animals, and a great number of other natural productions, which were distributed among the patrons of the expedition; the introduction into our gardens of many very interesting plants before unknown; three thousand descriptions of plants made on the spot, especially with regard to such parts of the flowers as it would be more difficult to examine subsequently; thirty finished drawings of landscape scenery; forty drawings of Aroideæ, on the largest scale; thirty drawings of Orchideæ; numerous sketches; and a private botanical collection of extraordinary extent, are a portion of the fruits of that journey. Yet it may be affirmed that the sum allotted for it was the smallest with which such an undertaking ever was commenced and happily completed. But this narrowness of his means necessarily subjected the traveller to great hardships and privations; it did not allow him to take with him an attendant into the inmost recesses of the forest. Even this was less painful to him than the want of instruments for observation, after his own were lost at the commencement of his journey, and his pecuniary means would not allow him to purchase others. But, says he, "what personal industry and good will could contribute to success was done, when, in some remote Indian village of the primæval forests, month after month pased over the head of the lonely wanderer, who had not even a native servant with him, and often depended for his precarious subsistence on his own skill or good fortune in fishing or with his gun: who sometimes had to pass the night alone on the summits of the Andes, sometimes to steer his little bark on the gigantic streams of the New World, through the silent and solitary wilderness: and, at length, as a recompense for many dangers, happily returned to his native land, richly laden with the natural treasures of remote regions."

Dr. Poeppig was at Philadelphia in August 1826, when he received the letters from Europe, which determined him to set out; and he immediately proceeded to Baltimore, where it was thought much easier to meet with a vessel bound to the South Seas than any other port. He had however to wait six weeks for the sailing of the Gulnare, of 300 tons, which happily proved to be a very strong ship and an excellent sailer. The description of long voyages, observes Dr. Poeppig, is an equally difficult and ungrateful task, especially in our times, when so great a number of them have been described, and some in a masterly manner. But with respect to the greater part of them the uniformity of a life at sea seems to have affected the style and the imagination of the writers, and to have rendered them dull and tedious. He therefore dwells but little on his naval adventures, and we shall follow his example, extracting only a few passages.

"Thus the evening gradually approaches, and is announced by a slight diminution of the current of air. It is in vain for language to attempt a description of the splendour of a sunset in these latitudes. It is the only time of day when the groups of singularly formed, yet light and transparent, clouds range themselves in the horizon. Their transient existence favours the changing play of colours, because the refraction of the more oblique rays of the sun produces the most extraordinary effects. Even after we have repeatedly beheld the rising or setting of the sun from the summit of the Alps, or indeed from the top of the Andes, we are constrained to give unconditional preference to the same scene as viewed on the tropical ocean. While one side of the ship is still illumined with the last uncertain rays of the setting sun, the sea on the other side darkened by the broad shadow of the sails, begins to sparkle. One fiery point after another appears; indistinct rays of light shine from a greater depth; and, as darkness sets in, a new creation seems to be called into life. Luminous creatures glance in every direction through the dark expanse of water; now shooting up like sparks—then rising in globules of fire, or passing away with the rapidity of lightning—a great part are probably real nocturnal animals, which conceal themselves in the sea from the light of the sun."

"We were now within four English miles of the celebrated Cape Horn, which has a twofold interest, as being the terminating point of an immense continent, and the witness of many of those vast enterprizes by which the daring European has carried his empire and civilization to the remotest regions. This promontory is indeed worthy to mark the utmost limits of so vast a portion of the globe: from whatever side it is viewed, it appears an isolated majestic mass, boldly standing out in the stormy Pacific, and by its calm grandeur attesting the victory of the solid over the fluid. The large and solitary rock of which the Cape is formed is not, like that of Terra del Fuego and of Staten-land, split into various groups; the land, rising from the north-east, unites in one rounded, unbroken, promontory, and, after attaining its greatest elevation, sinks almost perpendicularly into the sea towards the south. The enormous mass of black rocks, unenlivened by the slightest trace of vegetation, whose summit has never afforded habitation to man, and is inaccessible even to the savage, boldly bids defiance to all the storms of the Antarctic. Even the countless flocks of sea-birds which swarm in these latitudes do not settle there, for they find more secure retreats in the lower islands, and among the prickly grasses and umbelliferous plants of the Antarctic Flora.

"It is pretty generally believed that, after reaching the western entrance of the Straits of Magellan, the doubling of Cape Horn may be considered as accomplished, and consequently all danger at an end. So far as it is scarcely possible for a ship to be driven back again to the meridian of that cape, or even to the eastward of it, the victory may be said to be achieved. But the navigation of the coast from Cape Horn to Chiloe is very dangerous; for this coast is in many places surrounded by undescribed rocks, and on the whole very imperfectly known. There is a very powerful current, at least periodically, in the direction of the Straits of Magellan to the land; and the many channels with which the archipelago of the coast is intersected, produce, in like manner, very irregular currents."

To the north of Cape Pilares a change in the temperature both of the atmosphere and of the sea became very sensible. Besides the usual attendants, albatrosses and other animals peculiar to those regions, the author says,—

"We met with a very elegant porpoise, streaked black and pure white (*Delphinus Leucoramphus*), and that in numbers which seemed to border on the incredible: for the end of the shoal, which was pretty broad, was frequently indiscernible from the topmast.... We were surrounded by them for several days. The observation that they were going in a south-westerly direction makes it difficult to divine the reason of their emigration, because the Antarctic winter must in a few weeks commence, in the seas lying in that quarter. But another phenomenon soon excited our attention in a much greater degree. On the 12th of March, precisely at noon, we were not a little alarmed by a considerable noise upon deck, and by the order immediately to lie to. The dirty red colour of the sea had produced the very reasonable suspicion that we were upon a shoal. However, upon sounding, there was no bottom with one hundred and thirty fathoms. From the topmast, the sea appeared, as far as the eye could reach, of a dark red colour, and this in a streak, the breadth of which was estimated at six English miles, and which here and there spread into short side branches. As we sailed slowly along, we found that the colour changed into brilliant purple, so that even the foam, which is always seen at the stern of a ship under sail, was of a rose colour. The sight was very striking, because this purple stream was marked by a very distinct line from the blue waters of the sea, a circumstance which we the more easily observed, because our course lay directly through the midst of this streak, which extended from south-east to north-west. The water, taken up in a bucket, appeared indeed quite transparent; but a faint purple tinge was visible when a few drops were placed upon a piece of white china and moved rapidly backwards and forwards in the sunshine. A moderate magnifying glass proved that those little red dots, which with great attention could be perceived with the naked eye, consisted of *infusoria*, which were of a spherical form, entirely destitute of all external organs of motion. Their very lively motions were only upward and downward, and always in spiral lines. The want of a powerful microscope precluded a more minute examination; and all attempts to preserve some of the animals, by drying a drop of water on paper, failed, as they seemed to dissolve into nothing. They were extremely sensible to the effect of nitric acid; for a single drop, mixed in a glass of this animated water, put an end almost instantaneously to the life of the millions that it contained. We sailed for four hours, at a mean rate of six English miles an hour, through this streak, which was seven miles broad, before we reached the end of it; and its superficies must therefore have been about 168 English square miles. If we add that these animals may have been equally distributed in the upper stratum of the water to the depth of six feet, we must confess that their numbers infinitely surpassed the conception of the human understanding."

On the 15th of March, before daybreak, the coast of Chili was descried from the deck, and all waited in profound silence till the first beam of the morning should enable them to gain a view of the land, which was about fifteen miles distant. The weather being extremely favourable, the scene, when the sun rose above the highest summits of the Andes, was wonderfully striking and magnificent, and the author describes it in glowing colours. But when they approached the land, near the insignificant fishing village of San Antonio, so that they could examine it in detail, they were mortified to find that even their telescopes did not enable them to discover any of those objects which are most welcome to the eye of the navigator after a long voyage. Nowhere could they see any trace of man or his labours. The coast of Chili appeared nearly to resemble the desolate regions of Terra del Fuego. Even the peculiar smell was wanting, which is usually perceived on approaching the coasts of countries between the tropics; and of which even animals are so sensible, that they become restless, appearing to have a presentiment of the termination of their long confinement, and often boldly leap overboard to reach the shore, which they suppose to be close at hand. On this passage the author says in a note,—

> "Whoever has made a voyage to the tropical countries of South America, or the West Indies, will always remember with pleasure the sensation which he experienced on approaching the land. Perhaps no sense is then so strongly affected as the smell; especially if you appproach the coast in the early hours of a fine summer's morning. On the coast of Cuba, the first land I saw in America, on the 30th of June, 1822, all on board were struck with the very strong smell, like that of violets, which, as the day grew more warm, either ceased, or was lost amidst a variety of others which were perceptible as we drew nearer the coast. During a long stay in the interior of the island, I became acquainted with the plant which emits such an intense perfume as to be perceived at the distance of two or three miles. It is of the species *Tetracera*, and remarkable for bearing leaves so hard that they are used by the native cabinet-makers, and other mechanics, for various kinds of work. It is a climbing plant, which reaches the tops of the loftiest trees of the forest, then spreads far around, and in the rainy season is covered with innumerable bunches of sweet-smelling flowers, which, however, dispense their perfume during of the times by judicious retrenchments,—have immensely the night only, and are almost without scent in the daytime.'

The voyagers, after a passage of 110 days, entered the harbour of Valaparaiso, where they cast anchor for the first time since leaving the Chesapeake, a voyage of 6000 miles.

Valaparaiso itself, like the coast of the country, wofully disappointed the expectations which they had formed of it. In the course of their long voyage they had amused themselves with reading the books that have been written concerning Chili. Almost all of them represent it as the ever verdant garden of America, as another Sicily, which they describe in the most glowing colours. The fancy readily yields to such pleasing illusions, and we may easily imagine that, in the dull uniformity of the dark blue ocean, on the dreary coast of Terra del Fuego, and amidst the sufferings and dangers of the Antarctic storms, they would fondly look forward to the promised land, as a new Cythera, rising in youthful beauty from the bosom of the deep.

> "The first place at which we anchored was in the mouth of the bay, between the fine English ship of the line, the Warspite, and the Mexican ship Asia, of sixty-four guns. Before us, in close tiers, lay more than eighty ships of all sizes, whose crews were engaged in the various occupations which always make the interior of a port an agreeable scene of human activity. The cloudless blue sky was spread over us, and the powerful beams of the sun were tempered by a cool breeze from the mountains. But this foreground was the only agreeable part of the picture. . . . The novice from northern climes is usually struck, on his first arrival in a tropical country, with all the wonderful objects which surround him, now that he is far remote from his native home. But this is not the case in Valparaiso. We saunter down the only street in the city, towards the inconsiderable market-place. On both sides are shops filled with the productions of European industry, in some cases displayed with all the elegance of our large towns. They alternate with the spacious stores of the English merchants of the higher class, and with the taverns for the sailors, from which proceed sounds such as we hear only in London and Hamburg. Except at the sultry hours of noon, this busy mercantile street is thronged with people, the greater part of whom, however, are foreigners, and the language of England is almost more prevalent than the sonorous tones of the Spanish Peninsula. The picturesque national costume is lost in the unmeaning fashions of the north of Europe, and even the booths of the peasants present nothing to remind us of the coasts of the Pacific. The market-place contains only such objects as we have seen from our youth up, growing in our own country, or which are at least common to all the southern parts of Europe. However excellent the grapes and oranges of the country may be, they want the attraction of novelty—even the expectation of finding some new productions in the neighbouring ravines (*quebradas*) is painfully disappointed. The few trees that grow on this rocky soil, which is covered with a very scanty layer of earth, are those of our hemisphere. No spreading tamarind, no lofty palm, no mango richly laden with fruit, remind us that we have traversed the wide expanse of the ocean—scarcely a few grey olives bespeak the mildness of the climate. Even the few ornamental plants are European, and the garden rue (*ruta hortensia*) has found this so congenial a soil, that it has spread far and near, over the arid mountains and lands, to remind us still more forcibly of the shores of Mediterranean."

Though there was so little to tempt the botanist in this dreary spot, yet the approach of the winter season, when he was assured that travelling in the interior would be equally difficult and unprofitable, induced him to stop for some months in Valparaiso. By the friendly intervention of some of his countrymen he obtained a small house in the suburb of Almendral, which had long been untenanted, and where he was soon settled, but suffered much from the incredible swarms of fleas, which are the plague of this country.

On the same day that he arrived in Valparaiso the Russian corvette Moller, Captain Stanikowich, came into the harbour, on her way to the Russian settlements on the north-west coast of America. The officers of this ship, most of them young men of the first families, well informed and full of enthusiasm, accompanied him in his first excursions in the environs. A few days later arrived another Russian corvette, the Siniavin, which had been in company with the Moller, but was separated from her in a storm off Cape Horn.

> "I was not a little surprised to find in the naturalist of

this ship not only a German, but an acquaintance. D. Mertens, son of the celebrated German botanist, accompanied the expedition as a physician and botanist; and Baron Frederick von Kittlitz was on board as zoologist. There was a striking difference between the commanders of the two ships. The captain of the Moller, a native Russian, was anxious only for the immediate business of his voyage, and having taken in a supply of fresh provisions, soon put to sea. Captain Lütke, of the Siniavin, a very amiable and accomplished man, resolved, to the great joy of his officers and naturalists, to make a longer stay. A large house was hired in the suburb of Almendral, which the activity of the crew soon put in order, from the observatory to the kitchen, not forgetting that indispensable part of a Russian establishment, a tent for vapour baths. Not a day passed without our making excursions together, which were rendered interesting by many little adventures. The Siniavin sailed after a fortnight's stay, accompanied by the good wishes of the many Europeans who had become acqainted with the officers."

Though our author's accounts of his botanical excursions, and his descriptions of the scenery of the country, are in general interesting and striking, we shall for the most part, pass them over, in order to have room for his report of the state of society, which in Chili, at least, is so rapidly improving, that descriptions written only a few years earlier are become, in a great degree, inapplicable. Dr. Poeppig thinks very favourably of the future prospects of Chili, and we shall give different extracts bearing on the subject.—His intercourse with some of the tribes of native Indians also furnishes new and striking details.

"The shaking off of the Spanish yoke, the rapid rise of commerce, and a sense of personal and national dignity, have not only influenced the moral character of the people of Chili, but have also extended their efforts to the external appearances and forms of ordinary life. Hence a greater change has taken place in the aspect of Valparaiso during the last ten or twenty years than in a whole century after the visit of Frezier and Feuillé. Since that time, the number of the houses and of the inhabitants has more than doubled. The wretched huts, in which even the rich were formerly contented to dwell, are gradually disappearing; and though it cannot be said that handsome buildings arise in their stead, yet the Chilian has learnt to relish the comfort of houses in the European fashion, and to imitate them; and it may be expected, that Valparaiso, in a few years, will not bear the most distant resemblance to the dirty, disagreeable place which presented itself to the stranger on his first arrival there after the beginning of the Revolution.

To this the author subjoins the following note:

"This prediction, which was written in Valparaiso itself, was partly fulfilled before these pages left the press.—He who undertakes to publish to the world information respecting a people such as that of Chili, under the present favourable circumstances, it has to contend with very peculiar difficulties. A description of such a nation is seldom correct after the lapse of a few years, whatever attention and care the traveller may have bestowed upon it. Every year, nay, every month, brings visible changes and great improvements among this nation, which will soon leave its neighbours far behind. * * * * The state of Chili will soon be so changed that the elder generations will scarcely recognize their own country, and in a few years the European stranger will find an infinite number of things, quite different from the accounts of the travellers of our times—even of those who, by general knowledge, acquaintance with the language, and long residence, were qualified to give a competent opinion, and whose judgment of the country was not formed from preconceived notions.—* * * * Though Nature does not make her general operations dependent on a fluctuating influence of the human race, yet the activity and perseverance of the latter one are often able to give a very different and improved character to the surrounding scenery. Those arid mountains which we have described will, at no very remote period, appear to the stranger in a less repulsive form; for cultivation has been commenced upon them since 1831, and small plantations now break the melancholy waste, which under the influence of such a genial climate, will, for the most part, be adorned with verdant fields. The aspect of the town itself improves every summer; for almost all the straw huts have disappeared, and many large buildings have been erected, because the citizen, who was acquiring wealth, while consulting his own convenience, did not neglect the embellishment of the place. On the spot where an insecure shed formerly stood, where rain and inundations annually destroyed merchandise to the value of many thousand dollars, a handsome, solid custom-house, with sixteen large warehouses, has been built; the difficulty of landing goods during a heavy sea has been remedied by the erection of a mole; and the communication with the interior, at all seasons of the year, has been facilitated by the construction of good roads. There will soon be a broad and excellent road for carriages from Valparaiso, by way of Quillota and through the valley of Aconcagua, to the foot of the pass of the Andes of Santa Rosa."

"Chili, till within these few years, was a country in which there were only two occupations for persons inclined to work; namely, mining and agriculture. It was unfortunate for the people, that the possibility of exercising their industry in either of these two branches was very limited, for the working of mines required more resources than a man of the lower class ever could command; while very singular, one might almost say inhuman, laws forbade him to cultivate the ground in small portions, and as independent possessions. It was the Congress and the Constitution of 1828 that abolished entails, the source from which the misery, poverty, and ignorance of the peasantry are derived, as well as the cause of the great neglect of agriculture, even in very fertile provinces."

After describing at considerable length the former state of the lower classes, the improvement that has taken place, and the favourable hopes that may be entertained of the future prosperity of the country, the author proceeds to mention some instances.

"Thus, in 1827, the corn trade to New South Wales being very much encouraged by the English government, the value of the haciendas (farms) in Chili rose considerably, in the hope that the exportation would continue and increase, though it was in fact allowed by the government at Sydney only from necessity. It is therefore not possible to state correctly the average price of wheat in Chili, but it may probably be near the truth to reckon it at thirteen or fourteen reals per fanega. * * * * The corn trade was formerly much more limited for want of mills, which often were scarcely able to supply sufficient flour for the consumption of the country itself. But, in spite of the obstacles which have been partly deemed almost insuperable, means have been found, as well in the central provinces, as about Conception, to make the rivers available, and mills of the best construction everywhere take the place of the rude machine described by Miers. The flour manufactured by them is considered in Lima to be fully equal in quality to the best from North America; and one mill, built in 1829, near Conception, by Mr. Liljevach, a very respectable merchant, now grinds one hundred barrels of flour in a day. Ship biscuit is baked in such quantities that the North Americans have lost this branch of their trade; for the foreign men of war, and even merchant-men, supply themselves from the depôts, which the Chilians have established in Valparaiso and Lima. Besides wheat, Chili possesses many other kinds of agricultural produce, which are of great importance for foreign trade. In addition to pulse, the consumption of which is very great, both at sea and in the countries to the north of Chili, where there is a very numerous population of Negroes, the northern provinces have hemp, an article which is not cultivated on any other part of the coasts of the South Sea, and promises to be of extraordinary importance to the country. This plant has been long grown in the valley of Quillota and about Santiago, but little attention was paid to it, because a very unfounded prejudice declared it to be of slight value. But it has lately been found, that the Chili hemp is far superior in quality to the Russian, and that the want of strength in the cordage made in the country was owing to the unskilful preparation, and not to the bad quality of the material."

After some further observations, the author proceeds to treat of the state of horticulture, which was in a far less advanced state than agriculture, but he thinks it most probable that, with a little encouragement, this branch of industry will become very flourishing, the climate being such that all the products of European gardens, which degenerate in the tropical countries of America, will succeed in Chili. Even the cauliflower, which it is difficult to raise in North America, and which no art or care can bring to perfection within the tropics, has found in Chili a soil perfectly adapted to it.

The cultivation of fruit-trees is, perhaps, still more neglected than that of the other kinds of garden produce, though the soil might grow very excellent fruit. From a general view of the present state of agriculture in Chili, and the improvements that have been made within these few years, the author has no doubt that it will in no great length of time become extremely prosperous, and that Chili will find in it a scource of national wealth, which none of the neighbouring countries can dispute with her.

"In a great many parts of the republic the wealth of the land owner consists chiefly in his cattle, which, however, he did not learn, till very recently, to turn to the best account. With the very fruitful valleys, and better watered plateaux where agriculture is carried on, or is at least practicable, great part of the soil is of such a nature that cultivation would produce very little. All those bare mountains destitute of shade, which in endless ramifications traverse the country in the central provinces much more than in the south, are fit for scarcely any thing but pastures.— * * * Those possessions are the most favoured which are in the interior of the country, especially at the foot of the Andes, for they do not suffer so much from want of water; and, besides this, large tracts of the wild mountain country within the uninhabited Andes (La Cordillera brava) belong to them. Thither the cattle are driven in the middle of summer: and, after two or three days' journey, they reach the fertile ravines, in which the animals remain about two months, under the care of half-savage herdsmen. The climate allows the cattle to roam at liberty in the open air all the year round, and their numbers render it necessary that they should be permitted to do so; and hence there is no trace on the estates of buildings which cost the European farmer such large sums. An inevitable consequence of letting the animal range about is that, especially in the more remote parts, they become excessively wild, and even dangerous. People are sometimes suddenly attacked by savage bulls, and compelled to seek safety by galloping at full speed on the roughest and most dangerous roads."

"The breeding of cattle is, for two reasons, the branch of rural economy which is preferred by the Chilian to every other; in the first place, it gratifies his inclination for a wild and independent life, and his love of every thing that is adventurous and bold, and requires violent, not uniform, exertions. The best educated men of the larger towns, on an occasional visit to the country, take pleasure in pursuing the cattle, and participating in the occupation in which the mountain herdsman (vaquero) is engaged. * * * The Chilian, especially of the lower class, possesses a wild energy of character, which was misunderstood by the former government, or at least not duly employed, and which inclines him to such occupations as disqualify him, and probably will do for a long time to come, for a uniform and sedentary employment. A second perhaps still more important reason is, that, since the expulsion of the Spaniards and the introduction of a free system of trade, the breeding of cattle has proved more profitable than agriculture. * * * The number of animals which a single landowner possesses would often appear extravagant to a European ear. They speak with great indifference of herds of 1000 or 1500, and consider a man as by no means rich who has three times that number. The haciendas in the central provinces often have from 10,000 to 15,000, and many even 20,000, and the number of smaller estates which have from 4 to 5000 is very great. Since the revolution the value of this species of property has risen in an extraordinary degree; and the owners are very far from doing as they did in former times, killing the animal for the sake of the hide, and leaving the flesh to be devoured by the condors. * * * This branch of Chilian economy is however not without risks, which are not indeed frequent, but cause astonishing destruction. In the years 1829 to 1832, a vast number of cattle perished in consequence of an unexampled drought which extended over all the provinces of Central and Northern Chili. It appears from an official statement, that in in the year 1831 alone 515,326 head of cattle died of hunger in the provinces of Coquimbo and Copiapo: of these about 77,000 were horned cattle, 10,000 horses, 23,000 sheep, 211,000 goats, &c. Though the number may be rather exaggerated, because the landowners wished to make their loss appear as considerable as possible, still the injury was very great."

The abundance of new or yet unseen objects in all the kingdoms of nature, observed after a few days residence in Concon, inspired that active zeal in which a travelling naturalist finds his chief enjoyment, and which renders him indifferent to many hardships. One excursion followed another, and though want of acquaintance with the country might have made them difficult, they were undertaken without a companion, and often to places which the natives themselves do not visit.

"It was very rarely that I made an excursion on horseback; experience soon proved that this was not a good mode, for many smaller plants were overlooked, and it is necessary to refrain from turning aside through almost impenetrable but inviting ravines, and on the brink of dangerous precipices. The naturalist who has once settled should never ride unless he wants to visit a distant point, and the intervening country is known to him. When he has arrived there, he may entrust his beast to any body and proceed on foot."

So much importance has been attached to the question of the effect of earthquakes, as having occasionally produced an elevation on the coast of Chili, and so much, at times too acrimonious, controversy has arisen on this subject, that we have been induced carefully to look into the works of foreign travellers, in order to discover any statements tending to confirm or refute the theory. The question of the upheaving of part of the coast of Chili by the great earthquake of 1822 was, we believe, brought under discussion in consequence of the account given of it by Mrs. Graham, in her narrative of her visit to that country, and probably with no anticipation of the angry feelings to which her statement was to give rise. The opinions of the ablest geologists remain divided, and considerable sensation was excited by the confirmation of Mrs. Graham's account by the Prussian traveller, Dr. Meyen, of which we gave an extended notice in No. XXIX. of this Review. As Dr. Meyen, being well acquainted with the controversy that had arisen respecting the accuracy of Mrs. Graham's report, paid particular attention to the subject, it was to be expected that the facts stated by him would have their due weight. The extracts which we gave from Dr. Meyen's work were considered as so important that an eminent geologist, deeply interested in this question, in which he defended the accuracy of the account of Mrs. Graham, called on the Reviewer, to inquire whether Dr. Meyen had any observations besides the extracts given by him, and to compare the translation with the original. One point appearing to be expressed in rather a loose manner, it was resolved to write to Dr. Meyen, who returned a very polite answer, which now lies before us, and in which he says, "I was acquainted with Mr. Greenough's dispute with Mrs. Graham from its commencement, and received last year (1834) all the papers on the subject from Baron A. von Humboldt, to whom they had been sent by Mrs. Graham. You mention a passage in my work (p. 213) which you think seems to be expressed in a vague manner, as if I doubted the reality of the elevation. I cannot see it in this light, but you perhaps allude to the passage where I speak of the elevation of a tract of country 400,000 miles in extent, as affirmed by a late traveller. This statement certainly appears very strange, as there are no facts whatever to show that the interior of the continent has been elevated, and it is therefore impossible to estimate the superficial extent of the country so raised; it is only on the coast that the elevation can be observed. In a short paper in Berghaus' Journal for November 1834, to which I refer you, I touch on the essential points which you and Mr. L——l allude to, but I will add some particulars. The remains of animals and tang, which adhere to the rocks elevated in 1822, were certainly still to be seen in 1831, and this is easily accounted for by the very firm ligneous stem of the Laminariæ, (Lessonia of Bory de St. Vincent,) especially as the sea often rises so high as again to cover the rocks that have been elevated."

In the paper alluded to Dr. Meyen says that, the province of Tarapaca has received from nature a peculiar present, namely, *minas de Leña*, (i. e. wood-mines,) which the inhabitants use as fuel in their saltpetre works, though probably there is not a single tree in all the surrounding country. This substance is not coal, but is stated to be dry timber, easily cleft, immense forests of which are buried under the sand of that plain. The trees all lie prostrate, with their heads towards the coast, and are reported to be now covered with sand. This phenomenon, he adds, is one of the most remarkable of the west coast of America, and till the subject shall be accurately investigated it affords occasion for manifold conjectures. If those forests belong to the existing creation, the whole country must have been so changed by dreadful elevations of the Cordillera, that, instead of the damp plains of a tropical climate, there are now the most dreary sandy wastes. The buried timber is said to be dry, as easy to split as our timber, and to burn with an equally bright flame.

"What can be a stronger confirmation of the gradual elevation of the Cordillera in South America, than the terrace-like conformation of this chain, which I found to be quite decided at most of the points of Chili and Peru which I visited? And does not the overthrow of these forests prove, likewise, such an elevation of this country in recent times? I mention these remarkable facts, because many unfounded doubts have of late been expressed in England concerning the elevation of whole tracts of country in consequence of earthquakes or volcanic action in general, though they may be clearly observed on the coast of Chili."

Notwithstanding the observations of Dr. Meyen, confirming the elevation of the coast, doubts were still entertained of the fact, and at a meeting of the Geological Society in December last, two letters were read on the question whether the earthquake of 1822 had produced any change in the relative level of land and sea on the coast of Chili? One of these letters was from Lieutenant Bowers, R. N., the other from Mr. Cuming, an eminent conchologist, both of whom were at Valparaiso before and after the earthquake of 1822, (the latter, for several years afterwards, a resident,) who declared that they had not noticed any such change. Great importance was attached to Mr. Cuming's statement in particular, because he had collected shells on the rocks upon the coast, and it might be taken for granted, that if any change had occurred he must have perceived it.

Though Mr. Lyell, in the fourth edition of his Principles of Geology, speaks of the elevation of the coast of Chili as an undoubted fact,—"we know," says he, "that an earthquake may raise the coast of Chili for 100 miles to the average height of about five feet,"—yet the difficulties with which the subject is still surrounded, caused him, after quoting the several statements of Mrs. Graham, Dr. Meyen, and Mr. Cuming, to express a wish that the scientific traveller and resident in Chili may institute more minute inquiries. We have for this reason, thought fit to translate entire the following passage from Dr. Poeppig, confirming the fact of the elevation of the coast; all doubts of which are, we conceive, removed by the account of the dreadful earthquake which desolated Chili in February 1835, transmitted by our friend and correspondent, Alexander Caldcleugh, Esq., resident in Chili, which was read before the Royal Society, Feb. 14, 1836, in which he states that the island of Santa Maria, south of the Bay of Conception, was permanently elevated ten feet. A similar change was found to have taken place in the bottom of the sea, immediately surrounding the island. The amount of this elevation was very accurately ascertained by the observations of Captain Fitzroy, who had made a perfect survey of the shores of that island previously to the earthquake, thereby affording the most satisfactory and authentic testimony to this important fact.

"I have frequently waded, not without some danger, through the river to Concon, as there was a very interesting tract on the opposite bank. This attempt required some little caution, because the ford which traverses the deep and rapid river in a zigzag direction, changes its line after every inundation. Extensive sand-hills, resembling the downs of Holland and England, stretch along the sea coast to the north of the river. They are composed of a fine white sand, in which we easily discover the original component particles of sienite, which is the predominant rock on this coast, and which foliates at its surface with a facility not usual in our parts of the world, and becomes a friable and very light kind of stone. Not having any certain direction (though it seems to be parallel with the more solid rocks further inward), these accumulations of light and shifting sand would be continually changing their place, were they not formed around solid nuclei, where they range themselves first on one side and then on the other, according as they are driven by the wind. Enormous beds of conchylia and shells are scattered along the north coast, imbedded in a ferruginous clay, or indurated sand; sometimes united like breccia, sometimes in nests, or in longer chains. But they not merely extend along the surface, or higher up the hilly banks, as we might infer from the communications of many careless observers, which may, perhaps, even have been copied from others: but in reality reach to an unknown depth, and their termination has not been discovered, even at twenty feet below the level of the sea: on the other hand, we find them at an elevation of forty feet above its surface, in perfectly compact strata, which are enclosed by the drift sand-hills. It is very remarkable, that these accumulations of marine animals consist entirely of species which are, indeed, found alive to this day in the same locality, but are by no means the exclusive inhabitants of the deep. Among such we must particularly mention the Loco, (Murex. Mol.), which is easily recognized, and which the fishermen still take on this coast, but must formerly have existed here in almost incredible numbers, as the beds of shells, which to the north of Concon alone extend, in a distinctly marked ridge of hills, above three geographical miles in length, are in some parts wholly composed of this animal. We seldom find them mixed with other kinds, and least of all with bivalve shells, but which may always be traced to living and well-known species. It is difficult to say what causes can have produced such extraordinary accumulations of animals of the same species within a very small space; for they are altogether different from other conglomerations of shells, which, as in Southern Chili, for example, are often found at a great distance from the sea, and generally at a considerable elevation above it, and in which we discover genera and species of an antediluvian world, of the utmost variety; and in the interior of Peru, on the other side of the Andes, where entire hills of shells and other marine animals have been discovered (La Ventanilla) between the slate mountains of Cassapi in the province of Huanuco, in which there is not the slightest trace of any of the very few kinds of crustacea that at present inhabit the seas along the Peruvian coast. The lost species of the singular tribe of the Pentacrinites, and beautifully formed coral plants, which bear some resemblance to those of the South Sea Islands, can be plainly distinguished, although they are so closely imbedded in the more recent rock, that it is only by a very lucky fracture that any perfect specimen can be obtained. In a country which, like the north of Chili, has scarcely any other kinds of rock but the volcanic and granite, lime is an article of importance, and hence the possession of these otherwise unprofitable downs affords considerable gain. They belong to the proprietor of the hacienda of Quintero, who regularly digs for these shells, and thus supplies the greatest part of the lime used at Valparaiso. The poor peasant in the neighbourhood of Quintero avails himself of the same gift of nature, but it is only upon payment of a small sum that he can obtain permission to dig in one of these hills, and to load his mule with its never-failing produce.

"The sea-coast in this district, as well as further southward, probably consisted originally of perpendicular walls of rock, which, though more remote from the ocean, still mark the ancient boundaries. Between their foot and the sea run these hills of driftsand, upon which a more solid and promising soil has been very slowly formed, but only in a few spots. There can be no doubt that the origin of these hills is of comparatively modern date, and may be attributed to two causes: one, as being the most striking, has been repeatedly mentioned, though it would seem that too much stress has been laid on it as a foundation for general conclusions. It consists in the rapid and unconnected rising and elevation of whole districts along the coast, which has been observed to take place in all the greater earthquakes in Chili, and was particularly striking during the great earthquakes of 1822. I have, myself, frequently searched at low tide for marine animals, especially for the beautiful Chitoneæ, on a chain of cliffs, in the middle of the little bay of Concon, where only six years ago the fishermen were unable to obtain a footing even at very low water—proof sufficient that an elevation of at least six feet in a perpendicular direction must have taken place here. But the formation of the broad and very uniformly flat coast district, on which only sea-sand lies, cannot be attributed in the same exclusive manner to this undeniable phenomenon. The less striking fact, of the gradual recession of the sea from the coast of Chili, has hitherto been very much overlooked, though it is well known to many of the older inhabitants of the coast. We shall see, in the sequel, that, in the southern parts of the republic, even entire plains (la Vega de Concepcion) have arisen through the retreat of the sea, since the first arrival of the Europeans, which are, therefore, facts that may be ascertained with historical certainty. On the rocks which run parallel with the ocean to the north of Concon, but are separated from it by sand hills and a broad barren beach, we easily perceive the traces of the beating of the waves in stratifications very near to each other, which is a proof of a very gradual subsiding of the waters but not of an elevation of the ground by fits, of which this latter appears scarcely susceptible, because it consists, to a great depth, of loose sand. The formation of firm land is particularly striking in all those places where ranges of cliffs rise at some distance from the coast, and it is evident that many a cape was formerly an island, which has been united with the continent by low tracts of land, produced by alluvion and the retiring of the sea. The accumulation of sand in the mouths of the larger rivers—for instance, of the Biobio—and the constantly increasing difficulty of access to many harbours, for instance, of the Maule and of the smaller entrance (*boca chica*) of the port of Talcahuano, likewise indicate what we have just mentioned. But I do not mean to deny, on that account, that an extraordinary collection of volcanic power slumbers in the depths of the great ocean, which manifests itself occasionally, but then in a truly terrific manner, and may have the effect, even in our days, of raising large islands. Volcanic islands of a very recent date were observed in the South Sea by Captain Beechy, and others were discovered and examined, almost at the very moment of their origin.

"The information which was given me of the numerous animals to be met with in the environs of the hacienda of Quintero, induced me to make many excursions after my arrival in Concon, which always procured me something new, and amply rewarded the fatigue which generally attended them. The white downs reflect the light so strongly that you soon feel your eyes very painfully affected; and the sand is so heated by the sun, that even the countryman, who is inured to the inconvenience, is obliged to protect the soles of his feet by pieces of leather. Thermometers, the correctness of which had been proved, were often put into the sand, thirteen inches below the surface, in the afternoon, and though the experiments were made with the greatest care, they indicated the heat of the sun as varying from 40° to 58° (of the Centigrade thermometer), accordingly as the morning had been bright or cloudy, or a slight rain had fallen in the night, &c.; and this hot soil of the Chilian downs, which in summer is twice as warm as the atmosphere, nourishes in the more shallow spots a great number of interesting plants, among which the botanist is much surprised by the sight of a Mesembryanthemum, a singularly formed representative of the Flora of Africa, and the only species of that very numerous genus that occurs in the New World. * * * * The beach, composed of very fine sand, being moistened by the sea and become hard, is equal to the best gravel walks in a garden. But the incautious wanderer is exposed to great embarrassment, if not acquainted with the state of the moon he sets out just when the sea again begins to swell, and every fresh wave rolls some fathoms further over the flat coast, when even with the utmost speed no hope of escape remains. Though there is not the same danger of inevitable destruction as on the treacherous sand banks of the Scottish coast, yet the only alternative here is to ascend the downs, and to pursue his painful journey, while at every step he sinks knee-deep into the burning sand. Such expeditions, however, often unexpectedly lead us upon rare animals, which amply compensate for all our troubles. The beach is animated by many remarkable birds: little dwarf barkers, (*scolapax totanus*), brown as the sand on which they run in a straight line, always assembled in small coveys, which move sociably near each other in the same direction, and would escape the eye of the fowler did not their rapid motion draw his attention, when an approaching wave, which they dexterously avoid, compels them to flight. An Himantopus (*H. nigricollis*, Vieil.), very like that of Europe, stands quite solitary, but keeping a sharp look out after the little marine animals which every wave leaves behind, and which the active gulls often snap up before he, moving slowly and apparently with difficulty, can reach his intended prey. Innumerable small crabs live in cylindrical excavations in the sand, and, as the tide approaches, watch for their share of the booty brought by the waves, while they themselves are threatened by the long-legged cranes, which, on the coast of Chili, pursue with extraordinary eagerness the crustacea, and in general all marine animals. But the bird cannot get one of these crabs except by rapid flight, and even the diligent naturalist does not obtain them without digging in the sand; for the smallest trembling of the ground under the foot, even the shadow of a person approaching, warns the little animal of its danger, and with the rapidity of lightning it retreats into its hole. Swarms of little fish purposely suffer themselves to be brought by every wave far upon the beach, and seem to take pleasure in the sport, for they are so quick and so attentive, that you may attempt in vain to catch a single one, or to intercept a number in their retreat with the receding wave. The grave herons alone contrive to deceive them by their fixed attitude, which, at a favourable moment, is interrupted by an almost convulsive motion, and brings death to one of the poor dupes. Between the high sand-hills there is a remarkable bird of prey, an owl which pursues its victims only in the day-time, and builds nests under ground with no inconsiderable skill. It has a most singular look in the bright mid-day sun, for its large semi-globular eyes seem scarcely calculated to bear such intense rays of light. It looks stedfastly at the fowler who attempts to approach, and remains quietly sitting on the ground, for it is never seen upon a tree; even when closely pursued, as if teasing and inviting, it utters a whistling cry and flies but a few steps; but the pursuer soon perceives the error of his supposition, that it cannot see by day. In vain he attempts to approach; it vigilantly watches the enemy, and is often scarcely distinguishable from the ground which is of the same colour as itself, till at length, tired of the sport, it suddenly disappears in one of the hollows with which it has filled the sandy declivity. The many kinds of mice, which the Chilian peasant calls *lauchas*, and the degu, a pretty animal, resembling a North American dwarf squirrel, seem frequently to be the food of the extraordinary number of birds of prey on the coast of Chili. * * * There are doubtless many unknown small quadrupeds in these lonely tracks on the shore. An animal of this kind, the cucurrito of the Chilians, has hitherto escaped the inquirers, who have often visited the more accessible parts of Chili. I was obliged to have a little dog many hours watching by night on the solitary downs, and wading through a broad river at midnight, in order to obtain some specimens. The cucurrito, so called on account of its grunting, which resembles that of a hedgehog, very nearly resembles the African species of bathyergus, and tends to confirm the observation which every where forces itself upon you in Chili, that there is an undeniable affinity, a kind of family likeness, between the animal and vegetable kingdoms of the southern point of Africa and Chili, and even of New Holland. The body measures little more than six inches, but, though of such diminutive size, it is extremely quarrelsome. Perhaps these animals are as desperate in their combats under ground as the European mole, for half of those which were taken with so much trouble, were mutilated—one wanted a foot, and the shining black silky coat of another was covered with scarcely healed scars, caused by bites, inflicted by two ill-shaped projecting ivory-like fore-teeth, which distinguish the animal at first sight.

"Between the downs, which extend beyond the promontory of Quintero, there are, along the sea-coast, many low lagoons, some of which are of very considerable extent.—Even at a distance, you see an immense number of marsh and water-fowl, but, above all, the noble swan, countless flocks of which cover these brackish waters. It is snow-white, excepting the head and neck, of a brilliant black. It is no exaggeration to say that on one of these lagoons, a quarter of a square league in extent, more than two thousand of them were proudly swimming about, which I could easily calculate by counting some hundreds of the nearest."

The unfavourable season on the coast having passed over rapidly in uninterrupted, but well rewarded, exertions, Dr. Poeppig ventured on a visit to the Andes of Santa Rosa, the relation of which, though interesting as a whole does not present any thing that can be conveniently detached, unless it were an account of Christmas-day at Aconcagua, one of the most flourishing country towns in the interior of Chili. In the beginning of the year 1828, our traveller set out with the intention of going to Mendoza; in crossing a narrow and very rapid river, two of the mules lost their footing and were carried away by the current; the author himself escaped by leaping on a rock in the middle of the stream; but with the mules that were drowned he lost a small but select travelling library, his instruments, many little articles very indispensable to a naturalist, numerous designs and drawings, and part of his collections. This unfortunate accident defeated the plan of going to Mendoza, and the traveller returned to Valparaiso, where he arrived on the 1st of January; and, the whole plan of the journey having been thwarted by the loss, there remained no alternative but to wait, at not too great a distance from the coast, for the arrival of other instruments, &c. from Europe, to replace those which were lost. Having no inducement to remain in Valparaiso, our author resolved to visit the southern part of Chili, and sailed on the 30th of January for Talcahuano, where he spent the winter, only making occasional excursions into the surrounding country. The indications of the return of spring, which in these southern provinces resembles the finest months in Europe, summoned him to extend his researches; and the unknown interior of the province of Concepcion appeared to promise an ample, though dangerous, harvest. A war was at that time raging with horrors unknown in Europe. He left Talcahuano on the 30th of October, intending to fix his head-quarters during the second summer in the village of Antuco, the furthest inhabited place towards the East; and the following is the author's animated description of the approach to that village, of his first meeting with the Indians, and his account of the volcano of the same name.

"During a fine close rain, which added to the gloom of the scenery, we descended the last mountain and approached the small fortified village of Yumbel, which is at the beginning of a boundless plain, and was the goal of our third day's journey. A very strange sight presented itself as soon as we had passed the gate, which had no doors to it. Hundreds of half naked coppercoloured Pehuenche Indians surrounded my little party with savage yells, and seemed inclined to consider my baggage as fair booty. Many demands were made in a language I had never heard, and the courage to commit violence, which under other circumstances might have failed them, in the centre of a Chilian village, was compensated by a degree of intoxication bordering on frenzy. This attack might easily have been attended by serious consequences, as my resolute guides during the skirmish took to their arms. A couple of dragoons fortunately came up at this moment and rescued us from the hands of the savage mob. The commander of the fortress, as it is called, received us with great politeness, and procured us quarters in an empty house, an attention for which we were grateful, as the following day, being the the festival of All Saints, we were obliged to remain at Yumbel.

"Towards evening I visited, in company with some Chilian officers, the caziques of the Pehuenche Indians, whose first reception of us was so alarming. They were lying at some distance from the rest of the crowd, under the projecting roof of the old guard-house, but not on that account free from the importunity of their dependents, to whom they were but little inferior in drunkenness. One part of them were lying almost naked, stretched round the fire, and sleeping away the effects of their brutish excesses, while the others were endavouring to reduce themselves to the same state. They had as little need of drinking vessels as of any other preparation, to make this what they considered a festive banquet. In the centre of their circle they had scooped out shallow holes in the ground, put a sheepskin into them and filled them with wine. There were always some at these wells of delight, lying at full length on the ground, and drinking till they were seized with the wished-for stupefaction. Only one cazique, who in the sequel was of great service to me at Autuco, seemed to have been more moderate, and received us with the rude haughtiness of a savage, because the republic had been obliged to solicit his assistance. We could make nothing of this obstinate and stupid being, till one of the Chilian officers reminded him of one of the warlike deeds of his youth. Upon this the blood-thirsty nature of the rude and revengeful nomade instantly took fire—he threw off the restraint imposed on him by his imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language, and entered upon a long recital of his murders, in the rude-sounding tones of his own language. The interpreter was no longer able to follow him, and I willingly spared him the translation of such details. The favour of the chief was purchased by a present of tobacco, indigo, and salt; and he probably considered it as a token of his good-will that he promised, if I would accompany him on one of his excursions, to afford me an opportunity of shooting Moluches, a hated Indian tribe, to my heart's content. A glance at him and his associates, who had just killed a horse, and, before partaking of it, daubed themselves with its warm blood, gave no very pleasing prospects of a summer which I should have to pass among such barbarians, and in a great measure in dependence on their will. These were not the heroes of Ercilla, and though we would allow ample scope for the poetic licence of the Spanish poet, the originals fell disgustingly short of the portrait. Yet the friendship which the chief showed to the Huinca (an equivocal word for a European, and used as a term of reproach by the mob of Chili,) had this one advantage,—that the Indians ever afterwards treated me with a degree of respect. This body of Pehuenches, which consisted of some hundreds, had come from Antuco to Yumbel, to receive the customary presents of the republic, previously to the commencement of a new expedition against Pincheira, and had been entertained at the public expense with a drinking-bout, which lasted two days. No confidence however can be placed in such allies, on which account the inhabitants of Yumbel were under arms, and a detachment of the small army had been stationed here. As soon as the money had been paid down, and all the wine drunk, the savage horde took their departure.

"Yumbel is one of the oldest of the Spanish settlements, and is mentioned by Ercilla. As a fortified place, it is one of the chain of forts by which the Spanish government endeavoured to protect the country against the predatory attacks of the savages, after all the white colonies in the country of the Indians had been destroyed, and a barrier became absolutely necessary. Situate at the commencement of a wide plain, it does not seem calculated to arrest the progress of an enemy; but the Indians, it appears, never leave a fort on the flank or in their rear.

"At noon the houses were filled with provisions, which were sent to us from all quarters, though every visiter brought presents of poultry, eggs, and fruit. However, this abundance was not unwelcome, for the caciques of the Pehuenches likewise paid us a visit, and their assurance of continued friendship and faithful protection, while we remained on the frontiers, was well worth a liberal distribution of our stores. The borachios were concealed by the advice of the Chilians, and if anything might have displeased our brown guests, it was the caution that was observed in the distribution of a considerable quantity of brandy. They left us towards evening, with the peculiar savage howl, without which they neither take the field nor set out on a journey. The inhabitants of Yumbel urged us to proceed to the frontier of the Andes. The circumstances were not very inviting, for many fugitive families had arrived, and the warlike spirit and common hatred of the Indians to their white neighbours had already been manifested in no equivocal manner. The southern frontier was defenceless, and though the Chilian army was assembling about Chilian, such a spirit prevailed in it, that it was likely to march to Santiago, in order to effect a new revolution, as to turn against the Indians. Such conflicting reports had been spread for some months that it seemed useless to pay any regard to them. The journey could not be delayed, and though the danger was great, yet I could not but be tempted by the hope of a rich reward in the extraordinary regions of the loftiest Andes. A naturalist who, in travelling in the interior of South America, would suffer himself to be deterred by the probability of danger, would, in fact, have a very narrow field for his exertions."

"Late in the evening we reached the end of the dreary plain of Antuco, and suddenly found ourselves in a fertile spot overgrown with high grass. The moon had risen above the snowy plains of the Andes; the streams of lava shone brilliantly on the shady side of the volcano; and all was still, till the noise of a great multitude made us all at once aware that we were in the vicinity of Tucapel and indicated that some unusual event had taken place there. In fact we found the inhabitants in the utmost despair, as they were in momentary expectation of an attack from the marauding tribe of the Moluches, who were said to have advanced as far as the upper Biobio—women and children were lamenting, while the men were hastily loading their horses with their little property, to seek safety in flight, though with the certain prospect of finding their village reduced to ashes on their return. Only a few men, confident in the fleetness of their steeds, resolved to wait till the last moment and not follow their families till the blood-thirsty horde had actually made their appearance. It seemed more advisable to imitate their example, than to go back all the way to Yumbel. Under cover of a neighbouring wood, we succeeded in getting off our mules and baggage, and I was fortunate enough to obtain a fresh horse. The Chilians encamped in the centre of the village—for none ventured to remain in their dwellings, where they could not so soon be aware of the approaching danger. It was indeed a melancholy encampment—little was said, and the cheerful guitar was for once laid aside—the peasants sat in gloomy despondency round the small watchfire, the reflection of which showed, in their careworn features, the traces of the misery which this destructive war has for many years inflicted on all the inhabitants of the frontiers. The midnight stillness was suddenly broken by a dismal song, in a harsh voice, which was succeeded by an expressive silence. At a short distance from us there was an encampment of about twenty Pehuenches, who had hitherto remained unobserved. Near the fire, and supported against the old trunk of a weeping *mayte*, reclined a captive Indian, painted with white streaks, which had been traced upon his dark skin with horrid fidelity, in imitation of a human skeleton. The rest were seated in a circle in gloomy silence; with their horses ready saddled behind them, and their long lances fixed in the ground by their side. The prisoner re-commenced his song, but none replied, for it was his farewell to life—his death-song—as he had been doomed to die the next morning by the hand of his guards. During a fit of intoxication he had killed a member of another family, and, being the last descendant of an extirpated race, and too poor to pay the fine in arms and cattle, his life was irrecoverably forfeited to the vengeance of the relations, according to the inexorable laws of this people. I left the camp of these Indians, whose vicinity could only excite unpleasant feelings; and ascended a hill which rose close to the unfortunate village. Here, on a level rock, I watched for some time, holding the reigns of my horse in one hand and my gun in the other, as we might every instant expect the dreaded attack.—About midnight, the wind bore along the distant sound of the trampling of horses, followed by loud yells, and, in a moment, the whole village was in motion. The Chilians and Indians fled into the dark woods,—but the war-cries soon announced them to be allied Pehuenches, who belonged to the troop that had left Yumbel on the preceding day, and who brought good tidings. The watch fires instantly blazed up, and all thronged around the messengers, who reported with wild gestures that they had unexpectedly come upon the approaching Moluches, whom they had defeated, and that they were now hastening to Chilian to spread the news of victory and receive the customary presents. In confirmation of their statement, they rolled along at our feet some bloody heads, whose savage features fixed in death had a most terrific appearance. The horrid trophies were received with a loud yell of joy—the Chilians collected their concealed property, and a disgusting bacchanal ensued. Sick at heart from the repeated sight of these cruelties, I retired into the wood; the exhaustion both of mind and body rendered any convenient resting place superfluous, and I sought in the arms of sleep forgetfulness of the events of the past day."

The defeat of the Moluches had probably ensured the safety of the country for some weeks to come, and the travellers proceeded on their jurney, after having been so fortunate as to procure a supply of provisions, which they should want during their stay in Autuco for the summer.

"The inhabitants of Antuco were in a state of general consternation, and had been through the summer in a suspense which made their state truly pitiable. Being situated on the extreme frontier, destitute of any public defence, they saw themselves exposed to the formidable attacks of the large predatory hordes, which, under the conduct of the brothers Pincheira, were spreading inconceivable desolation, at one time in the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, and then in the fertile plains of the beautiful Chili. However scanty the property, it was sufficient to allure these ruthless hordes; but this loss was not to be compared to the slaughter of their victims, and the cruel slavery to which the women and children, whose lives alone they spared, were condemned. No one could tell what blood-thirsty bands were concealed in the uninhabited Cordillera on the other side of the volcano, and from the undefended defiles there might pour down, at any time, torrents of brown Indians, and brutalized white criminals, who, as leaders of the hordes, by their malice, calculating cruelty and thirst of revenge, aggravated in the most frightful manner the danger arising from the mere love of pillage of the Indians. The country-people carefully concealed their little property in the woods, and were obliged to observe twofold caution when the moon was getting to the full; for at that season they were more liable to an attack from the Indians. Every evening they were obliged to leave their wretched huts, and pass the night on some neighbouring mountain, which was inaccessible to horsemen; and it was melancholy to see the procession of women, laden with heavy burdens, and leading their children by the hand, ascend the steep rocky wall, uncertain whether the morning sun might not rise over the smoking ruins of their peaceful village. The inconsiderable garrison was unable to defend the place, and, when threatened by danger, shut itself up in a small wooden fortress; and the height of summer, and consequently of their danger, also, was close at hand before the government did any thing for their protection. Quite defenceless, and abandoned to all the horrors of an attack from lawless banditti and Indians, the people of Antuco were a prey to perpetual terror; and the frequent reports, and false alarms, embittered their existence to a degree which it is impossible for a European to conceive, who lives under the powerful protection of the laws, and knows these dangers only from hearsay. My occupations did not permit me to make these nocturnal migrations, and nothing remained for me but a vigorous self-defence in case of an attack. My house being open on every side, and, being covered with tiles, could not easily be set on fire; we made embrasures in the walls, enclosed them with a light palisade, and, to our stock of ready loaded pistols the kind attentions of the general of the southern army added a dozen muskets and a box of cartridges. The Indian will not easily venture an attack where he expects a resolute defence; and, as two peasants, who were acquainted with the use of fire-arms, were ready to pass the night in our little fortress, and preferred fighting to an uncertain safety in flight, our garrison increased to four men, who under such circumstances would probably have been able to defend themselves during the few hours that an attack generally lasts. In times of particular danger, we kept alternate watch during the night; that, if apprized of their approach by the trampling of the enemy's horses, we might have time to take our posts. Providence, however, protected us, for while danger was everywhere approaching, and the hostile bands were within a few miles of us, circumstances apparently accidental induced them to turn back, and the little vilage of Antuco was this year happily spared.

"The valley of Antuco, which comprehends the highest point of the Southern Andes, extends from east to west, is about seven leagues long, not very broad in any part, and divided into two very nearly equal portions by the river Laya. At its lower extremity it is separated by a chain of hills from the plain of Yumbel and Los Angelos; towards the east it rises abruptly, contracts, and is in this direction almost entirely enclosed by the broad base of the volcano, there being barely space between it and the opposite ridge for a rapid stream and a narrow defile which leads into the country of the Indians. Many parts of the soil are not worth cultivating, as it is covered with volcanic rock, and resembles the dry bed of a river; but the sides of the mountains, and the plains at their foot, answer their high reputation for extraordinary fertility. In some places they exhibit terraces one above another, and present natural meadows in the midst of beautiful mountain-woods, where the most luxuriant vegetation proves the richness of the soil; streams everywhere rush down from the mountains, and above their verdant summits tower the lofty peaks covered with everlasting snow. In the immediate vicinity of the village, the mountains are so high that it takes several hours to ascend the bold rocky summit of the Pico de Pilquo. Still further up the valley, their colossal height increases, till the intended glacier of the Silla Veluda and the black cone of the volcano close the wonderful picture. The village itself has a most picturesque appearance, for it leans against a lofty ridge, which is crested with a magnificent forest of beech trees. There is an indescribable pleasure in botanizing on a bright morning in summer on these trackless heights: the endless variety of beautiful Alpine plants fills the botanist with enthusiasm; the majestic prospect of the snow-crowned Andes refreshes the eye of the wearied traveller, who reposes beneath the shades of trees of extraordinary size; and the atmosphere has a purity which seems to render him more capable of enjoying the pleasures of life and despising its dangers. But the most splendid and ever-novel object in the landscape is the volcano, which is a few leagues from the village, and, not being concealed by any of the smaller hills by which it is surrounded, is perpetually in sight. We are never weary of observing the various phenomena which it presents, sometimes occasioned by the manifold refraction of light, at others by the mighty convulsions which agitate its interior. Sometimes a thick volume of smoke issues from its crater, like an enormous black column, which by an inconceivable force is impelled with greater rapidity than a cannon-ball into the blue sky; at others, a small white cloud gently curls upwards out of the crater, with scarcely any preceptible motion, which indicates the tranquillity that prevails within. At any time of the day, the appearance of this mountain is new and varied, but it is most interesting when the sun is rising behind it, and illumines its well-defined outline, or when enveloped in the radiance of the evening sun, long after it has left Antuco in the shade. Even amid the storms which are often spread round its base, while the sky in the lower valley is serene and untroubled, it sill remains grand and beautiful.

"At night, when shrouded with thick clouds, it is rendered visible by the brilliant fire which constantly issues from its mouth, and which seems to penetrate the lower strata of the atmosphere. The heat of summer, indeed, dissolves the snowy mantle with which winter has invested it, but a passing storm, which never extends to the lower grounds covers it even in the warm month of January, with a sheet of silver. We are never tired of watching the moment when the departing daylight renders the glowing streams of lava visible. A solitary speck of fiery red begins to sparkle; it is followed by others, and suddenly the light, like a running fire, communicates to the long streams, which, in some places singly, and in others variously intersected, carry down from the crater to the base new masses of lava, which continue their brilliant career till they are eclipsed by the more powerful light of the morning sun. In the months of November and December, when the air is quite free from the dry fog, we sometimes enjoy a very rare but truly magical spectacle. When a passing storm has covered the volcano with fresh and pure snow, and the moon happens to be at the full, we observe at the sides of the cone, a four-fold light, in the most wonderful play of colours. While the moon is still low in the horizon, and, hid behind the mountain, strongly marks the outlines of its snow-capped summit, and the extreme point is still tinged with the last beams of the setting sun, a calm splendour rises majestically from its interior, and streams of lava glow on the western side, which is enveloped in shade; if at this instant light clouds cross over the summit, the scene is such as no one would attempt to describe in words, and of which the greatest painter might despair of giving even a faint resemblance; for whatever grand effect the light of the moon, of the reflection of the snow, of the volcanic-fire, and of the evening sun, can produce singly, are here united in one magnificent and unequalled whole."

During the author's residence at the village of Antuco, which is not yet marked upon any map, he made many excursions in this hitherto unvisited Alpine country, in which, though there was difficulty enough in penetrating through the forest, you may at least set your foot to the ground without fear; for no poisonous serpent, no gigantic stinging ants, no concealed enemy of the animal kingdom, inhabits this happy region. It would be useless to enumerate all the plants that extend to the highest summits of the mountains. No one, he observes, could ever imagine the Alpine Flora of Southern Chili to be so beautiful to the eye, and so tempting to the connoisseur, as it really is. All the flowers of the Cape of Good Hope and New Holland, which, without attaining the gigantic size of the tropical climates, are extremely pleasing, are happily united in the vegetation of this part of the Andes.

"The Indians, driven from their country, had settled partly in the neighbourhood of Antuco, and partly in the most remote lateral valleys. Though but a few understood some words of Spanish, the Araucanian dialect, which they use, was familiar to most of the country people and to my servant; and hence my intercourse with the caciques was not interrupted. Prudence councelled us to seek the favour of these demi-savages, who might at any moment become our enemies, and, being a people whom no traveller has yet described, they deserved that attention: the result of which I will here add. The Pehuenche is a nomade, differing therein very much from the Araucanians, who, however, like him belong to the same branch of the great copper-coloured or Patagonian race of America. Constantly roaming about the Andes, he appears sometimes as a herdsman, with no property but his cattle—sometimes as a bold robber, who in times of war leaves domestic cares to the women, descends into the plains, and often extends his destructive excursions to the very gates of Buenos Ayres, where he is better known by the name of the *Indian of the Pampas*."

The author gives minute details of their mode of life, which resembles that of other nomade tribes, and especially in Northern Asia. Their manners are like those of most savage people. The women are treated like slaves, and frequently with much cruelty. The Pehuenches are always at war with one or other of the neighbouring tribes. They consider it as the greatest proof of military skill to attack the enemy in some unguarded point, to penetrate into the open country, and to inflict upon the people all the horrors of an Indian war. They manage to arrive by night near the frontier place which they have doomed to destruction. As soon as morning dawns, they rush tumultuously, and with dreadful yells, into the defenceless village, and the inhabitants rarely have time to fly. The scene of barbarity and destruction which then begins baffles description. Whatever appears to be of any value is seized, the rest destroyed, the herds driven away, the men and youths murdered without pity; the old women, though not killed, are barbarously treated; the younger women and girls carried away with little hope of ever seeing their country again. Lastly, they set fire to the wrethed huts, and the fiend-like assailants hastily retreat amid the flames, and over the bloody carcases of their murdered victims. Less than two hours are sufficient to commence and finish this scene: they vanish as suddenly as they came, and the lamentations of the few inhabitants who have escaped alone bear witness to their descructive visit.

"It is very seldom that these Indians take any prisoners, and every one fights to the last moment, rather than expose himself to the more or less dreadful fate which may befall him, according to the humour of the victors. During my residence at Antuco, a military party, which returned from the Southern Andes, had succeeded in capturing a chief of the detested tribe of the Moluches. The unfortunate prisoner was destined to be a victim to their vengeance, and the intervention of the Chilian commandant, and the offer of considerable presents, had no influence over the incensed Indians, who, impatiently waited for the next morning. The prisoner looked forward to his inevitable fate with that stupid indifference which has nothing in common with the courage of the hero. The man who, more than half degenerated, has never experienced the happiness of a softer feeling, resigns without emotion the cheerless boon of existence. The noise of the festival in honour of the triumph resounded throughout the night, and at daybreak a large circle of the men and all the women assembled before the fort. The prisoner stood in the centre of a smaller circle, composed of twenty warriors, each armed with a long lance. Three shallow pits had been dug at his feet, and a short stick was put into his hand. In a loud voice he related his deeds, and named the enemies who had fallen by his hand; and as he pronounced each name he broke off a piece of the stick, which he threw into one of the pits and contemptuously trampled under foot. The shouts of the indignant hearers became louder and louder, and the women, transformed into furies, answered with yells and screams to every new name. One lance after the other was lowered and pointed closer and closer at the breast of the scornful enemy. The last piece of the stick was dropped; the last and greatest of all the names was pronounced; and at the same instant resounded from a hundred throats the fearful war-cry of the Chibotoo. Twenty lances pierced the prisoner, who was lifted high into the air, and then fell dead upon the ground."

In peace the Pehuenches are hospitable to strangers, and always give a good reception to their commercial friends; but they do not believe themselves bound to pay any regard to those who are not recommended to them. They consider the robbery of a stranger, often accompanied with murder, as honourable as Europeans do a war carried on according to the law of nations. In trade they are honest, and disapprove of cowardly theft and cheating. When a caravan from the Isla de la Laxa arrived, after eight day's journey, in the land of the Pehuenches, it immediately repaired to the habitation of the most powerful cacique, who gave notice of it to his tribe. Those who had a mind to trade flocked from all the vallies, agreed upon the price and took the goods with them. The day fixed for the departure of the Chilians was known, and there never was an instance that the debtors kept away or committed any fraud in their mode of payment.

From Antuco our traveller returned to the sea coast. The scenery appeared to him very poor and prosaic after several months residence amidst the magnificence of the Andes. He therefore resolved to embark in the first vessel for Peru, for which he had to wait some weeks. This time was well employed in copying out his botanical journals, and in packing up his collection, of which he kept duplicates, to be sent by a different ship, not choosing unnecessarily to trust the fruits of such a summer to a single vessel. Though, during his stay in the desolate and depopulated town of Concepcion, he often reflected with regret on the verdant plains and airy mountains of Antuco, he found a compensation in the company of Mr. Henry Rous, the British Consul, a very well informed man, who treated him with every mark of kindness and friendship. He sailed on the 29th of May, 1839, for Callao, on board the English brig Catherine, the captain of which trusting to his local knowledge ventured to pass through the Bocachica of Talcahuano; and he reached without accident the harbour of Callao, not much pleased with the barren and desolate appearance of the Peruvian coast.

"A flat country, gently rising towards the interior, is bounded by a whitish streak of sand along the coast, on which is situated the brown and inhospitable-looking port of Callao. As far as the eye can reach from this point of view, there is not a tree to enliven the dreary and stony surface, not a scanty path of even the lowest kind of vegetation to indicate the vicinity of water, without a constant supply of which nothing flourishes here except succulent saline plants, or low and thorny shrubs, which at a distance have the appearance of small yellow patches. Round the little village of Bellavista are extensive tracts of dry gravel, interrupted here and there by reeds and a few other plants, which are cherished by the inhabitants with extraordinary care. Still further on, with a dreariness of aspect which even surpasses that of the foreground, runs the low rocky outline which marks the former boundary of the ocean. The towers of Lima, beyond which rises the gloomy ridge of the Andes, alone give some variety to this uninviting landscape, which is not rendered more attractive when the sun pours down his rays from an unclouded sky. All the glowing splendour of a tropical firmament in vain, when it illumines only a soil which is adorned by no plant, refreshed by no stream, which has been condemned by Nature herself to everlasting sterility, which even human industry cannot remedy, and where the appearance of a land bird is regarded as an event. The whole extent of country which stretches towards the north and south retains the same character with unchanging fidelity—only where a scanty stream trickles down from the clefts of the Andes and irrigates flat valleys, the thinly scattered inhabitants are able, with immense labour, to cultivate this ungrateful soil."

"A general misfortune would be the drying up of the scanty streamlet which is fed by the mountain snow, and of which the very last drop is used for refreshing the stony fields. But we are scarcely out of the limits of this artificial irrigation which is necessarily confined to narrow stripes, when we are again upon the dreary waste, covered with boulders, or with hills composed of a very light white drift sand—where the traveller cannot obtain a glass of fresh water for several days together, and where owing to the frequent changes even the native guide sometimes loses his way. Only those singular succulent plants cactus and tillandsia are to be seen. Such is the extreme aridity of the soil, that after the lapse of three centuries we still find the mummies of the ancient Peruvians in a state of perfect preservation. They were interred in a sitting posture, and according to tradition are the remains of persons who caused themselves to be buried alive in the sand upon the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards. The fog which hangs for six months over the country is considered very beneficial, and though at the most it attaches itself as a fine mist to woollen clothing, the Limanese call it *aquaceros*, a torrent. If the tropical sun poured down its rays upon Peru with the same unclouded lustre as on the splendid Brazil, the thirsty land would long since have been converted into a desert, unfit for the habitation of man or of animals. But a heavy rain would be no less a national misfortune, for its long continuance would inevitably destroy even the largest houses in Lima; the roofs of which are, for the most part, composed of reeds. If in the course of a man's life such an event as a real fall of rain happens to take place on the coast of Peru, it produces an indescribable sensation. Processions parade the streets to implore the protection of Heaven for their endangered city, and the remembrance of such a misfortune is long preserved. Even with the utmost industry of the inhabitants, a country like this would be unable to maintain any considerable population, if there were not in its territory some more fertile district, from which it may supply its wants by mutual exchange. The Andes of Peru almost entirely support the inhabitants of the coast; for, though their mean height far exceeds that of the Chilian Cordilleras, they contain valleys or plateaux, which, in spite of their vicinity to the region of eternal snow, enjoy a moderate climate, and are very fertile. These are eagerly sought as an abode, especially by the Indians, the degenerate descendants of those mild and unwarlike people who once obeyed the sceptre of the Incas. There is a great variety of climate in the Andes, and the number of objects cultivated there might be still further increased; for many useful, hitherto un-

> known plants might be naturalized, if care were taken to ascertain the locality and the relative proportions of atmospheric heat which they require, previously to their being transplanted. But the most beautiful part of the country, in which a thousand sources of future wealth are still buried, commences on the eastern declivity of the second chain of the Andes. Here are plains traversed by lower hills, covered with an ocean of foliage, vying in beauty with the climate of Chili, but far surpassing it in the abundance and luxuriance of its productions. To these join, within the extensive frontiers, those boundless plains, where gigantic rivers, which roll their broad waves through solitary forests, are the only means of communication between the widely scattered dwellings of a very scanty population."

Lima has suffered much from the Revolution, besides losing the monopoly of a considerable trade with Chili and Upper Peru, of which the author gives some interesting particulars. He thus proceeds:

> "The Revolution affected Lima also in another way. A great number of people were suddenly deprived of the means of subsistence, when political animosity had banished the most opulent nobles, or compelled them to live in retirement. They had given employment to many artists and mechanics, who were engaged exclusively on works of luxury; and from this period too may be dated the decline of many branches of manufacture, which were formerly carried to great perfection; for instance, very fine embossed work in gold and silver, at Guamanga and Lima. Many private fortunes were lost during the intrigues, for which the political state of the country afforded many opportunities. The persecutions and the legal confiscations, the heavy taxes, and, above all, the incapacity of a people addicted to luxury and pleasure to conform to the pressure of the times by judicious retrenchments,—have immensely diminished the national wealth. Tinsel splendour indeed still prevails everywhere in Lima, though poverty and decline are but too evident in both domestic and public arrangements. The times are now gone by when a Limanese lady of the higher rank was obliged, on gala days, to wear pearls and jewels to the value of more than thirty thousand dollars, in order to maintain her rank; and the riches which are described with so much astonishment by the very credible Ulloa have disappeared with the exhaustion of its sources. It would be impossible for them now, as they once did, to pave a street with bars of silver, to give a new viceroy an idea of the treasures of the country, or to shew their mules with silver. Nevertheless, luxury is still very prevalent: and hence, after a short stay, we form no very favourable opinion of the domestic arrangements of Peruvian families. Creoles of all countries have the weakness to attach much importance to outward splendour, and even the English in the West Indies are not altogether exempt from this failing. But in Peru this has been carried to the utmost excess, in consequence of the unhappy predominance of the coloured races and the inbred effeminacy of the Whites. The contest for pre-eminence betrays the different castes into the most boundless extravagance—a propensity which commerce enables them to gratify, as every ship imports some new article of luxury, which they eagerly purchase, and then, like children, throw aside. The far celebrated women of Lima are said to exceed all limits in this respect, and thus revenge themselves on their fathers and husbands, who, if such a feature were wanting to complete the picture of mismanagement, are the most passionate gamblers in America.
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> "The discontent of the Whites, who would rather renounce many privileges than share them with the despised lower castes, for whom they entertain a traditional hatred—the dissatisfaction of a large party, who forfeited the highest object of the happiness of the white Peruvians, titles and orders, by the republican equalization—military oppression—poverty—increasing demoralization and weakness in the government,—these have hitherto been in Peru only perceptible consequences of its separation from the mother country. Whatever the blessings of freedom, which the rest of the Americans, and especially the people of Chili, are really beginning to enjoy, it is known to the Peruvian only from the paltry rhymes of his patriotic songs. The Revolution has overtaken him before he was ripe for it, and the moral immaturity of his whole life makes it difficult to foresee what generation will at length create new order from the ruins of a general dissolution."

When the author embarked for Peru, he intended to visit Guayaquil, and to make a long stay in Choro and Esmeraldas, but, on his arrival at Lima, he found this to be impracticable. As the coasts of Peru have little to engage the naturalist, to return to Chili did not appear to be of much use, and a voyage to the East Indies was necessarily renounced from pecuniary considerations: the interior of Peru appeared to offer the only asylum, where he might continue his old avocations without interruption, and at a small expense. It is difficult in America to obtain information respecting distant provinces, even of the same state. Mr. J. F. Scholtz, however, the head of one of the greatest houses on the west coast of America, gave him the most friendly aid.

> "And if," says he, "contrary to the express wish of this worthy German, his name is here publicly mentioned, it is from a sense of the gratitude which he amply deserves, as the promoter of a difficult enterprise, and as the protector of a traveller, who, without recommendation from any government, and without any official character, commenced his long journey. To him I am indebted for the permission to visit the Amazons, which is very difficult to be obtained. He afterwards liberated me from an imprisonment, by which it was hoped to debar me from all further research; and, lastly, procured me many agreeable hours in the solitary wilderness of Maynas, by furnishing me with letters and other supplies. Mr. Sebastian Martins, an Anglo-Portuguese, the proprietor of large estates on the Huallaga, spoke in high terms of that country, and invited me to make a long stay in Cassapi or Cuchera. The bare mention of these names, celebrated for the researches of the Spanish botanists, Ruiz, Pavon, and Tafalla, made me decide in a moment. The projected visit to the Peruvian Andes was changed to a long residence in the Cinchona forests of Huanuco, the navigation of the rapid Huallaga, and a voyage across the whole breadth of the continent upon the majestic Amazons."

We would most willingly dwell at some length on this part of the author's journey, but the space allotted to us will allow only some extracts to which we confine ourselves with the less regret, as we cannot but hope that a work of such importance will appear in an English translation.

> "A few leagues from Diezmo are the ruins of an ancient city of the Incas, of considerable extent. They occupy the north eastern angle of the plain, separated by a low and stormy chain of hills from the Pampa de Coshamarca, which is about five leagues broad. The road passes through it, and, long before our approach, we beheld with

impatience the widely scattered monuments of a people who, in a moral sense, are wholly extinct. The Peruvians call it Tambobamba (the village of the plain), which, supposing it were the only one, would be insignificant enough. From the great extent of this scattered village, we may form some idea of its ancient consequence. Such of the houses as are still left, or of which we can trace the remains, lie scattered without any seeming regularity. We were unable to distinguish any roads or streets; for the high road, which has been carried through it, is probably of very recent date. The detached buildings are pretty equal in size, and are separated from each other by small intervals, which seem to indicate that each was surrounded by a court-yard. This very same style of building is still followed by the Indians of the Andes, and even the same mode of erecting the walls has continued unchanged, if we except from the comparison the greater negligence of the Peruvians of the present day. The walls are built in a circular form, are from thirty to forty paces in their outer circumference, and from six to ten feet in height. Even allowing something for the rubbish, the size of the old Peruvian habitations is very inconsiderable; for houses of ten to thirteen paces in the inner diameter, with a wall at the utmost fourteen feet high, are certainly no palaces. We must not, however, expect, at an elevation of 2500 fathoms above the level of the sea, to meet with buildings such as Palmyra presents to the eye of the astonished European. We stand amidst the ruins of a people who were unacquainted with iron, who were therefore confined to the use of copper, and sought to compensate the want of mechanical aids by untiring perseverance. The materials of which the walls are composed are taken from the quarries of the neighbouring chain of hills, and, though by no means of a durable nature, the builders have been so careful in the selection, that the lapse of centuries has made but little impression on these walls, The different pieces are accurately fitted, and instead of mortar are cemented together by a very tough kind of earth, which has become so indurated, that nothing but the pick-axe of the superstitious treasure-hunter could have wrenched them asunder. The most remarkable features in the architecture of these ruins are the pointed or bell-shaped roofs, which are composed of smaller stones embedded in indurated clay. Ulloa says very decidedly, that nothing is known of the manner in which the Peruvians roofed their houses—but that it was most probable they were covered with flat wooden roofs, as no trace of vaults or arches has been discovered amid the ruins, and every thing indicated that the key-stone was altogether unknown in that age. The few remaining domes of the roofs of Tambobamba are in the form of a bell and from twelve to fifteen feet high. In the thatched roof of the modern Indians, we trace the exact imitation of these ancient buildings, and I was told that the use of cupolas for similar small Indian buildings is still very common in the neighbourhood of Cuzco. It is much to be regretted, that the only large building among these remains should have been partially destroyed; as the ignorant people imagined that it was a palace of King Inca, as the Peruvians express themselves, and therefore concluded that it contained hidden treasures. The mania of digging for treasures annually destroys in Peru many ancient and remarkable remains, which would probably have withstood both time and climate for a thousand years. Wherever the Peruvian beholds tumuli evidently formed by the hand of man, or an ancient building indicates the abode of an exterminated people, he immediately suspects the existence of the guacas, or caverns, which were filled by the Incas, at the time of the conquest, with gold and precious stones, and forgotten at the premature death of these chieftains, who had buried them from a sense of duty, and not chosen any persons as the depositaries of the secret. The most absurd fables have been invented, and, according to a tradition coeval with the conquest of this city, there is in a mountain lake near Cuzco a gold chain, which went twice round the market-place, and of such large proportions that an Indian could with difficulty carry a single link of it. Many persons have ruined themselves by vain attempts to turn aside the waters of the lake. These failures did not however deter others from making similar attempts, and only three years ago a proposal was made to establish a company in Europe, for draining a lake in Columbia, in which immense treasures were said to have been buried. Electrical phenomena are frequent in the Andes of Peru, and even the better informed European traveller occasionally beholds strange sights, which have something awful about them, when seen at night in a solitary encampment, far removed from a human habitation. But the Peruvian of the lower class, when he sees a silvery lustre glistening through the clouds at midnight from the summit of a lofty mountain, or a phosphorescent light shining in the wooded clefts of the lower Andes, which is a very common phenomenon in the Montana of Huanuco, is immediately persuaded that there are either rich veins of silver running along the surface, or that the buried treasures of the Incas invite the bold adventurer. To fit him for such an enterprize he requires long previous preparation, and the observance of a number of precautions, such as only a diseased imagination can invent. Amid innumerable ceremonies and customs, many of which border on criminality, the treasure-seeker begins to dig; if upon this he sees forms that seem to mock him, he turns back terrified, and is perhaps seized with illness. This may easily be accounted for, when we learn that the Christian Peruvian, before the commencement of his nocturnal labour, throws himself into a state of delirium by drinking a strong infusion of the fruit of the scarlet thorn-apple, which from this circumstance bears the name *hierbu de Guacas ó de Guaqueros.* (*Brugmansia coccinea*, Pers.) Occasionally indeed objects of value may have been discovered in these tombs, but much more frequently, and certainly in all the guacas near Huanuco, they are of interest only to the antiquarian, and are rejected as useless by the covetous searcher for gold.

"Next to the searching for treasure, a false system of economy or more properly a great dislike of labour, is often the cause of the destruction of many important ruins. Only a few years ago, the greater part Haunuco Viejo was demolished, because it was proposed to erect two quite unimportant bridges in its neighborhood. At this place was a fortress, built in the style of the Incas, in an excellent state of preservation, and the people, being too idle to prepare stones themselves, pulled down, with much trouble, the greater part of this beautiful edifice, for the sake of the large stones of which it was composed. Even Garcilasso complains that, in the few years before his departure for Spain, the stupendous buildings at Cuzco had been very much injured, and that the enormous walls of the fortress were destroyed by the hands of the Spaniards, which, if left to the influence of time alone, might have stood for thousands of years.

"It is not till their voices betray the inhabitants of the forest, that the European sportsman, who has not the practice and the sharp sight of the Indians, is able to discover them amid the dark foliage of the trees. Sometimes, however, voices are heard, which throw us into doubt respecting the nature of the animal, or even lead the traveller to infer the vicinity of some dangerous beast of prey, and hastily prepare for his defence. Amid the inhospitable forests near the zone of Ceja, where sharp ridges of rocks and clefts impede every step between the dark and closely matted trees, we are all at once surprised by a loud piercing grunt; after a long search, we find to our great astonishment that it does not proceed from a quadruped, but from a bird, called *Tunqui*, of middling size and splendid cinnamon-coloured plumage, sitting among the intricately woven parasitic plants. Still more deceiving is the note of the very singular *Toropisju* (bull-bird), which justly deserves its name, for we can scarcely persuade ourselves, that this indistinct bellowing of an ox, which seems to be the agreeable indication of some neighboring hacienda, should proceed from a little bird scarcely larger than a European crow, which is concealed in the adjoining thicket. The sound seems to proceed from a great distance, which makes it more difficult to trace him. When a shot has brought him to the ground, we can scarcely prevail upon ourselves to touch this formidable looking coal-black bird. His large bushy crest, which is above two inches high, falls back as if in defiance, and almost entirely conceals his head; he opens his bill wide, and from his blood-red throat issues a hissing like that of a serpent; his eyes, white as silver, flash amidst the ruffled plumage, and, surrounded by fallen trees and piled up mouldering fragments, the sight involuntarily reminds us of the dreadfully poisonous reptiles that inhabit similar places."

This seems rather a formidable description of the death of a small bird.

"In the thickest gloom of the forests lives a solitary but singularly beautiful songster; we stand listening, fettered to the spot, while from the summit of the tree, he pours forth his slow soft notes, which are variously modulated, but with the most correct observance of the intervals, forming a regular melody, that altogether resembles the sound of an harmonicon. There is something indescribably soothing, I might almost say supernatural, in this chime, the charms of which are increased by the dreary silence of the forest and the concealment of the diminutive songster. When at last you discover it, you cannot find it in your heart to kill it, and it appears lost amid the multitude of brilliant and variously coloured Tanagræ and creepers.—The Peruvians call it the *organisto* or *flautero*, and it is spoken of in Lima as one of the most remarkable inhabitants of the unexplored forests to the east. In size it is about one-third less than our common sparrow; it is never found except in the woods, where it selects the most thickly shaded places. I met with it as far as the mouth of the Haullaga, but not in Ega, or further down the Amazons. Its plumage is a uniform bright brown. I brought only one specimen to Europe, which was killed by an Indian, and presented to the Museum of the University of Leipsic.

"The piercing cry of the *pteroglossus* is heard at a great distance, and the name *dios te de*, which is given to it by the people, is an imitation of its note. At every cry it throws its head awkwardly back, rapidly opens and shuts its gigantic bill, which is raised perpendicularly, with a balancing, ludicrous motion of the body. I found here not only the pinch (*Pteroglossus Aracari*), but the emerald green species, with a bill edged with white (*Pt. Sulcatus*, Swains.) Both may be tamed, as they feed on all kinds of food in their captivity, and the natives use the raspings of the bill and the long-fringed tongue as infallible remedies against heartburn and cramp. The great gold and green Arraras of the Andes, (*Guacamayos*) settle in the morning on the highest trees of the forest, or alight in flocks on the deep red erythrina and the yellow tachia, of the flowers of which they are very fond. Their scream is horrible, but they are cunning enough to know that it may betray them, when they begin to plunder a field of ripe maize—every one then checks his propensity to screaming, and only a suppressed murmuring noise is heard, while the work of destruction proceeds with amazing rapidity. It is very difficult for the sportsman or the angry Indian to surprise the cunning thieves, for a few are always stationed to watch upon the highest trees. The first low note of warning is answered by a general half-suppressed cry of the disturbed robbers. At the second warning, the whole fly away with deafening crys, to commence their mischievous operations as soon as the enemy has retired. They are a constant object of pursuit to the Indians, for their flesh is considered as a delicacy, and their feathers are much in demand, for the fantastic ornaments which the Indians wear in solemn processions. In ancient times the inhabitants of the forest brought the feathers of this bird as a tribute to the Incas, for the decoration of their palaces; and the oldest historians of Peru say, that these and the coca were the only productions which formerly led to the establishment of colonies in the much dreaded sultry forests—the *Montenas bravas de los Antis*, as Garcilasso calls them."

"The lower classes of the animal kingdom are far more numerous, but also far more hostile, and this is particularly the case with the insects. You are annoyed and persecuted by them in every thing you do, and are daily obliged to exert your ingenuity to discover means of encountering them, but are too often obliged to acknowledge, with vexation, that the acuteness of the human understanding is no match for the instinct of these little animals. After some observation, I was confounded at the great number of the species of the ant, for instance; for there is no part of the level country of Maynas where the ants are so numerous as in the Lower Andes; and even the North of Brazil, though filled with them, is a paradise in this respect, when compared with the mountains of Cuchero. From the size of an inch to half a line in length, of all colours between yellow and black, infinitely differing in their activity, places of abode, and manners, the ants of this country alone would engage the whole attention of an active entomologist for years together. Merely in the huts, we distinguish without any difficulty seven different species, as the most troublesome inmates—animals that are seldom met with in the forest, far from the abodes of man, but, on the contrary, indefatigably pursue and accompany him and his works, like certain equally mischievous plants, which suddenly appear in a newly planted field in the midst of the wilderness, and hinder the cultivation, though they had never been seen there before. How many species there may be in the forest is a question, which any one who has visited a tropical country will not be bold enough to answer.—If I state here, that, after a very careful enumeration, six and twenty species of ants are found in the woods about Pampayaco, I will by no means affirm that this number is complete. Every group of plants has particular species, and many trees are even the exclusive abode of a kind that does not occur anywhere else. With the exception of a very few kinds, a superficial observation makes us acquainted with the ants merely as mischievous and troublesome animals; for, if on a longer residence, and daily wandering in the forests, we perceive that these countless animals are, in many respects, of service, still it is doubtful whether the advantage is not more than counterbalanced by the mischief which they do. One of the indubitably very useful kinds, and which does not attack man unless provoked, is the Peruvian wandering ant, called in the language of the

Incas guagna-miagüe; a name which is commonly, and very justly, translated *Que hace llorar los ojos*,—"which makes the eyes water;" for, if their bite gives pain for a few minutes only, he who imprudently meddles with them is bitten by so many at once, that he finds it no joke. It is not known where this courageous insect lives, for it comes in endless swarms from the wilderness, where it again vanishes. It is generally seen only in the rainy season, and it can scarcely be guessed in what direction it will come; but it is not unwelcome, because it does no injury to the plantations, and destroys innumerable pernicious insects of other kinds, and even amphibious animals and small quadrupeds. The broad columns go forward disregarding every obstacle; the millions march close together in a swarm that takes hours in passing; while on both sides, the warriors, distinguished by their size and colour move busily backward and forward, ready for defence, and likewise employed in looking for and attacking animals which are so unfortunate as to be unable to escape, either by force or by rapid flight. If they approach a house, the owner readily opens every part and goes out of their way; for all noxious vermin that may have taken up their abode in the roof of palm-leaves, the insects and larvæ which do much more damage than one is aware of, are all destroyed or compelled to seek safety in flight. The most secret recesses of the huts do not escape their search, and the animal that waits for their arrival is infallibly lost. They even, as the natives affirm, overpower large snakes, for the warriors quickly form a circle round the reptile, while basking in the sun, which on perceiving its enemies endeavours to escape, but in vain; for six or more of the enemy have fixed themselves upon it, and while the tortured animal endeavours to relieve itself by a single turn, the number of its foes is increased a hundred fold; thousands of the smaller ants from the main column hasten up, and, in spite of the writhings of the snake, wound it in innumerable places, and in a few hours nothing remains of it but a clean skeleton."

"To whatever side you turn your eyes about Pampayaco, you see only a wilderness of thickly wooded mountains, where civilized man has never established himself, or has appeared only as a transitory passenger, leaving no trace behind. The soul of the observer is filled with a feeling of melancholy by the fact, that in the tropical countries the works of man disappear more completely and more rapidly than in any other habitable part of the globe, while Nature alone, vindicating her rights, flourishes unchanged in eternal youth and vigour. History speaks of colonies that once flourished in those mountains; but, did not scarcely perceptible traces in the forest indicate that trodden paths formerly connected the houses which have disappeared, we should be inclined to doubt the fact. Events that happened only a century ago are enveloped, in the wilderness of the New World, in the veil of uncertain and obscure tradition; and what, to the inhabitant of the Eastern hemisphere, the theatre of a history embracing some thousand years, would appear like events of the last twelve-month, bears, in the equatorial countries of America, which are destitute of historical record, and amidst the overpowering energies of Nature, the character of venerable antiquity. Some decayed now uninhabited huts, and a plantation of coca, are the only remains of Cuchero, once the seat of a numerous population, and so highly extolled by the Spanish botanists. Of the missions, which once proceeded from the mountains of Cuchero, and extended even into tracts where no white man has since set his foot, nor the slightest traces remain."

The author having mentioned the coca plantation, gives a very long account of that remarkable plant, which has now become an indispensable necessary of life among the Indians of the Andes, and, as an article very extensively cultivated, deserves great attention. The coca (*Erythroxylon Coca*, Lam.) is a bush from six to eight feet high, somewhat like the blackthorn, which it resembles in its numerous small white blossoms, and the lively bright green of the leaves. These leaves, which are gathered and carefully dried, are an article of brisk trade, and the use of them is as old as the first knowledge of the history of Peru. It is a stimulant, which acts upon the nerves in the same manner as opium. Unhappily, the use of it has degenerated into a vice which seems incurable. The Indians of America, especially those of the Peruvian Andes, notwithstanding the civilization which surrounds them, have a vague sense of their own incurable deficiency, and hence they are eager to relieve themselves, by violent excitements, from such melancholy feelings. This accounts, not only for the use of the coca, but also for the boundless love of spirituous liquors, which possesses scarcely any other people in the world in an equal degree. To the Peruvian, the coca is the source of the highest gratification; for under its influence his usual melancholy leaves him, and his dull imagination presents him with images which he never enjoys in his usual state of mind. If it cannot entirely produce the terrible feeling of over-excitement that opium does, yet it reduces the person who uses it to a similar state, which is doubly dangerous, because, though less in degree, it is of far longer duration. This effect is not perceived until after continued observation; for a new comer is surprised indeed at the many disorders to which the men of many classes of the people are subject in Peru, but is very far from ascribing them to the coca. A look at a determined coquero gives the solution of the phenomenon; unfit for all the serious concerns of life, such a one is a slave to his passion, even more than the drunkard, and exposes himself to far greater dangers to gratify his propensity. As the magic power of the herb cannot be entirely felt, till the usual concerns of daily life, or the interruptions of social intercourse, cease to employ the mental powers, the genuine coquero retires into solitary darkness or the wilderness, as soon as his longing for this intoxication becomes irresistible. When night, which is doubly awful in the gloomy forest, covers the earth, he remains stretched out under the tree which he has chosen; without the protection of a fire near him, he listens with indifference to the growling of the ounce; and when, amid peals of thunder, clouds pour down torrents of rain, or the fury of the hurricane uproots the oldest trees, he regards it not. In two days he generally returns, pale, trembling, his eyes sunk, a fearful picture of unnatural indulgence. He who has once been seized with this passion, and is placed in a situation that favours its developement, is a lost man.

The author heard in Peru truly deplorable accounts of young men of good families, who, in an accidental visit to the woods, began to use coca to pass away the time, soon acquired a relish for it, and from that moment were lost to the civilized world, and, as if under some malignant spell, refused to return to the towns. We are told how the relations at length discovered the fugitive in some remote Indian village, and, in spite of his tears dragged him back to his home. But these unhappy persons were as fond of living in the wilderness, as averse to the more orderly mode of life in the towns; for public opinion condemns the white coquero, as it does an incorrigible drunkard among us. They, therefore, take the earliest opportunity of escaping to the woods, where degraded, unworthy of the white complexion, the stamp of natural superiority, and becoming half savages, they fall victims to premature death, through the immoderate use of this intoxicating herb.

Dr. Poeppig passed more than five months in the solitude of Pampayaco, leading a very uniform life, solely occupied with the increase of his collections, in which he was very successful.—Christmas was at hand, and some preparations were made, as well as circumstances would permit in that lonely spot, to keep the festival, even though alone. But fortune had otherwise determined, for, going out on the evening of the 23d of December, to cut down a tree that was in blossom, he suddenly felt a pain in his instep, like that caused by a drop of burning sealing wax, and, looking round, discovered a very large serpent close to him, coiled up with its head erect, seeming rather to be satisfied with what it had done, than to be meditating a second attack. From a sudden impulse, he attempted to kill the serpent, which he at length succeeded in doing, and then, recollecting his own danger, hastened to the house, which was about five hundred paces distant. But his foot had swelled considerably before he reached it. Happily, a creole inhabitant of Pampayaco, was at hand, proceeded to the operation, though the Indians who were called in, after looking for the snake, declared the wound to be mortal, with the composure which is usual to them, and probably originates in their being accustomed to a nature, which daily threatens visible or supposed dangers. A blue spot, an inch broad, and two black points resembling the puncture of a needle, quite cold, and almost without feeling, showed where the bite had been inflicted. There being no instruments, the skin was pierced with a packing-needle, and cut away in a circle to the muscles, but the knife employed was so unlike that of a surgeon's, that it gave considerable pain. Black blood flowed copiously from it, for a large vein had, perhaps fortunately, been divided. The most painful part of the operation was, the application of a piece of gold coin heated red hot, because, according to a superstitious notion of the Peruvians, silver or iron does harm. Meanwhile, the general pain increased so much, such frequent fainting fits ensued, and it was so probable that death would follow, that no time was to be lost. Our traveller wrote a few lines with a blacklead pencil to bid a last adieu to his friends in Lima and his distant home. He urged those who surrounded him to send his collections and papers according to his directions, and promised them that they should have the rest of his effects. Having thus settled his worldly affairs, and reached, perhaps for the last time, his wretched bed, all around appeared to be involved in night, and, as he became insensible, the pain diminished. Long after midnight he recovered from his lethargy, and the vigour of youth obtained the victory; for a burning fever, a profuse perspiration, and a peculiar and severe shooting pain in the wounded limb, were indications of safety. But a storm howled in the forest, which an ill-secured place in the leaf thatch could not resist, and large drops fell upon the sufferer.—With much difficulty, he succeeded in moving his burning head out of the way, but his body was so swelled that it was almost impossible to move. No friendly hand was near to present a cooling beverage, or to prevent the rain from entering. The Indian, who had been left by the others to watch, convinced that death had taken place, and seized with superstitious fear, had long before fled to his companions. It was not till morning that curiosity attracted some persons, and relieved him from his painful situation. The succeeding days passed in great agony, for a large wound had been formed, and indications of the poison long remained.

> "A fortnight elapsed before I was able, with the assistance of an Indian, to leave my bed, and, stretched on the skin of an ounce before the door of my hut, again to enjoy the pure air and a more cheerful prospect. It was a lovely mild morning; several trees of the most beautiful kinds had blossomed during my imprisonment, and now looked invitingly from the neighbouring wood. The gay butterflies sported familiarly around, and the voices of the birds sounded cheerfully from the crowns of the trees. As if desirous to reconcile her faithful disciple, and to make him forget what he had suffered, Nature appeared in her most festive dress. Gratitude and emotion filled my heart, for certainly the goodness of the Supreme Power, in His care of man, is manifested in nothing so much as the faculty, originally bestowed upon every individual, of finding in the intercourse with the beauteous world of plants and animals, even under the pressure of severe suffering, a never-failing source of consolation and of joy."

Towards the end of January, 1830, preparations were made to prosecute the journey down the rivers into the interior of Peru; but the effects of our traveller's wound, together with the great privations and hardships which he had endured, had so weakened his constitution, that he was attacked by an intermittent fever. This caused such delay, that he did not reach Huanuco till the end of March, whence he sent his collection to Lima—but he was detained there three weeks from the effects of the fever. He was obliged to go himself to Cerra de Pasco, in order to receive the goods and money which were to defray the expense of his stay in the missions, of his journey to the coast of the Atlantic, and of his voyage to Europe. He returned at the beginning of May to Cassapi, where he had the pleasure of meeting the Indians with whom he was to navigate the upper part of the river Huallaga. The voyage down this river, and the occasional excursions into the country, were particulary interesting. At Uchiza, a village of the missions, he met with the priest, a worthy old Spaniard, the only one of his nation and profession who had not sunk in the storms of the revolution. Don Ramon Bazadres, a Franciscan monk—a native of Galicia—had lived for more than forty years in the missions of the Upper Huallaga—and, since the expulsion of the Spaniards, was the only European on the banks of that river. This friendly, though very poor, old man was not a little rejoiced at seeing a *countryman* in his desert, for, in the interior of America, the distinctions and prejudicies of the several nations of our part of the world vanish, and it is sufficient to have crossed the ocean to be considered by the European settler in the forest as a relation. His next station was at Tocache, formerly a flourishing mission, where, by consent of the priest of Uchiza, he took possession of the most habitable part of the ancient mission-house, and remained two months, himself and his servant being the only inhabitants of the village. At the end of August, however, the priest of Uchiza came to Tocache, which was a sign for the scattered inhabitants of the mission to assemble, as they always do when the missionary is there. Perhaps an approaching holiday of the church was still greater inducement to their assembling; for unhappily the Christian religion, though established among them above a hundred years, is valued by these Indians only because it gives them opportunities for drinking bouts in the numerous holidays which are observed.

On the 2d of September, Dr. Poeppig embarked from Tocache, and arrived on the 4th at the mission of Sion, inhabited by Indians of the nation of the Xibitos, and in the best state of preservation of any on the Upper Huallaga. Here he was obliged to stop for nearly three weeks, because the festival of San Roque, the patron of the village, was at hand, and the Indians could not be persuaded to miss the opportunity of celebrating it in their usual way. The collection of live animals was increased in Sion by acquisitions from the Indians who returned from the chase. What numbers of apes must live in the forests, appeared from the quantities of smoked monkeys which this party brought back. They had lived for eight days on the flesh of monkeys, and yet brought 260 with them, besides a great number that were alive, and, notwithstanding their short captivity, remarkably tame. Their mode of treating the old monkeys is original enough. They wound them with arrows steeped in weak poison, which only stupifies them; they suck the wound when the beast falls from the tree, bury him up to the neck in fresh mould, and cram his mouth with salt, by way of antidote. When the monkey has come to himself, they bind him in broad pieces of cloth, like a child in swaddling clothes, only so tight that it is impossible for him to move. So the prisoner remains a couple of days, and is drenched with salt water as long as he shows the least disposition to bite. Those that are very violent are hung up at intervals in the smoke over the fire. In a short time they are compelled to eat cooked provisions, seasoned with capsicum, as the mode of teaching them the ways of man; and in fact this method of cure, rough as it is, seldom fails.

Proceeding on the voyage, our traveller reached, on the 6th of December, the village of Yurimagnas, the first in the province of Maynas, where he remained till the month of July in the following year. An entire chapter is dedicated to the description of the province and its productions—the manners of the Indians of the missions—the present state of the natives, &c. The collections were here augmented by eight large chests filled with the skins of animals, and many pages of written descriptions and numerous drawings prove what may be done by industry in the forests, where the claims of European society, that take up so much time, are unknown. The last chapter in the work contains the account of the voyage down the Amazons to Pará. His progress down this mighty river as far as Ega, where he proposed to make some stay, was attended with numerous dangers. But the dull and uniform banks offered little matter for observation. At Ega he received great kindness from Senor Bernardino Cauper, a Portuguese, as much distinguished by his superior education as by the goodness of his heart. The necessary preparations for resuming his occupations as a naturalist were soon made, and, a rising of the river in the latter part of the year preventing excursions by land, the author made use of his boat. The lake, which is equal in size to that of Neufchâtel, has numerous arms running into the interior, which, when the water is high, form navigable canals into the heart of the forests. His boat was remarkable for its lightness and rapid sailing, but only large enough to hold himself, his Peruvian servant, and his faithful dog. They were often absent for days together, and ventured, to the astonishment of the natives, into very distant canals, which none willingly visit, because they are supposed to be the haunts of gigantic water-snakes and innumerable alligators, which, with the most fearless audacity, surround the frail bark.

Among the numerous plants, he was particularly struck with the aquatic, which almost equal in size the celebrated rafflesia, but far surpass it in the splendour of their colours. At Ega appeared the first symptoms of the frightful state of revolution which had already commenced in that part of Brazil. The troops of plundering and bloodthirsty Mesticos, Mulattoes, and Negroes, had assembled in the environs of Pará, and had entered the Amazons in numerous boats, having been joined by part of the soldiers sent against them. They went from place to place, avoiding only the larger towns, murdered the Whites with incredible cruelty, and plundered and burnt the plantations.

Dr. Poeppig sailed from Ega on the 12th of February, in a boat of thirty tons, belonging to M. Cauper, who sent it with a cargo of produce to Pará, and let out the cabin to our author. They were, however, obliged to turn back, in consequence of an official order which had been received, calling on the inhabitants to prepare to resist the anarchists, and forbidding any person snow-storms, without shelter, without fire, and without food; so nearly at one time reduced to a state of absolute starvation, as to be driven to the last resource of devouring their own shoes and leather gun-cases, rendered somewhat perhaps more palatable by the addition of a miserably bitter lichen which they picked off the rocks. We advert to these adventures now to show that Captain Back, in voluntary undertaking the one here recorded, was fully aware of the dangers, the privations, and the hardships which it was but certain would be his lot again to suffer. It was with such a prospect before his eyes, that on hearing, when in Italy, in the year 1832, that the fate of Ross and his companions still remained uncertain, he hastened to England with the intention of offering his services to government to conduct an expedition in search of them. He arrived here at the moment when such an expedition was in preparation; and it is almost unnecessary to add that the volunteer services of Captain (then Commander) Back were joyfully accepted.

After the accounts we have formerly given of the expeditions under Sir John Franklin and Dr. Richardson in the northern regions of America, it would be idle in us to enter into a particular description of the incidents in Captain Back's. In his own nervous and picturesque narrative, the details of even the first part of his travels are most interesting: the best analysis we could afford would seem a mere repetition.

Captain Back left London on the 17th February, 1833, accompanied by Mr. King, a surgeon, three men, two of whom had gained experience under Sir John Franklin. At New York they received every possible attention and hospitality; and a steam-vessel was offered for their conveyance to Albany. Nothing could exceed the kindness and exertions of Governor Simpson and all the servants of Hudson's Bay company. A sufficient number of *voyageurs*, were procured at La Chine; and Captain Back was ready to leave Norway House on the 28th June with sixteen persons, consisting of steersmen, carpenters, artillery-men, fishermen, and *voyageurs*, to whom were afterwards added nine others.

> 'This,' says the Captain, 'was a happy day for me; and as the canoe pushed off from the bank, my heart swelled with hope and joy. Now, for the first time, I saw myself in a condition to verify the kind anticipations of my friends. The preliminary difficulties had been overcome: I was fairly on the way to the accomplishment of the benevolent errand on which I had been commissioned; and the contemplation of an object so worthy of all exertion, in which I thought myself at length free to indulge, raised my spirits to a more than ordinary pitch of excitement.'—p. 57.

At Pine Portage he met with Mr. M'Leod, one of the Hudson's Bay Company's servants, and though this gentleman was on his way to Canada for the re-establishment of his health, no sooner did he learn the humane object of the mission, than he determined at once to sacrifice his own plans to the pleasure of becoming the Companion of Back; by which disinterested act, six persons—Mr. M'Leod, his wife, three children, and a servant—were added to the eight, who with their baggage had already pretty well filled the single canoe. This, however, it appears, was nothing unusual, and not to be compared with the compact way in which the Indians stow themselves. A whole fleet of their canoes was met on the Slave River descending from the Great Slave Lake: the description of one of them is as follows:—

> 'It was small even for a canoe; and how eight men, women, and children contrived to stow away their legs in a space not more than large enough for three Europeans, would have been a puzzling problem to one unacquainted with the suppleness of an Indian's unbandaged limbs. There, however, they were, in a temperature of 66°, packed heads and tails, like Yarmouth herrings—half naked—their hair in elf-locks, long and matted—filthy beyond description—and all squalling together. To complete the picture, their dogs, scarce one degree below them, formed a sort of body-guard on each side of the river, and as the canoe glided away with the current, all the animals together, human and canine, set up a shrill and horrible yell.'—p. 79.

From the chief of these people, who went by the name of 'Le Camarade de Mandeville,' Captain Back received important information, which he afterwards ascertained to be correct, of two great rivers beyond the Great Slave Lake, the Teh-lon and the Thlew-ee-choh, the latter of which he was destined to navigate to its source. On the 8th August the party reached Great Slave Lake, and were received at Fort Resolution, a station of the Hudson's Bay Company, by Mr. M'Donnell, the gentleman in charge. Determined to lose no time in search of the river that was to conduct him to the sea, Captain Back set out on the 11th, in an old canoe, with his servant, an Englishman, a Canadian, two half-breeds, and two Indians, on an exploring expedition. All was plain sailing as far as the eastern portion of Great Slave Lake, into which fell an unknown river, with a steep and rocky bed, to which the name of *Hoar-frost* River was given. We have a beautiful print of Beverly's Fall, near the mouth of the river, which will convey an idea of what these falls, so very numerous in all the rivers of North America, are. Indeed, this particular river was so encumbered with cascades and rapids, that not only their baggage and provisions but the canoe also had to be carried up the high, steep, and ruggid ridges, over swamps of thick stunted firs, and open spaces barren and desolate, on which 'crag was piled upon crag to a height of two thousand feet from the base.' the labour was excessive; but, says our traveller—

> 'The laborious duty which had been thus satisfactorily performed was rendered doubly severe by the combined attack of myriads of sandflies and mosquitos, which made our faces stream with blood. There is certainly no form of wretchedness, among those to which the chequered life of a *voyageur* is exposed, at once so great and so humiliating, as the torture inflicted by these puny bloodsuckers. To avoid them is impossible; and as for defending himself, though for a time he may go on crushing by thousands, he cannot long maintain the unequal conflict;

> so that at last, subdued by pain and fatigue, he throws himself in despair with his face to the earth, and, half suffocated in his blanket, groans away a few hours of sleepless rest.'—p. 117.

The mild and gentle character of the gallant Franklin is generally well known; but Back mentions an anecdote, of which he was reminded by an old Indian, of his patient and humane forbearance even to the meanest and most tormenting of God's creatures:—

> 'It was the custom of Sir John Franklin never to kill a fly, and, though teased by them beyond expression, especially when engaged in taking observations, he would quietly desist from his work, and patiently blow the half-gorged intruders from his hands—"the world was wide enough for both." This was jocosely remarked upon at the time by Akaitcho and the four or five Indians who accompanied him; but the impression, it seems, had sunk deep, for on Maufelley's seeing me fill my tent with smoke, and then throw open the front and beat the sides all round with leafy branches, to drive out the stupified pests before I went to rest, he could not refrain from expressing his surprise that I should be so unlike the *old chief*, who would not destroy so much as a single mosquito.'—p. 180.

It would almost seem that these creatures are imperishable; at least they survive a second year. If we recollect rightly, it is Ellis, in his account of the doleful voyage of Captain James, who says, he carried a frozen mass of what he thought peat, and laid it before the fire, when shortly the whole room was filled with a cloud of mosquitos; they had clustered together, and become a frozen mass, like bees when about to cast their swarms. Many other of the inferior and cold-blooded classes of animals freeze in the winter and revive in the spring. The swarms of sand-flies—called *brulots* by the Canadians—seem to be fully as annoying as the mosquitos.

> 'As we dived into the confined and suffocating chasms, or waded through the close swamps, they rose in clouds, actually darkening the air: to see or to speak was equally difficult, for they rushed at every undefended part, and fixed their poisonous fangs in an instant. Our faces streamed with blood, as if leeches had been applied; and there was a burning and irritating pain, followed by immediate inflammation, and producing giddiness which almost drove us mad. Whenever we halted, which the nature of the country compelled us to do often, the men, even Indians, threw themselves on their faces, and moaned with pain and agony. My arms being less encumbered, I defended myself in some degree by waving a branch in each hand; but even with this and the aid of a veil and stout leather gloves, I did not escape without severe punishment. For the time, I thought the tiny plagues worse even than mosquitos.'—p. 179.

The river became more rocky, and cataract succeeded cataract in quick succession, so as to render it perfectly unnavigable. At length

> 'One or two more rapids, and a narrow fall of twenty feet, terminated the ascent of this turbulent and unfriendly river. Nothing, however, can be more romantically beautiful than the wild scenery of its course. High rocks beetling over the rapids like towers, or rent into the most diversified forms, gay with various-coloured mosses, or shaded by overhanging trees—now a tranquil pool, lying like a sheet of silver—now the dash and foam of a cataract,—these are a part only of its picturesque and striking features.'—p. 119.

Here a poor Indian came up, who had left the party some days before with only two charges of powder, which he had lost, imploring something for his family to eat. 'Had there been only my wife with me,' he said in a faint voice, 'I would not have troubled the chief, for we could have lived on berries; but when I looked upon my child, and heard its cries, my heart failed me, and I sought for relief.' More rapids were to be passed, and more fatiguing portages to be surmounted, much to the annoyance of the crew. At length, however, they gained the summit.

Beyond this was a lake with some dark fir-trees on its margin, and farther on another of very considerable dimensions to which Back gave the name of Walmesley. But it now became evident that the guide was completely at fault, and he admitted that he had not been in this part of the country since he was a boy. They continued, however, to paddle away along the edge of a sheet of old ice. The thermometer was down to 31°, yet the mosquitos and the brulots swarmed innumerable, and were most tormenting. At the spot where they encamped no living thing besides these was seen or heard; the air was calm, the lake unruffled—'it seemed,' says our traveller, 'as if Nature had fallen into a trance, for all was silent and motionless as death.' At length the guide discovered some sand-hills, and beyond them a great lake, at the sight of which his countenance lighted up, and he said, doubtingly, 'These places look familiar to me.' The canoe was dragged among the sand-hills, and having navigated Clinton-Golden Lake, they entered the largest that had yet occurred. To this splendid sheet of water Captain Back gave the name of Aylmer, in honour of the late governor-general of Canada. On the high sand-hills at the eastern extremity of this lake Captain Beck observed some little rills of water, which took a northerly direction towards a small lake, which, though the height of the land, intervening between it and the lake he had just left, was not a great many feet, he was willing to hope might be the source of the river he had long been in search of; and so it turned out to be. To this source he gave the name of Sussex, in honour of the Royal Duke. Back soon satisfied himself that he had now discovered the Thlew-ee-choh, or, as the Geographical Society have very properly called it, and as we shall hereafter do—*Back's River*. The month of August had expired, and having made this important discovery, he deemed it prudent and indeed imperative on him to return. This he effected by a different route, and by a different river, which, falling into a large sheet of water, named by him the Artillery Lake, led to the eastern extremity of Great Slave Lake, near the spot where Mr. M'Leod had been sent to establish their winter-quarters, and where, on their arrival, he found the newly-erected frame-work of a house at the bottom of a snug cove, backed by the dark-green foliage of a wood of fir-trees.

The completion of this establishment for the winter went on cheerily:—

> 'The men were divided into parties, and appointed to regular tasks; some to the felling of trees, and squaring them into beams or rafters; others to the sawing of slabs and planks. Here was a group awkwardly chipping the shapeless granite into something like form; and there a party in a boat in search of mud and grass for mortar. It was an animated scene; and, set off as it was by the white tents and smoky leather lodges, contrasting with the mountains and green woods, it was picturesque as well as interesting.'—p. 190.

Numbers of Indians, especially the old, the sick, and the miserable, soon found their way to the house of the white man, in search of that succour and relief from starvation, which is rarely in the power of their own countrymen to bestow. It is a remarkable trait in their character that, kind and affectionate as they are to their children, they are totally indifferent to the wants and the sufferings of the aged and the infirm. A poor old woman was found on the opposite side of the bay, helpless and alone, 'bent double by age and infirmities, and rendered absolutely frightful by famine and disease.' As a specimen of too numerous a class, we give Back's description of this poor creature :—

> 'Clad in deer-skins, her eyes all but closed, her hair matted and filthy, her skin shrivelled, and feebly supporting, with the aid of a stick held in both hands, a trunk that was literally horizontal, she presented, if such an expression may be pardoned, the shocking and unnatural appearance of a human brute. It was a humiliating spectacle, and one which I would not willingly see again. Poor wretch! Her tale was soon told: old and decrepit, she had come to be considered as a burthen even by her own sex. Past services and toils were forgotten; and in their figurative style they coldly told her that, "though she appeared to live, she was already dead," and must be abandoned to her fate. "There is a new fort," said they; "go there; the whites are great medicine men, and may have power to save you." This was a month before; since which time she had crawled and hobbled along the rocks, the scanty supply of berries which she found upon them just enabling her to live. Another day or two must have ended her sufferings.'—p. 193.

It was not till the end of October that the river and the borders of the lake were frozen over; and meantime the sufferings of the Indians for want of food became extreme. These poor people, seeing the instruments in the observatory, were but too ready to ascribe to them the mysterious cause of all their misfortunes; nor were they singular in this: two of the *voyageurs*, says Captain Back, 'when we were taking the dip, hearing the words "*Now!—Stop!*" always succeeded by a perfect silence, looked at each other, and, with significant shrugs, turning hastily away from the railing, reported to their companions that they verily believed I was raising the devil.' It was not that there was actually any scarcity of deer or musk-oxen; several hundreds in a group were frequently seen; but the mildness of the season and the abundance of the rein-deer lichen kept them beyond the usual period on the barren plains, where they could not be got at within gun-shot distance. Not only the deer but the fishery failed them; and the mild weather continuing, by the end of November all their supplies had been exhausted. 'Distress was prevalent, and the din and screeching of women and children too plainly indicated the acuteness of their suffering.' At this moment the appearance of Captain Back's old acquaintance of a former expedition, Akaitcho, with a little meat, enabled him to grant a momentary relief. This ancient chief wore the silver medal which had been given to him at Fort Enterprise by Sir John Franklin, as a proof that he had not forgotten his friends. Many of the Indians went off with this old hunter, who promised the Captain that he and his people should not wait as long as he could procure anything to send to the fort.

Towards the end of Decemcer absolute famine stared the whole party in the face. The Indians in shoals fell back on the fort as the only chance of prolonging their existence.

> 'In vain did we endeavour to revive their drooping spirits, and excite them to action; the scourge was too heavy, and their exertions were entirely paralysed. No sooner had one party closed the door, than another, still more languid and distressed, feebly opened it, and confirmed by their half-famished looks and sunken eyes their heart-rending tale of suffering. They spoke little, but crowded in silence round the fire, as if eager to enjoy the only comfort remaining to them. A handful of mouldy pounded meat, which had been originally reserved for our dogs, was the most liberal allowance we could make to each: and this meal, unpalatable and unwholesome as it was, together with the customary presentation of the friendly pipe, was sufficient to efface for a moment the recollection of their sorrows, and even to light up their faces with a smile of hope. "We know," they said, "that you are as much distressed as ourselves, and you are very good." Afflicting as it was to behold such scenes of suffering, it was at the same time gratifying to observe the resignation with which they were met. There were no impious upbraidings of Providence, nor any of those revolting acts, too frequent within late years, which have cast a darker shade over the character of the Indian.'—p. 210.
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> 'Our hall was in a manner filled with invalids and other stupidly dejected beings, who, seated round the fire, occupied themselves in roasting and devouring small bits of their reindeer garments, which, even when entire, afforded them a very insufficient protection against a temperature of 102° *below the freezing point.* The father torpid and despairing—the mother, with a hollow and sepulchral wail, vainly endeavouring to sooth the infant, which with unceasing moan clung to her shrivelled and exhausted breast—the passive child gazing vacantly around; such was one of the many groups that surrounded us.'—p. 218.

'Often,' says Captain Back, 'did I share my own plate with the children, whose helpless state and piteous cries were peculiarly distressing; compassion for the full grown may or may not be felt, but that heart must be cased in steel which is insensible to the cry of a child for food.' The lamentable situation in which they were placed, the scanty rations of pemmican to which the party was reduced, produced, however, no sullen or sulky looks in the fine fellows Back had engaged in England and Canada: they were always cheerful and in good spirits. Back, in imitation of his old commander Franklin, instituted an evening school for their amusement. He pursued his astronomical observations, and when the thermometer at the end of December was at 70° below zero, made experiments on the effect and intensity of the cold on sulphuric and nitric ether, and pyroligneous acid, which are curious; but we must pass over the results.

> 'Such, indeed, was the abstraction of heat, that, with eight large logs of dry wood in the fireplace of a small room, I could not get the thermometer higher than 12° plus. Ink and paint froze. The sextant cases, and boxes of seasoned wood, principally fir, all split. Nor was the sensation particularly agreeable to our persons; the skin of the hands especially became dry, cracked, and opened into unsightly and smarting gashes, which we were obliged to anoint with grease. On one occasion, after washing my face within three feet of the fire, my hair was actually clotted with ice before I had time to dry it. From these facts some idea may, perhaps, be formed of the excessive cold. It seemed to have driven all living things from us: we had been accustomed to see a few white partridges about, but even these, hardy as they are, had disappeared. Once, indeed, a solitary raven, whose croak made me run out to look at him, swept round the house, but immediately winged his flight to the westward. Nothing but the passing wind broke the awful solitude of this barren and desolate spot.'—p. 223.

The sufferings of the poor Indians at this period are not to be described. 'Famine, with her gaunt and bony arm,' says Back, 'pursued them at every turn, withered their energies, and strewed them lifeless on the cold bosom of the snow.' Nine had fallen victims already, and others were on the eve of perishing, when old Akaitcho, during this appalling period of suffering and calamity, proved himself the firm friend of the expedition. By his encouraging language and fortitude he kept up their desponding spirits, boldly encountered every difficulty, and made others act by the force of his example. Manfelly, also, another Indian chief, came opportunely with the joyful information, that he had five deer killed for them within a couple of days' walk. Shortly after another chief, Le Camarade de Mandeville, brought to the fort two sledges of dried meat; and at the same time came a further supply from Mr. M'Leod, who had gone to a distance with a fishing party; accompanied, however, with the painful intelligence, that he and his family were surrounded by difficulties, privations, and deaths. 'Six more natives of either sex had sunk under the horrors of starvation.'

To add to the affliction suffered by Captain Back, he received a packet from Hudson's Bay by a person who told him that his old friend Augustus, the former affectionate Esquimaux interpreter, no sooner heard that he was again in the country than he resolved to join him; and he had actually walked from Hudson's Bay with that intention, in company of a Canadian and an Iroquois. They lost their way, separated, and poor Augustus fell a sacrifice to famine; his body was some time after this found in the barrens. 'He was,' says Captain Back, 'a faithful, disinterested, kind-hearted creature, who had won the regard not of myself only, but I may add of Sir J. Franklin and Dr. Richardson also, by qualities which, wherever found, in the lowest as in the highest forms of social life, are the ornament and charm of humanity.'

About the middle of April the prospects of the party began to brighten, and active preparations were making for their expedition to the sea-coast. On the 25th of that month a messenger arrived with a packet, which brought Captain Back the welcome intelligene of the safety of Ross and his party. The excitement and hurry of his feelings may well be imagined. He says—

> 'In the fullness of our hearts we assembled together, and humbly offered up our thanks to that merciful Providence, which in the beautiful language of Scripture hath said, "Mine own will I bring again, as I did sometime from the deeps of the sea." The thought of so wonderful a preservation overpowered for a time the common occurrences of life. We had but just sat down to breakfast; but our appetite was gone, and the day was passed in a feverish state of excitement. Seldom, indeed, did my friend Mr. King or I indulge in a libation, but on this joyful occasion economy was forgotten; a treat was given to the men, and for ourselves the social sympathies were quickened by a generous bowl of punch.'—p. 245.

This intelligence determined Back to proceed to the shore of the Arctic Sea with one boat only; this plan would suit best the reduced state of the party and their provisions;—while those left behind in the summer season, would have no difficulty, with the assistance of the Indians, not only to supply themselves with food, but also to collect a quantity for general use against the Captain's return from the northward.

It was the 7th June when Captain Back, accompanied by Mr. King, Left Fort Reliance. We can easily imagine with what sensations this brave and zealous traveller set out on this expedition of discovery; how delighted to escape from the wretchedness of a dreary and disastrous winter—from scenes and tales of suffering and death—from wearisome inaction and monotony—from disappointment and heart-sickening care. 'Before me,' he says, were 'novelty and enterprise; hope, curiosity, and the love of adventure were my companions; and even the prospect of difficulties and dangers to be encountered, with the responsibility inseparable from command, instead of damping, rather heightened the enjoyment of the moment.'

It is not necessary to take notice of their progress along the same, or pretty much the same, tract of country they had passed over on their return from Back's River the preceding autumn. It may suffice to say, that on the 28th June the boat was carried over the last and short portage which divides the waters running to the south from those taking a northerly direction; and in the afternoon they had the satisfaction of launching the boat into Back's River, which from previous information, they had every reason to hope would convey them into the Arctic Sea. The weather had been generally most severe during the month of June—the thermometer below the freezing point—foggy, and attended with storms of snow, hail, and rain: yet at the end of May, a week before they started, the weather had become so sultry, that the temperature in the sun rose to 106°, forming an extraordinary contrast with that of the 17th January, when the thermometer stood at 70° below zero.

Mr. M'Leod and his party here took leave and returned to Fort Resolution on the 8th July. Back's party now consisted of ten persons only —himself and Mr. King, two Highlanders, two half-breeds, one man from Orkney, and three English artillerymen. The weight for the boat to carry was estimated at 3300 pounds exclusive of the awning, masts, yards, sails, spare oars, poles, planking, and the crew. For many days past the weather had been thick and foggy, but on its clearing away suddenly, the branching antlers of twenty reindeer were seen spreading over the summits of the adjacent hills. To see and pursue were the work of a moment.

> 'It was a beautiful and interesting sight, for the sun shone out, and lighting up some parts cast others into deeper shade; the white ice reflected millions of dazzling rays; the rapid leapt and chafed in little ripples, which melted away into the unruffled surface of the slumbering lake; abrupt and craggy rocks frowned on the right; and, on the left, the brown landscape receded until it was lost in the distant blue mountains. The foreground was filled up with the ochre-coloured lodges of the Indians, contrasting with our own pale tents; and to the whole scene animation was given by the graceful motions of the unstartled deer, and the treacherous crawling of the wary hunters.'—p. 307.

They soon had occasion to perceive what kind of difficulties and perils they were likely to experience from the character of the river—full of rapids, cascades, and cataracts, the descent of which, Back says, 'made him hold his breath; expecting to see the boat dashed to shivers against some protruding rocks, amidst the foam and fury at the foot of a rapid.' In passing down one of these, where the river, full of large rocks and boulders, was hemmed in by a wall of ice, and the stream flying with the force and velocity of a torrent, the boat was lightened of her cargo; and 'I stood,' says Back, 'on a high rock, with an anxious heart, to see her run it. It was impossible not to feel that one crash would be fatal to the expedition. Away they went with the speed of an arrow, and in a moment the foam and rocks hid them from my view. I heard what sounded in my ear like a wild shriek; I followed with an agitation which may be conceived, and to my inexpressible joy, found that the shriek was the triumphant whoop of the crew, who had landed safely in a small bay below.'

On the 16th July, after having passed some heavy rapids and cascades, a large stream, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, fell from the south-east into Back's River. On the 19th July, having reached the parallel of 66° latitude, they entered a lake of immense extent, full of deep bays on every side and without any current. Here it puzzled them exceedingly to find out the spot where the water was discharged into the river; but the worst was 'the startling sight of extensive and unbroken fields of ice, stretching to the extremest point of vision.' At length, however, on the 22d July, after threading a passage through a barrier of ice in the south-eastern corner of this large sheet of water, which is called Lake Macdougall, and in a comparatively contracted channel, they discovered 'the whole force of the water gliding smoothly but irresistibly towards two stupendous gneiss rocks from five to eight hundred feet high, rising like islands on either side.' From hence a series of falls succeeded, which made it necessary to carry every article of their cargo over a long portage. The passage of the boat was most alarming. 'Repeatedly did the strength of the current hurl the boat within an inch of destruction, and as often did these able and intrepid men ward off the threatened danger.'

Strong and heavy rapids with falls and whirlpools for the next eighty or ninety miles kept the men in a constant state of exertion and anxiety, when they came at length to one that turned out to be the last, as it was the most formidable that had yet occurred; and here they fell in with, and took by surprise, a party of Esquimaux, who were not a little astonished to look upon a set of beings so different from any they had hitherto been accustomed to see:—

> 'Some called out to us, and others made signs, warning us, as we thought, to avoid the fall, and cross over to their side of the water; but when our intention of doing so was apparent, the men ran towards us, brandishing their spears, uttering loud yells, and, with wild gesticulations, motioning to us not to land.'—p. 379.

Captain Back landed alone, and, without visible weapon, walked deliberately up to them, and, imitating their own action of throwing up his hands, called out *Timâ*—peace. In an instant their spears were flung upon the ground, and, placing their hands on their breasts, they also called out *Timâ*. Some brass buttons, fish-hooks, and other trifles soon gained their confidence and good will. They had a few tents of poles and skins, five canoes, knives, spears and arrows; and their whole number might be about thirty-five. Back had recollected a few words of their language, and had with him a vocabulary, so that he was able to make them comprehend his wants, the chief of which was information. One of them, an intelligent fellow, drew on paper the line of the river on the right bank to the northward, and gave it a sudden and extraordinary bend to the southward. He then led Back to the summit of the highest rock, and made a curve with his hand from west to east, repeating very quick, 'Tarreoke, tarreoke'—the sea, the sea; and having brought his hand to bear about E. S. E., he at once stopped, saying —'Tarreoke naga,' &c.; importing that, in that direction, there was no sea, but plenty of musk-oxen. Captain Back here observes that, 'where there is no common language for the interchange of ideas, all conclusions must at best be uncertain; and few men have so much mastery over themselves as not to lean unconsciously towards a preconceived opinion.' He is quite right; and he might have instanced, among the 'tales of had no doubt that it had originally grown somewhere in the upper part of the country, about the Mackenzie; and of this I was the more competent to judge from my recollection of the drift wood west of that large river, which it exactly resembled. Though we had strong reasons to be grateful for this unlooked-for treasure, as affording us the means of enjoying a hot meal, the first for several days,—yet there were other considerations which gave it in my eyes a far greater importance. In it I saw what I thought an incontrovertible proof of the set of a current from the westward along the coast to our left, and that consequently we had arrived at the main line of the land: for it is a fact well known to the officers of both Sir John Franklin's expeditions, that the absence of drift-wood was always regarded as an infallible sign that we had gone astray from the main, either among islands or in some such opening as Bathurst's Inlet, where, by reason of the set of the current, not a piece of any size was found.'—p. 413.

Several other pieces of drift-wood, besides this log, were found by Mr. King, also a musk-ox, and the greater part of the vertebræ and ribs of a whale, lying on the beach. No doubt could be entertained of all these being brought by the current from the westward. Captain Back was very desirous, but the difficulty was how, to get upon that coast, wedged in as they were by a body of ice that seemed to fill the whole extent of the estuary, which in its narrowest part appears by the chart to be twenty miles, and its depth from Victoria Headland to Point Richardson seventy miles. All that could be done was to despatch a party overland to trace the coast to the westward, but they had only been able to follow the shore about fifteen miles with the greatest exertion and hard labour, sinking into snow and swamp mid-leg deep at every step. The naked and uniform surface was broken only by one green hill, to which was given the name of Mount Barrow. From the summit of this hill was seen a wide opening in the land to the south-west,—in all probability the estuary of another river. 'To the north-east,' says Captain Back, 'there was water and ice, and beyond it a dark-grey or what is denominated a water-sky, while from the east to Cape Hay there was an open sea.'

On the evening of the 13th August, when wedged in on every side, and not ten yards of open water to be seen in any part of the estuary, suddenly, as if by magic, the whole body of ice began to drift with great rapidity in the direction of west-north-west. 'I was convinced, therefore,' says Back, 'that there must be in that particular bearing either a main sea or a very deep opening, to have allowed the escape of so great a portion of the immense extent of ice before us.' The next day a north-west wind brought it all back again. Captain Back had hoped that the permanent opening of the ice would have afforded him the means of tracing the coast as far up as Cape Turnagain; but it was now—the 18th August—but too clear that any such hope must bè abandoned.

'I had for some time cherished the notion of dividing the party, leaving four to protect the boat and property, whilst the remainder, with Mr. King, would have accompanied me on a land journey towards Point Turnagain; but this scheme was completely frustrated by the impracticability of carrying any weight on a soil in which at every step we sunk half-leg deep, destitute of shrubs or moss for fuel, and almost without water, over which we must have travelled for days to have made even a few miles of longitude; and where, finally, if sickness had overtaken any one, his fate would have been inevitable. Thus circumstanced, therefore, and reflecting on the long and dangerous stream, combining all the bad features of the worst rivers in the country that we had to retrace, the hazards of the falls and rapids, and the slender hope that remained of our attaining one mile farther, I assembled the men, and informed them that the period fixed upon by his Majesty's government for my return had arrived; and that it now only remained to unfurl the British flag, and salute it with three cheers in honour of his Most Gracious Majesty, whilst his royal name should be given to this portion of America, by the appellation of "William the Fourth's Land." The appeal was heartily responded to, and the loyal service was performed with the cheering accompaniment of a good glass of grog.'

Cape Richardson, the extreme point seen to the northward, is in lat. 68° 46′ N., long. 96° 20′ W.; Ross's Obelisk in lat. 69° 31′ N., long 99° 7′ W. The bearing therefore of the second from the first is N. 52° W., distance eighty-six English miles; and the probable narrowest part of the strait, which separates the land called Boothia from the continent of America, between point Richardson and Cape Smyth, thirty English miles. By observations with good needles, the line of variations taken at Back's extreme point passes a little to the eastward of Captain James Ross's magnetic pole.

The fact of the drift-wood at this point of North America establishes, we think beyond a doubt, the continuity of the coast from the mouth of Mackenzie's River, and of the current by which alone it could have been brought; it also proves the existence of a channel between the northern coast of America, and the spot where Captain James Ross erected his obelisk; and this receives a further confirmation from the immense field of ice which broke away to the westward, where there must have been an open channel to receive it. The water and ice, and the grey sky to the N. E., pointed directly to the strait of the Fury and Hecla, indicating an approach to the perpetual current which sets through that strait, and which can only proceed from the western sea, there being none in Prince Regent's Inlet to the northward of that strait. The clear sea to the eastward of Cape Hay proved the correctness of the Esquimaux information, and was, in all probability, connected with another estuary falling into Prince Regent's Inlet, at the bottom of which may be the mouth of another river, running behind the mountains parallel to Back's River; and *here* will no doubt be found the place mentioned by the Esquimaux to Parry, and subsequently to Ross, under the name of *Accolee*, supposed to be not more than forty or fifty miles from the head of Wager Bay.

We have considered the drift-wood to be, as Captain Back does, decisive of the continuance of the current from the westward, because by no other possible means could it have reached the point where it was found. The last remains of any thing like wood, stunted firs and bushes, were seen in latitude 63° 15′ N. on the banks of the southern waters, or those which flowed into the Great Slave Lake; not a stick of any description was seen on the whole extent of Back's River; and Dr. Richardson observes 'that none of the rivers on this part of the coast (the eastward of Hearne's River) bring down any drift-timber.' The eastern side of America, through which Back's River flows, is composed of mountainous ridges of granite, porphyry, and slaty gneiss. with large sandy barrens strewed over with granite boulders. How different is the western coast of Norway, where forests of firs and birches are found growing as high up as the 70th parallel of latitude!

It will not be necessary for us to notice the laborious exertions of the party on their return. If they were severe on their descent of this impetuous river, how much more so must have been the ascent against the general current, the rapids and the portages, with increasing cold and stormy weather. At Garry's Lake they encountered a party of Esquimaux, which might amount to sixty persons, but they were shy, and no communication was had with them; they were supposed to have come from Wager Bay or Chesterfield Inlet. The whole tract was utter desolation; now and then a solitary white wolf, a wounded deer, or a musk-ox, might be seen sauntering near the bank of the river; even the mosquitos and the sand-flies were either dead or had buried themselves till the resurrection to a new life the following spring; the berries had not ripened, but were hanging green on the bushes. For thirty-six days they had tugged their boat against the stream or over the portages, making the average about fourteen miles a-day, when, on the 20th September, they fell in with Mr. M'Leod, at Sand-hill Bay, at the head of Aylmer Lake, where he had been waiting for them four days. The descent from hence to Fort Reliance occupied only a few days; but the day previous to their arrival they found it impossible to get their boat over the portage of Anderson's Falls, and were compelled to leave it behind.

At a short distance from Fort Reliance, and near to the mouth of the river which discharges the waters of the chain of large lakes—the Aylmer, the Clinton-Golden, and the Artillery—into the Great Slave Lake, is one of the grandest objects in nature, a tremendous waterfall, the description of which we must leave to Back:—

> 'From the only point at which the greater part of it was visible, we could distinguish the river coming sharp round a rock, and falling into an upper basin almost concealed by intervening rocks; whence it broke in one vast sheet into a chasm between four and five hundred feet deep, yet in appearance so narrow that we fancied we could almost step across it. Out of this the spray rose in misty columns several hundred feet above our heads; but as it was impossible to see the main fall from the side on which we were, in the following spring I paid a second visit to it, approaching from the western bank. The road to it, which I then traversed in snow shoes, was fatiguing in the extreme, and scarcely less dangerous; for, to say nothing of the steep ascents, fissures in the rocks, and deep snow in the valleys, we had sometimes to creep along the narrow shelves of precipices slippery with the frozen mist that fell on them. But it was a sight which well repaid any risk. My first impression was of a strong resemblance to an iceberg in Smeerenberg Harbour, Spitzbergen. The whole face of the rocks forming the chasm was entirely coated with blue, green, and white ice, in thousands of pendent icicles; and there were, moreover, caverns, fissures, and overhanging ledges in all imaginable varieties of form, so curious and beautiful as to surpass any thing of which I had ever heard or read. The immediate approaches were extremely hazardous, nor could we obtain, a perfect view of the lower fall, in consequence of the projection of the western cliffs. At the lowest position which we were able to attain, we were still more than a hundred feet above the level of the bed of the river beneath; and this, instead of being narrow enough to step across, as it had seemed from the opposite heights, was found to be at least two hundred feet wide.
>
> 'The colour of the water varied from a very light to a very dark green; and the spray, which spread a dimness above, was thrown up in clouds of light grey. Niagara, Wilberforce's Falls in Hood's River, the falls of Kakabikka near Lake Superior, the Swiss or Italian falls,—although they may each "charm the eye with dread," are not to be compared to this for splendour of effect. It was the most imposing spectacle I had ever witnessed; and, as its berg-like appearance brought to mind associations of another scene, I bestowed upon it the name of our celebrated navigator, Sir Edward Parry, and called it Parry's Falls.'—p. 451—453.

Among the many beautiful prints which decorate this work, we should have been glad to see one of this extraordinary cascade, but the continued volume of spray, which concealed the water, like that of an Iceland geyser, the difficulty of getting to any spot whence a view of the whole could be comprehended, and the horrible state of the weather, rendered it impossible to obtain any intelligible sketch of it. From this cataract, however, we may obtain a rough estimate of the whole fall of Back's River. Taking Lake Aylmer at 600 feet, which is as nearly as may be on the same level as Sussex Lake, the source of the Back, and Slave Lake at 200 feet above the level of the sea (as estimated on a former expidition), the whole fall of the Back, from Sussex Lake to the sea, will be 800 feet; and taking the length of the river at 620 English miles, the average fall will be 1-3 feet per mile.

We must not close the book without once more expressing our high opinion of its general interest—as depicting artlessly and unconsciously the noble mind and character of its author. It is needless, after the extracts we have given, to add, that the narrative is clearly and vigorously penned. As a literary composition, indeed, it may perhaps rank higher than any former volume of that valuable *library* which we owe to the Marine Worthies engaged in the Northern expeditions.

Whether it be owing to the return of Back, or the fitting-out of ships of war to proceed in search of the unfortunate whalers, the public mind has again been turned with considerable zeal to the subject of northern geography and the north-west passage. Numerous propositions having been made to the Royal Geographical society on the subject, they appointed a committee to collect the opinions of those best acquainted with what has been done and what still remains to be done. Three letters, one from Sir John Barrow, the President, a second from Dr. Richardson, and a third from Sir John Franklin, have been printed, and copies of them are now before us.

Sir John Barrow sets out by stating that the honour which England has acquired among the continental nations of Europe by her successful exertions in extending our knowledge of the globe, both by sea and land, has very naturally created in the public mind an ardent desire that further endeavours should be made to complete what has been left unfinished. He states his opinion that the practicability of a north-west passage, after the experience that has been acquired, will scarcely admit of a doubt;—that England would be held altogether inexcusable were she to suffer any other nation, by her own indifference, to rob her of all her previous discoveries, by passing through the door which she herself had opened;—that the honour would pescend upon him who first stepped over the threshold, and not on him who led the way to it; just as Vasco de Gama has run away with the honour of having discovered the Cape of Good Hope which had been passed ten years before by Bartholomew Diaz. He observes, that this is a question which has never been lost sight of by the government; that it was the favourite object of Elizabeth; that it has met with encouragement from almost every succeeding sovereign; that rewards have been offered by Parliament for its completion; and, in a word, that it has become distinctly and unequivocally a national object. He tells us there is at the Russian settlement close to Behring's Strait a bold, intelligent, and enterprising governor (the Baron Wrangel), whose mind is turned to geographical discovery, who has passed fifty-eight days on the Arctic Siberian Sea, and has two corvettes on his station—and that there is every reason to believe he waits only the consent of his government to try his fortune on an enterprise, the success of which would confer on his name immortal honour.

The water communication between the Atlantic and Pacific being fully established, the President goes on to explain the causes of the failures that have hitherto occurred. He says, the attempts can only be considered as experimental; that the proper route was unknown; that to pass the winter in the frozen ocean was new; that it was therefore quite natural to cling to some shore—and that *hence* originated the failures; that the heavy ice grounding on the coasts, especially on those of narrow straits, into which it has been drifted, not only endangered the safety of the ships, one of which was totally wrecked, a second nearly so, and a third abandoned—but, after being shut up for nine or ten months of the year, any attempt to make progress the *second* season was utterly paralyzed. He therefore recommends that king's ships, properly strengthened, should avoid the straits and shores, and keep to the broad and open sea, wholly free of ice in summer and but partially covered in winter; he instances the *Granville Bay* whaler, as being shut up and drifted in the ice six hundred miles, without any material injury—and argues that a king's ship has therefore little to apprehend if so shut up.

He next asks, 'Where is this open sea to be found?' and answers the question by referring to the accounts given by Franklin, Richardson, Elson (the master of Beechey's ship) and Capt. James Ross. From these it appears, that along the whole coast of America no land was seen to the northward, that the see was mostly free from ice, and that the few small detached masses offered no obstruction to the navigation even of the Esquimaux canoes. Captain James Ross proceeded along the western coast of what has been improperly called Boothia (for Parry had discovered and wintered on it,) first to the northward, where he fixed the place of the magnetic pole, and then to the southward, where he erected his obelisk; but in no part of his journey did he see any land to the westward, nor any impediment to the navigation of that sea: this officer also states his opinion that this west coast trends northerly to Cape Walker, where Parry has described a wide opening to the southward. Sir John therefore concludes, and we think reasonably enough, 'that between the coast of America and the nothern islands (Melville and others) there is a broad open sea, open enough for a ship of war to make her way through it.' As it has been proved that no difficulty exists in the passage through Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, that open sea, it may be presumed, is easily attainable; 'and in such case,' says the President, 'I do not think it too much to express a hope that the passage (the north-west) would be accomplished, and perhaps in one year.'

The other two papers are purely geographical. Dr. Richardson recommends that an expedition should be sent over the same ground already traversed, to take up its winter quarters at the eastern end of Great Bear Lake; that from hence it should complete the survey of the coast to the westward of the Mackenzie River, and after that to the eastward of Point Turnagain. He then lays down the plan to be pursued, the number of men and boats to be employed, and cuts out work enough for at least a three years' expedition. He admits, however, that the eastern portion falls under the plan of Sir John Franklin, and that no better plan could be suggested.

This plan of Sir John Franklin is as follows: that a ship, or two small vessels, with two boats, be sent to Wager River, which he supposes cannot be more than forty miles from the extremity of Prince Regent's Inlet; each boat to carry eight persons, with two months' provisions: the one to be employed in tracing the coast westward towards the part reached by Captain Back, and thence onwards to Point Turnagain; the other to follow the east shore of Prince Regent's Inlet, up to the Strait of Hecla and Fury. He lays down the detail of the plan for regulating the proceedings of the two parties, and their return to the ship or ships in Wager Bay. He recommends Captain James Ross and Captain Back as the most proper officers for carrying his plan into execution; and adds, 'in case of either of them not being at hand when the expedition ought to sail, I should feel the greatest pleasure in filling his place.' Since this, however, Sir John Franklin has obtained a more eligible employment, and a well-deserved reward of his noble career, in the appointment of governor of Van Diemen's Land.

Captain Beaufort, the masterly hydrographer of the Admiralty, appears to have been called in to pronounce an opinion on the above plans.—He commences by observing that 'every year seems to bring forward some accession of interest to the great question of the north-west passage, and of the northern configuration of America.' He says 'that there is an open and, at times, a navigable sea passage between the Straits of Davis and Behring there *can be no doubt* in the mind of any person who has duly weighed the evidence; and it is equally certain that it would be an intolerable disgrace to this country were the flag of any other nation to be borne through it before our own;' that he is satisfied that the mode proposed by Sir John Barrow is the most prudent that could be adopted; that the eastern attempt by Cape Horn, advocated by some, would be highly imprudent, for reasons which he states: but he thinks the Geographical Society should recommend to his Majesty's government a humble and more temporary field of action, more appropriate to the nature of the institution, more easy and economical in its execution, and more certain and rapid in its result; that to fix the proper moment for effecting the ambitious object of the north-west passage is solely the duty of government, and the resulting credit, both at home and throughout the world, ought to be solely theirs. He therefore recommends the Society to endeavour to prevail with the government to fit out a small expedition *this summer* for Wager Bay, according to the general plan of Sir John Franklin; and that it should leave England in May.

This recommendation, conveyed by a deputation of the Council of the Society, has, we understand, been favourably received by the two departments concerned—the Colonial Office and the Admiralty. As regards the present year, it is obviously too late to make preparations for the grand object of accomplishing the north-west passage. But we do confidently trust it will not be abandoned, and that the plan and route pointed out by the President of the Geographical Society, and sanctioned by the approbation of Captain Beaufort, will be adopted, and brought to a successful issue.

From the Quarterly Review.

FRENCH NOVELS AND FRENCH MORALS.

1. Paul de Kock—*Œuvres Complètes.* 80 vols. Paris, 1835.
2. Victor Hugo—*Bug Jargal. Hans d' Islande.* 2 vols. *Notre Dame de Paris.* 3 vols. *Dernier Jour d' un Condamné.* Paris, 1820–1835.
3. Alex. Dumas—*Souvenirs d' Antony.* Paris.—1835.
4. De Balsac—*Le Vicaire des Ardennes.* 2 vols. *Annette et le Criminel.* 2 vols. *Physiologie du Mariage.* 2 vols. *Cent Contes Drolatiques.* 2 vols. *Le Dernier Chouan. La Peau de Chagrin.* 2 vols. *Le Médecin de Campagne.* 2 vols. *Scènes de la Vie privée.* 6 vols. *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne.* 4 vols. *Scènes de la Vie de Province,* 2 vols. *Le Livre Mystique.* 2 vols. Paris, 1822—1835.
5. Michal Raymond—*Le Macon.* 2 vols. *Les Intimes.* 2 vols. *Le Secret.* 2 vols. *Simon le Borgne.* 2 vols. *Contes de l'Attelier.* 2 vols. *Le Puritain de Seine et Marne.* Paris 1831—1835.
6. Michel Masson—*Nouveaux Contes de l'Attelier.* 2 vols. *Un Cœur de Jeune Fille.* 1834—1835.
7. George Sand.—*Indiana.* 2 vols. *Le Secrétaire Intime.* 2 vols. *Metella. La Marquise. Lavinia. Valentine.* 2 vols. *Rose et Blanche* 2 vols. *Lelia.* 2 vols. *Jacques.* 2 vols. *André. Leone Leoni.* Paris, 1832—1835.

In the exposure, in our CIst Number, of the profligacy of the modern French drama—which must have so much surprised our English readers, and which we are glad to repeat,* has not been without its beneficial influence in France—we stated that, though we began with the *drama* as the most urgent evil, 'the *novels* of the day exhibited similar extravagances, absurdity, and immorality.'

It was not without considerable hesitation that we undertook to bring that mass of profligacy before the eyes of the British public. We feared that the very names now transcribed might seem to sully our page, and we were not without apprehension that some of those whose feelings it is at once our desire and our duty to consult might think that more of harm might be done by advertising, as it were, such works, than of good by their exposure. These opinions were not without their weight on our minds, but we thought, on the whole, and we are, on re-consideration, more and more satisfied, that the preponderance is the other way. The habit of *labelling* vials or packets of POISON with that cautionary description may, though very rarely, have prompted or facilitated a murder or a suicide—but how many ignorant and heedless persons has it not saved from destruction! Since we cannot prohibit the sale of poison, and since every one knows that opium and arsenic are to be had at every apothecary's shop, the common sense of mankind demands that the danger should be pointed out in legible characters. These considerations induce us to bring to the attention of our readers the novelists of the modern French school, who as we shall see, are, if possible, still more immoral than the dramatists. If, indeed, *ours* was the only channel by which the existence of such works could be known, no consideration would induce us to mention them; but when it is notorious that they are advertised in a thousand ways over the whole reading world—when we see them exhibited even in London in the windows of respectable shops—when they are to be had in circulating libraries—when we know, *as we do know*—that they find their way, under the specious title of '*the last new novel*,' into the hands of persons wholly or partially ignorant of their real character—nay, into *ladies' book clubs*-we feel that it is our duty to *stigmatize* them with a BRAND which may awaken the attention of those who, not condescending themselves to read what they may consider as mere harmless trash, might and *do* unconsciously permit these conductors of moral contagion to infect their dwellings.

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* See Quarterly Review, vol. lii. p. 276, *note*,—to which we have to add, that the absurd decision there mentioned as having been given, by one of the tribunals, in favour of M. Dumas—'obliging the manager of the Théatre Français to play "Antony," or to pay Dumas a nightly indemnity,'—has been (but only lately) reversed, on appeal. By the laws passed in consequence of the Fieschi plot, the government have now the power of controlling dramatic representations.

But there is another more extended and not less important view of this question. Such publications pervert not only private but public morals—they deprave not only individuals but nations, and are alternately the cause and the consequence of a spirit which threatens the whole fabric of European society. The local position of France, in the centre of the civilized world—her contact and communication with so many nations—the universality of her language, and the influence, moral as well as political, which she must necessarily have on all her neighbours—that is, on all Europe—give to all Europe an interest in the principles with which the public opinion of France may be imbued, almost as great as that they feel for their own internal condition. The unfortunate Revolution of 1830—more unfortunate, we fear, in morals than even in politics—has, by the unanimous admission of friends and foes, shaken not only all governments, but all opinions. The MOUNTAIN which, in 1793, affrighted and desolated the world with its volcanic explosions, now pours from the same crater a less noisy but more spreading and destructive deluge of molten lava. Of the heat and direction of this new Phlegethon we believe that the literature of France is the least fallible index; and considering the extraordinary and disproportionate share which *plays and novels* have usurped in that literature, and the demoralizing characteristics which they exhibit, with, as regards novels, *growing intensity*, we cannot in justice to ourselves, our country, and the world, refrain from endeavouring to expose a danger which is only the more formidable because, to the careless or short-sighted, it may appear trivial or remote.

Warburton attributes to the French the invention of the *whole art* of novel-writing, from the great heroical romance down to 'the little amatory novel, which,' he says, 'succeeded these voluminous extravagances, and introduced—a worse evil than the corruption of the taste—a corruption of the heart;' but from this licentious style, he adds, they also first escaped by discovering the true secret by which alone fictitious narrative could be made really amusing or improving—'and this was by a *faithful and chaste copy* of real *life and manners*.'

Without entering into the claims of *Spain* to the invention of the *heroical romance*, or of Italy to that of the *little amatory novel*, (by which we suppose Warburton must have meant the old *fabliaux* or tales in the Boccaccio style,*) we doubt whether he is quite correct in the chronological order which he assigns to these styles.—The vogue of the *Decameron* and the *Nouvelles de la Reine de Navarre* was contemporaneous with that of the great body of the heroic romance. The elegant little novels of Madame de Lafayette, and the immortal works of Lesage, followed close behind the pompous march of *Le Grand Cyrus* and *Pharamond;* and Madame de Sevigné, the friend and admirer of Madame de Lafayette, still loved to linger in the interminable labyrinths of *Clélie* and *Cassandre.* Nor do we understand on what grounds Warburton (writing about 1749) could congratulate the world that the *chaste picture of real life* had driven the licentious novel out of fashion. Crebillon the younger—whom we take to be the first, or at least the first remarkable *novelist* in the licentious line—was only born in the same year (1707) in which Lessage produced his admirable 'Diable Boiteux;' and was but eight years old when 'Gil Blas' appeared—the cleverest picture, we incline to think, of real life and manners that ever has been drawn: and the worst, and most popular, of Crebillon's pieces was posterior to the tedious moralities of Marivaux (which Warburton quotes as the evidence of the improvement of the public taste); and was indeed at the height of its favour about the time that Warburton was hazarding those broad assertions on the subject of which he must have been, we are willing to suppose, but imperfectly informed. That Crebillon soon fell into disrepute with all persons of good morals and good taste—if indeed we can supposed that such persons could, even for a moment, have tolerated his works—we readily admit; but every one, at all acquainted with the popular literature of France, knows too well that they extended to a very late period their baneful influence in those classes among which their contagion was most fatal to public morals. Indeed, it was not till the bolder, deeper, and more enthusiastic licentiousness of modern authors had made Crebillon appear '*fade*' and tasteless that he ceased to be the delight of the youth of both sexes. Thirty years after the publication of *Les Egaremens du Cœur et de l'Esprit*, Sterne—(would that this were the only point in which this examination reminds us of Sterne!)—Sterne describes the *fille de chambre* of a lady of rank as asking for this work openly at a bookseller's; and so it continued down to the Revolution.

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* The Milesian Tales of the ancients were probably of this class. Ovid, reproaching Rome with his own exile, says,—

> " Junxit Aristides Milesia carmina secum,
> Pulsus Aristides nec tamen urbe suâ."

But mark the consequence of such corruption, in the words of Ovid's Annotator:—" Milesiorum, *deliciis et lascivii* infamatorum, qui denique Miletum *florentissimam urbem perdiderunt!*"

After Crebillon came Voltaire, who though he can hardly be called a *novelist* in the limited sense in which we are now using the word, had a deplorable influence on this as on almost every other branch of literature. His *Tales* did not pretend to be representations of real life. They are not novels but satires, in which a fable—generally an extravagant one of Oriental features—is made the vehicle of all that wit, gaiety, and malignity could combine to ridicule, discredit, and destroy the civil and religious institutions of his country. The mischief, however, that they did was more political than moral,—they were calculated rather to pervert the mind than to inflame the passions; and though, as might be expected, his sedition and impiety were mixed up with gross indecencies, we cannot attribute to them anything like the same deleterious effect on individual morals that were produced by Crebillon, or by some nearly contemporaneous works of a graver character and less offensive style—we mean those of Rousseau.

We confess that we never could feel what has been called the magic of Rousseau; we even go so far as to own that—putting out of the question the moral depravity of his writings—we have the misfortune to be somewhat heretical in our opinion of his literary merit. The *Nouvelle Héloïse*, his great work, and that which is principally connected with our present subject, always wearied us—wearied us, even in our youth, by what we thought its false sensibility and verbose eloquence, as much as, in our mature age, it disgusts us by its false reasoning and its perverted principles. Is this mere bad taste on our parts? or is it, as we of course are disposed to believe, that Rousseau's *literary merit* has little to do with his present reputation, which may be rather attributed to the success of those revolutionary paradoxes on the nature of government and the constitution of society, which he first explained and familiarized, and which have since, by a disastrous combination of circumstances, obtained such an ascendency in the literary and political opinions of France. But why should the influence of Rousseau appear—as it certainly has of late done—so much deeper and more permanent than that of Voltaire?—Voltaire is only read, quoted and admired; but Rousseau has made a *sect*, and is followed and adored—Why?—Because Voltaire was only a *genius*, and Rousseau was a *madman*. For one who has pretended to ape Voltaire even in his lowest qualities, there are hundreds who have imitated Rousseau in his highest. *Candide* and *Zadig* have had—fortunately for society—nothing like a rival; *Héloïse*—as unfortunately—has had a hundred—*exemplar vitiis imitabile.* There is hardly one of the crowd of volumes enumerated at the head of this article which is not of the school of Rousseau; and M. de Balzac, the most fertile, and not the most offensive of the fraternity of French novelists, in a work (the very name of which we do not venture to specify) in which he pretends to examine some important questions of social life, refers us, at once, to Rousseau as the standard and text book of *public morals*—'Ouvrez,' he says, 'ouvrez Rousseau—car il ne s'agira aucune question de *morale publique* dont il n'ait, d'avance, indiqué la portée.' It cannot, therefore, be out of place or out of season to remind our readers of some portion of the personal history of this Apostle of Disorder.

A baser, meaner, filthier scoundrel never polluted society than M. de Balsac's standard of '*public morals*,' nor one who better exemplified the divine warning—'*Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so a good tree bringeth forth good fruit, and a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.*'

We have called Rousseau a madman, and such he undoubtedly was. Originally mad, in some degree, from constitutional infirmity, but completely disordered with the drunken vanity of some accidental, and by no means creditable, successes which surprised and overset the course and projects of his earlier life. His father was a poor watchmaker at Geneva, (where watchmaking is the commonest trade), who, not without pecuniary difficulty, sent him to an humble school, and endeavoured to give him an honest trade; but Rousseau—being detected in lying and thieving—eloped from his business, his family, and his country; and, after some experimental vagrancy, had recourse to *apostacy* to appease his hunger: he had been born a Protestant, and took his religion to market to a Roman Catholic Bishop in Savoy, who sent him to a convent for instruction, where, having abandoned his faith, and being compensated with—what we dare say was a liberal equivalent for *such* a faith as he had—the sum of 17*s.* 6*d.*, he again became a wanderer. He entered successively two families as a *footman*; from the first he was dismissed for his old propensities of thieving and lying, which 'grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength,' to an almost incredible degree of depravity. In the second place he was promoted, as he says, from being *footman* to be *secretary*; but he does not account, except by the plea of restlessness, for his having forfeited this extraordinary good fortune. Wandering again, he renewed a casual acquaintance with a sensual widow, who hired him as footboy, but eventually exalted him—the poor wretch thought it Olympic exaltation—to be her paramour.

Expelled from this filthy elysium by the jealousy of his rival—the gardener—he again took to a vagabond life, till he found himself, at a mature age, on the *pavé* of Paris. During all his vicissitudes, however, he had read whatever came in his way, particularly romances, and acquired what was thought, for a person in his circumstances, a surprising degree of literature; he had also a natural—though it is said a false—taste for music, and proposed to exist by his discoveries and compositions in that art: he failed, indeed, in these musical projects, but contrived, while prosecuting them, to make some respectable acquaintance, and obtained what he impudently calls the *secretaryship* of the French *mission* at Venice—a gross exaggeration of the dignity of his employment; for it turns out that he had no diplomatic character whatsoever, but was only a kind of upper servant, who, knowing how to read and write, and copy and even compose music, was treated on a footing superior to the *other* domestics. Be that as it may, he contrived to be dismissed from this situation also; and had now, at near forty years of age, no resource but to return to Paris; where he existed at first on a clerkship in the office of one of the farmers-general of the revenue, and subsequently by some literary and musical efforts, which at length brought him into notice—particularly a little dramatic scene of '*Le Devin du Village*,' which had a great success in Paris, and which Dr. Burney introduced, without any success, on the English stage by the title of '*The Cunning Man*.'

During this time Rousseau formed a connexion with the vulgar, stupid, and ugly maid-servant of the obscure house in which he lodged: by her he had five children, whom, with a diabolical egotism and inhumanity of which we know no parallel, he abandoned as soon as they were born to the foundling hospital, taking irrevocable precautions to prevent the possibility of their being ever recognized. This atrocity he defended in his writings by an excuse still more atrocious—'All the world persecutes me, and if I had brought up these children, there is no crime which they might not have been suborned to commit against me.' These mean amours he diversified, as he boasts, by some adulterous intrigues of a higher order, for which the extreme profligacy of the philosophical society of Paris afforded too much opportunity. The reputation of one of his exalted *flames*, who was not sufficiently complying, he endeavoured to bring down to his own level by calumniating her in anonymous letters, which he had the additional baseness of attributing to the lady's sister-in-law—his own best friend.

These disorders probably suggested to him his celebrated novel of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, which appeared in 1759, when its author was near fifty, and may be characterized in three words as an apology for incontinence and adultery. Two years after appeared his *Contrat Social*,—to which, more than all his other works, we attribute his influence over revolutionary France. In this he first promulgated his equally absurd and fatal doctrine of the practical *sovereignty of the people*. This was, after a short interval, followed by *Emile*,—a wild paradox on education, in which he episodically introduced an attack on Christianity, so offensive that the Parliament of Paris, already startled by the disorganizing doctrines of the *Contrat Social*, felt itself obliged to order proceedings against the author, who fled into Switzerland to escape the storm. There he published other works of the same tendency, so grossly insulting to all sense and feeling, that even the mob of the little village in which he resided rose against him, and expelled their crazy and mischievous guest.

David Hume—whose constitutional good-nature was perhaps somewhat stimulated by sympathy for a persecuted deist—now obtained for him an asylum in England; but by this time Rousseau seems to have become entirely mad, and he exhibited that most common and infallible sympton, of believing that all mankind was conspiring against him—his English friends being, in his disordered imagination, the chief conspirators. He broke away from them in a frenzy of indignation; and at length was permitted to return to France, where he was received with kindness by his philosophical admirers, one of whom, M. Girardin, established him in a cottage at his seat of Ermenonville. Here he put the last hand to the extraordinary work published after his death, called his '*Confessions*,' in which he avows with maniacal effrontery most of the turpitudes to which we have alluded; and here, in 1788—before he had time to quarrel with M. Girardin, which he assuredly would soon have done, as he did with every other benefactor he ever had—he died suddenly, but whether by *his* own hand or not, is a still litigated question.*

'What,' it has been asked, 'must be the priest, when a monkey is the God?' What must be the sect of which a devil is the idol? Rousseau's most devoted disciple was Robespierre! The *Contrat Social* was the text book of Jacobin policy: the *Héloïse* and *Emile*, the guides of Jacobin morals; and 'the benign influence of the Man of Nature,' as he was called, was piously evoked during all the atrocities of the *Reign of Terror!* His bones were removed from Ermenonville, and enshrined—the National Assembly attending in a body the impious procession—with those of Marat in the Pantheon—(as by a characteristic blunder it was called)—of a people who acknowledged no God, and canonized only the most worthless of mankind. The same spirit which carried Rousseau to the *Pantheon*, during the *horrors* of the *first* Revolution, has revived his reputation in the impudent *profligacy* of the *last*; and we shall see, by-and-by, that even the least offensive of the recent publications of the Parisian press are exaggerations of the worst faults of Rousseau—for odious as was his private life, and mischievous as were his writings, there is, even in the *Héloïse*, a certain decency of language—a semi-opaque veil which diminishes the deformities of the subject—a kind of involuntary tribute paid to good manners, if not to virtue—which forbids us to rank that work in the more disgraceful class of which we shall have occasion to speak.

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* His admirers often speak with rapture of a colloquy supposed to have occurred between him and his wife immediately previous to his death, in which the unhappy man is made to exclaim in a frenzy of triumphant blasphemy, '*Eternal Being! the soul I am now going to give Thee back, is as pure at this moment as it was when it proceeded from Thee.*' This is certainly very characteristic; but there seems reason to doubt how far the stupid Thérèse, with whom the whole dialogue purports to have passed, can be received as credible evidence of feelings and expressions, which she assuredly was not capable of comprehending.

Crebillon had for a long time none but very obscure imitators: Diderot is hardly an exception, for his *Novels*, like Voltaire's, were *politics;* but on the approach of the Revolution appeared the work of La Clos, one of the creatures and confidants of Egalité-Orleans, of which we will only say, that it is characteristic and worthy of the society which produced it; and that of Louvet, published soon after, and which was the sole recommendation of that adventurer to the rank of a *legislator* in regenerated France.

Thus we see, that during the eighteenth century, which gave birth to the NOVEL, properly so called, and which produced thousands of the class, we can cite—previous to the Revolution—but three authors of any note,—Crebillon, La Clos, and Louvet,—who can be stigmatised as having written what can be strictly called *licentious* novels; for Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot—though they did worse, if worse can be—can hardly, for the reasons before stated, be included in this particular category; while, on the other hand, there is an illustrious list of men, and more particularly of women, who really have deserved Warburton's praise of having improved the charms of fictitious narratives, with the higher graces of morality and occasionally of piety.

The first burst of the Revolution drowned all literature—bad as well as good—in a deluge of blood. The powers of imagination fell prostrate before the despotic realities. No romance could be so terrific—no drama so bloody—no tale so profligate as the passing events and the prevailing manners. But, when on the fall of Robespierre, something like security and order revived, the novelists re-appeared, though with altered features: the nation had 'supped so full of horrors,' that it had no taste for the sensibilities of fictitious distresses; and the upper ranks of society, which had hitherto afforded the personages of the novel of manners, were utterly exterminated, so that those two great sources of description were dried up. Authors were, therefore, driven—the graver and more moral (a select few) into the *historic* romance—and the less scrupulous majority into the broad humour and loose gaieties of low or middle life.

These productions, of which Pigault Le Brun's may be called the most remarkable—are for the most part tainted with vulgarity and indecency, and though they have none of the deep corruption of Crebillon or La Clos, they give but a bad impression of the manners and morals of the society in which they acquired so much popularity. Under the Empire and the Restoration, all violent outrages against either morals or religion were restrained; but there still continued a coarseness and laxity, which was, however, we think, gradually disappearing, when the July Revolution gave a new and *formidable* appearance to a species of writing which had hitherto (notwithstanding a few culpable exceptions) exhibited nothing which indicated either the existence of an extensive or profound immorality in the nation at large, or the danger that such a state of immorality might be created.

Unfortunately, the present state of things indicates both—that there must be *already* a wide immorality, and that, under such powerful excitements, the contagion is likely to spread beyond all control. If one or two authors, in one, or two, or three works, had been seduced by a depraved taste or betrayed by a too lively fancy into culpable excesses, we should have seen cause of regret rather than alarm; but the *enormity* of the evil, both in mass and matter, gives the whole affair its distinctive character. Three novels of Crebillon were enough to give the romance literature of France a bad name for half a century; within five years we have had twice fifty publications, each of which equals Crebillon in personal profligacy, and superadds, what he never dealt with, details of swindling, robbery, and murder—as *scenes* of *private life* in France—of which the most depraved imagination of former times had never formed any conception.

We are far from believing, because an individual author calls his work an image of real life, that it really is so; but when *all* who affect to paint from the life agree in one general character of society, it is impossible not to fear that there must be some existing prototype of such unconcerted resemblances. M. Scribe, the comic dramatist, and one whose muse borrows little or none of her reputation from profligacy or terror, was lately elected into the French Academy. In his speech of reception, the facetious author amused his auditory by a paradox—from *his* mouth peculiarly piquant—of denying that the stage exhibited a picture of real life—for, added he, 'if *that* were to be taken as a criterion, life in France must be reckoned as little else than one black tragedy of adultery, incest, and murder.' M. Scribe was evidently *faisant ses farces*—and M. Villemain, the president of the night, reproved him with equal keenness and good sense for the absurd levity of his discourse; but M. Villemain is a hot partizan of the July Revolution, and one of the happy few who have got anything by it—for he has been made a peer of France. He could not, therefore, do full justice on M. Scribe without confessing more than he was willing to do of the effects of the late Revolution;—else he might have reminded M. Scribe that it was not the theatre alone which indicated so diseased a state of society—he might have told him that, between the day of his election and that of his reception, there had been exhibited before the various tribunals of France a series of trials, proving a greater proportion of all species of crime than we believe he could have paralleled in any equal period of the judicial annals of his country—quite enough to have furnished a tragic drama of the most revolting details to every one of the rival theatres of Paris. Nay, at the momont M. Scribe was indulging in what he and his auditory thought, no doubt, an agreeable '*persiflage*,' the three chief actors of one of the most wholesale murders ever perpetrated were lying—in dungeons within a street's length of the room in which he was speaking—under the intermittent agonies of a trial at which M. Villemain himself had an hour before been sitting as a judge.

M. Scribe might indeed, and, if he had been serious, would no doubt have alleged, and M. Villemain might have admitted—as we are ready to do—that there is, and always was, one class of dramatic pieces which makes no pretensions to paint existing manners—we mean those which represent foreign subjects and distant days; but even these must be admitted to evidence the *taste* at least of the times which produce them. The *Tour de Nesle* of the sixteenth century, and the *Lucrèce Borgia* of Italy, are not to be admitted as standards of the manners of France at the present day, but what shall we say of them as indexes of the taste of contemporary audiences? And what would M. Scribe say of *Antony*, a professed copy of existing life, and of its *eighty* representations, and of the necessity in which the government felt itself of arresting by a vigour beyond the law the course of such a scandalous spectacle? But again: if we admit that the scenes which the French *dramatist* may select from by-gone times and distant countries are no more to be taken as pictures of real French life than the story of Atreus or Œdipus would be of Athenian manners, or Shakspeare's 'Richard III.' of the court of Queen Elizabeth, yet we would ask M. Scribe whether he can extend the same indulgent constructions to the *novels* of the day, which profess to lay their scenes in Paris, to fix their date at the year 1835—to copy the personages from the existing population—and which *one and all* concur in representing the actual state of society as redundant with every species of crime? And, above all, what answer will he make when we repeat, what we shall presently prove in detail, that every number of the *Gazette des Tribunaux* teems with instances of the actual commission of crimes only differing from those most in favour with the novelists by being often deeper in degree? If M. Scribe will soberly and satisfactorily answer these questions, his reply will do more honour to his country than his lively speech at the academy, or the gay farces which caused his election into that grave and illustrious body.

Let us now endeavour to support our view of this important matter by a slight analysis of some of the works to which we have alluded. We say *endeavour*, not from any difficulty which we should feel in making such an analysis, but from our doubt how we can manage even the most cautious sketch of such a mass of impurities so as to render it tolerable to an English eye.

We begin by M. Charles Paul de Kock, the earliest, we believe, the gayest, and by no means the most offensive of the batch. De Kock's works have already reached eighty volumes, most of them anterior to the July Revolution. Those were of the *Pigault Le Brun* school, coarse and loose, rather than deeply licentious, and belonged rather to the *grivios* than to the *criminal* style—but his last work, *Ni jamais ni toujours* (in 4 vols.), has taken the colour of the times, and is quite in character with its worst contemporaries. The title has no relation that we can discover with the story, which is that of two young men of those classes of society which have replaced in modern French novels the *Viscomtes* and *Chevaliers* of the old school—a gay *homme de lettres*, M. Arthur, and a grave *etudiant*, M. Adolphe. The novel opens by a visit paid, on a rainy hight and on foot, to M. Arthur by Madame M. Menerville, the young wife of a wealthy and elderly gentleman. M. Adolphe, less aspiring, contents himself with a *soidisant* widow of the name of Juliette—who has, at the same time, an intrigue with his livelier friend Arthur—who, again, is not more faithful to Madame de Menerville than she is to her husband. These two women by ill luck meet at Arthur's lodgings. Madame Juliette, who has no scruples of her own, becomes possessed of the secret of Madame de Menerville's frailty, of which in due time she makes the natural use. M. Adolphe, who, though a student in law, has the misfortune to be a dolt, is entrapped into a marriage with Madame Juliette, who eventually rewards him by introducing to his acquaintance, society, and purse, an old friend of hers—a convicted felon. M. Arthur, who has hitherto been a discarded son, is now acknowledged by his father, the Baron de Harleville, who, not contented with the acquisition of this amiable young man to his family, marries an amiable young lady, whose character is not quite as good as her person—for she had been an old street acquaintance of his son's. This excellent young woman is of so domestic a turn, that she shows no equivocal disposition to treat Arthur with more than *maternal* affection, and is the rather surprised and disappointed at his coldness, as she had recently helped him to seduce her own sister. Madame Juliette, on some personal slight from the ungrateful Arthur, now springs her mine on Madame de Menerville, and of course causes her expulsion from the house of her husband, who, to console his solitude, brings home and recognizes an illegitimate son whom he had, some years before, acquired with the help of that universally obliging person Juliette. M. de Menerville, dying soon after, bequeaths to this son the portion of his fortune which he could dispose of, while the great bulk of it—by the wise and equitable code of France—passes to his disgraced wife, who hastens to bestow it, as she had already done her fame and her person, upon Arthur. It might be expected that, in the last page at least, M. Paul de Kock would have endeavoured to solder up the reputation of his hero and heroine by uniting Arthur and his rich and beautiful widow in lawful wedlock, but such a *denouement* is now quite *usé* and *de mauvais ton* in France.

> 'You naturally expect,' says Arthur in the last sentence of the work, 'that we are about to conclude our long and tender intercourse by a legitimate union—but no—we are so *happy as we are*, why should we change our condition?"

It is impossible to describe the mutual infidelities, the debauchery, the treachery, the knavery of all the principal and subordinate characters in this novel, which are detailed with the most in genious impudence. M. de Kock, we are told, only deals in the *gaieties* of life; and, indeed, we must bear witness that he rejects two excellent opportunities of incest and murder, and is so little fond of *blood* that there is but one suicide, and, we believe, only two criminal convictions to be found in the whole novel, though there is hardly one of the *dramatis personæ* who, in the hands of more rigorous justice, ought not to have been hanged! Our readers, we suppose, will ask for no further specimens of the morality of M. Paul de Kock!

VICTOR HUGO our readers will recollect as the author of *Marion de Lorme*, *Le Roi s'amuse*, and *Lucrèce Borgia*, three of the worst in point of moral, and of the best in point of talent, of the dramas we have so often referred to. His novels are (except one) of an earlier date, and exhibit little in our opinion, of the vices or merits of his dramas. They do not belong to our subject, for they do not affect to describe the manners of the day. *Hans d'Island* is a Norwegian, and *Bug Jargal* a West-Indian tale; *Notre Dame de Paris* carries us back to the reign of Louis XI., and is an imitation of Sir Walter Scott—whom, *soit dit en passant*, it resembles as *Goose Gibby* in his helmet and buff coat might resemble the noble chivalry of Lord Evandale. But Hugo's last romance, '*Le dernier jour d'un Condamné*,' belongs to recent days. We have nothing to object to it, except the depraved taste which the author shows in himself, and imputes to the French public, by drawing out into a volume the agonies of a dying wretch. To be sure M. Hugo has contrived that even in this way his volume should be less offensive than it seems, for it is printed in so diffuse a style, divided into so many chapters, and each chapter is so short and so carefully separated by blank leaves and open spaces, that of 312 pages, of which the volume consists, there are but 158, or about one-half, of *letter-press*, the rest being—what without our previous explanation would seem a miracle in modern French literature—quite pure. This style of book-making may not be altogether new, but it has never before been our good fortune to buy so much white paper while we thought we were purchasing a book; yet, so far are we from complaining of this substitution, that we should have liked our bargain still better if the printer's ink had not spoiled any of the pages.

We suspect, from the prefaces and notices which he is apt to affix to his works, that M. Hugo is somewhat sore to even the gentlest touches of criticism. This story is preceded by what he calls '*A comedy* on the subject of a *tragedy*,'—a dramatic scene, in which a mixed company discuss the merit of the author and his works. The object of this modest little comedy is to sneer at the old *régime* and manners of France, and to exalt the superiority, generally, of the present era, and particularly of its greatest ornament,—Mr. Victor Hugo. We regret however, to be obliged to say, that if this scene recalls the idea of the *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, it also again reminds us of *Goose Gibby*, and convinces us that M. Hugo is about as formidable a rival to Molière as to Walter Scott. But we notice this little piece chiefly for the defence which the personage who plays the character of the sound and enlightened critic makes for the painful and odious subject of the work. 'Its object,' says the apologist, 'is to contribute to the abolition of capital punishments.' 'But,' replies an objector, 'I do not see how that purpose is fulfilled, for he tells us nothing about the man, but that he is condemned; nothing is hinted of the alleged crime, nor its circumstances—nor whether the man be innocent or guilty—nor his rank in life—nor his character—nor, in short, any of the motives which could influence our judgment as to the expediency or justice of the punishment.' 'Oh no,' answers the apologist, 'to be sure—there lies the author's chief merit. Those incidental circumstances would have diverted the attention of the reader from the *abstract principle*. If the author had told you whether the crime was great or small, and the man innocent or guilty, it would have disturbed the logical consideration of the philosophic theory.' We apprehend this style of discussing a practical question is quite unexampled, except in honest Crambe's mode of arriving at *the abstract idea* of a lord mayor, by depriving him, 'not merely of his coach, fur gown, and gold chain—but even of stature, feature, colour, hands, head, feet, or body.' But putting this ridiculous absurdity aside, the fact is, that there is not a line in the book which leads to any general thoughts on the subject, on the contrary, the whole narrative is so occupied—by the description of the judges, the jury, the prisoner, the gaolers, the fellow-convicts, the cart, the guillotine—(all of which could be better related by any one else rather than the unhappy sufferer, who over and over again confesses that he was in a stupid vertigo, and incapable even of thinking)—that we have never read any accounts, real or fictitious, of the last moments of a criminal, which brought so little to our minds—not merely the abstract expediency of capital punishment, but even the simple idea of death. The truth, we have no doubt, is, that M. Victor Hugo wanted to dash off a book suited to the depraved taste of the time, and hit upon *le dernier jour d'un Condamné*, as a piquant subject: but when he had finished his story, he perceived that it was at once odious and idle, equally destitute of interest or instruction, and the *metaphysical apology* was then introduced to cover the feebleness and inanity of the original performance. We must, however, do M. V. Hugo the justice to add, that although in his 'Notre Dame de Paris' there are some scenes rather too free, yet, in his other novels, and especially in the 'Dernier Jour d'un Condamné,' there is nothing offensive to decency.

DUMAS is, like Hugo, best known by his profligate dramas, particularly that of '*Antony*,' of which enough has been already said, and which we should not again have mentioned, but that M. Dumas, by way of braving both criticism and authority, and also, we suspect, with the hope of reviving the recollection of what is already passing into oblivion, has chosen to publish a little volume of licentious tales, which he calls *Les Souvenirs d'Antony*. They are, we admit, such *souvenirs* as *Antony* might delight to record.

The scene of the first is Naples, during its occupation by the French. A reward was offered for the head of a certain captain of banditti that infested the neighbourhood. Two peasant boys find him asleep, and recollecting, dear *children*, (they are all along called *enfans*,) how they had seen a sheep killed, cut his throat, and carry the head in a handkerchief to town, where they receive three thousand ducats. With this sum they begin by regaling themselves with food—they next buy clothes—then begin to play at chuck-farthing in the streets—then get into higher play in the gaming-houses, till only five hundred ducats are left. They happen to see a fine lady entering a fine house. They express their admiration aloud. A ruffian offers them her good graces for five hundred ducats—they agree, and draw lots for the *bonne fortune*. *L'Enfant* is secretly introduced into the countess's apartment. She, it seems, had not been consulted, and in surprise stretches out her hand to ring the bell, which hung close to the couch on which she lay. The boy, in a frenzy of passion, rushes on her, and with his dagger 'nails her hand to the wall;' and while she is fainting from her wound perpetrates his purpose. They escape, and in process of time become bandits in the gang whose leader they had murdered.' A reward is offered for discovering their retreat. They are betrayed; one is shot; the other, with his mistress and their infant child, reach an inaccessible asylum in the rocks; but they are blocked all round by troops—the extremity of hunger obliges them to attempt to escape—the smallest noise may give an alarm—the baby is uneasy—the mother gives it the breast—alas, that source is dried up by sorrow and famine—the child cries—the father seizes it by one leg, and whirling it round his head fractures its skull against the trunk of a tree—the mother compresses her grief—the escape is effected. When they have reached a place of safety, the bandit abandons himself to sleep while his mistress is to watch: she does watch—but only an opportunity to murder the murderer of her child—she cuts off his head, and carries it in her apron to the French Commandant of the district, who pays her three thousand ducats.

> 'Four years after, a nun of the convent of the Holy Cross in Rome, died after an exemplary life in the odour of sanctity. Nothing was known of her, but that she was a Calabrese, and had paid an admission fee to the convent of 3000 ducats.'

It is not, we fear, without design that M. Dumas gives these two bloody villains the appellation of *Celestino* and *Cherubino*, and the murderess—turned saint—the name of *Maria*.*

The second story is nearer home; and in all its minor details the author takes pains to convince you that he is relating incidents of ordinary Parisian life. A certain M. Eugène is passing the Pont Neuf one night in a hackney cabriolet—he hears a splash in the water—darts to the spot, and rescues, after imminent danger, a young lady who had endeavoured to commit suicide. She had some excuse—she was with child, and her lover, Alfred, a friend of Eugène's, had abandoned her. Eugène carries her home to her lodgings, and sends for her father, an old captain of Napoleon's, 'with whom nothing has gone well since 1813.' Next morning Alfred calls to pay his friend Eugène a morning visit. To his great amazement, Eugène leads him into the room where his victim is lying, but half revived, and still in danger;—her father also arrives—finds Alfred at his daughter's bed-side—seizes and is about to strangle him. This Eugène is too well bred to permit—but by his judicious interference a duel in form is arranged for the same evening in the *Bois de Boulogne*, between the father and the seducer—in which the father is, of course, shot dead on the spot: Eugène offers to take up the conqueror, and—the obliging offer being accepted—runs Alfred through the body; and then completes his gallant generosity by marrying, out of hand, the fair destitute, and avowing himself, before legal witnesses, the *father of the unborn child*.

These must be our specimens of M. Dumas' five tales—two others are less shocking;—and one is so much more so, that we cannot even approach it; and what gives these otherwise contemptible fictions a peculiar importance is, that M. Dumas takes great pains to divest them of all the characters of mere fiction—he relates them in his own proper person, and labours to give them an air of reality, by the introduction of many incidents of his own private life, and many anecdotes of his real society—so that at least *he* cannot believe that his friends will consider these narratives as extravagantly out of nature, or even beyond the bounds of decent probability.

We next arrive at the cleverest, the most prolific, and the most popular of all these novelists, M. DE BALSAC. If we were considering the *literary merit* of these works, we should have much to say in praise and at least as much in censure of M. de Balsac. He has considerable powers of local description, but he considerably abuses them by idle and wearisome minutiæ. He occasionally excites great interest, but quite as often destroys all interest by the improbability and incongruity of his incidents. He is often eloquent, and sometimes pathetic; but, in his efforts after these qualities, frequently deviates into whining and bombast. But it is only as evidence of the state of *moral* feeling and *social* life in France that we have at present to deal with M. de Balsac; and in this view his evidence is indeed most important, not only on account of his acknowledged talents, but because he claims—and because the public voice has assented to his claim—to be, *par excellence*, the most accurate painter of private life and existing society. The titles of his principal works—*Scenes of Private Life*, *Scenes of Parisian Life*, *Scenes of Provincial Life*—sufficiently attest this pretension. In the preface to the *Scenes of Private Life*, he sets out with a declaration which reveals an honest and noble ambition:—

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* M. Dumas lately visited Rome and was honoured, as the French papers tell us, with an audiance from the Pope. We trust his Holiness knows little of modern French literature.

> 'That his works are of such a tendency, that he hopes that well-educated mothers, who unite in their own persons feminine graces to manly good sense, will not hesitate to *place his works in the hands of their daughters*.'

And he has found a panegyrist—in the writer of a rather elaborate essay, originally, it seems, published in some French review, but now affixed to the fourth volume of the *Scenes of Parisian Life*—who not only extols him as one of the greatest literary geniuses that ever lived, but as the most faithful painter of manners, and, above all, as one of the *purest moralists* of the age.—This critic goes so far, indeed, as to endeavour, by a formal classification and commentary, to prove that these "*splendid works*," instead of being, as they may appear to the common reader, a series of unconnected tales of the vulgarest and most licentious character, are, in fact, a profound and well-digested course of moral philosophy, written with one great design, and deserving to be distinguished by the loftier title of *Etudes sur les Mœurs!*

Let us see, then, this great moralist's view of the society in which he lives, and which he depicts with such a superiority of accuracy and talent.

M. de Balsac, as his panegyrist tells us, has consigned to oblivion all his works published prior to 1830. Our readers must be informed that this is great modesty, for he had published, we understand, prior to 1830, not less than fourteen different novels, in twenty-five or thirty volumes. We were, at first sight, at a loss to account for this unconditional surrender of so much fame—for we really thought such of those repudiated works as we have looked at to be as good as, and some of them better than, his latter productions; but we, on consideration, suspect that, prior to the July revolution, he felt his abilities cramped by the restrictions on the press, and that he desires to be judged by works in which the wings of his genius have been free. Indeed we find that one of his early works, the *Vicaire des Ardennes*, published in 1822, under the fictitious name of *St. Aubin*, was suppressed by the former government; and it is therefore necessary, to an understanding of the whole case, to say a word or two on that subject.

In the *Vicaire des Ardennes*, a young man and a young woman, who believe themselves *brother* and *sister*, are desperately in love with each other, while a married lady of high rank is as desperately in love with the young man, who is really her own *illegitimate son*. Although this odious imbroglio is eventually cleared up by the supposed brother and sister being discovered to be only *cousins*, and by the mother's recognition of her son, so that the guilty passions are at last merged in legitimate affection, yet our readers will easily conceive that this is but a poor compensation for all the shocking ideas that the preceding pages must excite; and there are, besides, some circumstances interwoven with the story which create additional disgust. Everybody knows that in the Roman Catholic Church the marriage of a priest is not only a nullity, but a most odious sacrilege; and the young man *had become a priest* expressly to guard himself from his passion for his supposed sister: but no sooner does he find that she is his cousin, than he hastens to unite himself to her, by what *he* knows to be an illusory marriage, and some suspicion of his being in orders having been expressed, he at the very altar, by the most solemn adjurations, denies the fact. But it is afterwards discovered, and the poor girl, who believes such a marriage to be worse than pollution, dies of horror—he dies of grief, and his mother of remorse; and to complete the scandal, it turns out that he was the illegitimate son of a *bishop*. Such fictions, offensive even to our eyes, are impious in those of any one who has any respect for the Roman Catholic religion; and being heightened and set off by copious episodes of rape, robbery, and murder, it is not surprising that the government of Charles X. should have suppressed the work. This adventure seems to have alarmed, though it did not reclaim M. de Balsac, who very soon published a *continuation* of the former story under the title of *Annette et le Criminel*, in which he carefully eschews incest, adultery, and sacrilege, but makes an innocent young heroine fall desperately in love with a coarse and brutal pirate and murderer, who must have been, by the chronology of the two works, some sixty years of age, and is described with the unlovely attributes of bandy legs, a protuberant paunch, a bottle nose, and a brandy face. This singular union ends in a catastrophe of fire and blood, more suitable to the Black Forest of the sixteenth century, or the Spanish Main of the seventeenth, than to a civilized France in the beginning of the nineteenth. We wish we could believe that M. de Balsac's repudiation of these errors of his youth arose from good feeling, or even from good taste, but the sequel will show that these could not have been his motives, and that he only regrets them because they are too *tame*.

The first separate work of the era by which M. de Balsac wishes to be judged is *La Peau de Chagrin*, of which—as the groundwork is supernatural, and therefore out of our present scope—we shall say little. A young fellow—an *etudiant* we believe—having lost his last penny at play, resolves to drown himself; but failing somehow in his resolution, he postpones the catastrophe to the next night, and in the meanwhile goes into one of the curiosity shops which line the Quay Voltaire, and there *buys*—he had no money, but he pawned his soul—a magical piece of *chagrin*, or seal skin, which has the agreeable property of giving its possessor the enjoyment of all his wishes, embittered by the very disagreeable accompaniment of diminishing at every wish, and of a warning, that when it shall be exhausted, the possessor must perish. Allowing for the absurdity of this conception, and for the bad taste which this vulgar youth would be sure to exhibit, the story does not want a certain degree of interest; but it is awkwardly and inconsistently managed, and is only worth mentioning for its evidence—as far as it goes—of the general demoralization of the society it describes; but such a *romance*, we are aware, can be no satisfactory evidence, except of the bad taste which admires it.

Next comes the great series which M. de Balsac's admirers call the *Etudes sur les Mœurs*—the *Scènes de la Vie, Privée, Parisienne, et de Province*, of which we have before us twelve or fourteen volumes, and must endeavour to give some idea, still repeating our consciousness that English ears would not bear an unreserved repetition of the prurient lessons of M. de Balsac. We shall take the stories in the order in which they are presented to us, for two reasons: first, because, as *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, his earliest tales are the least offensive; and secondly, that by taking them in order, we avoid all possible suspicion of making unfair selections.

The first of the *Scènes de la Vie privée* is entitled *La Vendetta* (Revenge). The only daughter of one of Buonaparte's Corsican followers, whom he has raised to rank and wealth, is, nevertheless, a pupil in a common painting school, where she makes acquaintance with a proscribed officer *de la vieille armée*, whom she persists in marrying, in spite of the advice, entreaties, and command of her affectionate parents—who had the deepest and best founded objections to the match—namely, an old family feud (*Vendetta*), exasperated by recent bloody injuries. She at first supports herself and her husband by her great talents as a painter—but she goes gradually out of fashion, and poverty comes. Her parents are inexorable; and then perish, of actual starvation—first her baby—for the sources of maternity are dry—and then she and her husband! The old parents repent when too late—the mother dies of *remorse*, and the father is left alone in the world—soon, also, to die of a broken heart, the punishment of *his cruelty*. The moral seems to be, that the father and mother were justly punished; which we admit, though the provocation was very strong; but not a censure is breathed against the cruel disobedience of the daughter, nor against a state of society which allows an admired and admirable artist to perish with her husband and child from actual hunger in the capital, as they call it, of the civilization of mankind. The picture may be true enough, but we think a *great moralist* should not have laid *all* the blame on the *Vendetta* of the insulted parents. But let that pass.

The next tale is *Les Dangers de l'Inconduite*—the dangers of misconduct—which are exemplified by a Countess de Restaud, who, by a long course of adultery, has given a right to her husband's name and property to children that are not his. She sells her jewels to pay the debts of her paramour; borrows, for the same purpose, large sums from an usurer, which her husband must pay; and on her death-bed she employs the most malignant artifices on her eldest child, (the only one which her husband believes to be his,) to burn a deed by which she supposes that child would receive a larger share of his father's property, to the injury of the children of the adulterous intercourse. And this story is related to a young lady and her family by a common friend of all the parties, as a means of promoting that young lady's union with the son of those amiable parents. This may be a moral lecture at Paris; but to us it looks like a lesson of corruption.

The third story, the *Bal de Sceaux*, is comparatively innocent, which is accounted for by its having been borrowed from a female novelist of good morals and good taste. It exhibits what the English will think a strange system of manners. At the *bal de Sceaux*—which is little better than a dance in a booth at Greenwich fair—a young lady of rank falls in love with a most fascinating youth whom she had never before seen, and the passion has reached a great height before she even discovers that to his personal beauty and accomplishments he adds great wealth and the noble name of *Longueville*. This suits the young lady exactly—for, though she can fall in love at the *bal de Sceaux*, she is an aristocrat at heart, and has resolved never to marry anything below a Peer of France,—(the story, we suppose, must have been written before Louis Philippe's Peers had brought that body more nearly to the common level)—but, alas! it turns out that, as in England—

> '———— One sometimes views
> Howards and Russels *cleaning shoes*—'

so a *Longueville* may keep a linendraper's shop in the Rue St. Denis. Alas! such is the fact—the hero is actually detected selling tape, and is scandalously *jilted* by his proud mistress. But mark the sequel—the haberdasher is, in *due time*, made a peer of France, and the haughty beauty is reduced to marry her own uncle or grand-uncle—we are not quite sure which. This may, perhaps, be a picture of real life in France—it would be presumptuous in *Englishmen* to deny it; but to us it seems just such a novel as the haberdasher's boy himself might have written. But these are trifles—the prelude, as it were, of M. de Balsac's admirable talent;—he is now about to take a deeper tone.

Gloire et Malheur is the history of a young painter who marries Augustine, a shopkeeper's daughter, and intrigues with a duchess. The poor little wife hears of this and plucks up courage to wait upon the great lady, to request, that as she has a husband of her own, she will be so kind as not to engross her also. Her Grace accedes to the proposition with great affability, and as a pledge of her sincerity, gives to the wife a capital picture—*frame and all*—which the husband had painted for his noble mistress. When this picture is brought home the painter becomes furious with mortification and jealousy—poor Augustine endeavours to put in a word to appease the storm:—

> 'The gentle voice,' says the author, 'of this *angelic* creature would have touched the heart of *cannibals*, but *not* that of a PARISIAN *in the torments of wounded vanity*.
>
> 'Ah,' cried the artist, in a voice of thunder, 'I shall be revenged of her [the Duchess]. She shall die of shame. I will paint—yes, I will paint her as Messalina——
>
> 'Henri'—interposed the wife, in a dying tone—
>
> 'I will kill her'—

> 'Henri !'—
>
> 'She is in love with that little *Colonel of dragoons because—he knows how to ride ! ! !* [What an unusual accomplishment in a dragoon !]
>
> 'Henri !'—
>
> 'Begone !' exclaimed the painter, in a voice like the roar of a wild beast—but it would be odious to describe the words and threats which, in the intoxication of his frenzy, he inflicted upon his broken-hearted and expiring wife.
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>
> 'An inscription in the burying-ground of Mont Martre records, that "*Madame de Sommervieux died at the age of twenty-seven ;*" and a poet—the friend of this *celestial* creature—saw in this simple epitaph the last *scene of a drama ;* and never failed, when he read it, to ask himself if the powerful wrestlings of masculine genius did not require a *stronger woman—femme plus forte—than Augustine !*'

This moral is admirable—'a treasure of domestic affection, angelic beauty, and celestial virtue,' are not, it seems, good enough for a French painter, if he be—as every French painter must be—a *genius ;* and when the man of genius betrays, insults, *beats*, and *kills* his victim —*her* friends see in it only the *last scene of a drama*—*his* friends, we presume sees only the last scene of a *farce !* and whatever little blame the *great moralist* imputes to the whole transaction falls to the lot of the poor victim, who was only a *trêstor de bonté* and a *creature celeste*, when she should have been a *femme forte*, fit to wrestle with a *genius*.

La Femme Vertueuse is a young heiress, beautiful, accomplished, and wealthy, suitably united, by a marriage of mutual affection, to M. Grandville, a young lawyer of great promise, who, in the course of the story, rises successively to the most eminent dignities of his profession. The lady has but one fault in the world—but that, to be sure, is a fatal one—she is *pious*—something of what is in England too lightly called *a saint :* she is an excellent mother, and a most affectionate and even submissive wife, when M. Grandville does not exact from her compliances with forms of society which she thinks inconsistent with her higher duties. She willingly accompanies her husband to dinners, concerts, and even assemblies, at the houses of his friends and brother magistrates, but she has a disinclination to *operas* and *balls ;* and when, in compliance with her husband's commands, she does go to a ball, she *mortally offends* him by not having danced—and above all, by having worn an unfashionable gown which—*covered her shoulders and neck.* Such *unreasonable* scruples in the mother of several children—in the wife of a judge, are quite intolerable; and this prudent magistrate threatens his too modest and too domestic wife with his eternal displeasure if she will not admire the decencies of the opera *ballets*, and so far imitate their costume as to wear a *robe à la Grecque*—a fashion of the day, which was next to wearing no robe at all. It will be easily conceived that quarrelling seriously with his wife and exercising his despotic authority on such points was not exactly the most prudent way of correcting the error—even if it were one—and accordingly he only made matters worse : and at last, after eight years of marriage, when he was now thirty-five, and occupying a high and grave station in his profession, he thought of looking for *consolation* elsewhere. In his way to court from his own hotel, he happens to observe a pretty little dress-maker, constantly at work at the window of a wretched lodging—she turns out to be the illegitimate daughter of a worn out ballet-dancer, and both are starving. Our magistrate introduced himself under a false name—easily buys the hungry Caroline Crochard from a hungry and prostitute mother—removes her to a secret but most tasteful and luxurious residence, where he passes all leisure hours,—and besides his lavish current expenditure, squanders on her, and his children by her, property to the value of 20,000*l*. What becomes of the insulted and heart-broken '*femme vertueuse*' when in the course of time this intrigue is discovered ? M. Balsac does not tell us; but after an interval of years, *M. de Grandville*, a grey-headed old dignitary, hears by accident from a physician—who knows that he is generous and charitable—that a poor creature is dying of sickness and hunger. It is *Caroline Crochard.* Caroline, it seems, had eloped from her—*benefactor* we were about to say—but we correct ourselves—her *malefactor*—with some low person, better suited to her original station and her natural taste. '*Caroline Crochard !*'—exclaims the great man—a poor ragged scavenger happens to be at hand—'Friend,' says he to the astonished pauper, 'here is a bank-note of 50*l*. ; I give it you—go, spend it—get drunk—beat your wife—fight with your friends—do what you will with it ;'—and then turning to the physician—'Doctor,' he says, 'I have shown you that I do not care for fifty pounds—but as to *Caroline Crochard*, I should see her dying of hunger, of thirst, aggravated by the cries of an expiring child—and I would not give a single farthing to save them one jot of their suffering —and you—even you, Doctor, because you have assisted her I will never see you again.'

And for all these and other horrors, which we suppress—no one seems to blame but *la femme vertueuse !* We shall not waste time in observations on the inconsistencies and absurdities of the details of this story, which are quite equal to its deep immorality ; but there is a little circumstance relating to the author himself which we must notice. The hero of the tale begins as plain *Monsieur Grandville ;* when he rises a little in life he is called 'M. *de* Grandville,' and Balsac, by printing the *feudal particle* in italics, marks and derides the aristocratic assumption. Now, is it not amusing to find that in the title-page of these very volumes*—the author modestly describes himself as *Monsieur Balsac*—but when he had acquired a little fame, and published the *Médecin de Compagne*, he becomes Monsieur H. DE Balsac ; and by-and-by, to all his later works, he fixes the full aristocratic name of *Monsieur* DE *Balsac !* When he laughed at M. *de* Grandville, he did not foresee that he himself should become M. *de* Balsac. We take this opportunity of remarking, that although we have been told *ad nauseam*, that the great passion of modern France is *Equality*, every publication we read, and every event we witness, and every room that anybody can enter in Paris, give the most decided contradiction to that assertion, and prove, on the contrary, that there is no nation on the face of the earth so greedy, so morbidly anxious, for anything and everything that looks like personal and aristocratical distinction. In truth, their passion for *equality* is that so admirably stated by Dr. Johnson:—'Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling up to themselves.' This great truth was never so strongly exemplified as in the present state of society in France.

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* So at least it is in the Brussells edition—the Parisian one we happen not to have at hand.

In the next story an injured wife reclaims her husband, and restores *La Paix du Ménage* by the (not very delicate) stratagem of obtaining from an admirer of her own—by some simulated compliances—proofs of her husband's infidelity, which she then generously lets *him* see she is *resolved not to believe*. As in this little story the husband's fault is decently veiled, and the wife's experiment is not carried to any serious extent, we are not surprised to find that M. de Balsac's admirers think it *somewhat feeble*:—'Cette scène est la plus faible de tous; et se ressent de la petitesse du cadre primitivement adopté.' If M. de Balsac, *more suo*, had blazoned all the sensual details of which the story was susceptible, and had wound up with a murder or a suicide, he would, no doubt, have been spared this severe reproach—a reproach which, as far as we are informed, he has never deserved again.

The next volume opens with two stories, also founded on adulteries; one of which is terminated by a most shocking and, we must add, powerfully managed incident of the husband's murdering the wretched paramour by building him up in the recess of a wall in which he had been concealed. This frightful story has been copied into one of our annuals, without an acknowledgment of the translator's obligations to M. de Balsac. Another tale of the same volume relates the celebrated passage of the Beresina (the horrors of which are exaggerated almost to cannibalism), and the fate of the *wife* of a general officer, who is saved by the exertions of her *lover* from the common destruction; but being separated from him in the subsequent tumult becomes the prey of a licentious soldiery, and sinks into the most disgusting species of insanity; after years of absence, the lover finds her, *wild* and *shameless*, in the forest of St. Germain—the *denouement*, of course, is that she recovers her reason just to pronounce his name and die, and he forthwith blows out his brains! And this is assuredly the least immoral story, according to our confined ideas, of the whole series.

The next volume has what appears at first sight to be three or four seperate tales, but on a closer inspection these are seen to be portions of one mysterious and frightful history. We must here pause to observe that his French critic thinks it one of the greatest merits of M. de Balsac, that he re-produces the same personages—in different periods and circumstances of their lives—in his different works; 'by which means,' says the panegyrist, 'he gives his novels a kind of historical connexion with each other, and spreads a greater air of reality over the whole.' The fact is indisputable, but we do not altogether believed in the assigned motive. It seems to us that M. de Balsac, writing with great haste and to produce sudden and powerful effects—both on the public and his *paymaster* the publisher—finds it more rapid and convenient to *jump*, as it were, from scene to scene, than to spend time and trouble in weaving a connected narrative. He may also think that the obscurity which these intervals leave tends to create a mysterious interest. It may be so; but it also produces inconsistencies and confusion, and we are often, as in the case of the three or four tales now more especially under consideration, not quite satisfied, nor does his French critic seem to be, as to the degree of connexion which the author means to establish between them.

In the first of these tales, a lady takes her two children, a dark girl of seven or eight, and a fair boy of five or six, to walk on the southern boulevards of Paris. While the children play on the banks of the muddy ditch called the Bièvre, the party is joined by a handsome young man, of fair complexion, who embraces the little boy with the liveliest affection, and then walks apart in close and loving conference with the mother. The lady is evidently an adulteress, the young man her paramour; the dark daughter the child of the husband; the fair boy the pledge of the illicit love. The girl is old enough to see and resent this intrigue; she looks at the guilty couple and at her brother with eyes of indignation and hatred, and while their backs are turned, and the boy is playing by the bank of the river, she suddenly precipitates him into it, and the fluent mud of the black stream closes over him for ever! 'How,' says M. de Balsac, 'is the unhappy woman to meet her husband on her return: how is she ever to look into the face of her conscious daughter?'

The second story represents a family sitting one stormy winter's evening in their house at Versailles: the eldest daughter, beautiful but *dark* and sullen, sits silent at her work; two other *fair-haired* children—a girl and a boy—engross the mother's affectionate care. A violent knocking is heard at the door: the husband opens it; a young man rushes in in great disorder and distress, and entreats a short asylum: the husband grants it, and conceals him; and even when the pursuers acquaint him that they are in search of a *murderer*, he is too much a man of honour to betray him. But as soon as the police has retired, he insists on his leaving the house instantly; then the dark girl rises and exclaims that she will accompany him. What! a *murderer!* whom she never saw before! Yes: and it is done. It is clear that she throws herself into the arms of the unknown only to escape from her mother: and neither she nor her companion are ever heard of until, after a lapse of years, the father, in returning from a command in the West Indies, is captured by a *pirate*—who with the most cold-blooded atrocity murders all his captives, and is about to conclude with the old officer himself, when in the pirate's bold and beautiful mistress he recognizes his daughter. We need not pursue the story further than to say that before its conclusion all the parties are dead, save the mother and her *fair-haired* daughter, *Moina.*

The third tale presents us with an elderly lady, broken more by sorrows than by years, whose whole affections are centered in her daughter, *Moina*, the wife of the Count de St. Herem. Her anxiety about this beloved and only child is aggravated by a suspicion that she is carrying on a criminal intrigue with a young gentleman, whose company is *peculiarly* odious to the mother. On a remonstrance from the old lady, the giddy countess replies, 'Why I thought you were only jealous of M. de Vandenesse's *father*.' This was a poniard to the mother's heart—our readers will guess why: 'she has but a word to speak to save them'—but she trembles, and delays to pronounce it. In the meanwhile the mischief is done: a subsequent circumstance proves to her that the crime of the unhappy couple is complete, and that proof kills her! It is clear that *adultery* has ended in *incest!*

Such are some of M. de Balsac's pictures of the *vie privée* of his country; such are the scenes which his panegyrists pronounce enchanting, sublime, pure, moral, and, above all, *faithful* and *true*. We think our readers will excuse us from continuing the analysis of any more of these anecdotes of private life; particularly when we add, that in the subsequent volumes there are other stories still more atrocious, and which combine equal or greater horrors with the deeper disgust of *unutterable* sensualities; but we must say a few words on the other two series.

The first volume of the *Scènes de la Vie de Province* has five tales. Of three of them the heroines are adulteresses: in two the heroes died shocking deaths. Another is only the adventures of a *commis marchand*, or *bagman*, which are meant to be droll; but even M. de Balsac's admirers admit that the drollery is *feeble*—we should call it vulgar stuff. The fifth, called *Les Célibataires*, is the story of the rivalry of two priests of the cathedral of Tours: in this there is no indecency, and the intrigues and *tracassaries* of a country town are cleverly sketched; but the details exhibit a painful and discreditable state of society.

The second volume is occupied altogether by the story of *Eugénie Grandet*, one which, amongst M. de Balsac's countless tales, has the almost singular merit, that it may be read by a man without indignation, and by a woman without a blush. It is, as it were, *a Dutch picture of an interior*—of the family and society of the penurious merchant of a country town. The details are painted with vivid accuracy, and the characters are worked up with equal originality and truth—but as usual with M. de Balsac, he too often pushes the minuteness of his local descriptions to tediousness, and the peculiarities of his personages to improbabilities. The character of Eugénie Grandet herself, combining the gentleness of her submissive mother with something of the shrewdness and firmness of her avaricious father, is ably conceived and happily executed; and if this work were separated from its corrupted companions, it might be read as a favourable and interesting specimen of M. de Balsac's powers.

Le Père Goriot, the first of the *Parisian* series, is the longest, and we understand the most admired of M. de Balsac's *Scènes de la Vie.* Strange must be the life of which it can be a representation!

Father Goriot is an old corn-factor, who had made a large fortune during the revolution, but on marrying his two daughters to the Comte de Restaud and the Baron de Nucingen, he had endowed them with the greater part of his property, reserving for himself only a small annuity, on which he lived, in a humble boarding-house, in an obscure quarter: a mode of life suited to his early habits, and very agreeable to his daughters, who were not anxious to exhibit their old father in their fashionable circles. To this boarding-house also came to lodge M. Eugène de Rastignac; a young *étudiant en droit*—the hero of the novel—exceedingly poor, but exceedingly ambitious of making his way in the world—of which his only prospect arises from a distant relationship with a Vicomtesse de Beauséant, one of the leaders of the Parisian ton; by her countenance he gets into fashionable society;—and he, moreover, becomes acquainted with *La Comtesse* and *La Baronne*, the gay daughters of the old *Père*, both of whom, *as well as every other lady mentioned in the novel*—the lady patroness and all—are adulteresses—*two or three deep.* Our hero has the ill luck to offend the countess, by mentioning, unwittingly, her father's name—but he obtains the good graces—nay, the last favours of Madame de Nuncingen. How?—by the attention—by flattery—by, in short, what is called making love? No,—but by getting her invited to one of Madame de Beauséant's assemblies, to which Madame de Nuncingen—being only a banker's wife—never before could penetrate. The gentlemen of this high life are—as might be expected—*les males des ces femelles.* The hero himself, the beau ideal of his genus, paints his own character by the soliloquy in which he expresses the amorous transports with which Madame de Nucingen inspires him:

> 'If,' says this type of the generous and educated youth of Paris, 'Madame de Nucingen should take an interest in me, I will teach her how to govern her husband. He deals in money—and no doubt could help *me to make my fortune* in a hurry.'

We have already said that these *étudians—employés—commis—la jeune France des barricades!*—have succeeded, in the modernn ovels—the *vicomtes and chevaliers* of old; and the sentiments and spirit of these new heroes are as much lowered as their rank. The frivolity—the profusion—the profligacy—attributed to the *roués* of the last century, were more tolerable than the characters assigned to their successors,—equally immoral, equally profligate,—but rendered more odious by meanness, selfishness, and vulgarity. They are in general represented as miserably poor. Eugène de Rastignac's greatest difficulties are to buy a pair of clean gloves and pay the hackney coach which is to convey him to a ball whence a countess is ready to elope with him. This part of the picture may be perhaps very true; and to this, we suppose, we must attribute the fact, that the only thing, moral or material, that is spoken of with invariable respect is *money:—Rem—quocumque modo—rem* seems their characteristic device. But bad as is the picture of the upper ranks in this novel, that of the middle class is much worse. The boarding-house is a den of filth, penury, envy, and malignity; the guests are,—a young girl, put out to board in this dungeon by a father enormously rich, because he likes the company of his son better—as if a brother and sister could not both live in the house of a father who has ten thousand a-year;—a convict, the honestest fellow in the whole book;—an old maid and old bachelor, who turn out to be spies of the police, and who betray their poor messmate the convict. *Le Père Goriot*, who at first had a decent chamber, and drank a glass of wine at his meals, was observed to become gradually more and more indigent, till at last he is reduced to the naked garret and plain water;—the secret is that those rich daughters abandon him in public, and ruin him in private by extracting even his last *pence*, to supply their extravagance and profligacy; and this *admirable* father ends by selling a little annuity, the last wreck of his fortunes, to furnish a lodging in which M. Eugène de Rastignac *may meet* his daughter Madame de Nucingen, *without danger of being interrupted by the husband.* After this parental sacrifice the poor old man becomes wholly destitute, and dies almost of want. Eugène, as poor as he,—though he still figures away in high life,—applies in vain to the daughters for some small help,—at first to feed, and afterwards to bury their father. In vain. Eugène accompanies the sordid funeral of the Père Goriot to his humble grave, and thence, to quote the author's own *nonchalant* conclusion,

> 'walked to the Rue d'Artois to—*dine with Madame de Nucingen.*'

If M. Balsac's French admirers—who must be so much better judges—had not assured us that this was 'an admirable picture of *real* Parisian life,' we should have pronounced it a clumsy tissue of odious exaggerations.

In the other *scenes of Parisian life* many of the characters with which we have become acquainted in the *Père Goriot* are reproduced, but with deeper immorality and exaggerated improbabilities. They for the most part hinge on an association of conspirators called *The Thirteen.* This association is formed of villains of *all ranks*, from the *stigmatized felon* to the *titled dandy*, who by their union, secrecy, and desperate fidelity to their chief and to each other, are represented as *all-powerful*—to save or to destroy life—to confer or to ruin fortunes: the highest society and the lowest are equally at their mercy; money, office, rank, consideration, are all at their disposal; and from poison and poniard up to naval and military armaments, no instrument of power is beyond their reach. And this is the monstrous stuff—and only not ridiculous and contemptible because it is monstrous—which forms the groundwork of M. de Balsac's most applauded scenes of Parisian life; and we can assure our readers, that of about thirty tales which these twelve or fourteen volumes contain, there are not above four or five which are not tainted, impregnated, *saturated* with every kind of crime, every kind of filth, every kind of meanness, and, we must add, every kind of absurdity and improbability.

Besides his novels, or as they are called, *Etudes sur les Mœurs*, M. de Balsac has published some other works, which, in concurrence with his panegyrists, he is now pleased to designate as *Etudes Philosophiques.* They seem to us to be nothing else but demoralizing maxims exemplified by licentious examples;—the design was infamous, but fortunately the *Studies* are in execution so stupid and so obscure, that even the curiosity of vice must be blunted at their aspect. M. Balsac never had any taste—and the shallow vein of his talents appears to be nearly worked out.

The works which originally appeared under the pseudonyme of Michel Raymond are now adopted by Michel Masson; though, if we are to credit the dedication to *Le Puritain de Seine et Marne*, there is reason to suspect that *Michel Masson* himself is but the *prête nom* to a kind of partnership, of which a writer, whose real name is M. Raymond Brucker, is the chief. This is probable: for the works are of very unequal merit, and bear the signs, we think, of different hands. The most remarkable are, or we should rather say, the most popular of them—*Les Intimes*—is, as Michel Masson tells (disavowing at the same time any share in its composition), '*le meilleur titre de Michel Raymond à* L'ESTIME *des lecteurs.*' Our readers will allow, therefore, that our selection of this work as a specimen of its author is not an unfair one; though they may, perhaps, see reason to think that '*esteem*' is not exactly the sentiment which it is calculated to inspire.

Les Intimes are two intimate friends, a young architect and a young painter, who on their return from Italy, happen, while changing horses at the post-house of Essonne, to see a boarding-school of young ladies going to church; they, of course, fall in love with two of the spinsters, and after the usual preliminaries marry them. Miss Marielle Millin becomes the wife of M. Edouard Granger, the architect, and Miss Rosalie Feuchères of M. Charles Bouvet, the painter. Poor Charles, to verify the proverb, *Gueux comme un peintre*, has not a *sous* in the world, and labours under what would be in England other disadvantages. He is the illegitimate son of a felon, murderer, and pirate, who is wallowing in wealth and profligacy at Marseilles; while the mother of Charles—the most amiable and virtuous of women—is starving in Paris. These little accidents of indigence, illegitimacy, and dishonourable connection, do not prevent M. Feuchères, a *bon bourgeois de Paris*, from giving his only child to poor Charles. But Charles soon ceases to be poor; his friend Granger endows him with a handsome fortune, including a joint share in a town residence in the Champs Elysées and a country box on the banks of the Seine, which the two happy families are to occupy in common. All this may appear very natural to the liberal imaginations of our French neighbours, but to our narrow intellects such excessive generosity and confidence appear even more incredible than the shocking depravity by which, as we shall see, they are followed. The truth is, that the French novelists, whether it arises from the disorder of their own minds, or from that of the society they paint, are

———‘so over violent or over civil,
That every man with them is *God* or *Devil;*’

and their virtues, in the rare instance in which they deal in that article, are perhaps more exaggerated than their vices.

Strange enough to say, this double *ménage* goes on happily for a considerable time; but M. Granger is a *liberal*, and chooses to leave home under pretence of directing some public works in a distant department, but really to spread and organize that spirit of revolt against the government which broke out in the Revolution of July. At the same time, unluckily, Madame Charles accompanies old Madame Bouvet to Marseilles, to attend the death-bed of the rich pirate. The painter and Madame Granger are thus left to keep house together; the consequence is, we fear, natural; but that which is *not* natural is, that after the families are reunited, Madame Granger, suspecting one night that her maid had heard Charles's voice in her bed-chamber, seizes a dagger and proceeds to the girl's room, and murders her as she sleeps. Returning to her own apartment, she, with Charles's help, burns her own bloody night-clothes, and destroys also a large sum in bank-notes, with the intention of alleging that she had given them to the maid to pay bills, but that having no doubt embezzled them, the girl had committed suicide to avoid punishment.

The anxious horror of the guilty pair next morning, while expecting every moment to hear the explosion of terror which the discovery of the girl's death must produce, is described with much power, and several little incidents produced by her absence are highly wrought up; but lo! a ridiculous denouement: the young woman had indeed passed her mistress's door in the night, not, however, for the purpose of listening at it, but on her way to meet her own lover in a distant part of the house,—and her mistress's vengeance was expended only on *the bolster*.—The blood which had poluted the clothes she and Charles had taken such care to burn was her own: in her blind efforts to stab the bolster she had cut her fingers; and the whole affair passed off without any other notice or consequence than Madame Granger's indignation against the frailty of her chambermaid. But the ensuing scenes are more real. Unreclaimed by this escape from the crime of murder, Madame Granger becomes still worse, and by degrees descends to an incredible profligacy of conduct, and the details of her visits to *persons* and *places* which we dare not describe, are given with a freedom which, in England, would be almost indictable. Charles, in a nocturnal attempt to visit her, is shot by his friend Granger as a robber, and escapes to the house of his father-in-law to die of the wound whose cause is not suspected, but whose fatal effect is accelerated by the *obstinate bigotry* of a priest who forces himself into the dying man's room and insists on offering him the consolations of religion, in spite of all his friend, his wife, and his mother can urge against such *uncharitable* and *indecent* conduct; by main force the priest is expelled, and Charles is allowed to die in such peace as the world and guilty life can give. His wife and his mother are of course heart-broken; and at the end of the novel there remain only the adulteress and her confiding and unsuspicious husband, who is too busy in overthrowing the throne of Charles X. to pay an adequate attention to the errors and abuses which have crept into his own little kingdom. We shall take no notice of a great deal of incidental depravity which is scattered through the volumes; but we must observe that the only personages in the whole drama who are represented as having *any sense of religion* are the adulteress and her mother, to whose *baneful superstition* the crimes of the former are chiefly attributed, though we cannot, for the life of us, discover how the mother's bigotry produces the sensual profligacy of the daughter. But this impious malignity is so clearly the *moral* of the work, that it is our duty to exemplify what would be otherwise incredible by one or two extracts:—

> ‘Marielle (Madame Granger), re-devenue superstitieuse par sa crainte *bégaya* des prières et des paroles sacrilèges pour rendre *Dieu complice* de son crime, et *la Sainte Vierge protectrice de ses amours impurs.*
>
> ‘Dieu! Dieu! s'écria-t-elle—que vous ai-je fait? *Vos saintes loix n'ont jamais été trahies* dans mon cœur. J'ai eu l'eau de baptême sur mon front, et votre divine image dans ma poitrine—Pitié pour *la Chrétienne!*

The Christian!

This work, ‘the author's best title to the *esteem* of the public,’ had great success, and was rapidly followed by several others of the same taste and —*vires acquirit eundo*—of deeper depravity. We shall only mention the last,—

‘*Le Puritain de Seine et Marne.*’—This *country puritan* is a miller, whose only daughter is seduced by a profligacy which we cannot hint at—but which is profusely detailed in the original—not by a man, but by a woman. The indignant father follows her to Paris, and drags her from her lodging in a ball dress, without hat or cloak, about eight o'clock one fine evening, across half the town and through the gay crowds of a fête at Mont Martre; at a little distance beyond which, he murders her with his own hand, and chucks the body into the rubbish of a neighbouring quarry, where some days after a *dog* finds—

> 'sticking out from a heap of filth—a human head—the flesh blue with putrefaction, but with a wreath of pearls in the hair!'

Our readers will not be surprised that after this publication the author should have dropped a fictitious name connected with such horrors; but the subsequent works of Michel Masson prove that the cause of the change was assuredly not any remorse for the atrocities of *Michel Raymond*.

He boldly adopts and continues Raymond's *Contes de l'Attelier—Tales of the Workshop*. Why the author should have chosen this title we do not see; there are but two out of eleven which have any relation to the life of artisans, and all are of the same style and character as those we have already noticed—*facies omnibus una*—as our readers will see by the slight sketch we shall give of two or three of them.

La Femme du Réfractaire—The Deserter's Wife—opens with a murder. The plot (in which the deserter and his wife are innocent and subordinate agents) turns on an adultery; it concludes as happily as possible—by the adulterer's making an excellent match—the adulteress's repenting *when she has been abandoned*—and all parties being satisfied—except, we suppose, the wife and children of the poor man murdered in the outset.

La Mère—is a prostitute and keeper of a brothel, who gives her illegitimate daughter an honest education in a boarding-school, which brings about her marriage with a respectable young gentleman. The earlier part of the story is given to details of low profligacy—the latter to a tissue of falsehoods and fraud, by which the mother endeavours to conceal from the family of her daughter's husband her own early character and her subsequent profession. At the end she dies, and her children erect her a monument, with this touching inscription—

> '*Ici repose une* Bonne Mère.'

The only *Christian* to be found in all these publications is, we have seen, a promiscuous adulteress—the only *good mother* recorded is the *keeper of a brothel!*

La Complainte has little indecency, but is, perhaps, more shocking from a mixture of levity and horror. The celebrated bear of the *Jardin des Plantes* dies. A bookseller, a kind of Parisian Curl—of whom there are but too many—imagines that a '*complainte*,' *a lament*, on the bear might be made the vehicle of some personal satire against the court, the chief personages of which might each be supposed to sing a little comic elegy on the defunct animal. This design he proposes to a young man of letters, a relation to his own; but though he is starving with an unfortunate girl, whom he keeps, he is too high-minded to prostitute his *muse*, and rejects the proffered reward with indignation. Within twenty-four hours, however, the poor girl dies of disease and famine, and with her last breath requests her lover to give her a decent interment. Alas! he has not the means. While he sits, in the dimness of night, in the room with the corpse, ruminating on his penury, he recollects the bookseller's offer, seizes his pen, clears his throat, and, in a kind of frenzy, sings and writes, all night long, the drollest couplets to the liveliest tunes! The story is not vigorously told, but this picture of *agony grinning* like a death's head is, to our feelings, inexpressibly shocking.

These specimens—which compose the whole of the first volume of the Tales of the Workshop—will, we presume, quite satisfy our readers. There is but one of them, we believe, that is not polluted by sensual descriptions, by adultery, or by murder; and some of them are a combination of all.

Michel Masson, besides continuing Raymond's Tales, has also published two or three separate novels—all in the same style. *Le Cœur d'une Jeune Fille* we feel ourselves obliged to notice for the peculiar profligacy which is promulgated under that title. It is composed of twenty-four *souvenirs—recollections of a young girl's* life, and related by her to a *man*:—We shall give the titles of some of these chapters:—

VI. Cécile la Boudeuse—*Sullen Cécile.*
XVII. Toute la Lie—*The very Dregs.*
XVIII. L'Egide—*The Ægis.*
XX. Le Baiser qui fait froid—*The Freezing Kiss.*

Of two only of these chapters can we venture to give any idea. *Sullen Cécile* is a friend of the heroine's, who has obtained this epithet from her unusal gravity. The cause, however, was quite as unusual as the gravity—she was pining with a passion, which ends in a *most happy marriage with her own father*—that is, with him whom the law and the world considered as her father; but the gentleman had, it seems, good reason to think that *Cécile*, though his wife's child and born in wedlock, was not really his, but the fruit of adultery; and so, at the end of eighteen years, he announces his discovery, *divorces his wife*, and *marries the daughter!*—

The Ægis is a little incident in the life of the heroine herself—so incredibly indelicate and absurd, that it excites equal disgust and contempt for the author who could invent such abominable trash. The young girl had, it seems, consented to give *one* of her lovers (she having *three* at the moment) a nocturnal interview. She was not insensible, however, of her danger, and had the precaution to arm herself with an *ægis*—prudence?—honour?—modesty?—no; but she must tell it in her own words. She describes her

> '—délicieux costume qui me rendait vraiment jolie—ma robe—ma ceinture—ma collerette—tout était ravissant de fraicheur; et puis le *dernier vêtement*—celui que des yeux *profanes* ne sauraient voir, mais *qui ne se cache pas aux regards d'un epoux*—celui là dis-je aussi éclatant de blancheur que le reste de ma toillette, je venais de la quitter pour le remplacer par un autre que j'avais été prendre dans l'ar-

> *moire au linge de la semaine passée.* "*Tu* me défendras!" dis-je en m'en emparant. Et je le salis encore en le frottant sur le parquet de la chambre. Ainsi, en garde contre moi-meme, je partis enfin pour aller trouver Paul.'

This *ægis* from the press of *dirty clothes* inspired her, she adds, with a 'sentiment de résistance que j'aurai *en vain attendu de ma sagesse.*' After this our readers will wonder what the contents must be of that other chapter which the writer modestly entitles '*the very Dregs.*'

We now arrive at an author, from a variety of circumstances the most remarkable of all. Not less clever than Balsac, nor less wicked than Raymond, George Sand—by the union of impassioned rhetorick and sensual ideas—carries to its most pernicious excess this species of demoralizing novel. But how much is our surprise and disgust increased, when we find that George Sand is a pseudonyme, and that these lascivious tales—disgusting enough if written by a *man*, however young, or however vicious—are really the productions of a *woman*—a lady—a lady, if not of rank, at least of title—of *Madame La Baronne du Devant!** This, even in times which have seen the Memoirs of Madame de St. Elme and the Duchess of Abrantes, is astonishing.

It is not without difficulty that we can separate a *man* from his *works*; but undoubtedly when men write for the *publisher*, they do sometimes put off their natural character. We have read of

> 'The best good man with the worst-natured muse;'

Victor Hugo may never have seen the guillotine; *Balsac* may be a man of good manners and innocent conversation; and *Michel Masson's* greatest pleasure may be to walk out every fine evening in the monotonous gardens of the Luxembourg with his wife and children. All this is possible; and male authors, like males of every other profession, have a kind of licence to wear disguises, which has never been granted to the other sex.

> 'Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura *columbas*.'

It is the price that the fair sex pays for the universal protection and deference which they receive, *in* all ranks and *from* all ranks, that they should possess the appearance, at least, of those gentler qualities upon which that protection and deference are founded. When they lose the one they forfeit the other, and they descend, not merely to *our* level, but below it. Young says, in one of those moral epigrams which sparkle throughout his too much neglected volumes—

> 'A shameless woman is the worst of men;'

and we, therefore, feel that we are entitled to examine *Madame du Devant* and her books, not merely with critical, but with personal severity; for, as the anomaly and mischief of a licentious publication by a *woman* is so much more impudent and odious than a similar offence in a man, so the natural rights of society would justify a severer chastisement. But we have no intention to insist upon the right—Madame du Devant has herself admitted the principle we advance, by thinking it expedient to blazon on her title-pages a masculine pseudonyme—and we are content to except that *amende*—(worthless as, in reason, we feel it to be)—and to consider the works without reference to the deep and important distinctions which might justly be made in reference to the *sex* of the writer.

But the choice of the pseudonyme itself is not unimportant, and deserves a passing observation.—George Sand! *A German* name can hardly have been chosen at random by a *French* writer. Why, then, *Sand?* In honour, we believe, or, at least, in remembrance of *Sand*, that young German fanatic, who, in the year 1819, astounded the world with that practical scene of enthusiastic and bloody romance—the assassination of Kotzebue. If this name was assumed as an indication of the character of the author's works, it was, to a certain degree, well chosen; but though the name of Sand is in harmony with many of these blood-stained pages, it affords no promise of the lascivious scenes, which are still more frequent. We have had, and we still have, some conscientious doubts whether we should mention this author at all, but we have been determined to do so by having found *his* works in our London circulating libraries. Whether we shall have sufficient influence to put them into the *Index Expurgatorius* we know not; but at least we may be permitted to mention in *Albemarle Street*, what is sold and circulated in *Piccadilly* and *Bond Street*.

Madame du Devant—for, although we decline taking severer measures, we must at least condemn her as the parliament of Paris did the Chevalier d'Eon, to wear her petticoats—Madame du Devant, we say, is a closer follower of Rousseau than any of the writers we have been mentioning. *They* have adopted the principles of the *school*—*she* mimics the very gait and manners of the *master*. The majority of her novels are founded on a single plot—the plot of the *Héloïse*—*an ill-sorted marriage and an adulterous amour;* and the very unequal conflict between duty and passion is conducted in a *burning* style, both of sentiment and language, obviously kindled at the guilty flame of *Julie* and *St. Preux*. But she has in some respects gone far beyond her model. Rousseau never ventures to exhibit the actual scene of guilt, however vividly he paints its preliminaries and consequences. Madame du Devant has no such scruples. Rousseau, moreover, in the note which he adds to the conclusion of the *Héloïse*, adduces, as a kind of palliation of the immorality of his story, that at least, it is not aggravated by the addition of '*noirceurs*,' '*crimes*,' '*horreurs*;' and he expresses a contemptuous pity for both the heads and hearts of the authors who deal in such deplorable dramas. But Madame du Devant has not only repeated the main incident of the *Héloïse* in several different novels, but finding, we suppose, that frequent repetition deprives ever adultery of its zest, she thinks it necessary to stimulate the palling appetite of her readers with '*noirceurs, crimes, et horreurs,*' beyond what even the corrupt head, or still more corrupt heart, of Rousseau could have imagined.

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* 'We find the lady so designated, though we confess ourselves at a loss to guess where the Barony du Devant may be. We should like to see the *armoiries* of this singular title.

In the first of her novels, *Indiana*—it happens, by a combination of *accidents*—that the guilt of the wife is not complete;—but the devil loses nothing by the interruption. The successive scenes of seduction are given in all their most passionate details, and *Indiana* is, on the whole, more *debased* than she would have been by the early accomplishment of her guilty desires. And there is an under-plot of the seduction (followed by a shocking suicide) of Indiana's humble companion by the same gallant who perverts and abandons the lady herself. The story is not fuller of wickednesss than of absurdities, and the *denouement* is quite in character. Indiana, having lost her husband by death, and her lover by infidelity, resolves to commit suicide; but is persuaded by a stupid cousin, who accompanies her throughout the novel with a *brotherly* attachment, not to do it in Europe, but to go all the way to the Isle of France, in the East Indian seas, where the act may be romantically executed by tumbling down a certain precipice, with which, in the days of their infancy, these two cousins, both natives of that island, had been acquainted; and the '*petit cousin*' promises that if the disconsolate beauty will adopt this very reasonable suggestion, he, on his part, will be so obliging as to accompany her to the island, and even engages to *partake the suicide.* So generous an offer is irresistible; they sail for the Isle of France—they arrive—they take a considerable time to refresh themselves after their long voyage, and to prepare themselves for a longer. At last one night, when all is ready, they retire to the mountains, they approach the precipice—they contemplate from the cliff the boiling torrent into which they are to throw themselves—they find it in all respects an unexceptionably convenient place for their purpose—they take a last embrace—advance hand in hand to the edge of the precipice—pause for a moment to admire the moon—sit down to wait till a cloud shall come to veil their fatal deed in congenial obscurity—but they tarry rather too long, and begin to hesitate. The next morning finds them still alive, seated on the rock; and the next evening finds them—more comfortably, but less romantically—*in bed together*, without any preliminary interference of either priest or magistrate.

In *Valentine*, M. Le Comte de Raimbault has two daughters, Louise, and Valentine—Louise, poor young lady, has had a—*misfortune!* for which her father—instigated by her step-mother—not only turns her out of doors, but shoots the seducer through the head—a vengeance which the author makes still more natural by informing us that the deceased was the gallant not only of the daughter, but of the wife of the count. The count soon followed his antagonist to the other world, and his widow and her daughter *Valentine* come to inhabit the chateau de Raimbault. In the mean while Louise, having put the fruit of her *misfortune*—a fine little boy—to school, comes to reside *incognita* amidst the scenes of her youth, and lodges at the cottage of a peasant close to the park of Raimbault. Here, however, though she conceals herself from every one else, she makes herself known to her sister Valentine, who visits her in secret, and by this intercourse becomes acquainted with a young *peasant* called Benedict. This youth, after having been in love with, and rejected by Louise, raises his eyes to Mademoiselle Valentine, who condescends to accept his respectful devotion, and rewards him at parting one evening with a chaste salute. But this little *amourette* does not prevent Valentine, who is a model of good sense and amiability, from consenting to marry M. de Lansac, a young gentleman of rank and fortune chosen for her by her mother, and at first very readily accepted by herself. The day before the ceremony, however, the bride receives a letter from her humble friend Benedict, imploring her by the remembrance of the chaste kiss before mentioned, to meet him in a corner of the park. Valentine, '*dans l'* INNOCENCE *et la* PURETÉ *d'un premier amour,*' resolves to comply with this reasonable request, though she does not conceal from herself—the *danger?* the *crime?*—no, no—only the *difficulty* of escaping, on the very eve of her wedding, from the eyes of the family and the attentions of a young and ardent bridegroom. She manages, however, by a dexterous lie which she dictates to her old nurse, to steal away to the rendezvous, where she spends two hours with Benedict; but although '*ils ne cherchèrent point à se soustraire au danger des plus ardentes émotions, l'honneur de Valentine était en sureté dans le sein de Bénédict.*' This was lucky, and the marriage ceremony with M. de Lansac was solemnized next day. But on the evening of that happy day, poor M. de Lansac was reduced to stroll about the gardens during the first part of the night, and to repose in his *bachelor's* bed during the latter—for Valentine had *bolted her door:* but—*on ne s'avise jamais de tout*—she had forgotten to bolt her *window*, and through her window Benedict entered and passed the night in her chamber, but—what harm? '*Les* ANGES,' Madame du Devant assures us, '*sont* MOINS *purs que le cœer d'un jeune homme de vingt ans lorsqu'il aime! avec passion.*' We don't pretend to know much of angels;—all we know is, that the pages in which Madame du Devant describes the scenes of this night are not quite *pure* enough to enable us to say any more than that a fortunate dose of opium (why taken we cannot guess) rendered Valentine an almost unconscious witness of the innocent transports of the seraphic Benedict.

Valentine is now in a strange dilemma; but she exhibits at once that combination of *prudence and purity* with which the author has so bounteously endowed her; she bolts *both the window and the door*, and will not commit an infidelity either to her husband or her seraph.—At last, however, both the one and the other grow weary; the husband is ordered away on a diplomatic mission, and Benedict endeavours to blow out his brains in the very corner of the park where he had been '*le plus timide des amans,* *et le plus heureux des hommes.*' He recovers of his wounds in the head, but, alas! those in the heart are every hour more inflamed, and after a long series of increasing compliances and diminishing resistances on the part of Madame de Lansac, their guilt is complete. Then comes the final account. M. de Lansac is killed in a duel. Benedict, in a day or two after this good news arrives, is killed by a farmer, who sees him getting in at the window of his wife, who had lent her room to Valentine. Valentine survives him but a week; and the farmer having got drunk one night to drown his remorse for his mistake, makes unhappily another mistake, and drowns himself. This amiable picture would not be complete if we did not add Madame du Devant's account of the death-bed of Valentine, the disobedient daughter—the intriguing girl—the guilty wife—the cause of all this murder and suicide!

'*Valentine mourut huit jours après.* LA RELIGION—['tis the only place in the book where the idea occurs, except to be scoffed at]—*versa quelque baume sur ses derniers instans; et la tendresse de Louise* (the *misfortunate* sister) *adoucit ce rude passage de la terre* AU CIEL!!!'

We proceed without comment to another story. *Jacques*, a distinguished officer, of 35, marries *Fernande* de Theursan, of 17. With the exception of the difference of age, no marriage could be made under happier auspices. Fernande adores and admires her husband; he is a man of her own choice; and indeed his fortune, his reputation, his person, his manners, his talents, and, above all, his goodness and generosity, all do honour to her taste, and promise the happiest futurity. But there can be no happiness—at least, no innocent happiness—for any of the children of Madame du Devant's brain. M. Jacques has a sister to whom one M. Octave is paying his addresses. We see not very clearly why Octave should be obliged to employ Madame Jacques to intercede for him with her sister-in-law, but so it is, and what begins by a mediation ends in adultery. Octave is faithless to his mistress and Fernande to her husband. Jacques is very much discomposed at this ingratitude in his wife and his friend; but he still loves her so much as to desire her happiness beyond his own, and with a magnanimity which cannot be sufficiently admired, commits suicide—not in jealousy or anger—but with calm and considerate benevolence, in order that his dear *Fernande* may be at liberty to become the wife of her beloved *Octave.*

André is an interesting and comparatively blameless story of the loves of the son of a country gentleman with a poor little orphan dress-maker of a neighbouring town. They are both amiable and virtuous, but the youth is of a timid and wavering temper, and cannot find courage either to offend his father by making so unequal a match, or to sacrifice his own feelings by breaking it off. The course of the story appears to tend naturally to an innocent and happy *denouement*, but the author—as if she delighted in guilt and blood—makes the interesting young creature forfeit her honour—(though she is married in the next page, and the error does not help the story in any way)—and subsequently kills her by killing the unborn child with which she was about to present her *husband*, at the moment when there was a likelihood of a reconciliation with his father.

But if this story is comparatively innocent, it is coupled in the same *livraison* with one of the author's worst productions—the biography of a kept woman (a young *Flamande* of good family and fortune) and her first seducer, an Italian swindler, of the name of *Leone Leoni.* The whole volume is a succession of knavery—treachery—profligacy—adultery—poison—murder. We cannot tell whether it was accident or design that has coupled these two tales in one *livraison*; we can only say that our surprise was great to find that of the two volumes issued under the title of *André*, the second turned out to be this infamous history of *Leone Leoni.*

We cannot spare room for any details of *Le Secretaire Intime, Rose et Blanche, Metella, La Marquise, Lavina*, which Madame du Devant has poured out with such a baneful fecundity; but we cannot refrain from distinguishing from the impure crowd the revolting romance of *Lelia*, of which the heroines—high-born and wealthy heroines, be it observed—are not merely *prostitutes*, but *monsters*—the men, convicts, maniacs, and murderers—the incidents, such as never before were printed in any book publicly sold—and the work altogether such as in any country in the world but France would be burned by the hangman. As it would be impossible—morally impossible—to give our readers any analysis of this vague and vicious production, we hope we shall be excused for laying before them some short samples of the sentiments:—

'*J'ètais prêtre*'—says a monk in love with a loose blue-stocking—'*Je connaissais les choses de la terre et du* CIEL—*Je voyais Lélia* telle qu'elle est sorti du sein de DIEU: *beautè, c'est à dire* tentation; *espoir, c'est à dire* épreuve; *bienfait, c'est à dire* mensonge. *Lèlia—Lèlia, ton nom ne s'est-il pas melé sur mes lèvres aux noms* sacrés *de la* Vièrge *et des* anges? *Ne t'ai-je pas placée dans* le ciel *au còtè de* Dieu *même?*'

'*L'union de l'homme à la femme devrait etre* passagère dans les desseins de la Providence: tout s'oppose à leur association, et le changement est une nécessité de leur nature.'

'*Eh bien* (says Pulcherie, the bolder Messalina of the two equally profligate heroines, to her sister Lelia) *puisque vous ne pouvez pas vous faire religieuse, faites vous courtisanne. Avec quoi? dit Lélia d'un air égaré.* Je n'ai pas de sens.'

'*Il t'en viendra, dit Pulchérie en souriant.*'—

'*Il y a un refuge contre les hommes—c'est le suicide: il y a un refuge contre Dieu—c'est* le néant!'

'Dieu *te gardait, ame inviolable et sainte! Nulle orgie, nulle femme amoureuse—nulle amitié t'a possédée—tu es restèe* VIERGE *dans un corps* PROSTITUE *à toutes les débauches!*'

These we solemnly assure our readers, are innocent common-places of morality compared with passages which swarm in every page, but which we trembled and shuddered to read, and which we dare not copy.

And here we gladly close our notice of the individual works. We have said nothing of the tribe of imitators who propagate, with less talent and in obscurer circles, the principles of Balsac, Michel Raymond, and George Sand. Contemptible as writers, they are by no means contemptible as instruments of national corruption; but being obliged by our limits to make a selection, we have taken our examples from those writers who are universally, and without dispute, admitted to be the first novelists of France, and the truest painters of her manners and her morals.

There are some authors of better reputation and less fame, such as MM. De Vigny, Janin, Sue—Mesdames Girardin, Gay, &c.; but they are more like novelists of the old school, and their works have no other connexion with our present inquiry than to prove, by their comparative inferiority of circulation and popularity, the real depravation of the public taste, and we must add of public morals, and consequently of public safety.

When we confess ourselves equally astonished and alarmed at this deluge of impurity, obscenity and impiety, we are not, we believe, disturbed by trifling or imaginary dangers: at least none of the ostentatious friends of the unbounded liberty of the press,—none of the political party to which the authors of most, if not all of those works confessedly belong,—none of those who attest that *Opinion is the queen of the world*, and the printing press her *first minister*,—can deny the intimate, the *vital* connexion of popular literature with popular character, whether popular literature be looked upon as an index of the popular character as it exists,—or as an instrument by which popular character may be made,—or, in its broader and truer light, of both index and instrument.

But if any one could be found bold enough to deny the *theory* of these propositions, we have unfortunately a superabundance of *facts* to establish their practical truth. We have upon our table before us upwards of one hundred novels of this class published within the last five years, and we could have, we believe, increased the number two or three fold; and there is not in that number half a dozen—absolutely, we believe not six,—in which a lapse of female chastity is not the main incident; there are not ten in which that lapse is not adulterous;—in not a few it is accompanied by incest or other unnatural profligacies; and in a majority it is attended by suicide and murder.

Is the evidence they give of the state of society false?—then their effect must be to poison minds now innocent.

Is their evidence true?—then our worst apprehensions are realized.

Take it which way you will, the evil is flagrant, the danger imminent. We have heard of moral phenomena, but here we have a record of *immoral* phenomena, which we think must startle the steadiest eye and the firmest heart. But it is not by our feeble commentary, by *our* antiquated apprehensions, by *our* illiberality, *our* pedantry, *our* bigotry, or by whatever name our feelings may be ridiculed, that we wish this great question to be judged.

Let us look at the confession of the very doctors of the new school. 'I have shown,' says M. de Balsac, not in a novel, but in what he denominates a philosophical and physiological essay on Marriage,—that great and substantial bond of human society and happiness,—

> 'I have shown—*that it is almost impossible for a married woman to preserve her virtue in France*—qu'il est presque *impossible* à une *femme mariée* de rester *vertueuse en France*.'

> 'A law of marriage,' says Madame du Devant, 'which should endeavour to combine morality with love, is as mad, as impotent to restrain passion, as *derisory before God*, as the *social marriage* of the present times is *before man*.'

And again:—

> 'No *theory* should be absolutely rejected; and I therefore will admit *that* of conjugal fidelity,—but only as a case of *exception* to the general rule: the *majority of the world has other wants!*'

God forbid that we should give implicit credit to such statements. We are satisfied that they are the exaggeration of writers, who, to justify their own views, have an interest in overcharging, when they do not altogether misrepresent, the real state of society; but, on the other hand, we are equally convinced that the misrepresentation is only *in degree*; and that shrewd and anxious candidates for public favour would neither give utterance to such opinions, nor make them the basis of works on which depend their fortune and their fame, if they were not assured that both the opinions and the pictures have *enough of truth* to render them palatable and popular with the public: and even if it could be argued that the public with whom such works could be palatable and popular were not already deeply corrupted, it must, we think, be admitted that they could not fail, under such a regimen, soon to become so. Let us hear what the great oracle Rousseau says—and M. Balsac tells us that Rousseau is the highest authority upon what he calls *moral* and we call *immoral* questions. Rousseau, in his preface to the *Héloïse* sets out by confessing frankly that this species of romance is 'a necessary of life in a corrupted state of society,'—and from this it follows, as a corollary, that an enormous supply of this necessary article infers an enormous extent of corruption to absorb it. This indicates his opinion as to the *cause* of these works—now let us look to his opinion as to their *consequences*: 'The *style* of my work,' he says, 'will offend people of taste,—the *matter* will alarm the decent, and scandalize *women* of virtue, but as to a *girl's* reading it!—*she who shall dare to read a single page is lost for ever*.' Now the work which Rousseau himself thus candidly denounces would appear, we hesitate not to affirm, innocent, innocuous, blameless, when compared with the gross scenes, the inflammatory language, the filthy details of *every species* of sensual profligacy which these novels exhibit, and we adopt with great sincerity Rousseau's opinion, that she who *dares to read a single page* of the hundred thousand licentious pages with which the last five years have inundated society, is *lost for ever*.

But these, it may be said, are only *reasonings*. Let us come, then, to *facts*,—let us look at the records of the French press, and at the evidence of their courts of justice. Let us open any file of French newspapers, and we shall find in almost every page a tragedy of *real life*, generally equalling, and often exceeding the most profligate and bloody of the pictures of the novelists.

Passing the autumn of 1834 in the country, we happened to be struck with the number of suicides and other tragical events which were reported in one or two of the French journals which reached us—the *Gazette de France* and the *Tribune*. At first we only wondered,—at last they become so frequent and so atrocious that we began to cut out the paragraphs,—we unluckily did not keep the exact dates of all our extracts, but we have the dates of SIXTY-FIVE suicides in the month of *October* alone. We subjoin some particulars, and first some extracts from the Paris and provincial papers, to show the universality of the evil.—

'*Paris*.—The mania of suicide has reached all classes of society.'

'*St. Omer* (*North* of France.)—The mania of suicide continues to make daily progress.'

'*Lyons* (*East*).—We have to report another suicide—a scourge which now invades all classes.'

'*Elbœuf* (*West*).—Another suicide to add to the number reported every day.'

'*Auck* (*South*).—The fearful disease of suicide continues to ravage the whole of France.'

'*Orleans* (*Centre*).—We have to report another suicide—a frenzy which invades all classes of society.'

We shall now state the number of suicides reported in *one week*, of which we happen to have kept notes:—

Oct. 22.—Five suicides.
„ 23.—Four suicides.
„ 24.—One suicide.
„ 25.—Two suicides.
Oct. 26.—Three suicides.
„ 27.—Two suicides.
„ 28.—Six suicides.

and this in two papers alone. In the whole month we find in our note-book, as we have said, of exactly *dated* cases above SIXTY. Between the end of September and the beginning December, we have no less than ONE HUNDRED AND TEN. We shall now give a few of the cases in detail:

'Euphrosine Lemoine was the daughter of a bourgeois of the Faubourg St. Antoine. She loved, and had admitted to secret interviews, a young cabinet-maker of the neighbourhood; her parents, however, had long intended her to marry Mr. B——, a man of some property. She reluctantly consented—pronounced the *fatal yes*, [we translate, whenever we can, the exact words of our original,] and the young man prudently left Paris for some years. In 1834 he yielded to the desire of once more seeing her he had loved—they met—and the husband was dishonoured. This was followed by an elopement; but the husband, who still loved his wife, in spite of her crimes, discovered her retreat, and by the intervention of friends and *of the police*, a reconciliation was effected: in vain; they again eloped—but only to perish together, and they were found, eight days after dead, locked in each other's arms, in a miserable apartment they had hired for the purpose. Before the suicide, one of them had sketched with coal on the wall of their retreat, *two flaming hearts*, and beneath this inscription, "*They had sworn eternal love, and death, terrible death, shall find them united.*'"

This morning a boatman discovered, in the Seine, a mass which the stream seemed to roll along with difficulty; he found it was two bodies, a young woman about twenty, tastefully dressed, and a young man in the uniform of the 8th Hussars; the left hand and foot of one victim were laid to the right hand and foot of the other; a bit of paper, carefully wrapped up in parchment, to preserve it from the water, told their names and their motives:

'"*O you, whoever you may be, compassionate souls, who shall find these two bodies united, know that we loved each other with the most ardent affection, and that we have perished together, that we may be eternally united. Know, compassionate souls, that our last desire is, that you should place us, united as we are, in the same grave. Man should not separate those whom death has joined.*

(Signed) '"FLORINE. GOYON."

'Some evenings since a light was observed in the church at Rueil. This singular appearance occasioned a search; on the approach of the authorities the light was extinguished, but a woman's stays were found on the pavement. The beadle of the church was met, apparently much agitated. On a further search, the proprietress of the stays was found concealed in a press under the *draps mortuaires* (the parish pall.) The unhappy man, on the detection of his profanation, drowned himself in the river, where his body has since been found.'

'M. Malglaive, a half-pay officer, lately employed in a public office, had suffered some unexpected pecuniary losses. Last Saturday one of his friends received a note from M. Malglaive, by the twopenny post, requesting him to call at his lodgings, where he would find a packet addressed to him. On proceeding there and opening the packet, he found a letter in these words:

'"*When you shall have received this letter, my poor Eleanore and I will be no more. Be so good as to have our door opened; you will find our eyes closed for ever. We are weary of misfortunes, and don't see how we can do better than end them. Satisfied of the courage and attachment of my excellent wife, I was certain that she would adopt my views, and take her share in my design.*"

'These young people, for the husband was but thirty-four and the wife twenty-eight, had taken the most minute precautions to render the effect of the fumes of charcoal—the mode of death they had chosen—certain: but a brace of loaded pistols was placed on the night-table, to be used if the charcoal had failed.'

'Two young people—Auguste, aged 26, and Henriette, aged 18—had long loved each other, but the parents of the girl would not consent to the match. In this difficulty the young man wrote to Henriette—"*Men are inexorable; well, let us set them at defiance. God is all powerful: our marriage shall be celebrated in his presence, and to-morrow, if you love me, we will write, in our blood and at the foot of the Cross, our marriage vow.*"

'This proposition turned the weak girl's head, and she consented. They proceeded one night last week to a field near St. Denis, where there was a Cross; on their way they made incisions in the arms of both, to procure the blood in which the following *acte de marriage* was written:

'" *Great God, who governs the destinies of mankind, take us under thy holy protection! As man will not unite us, we come on our knees to implore thy sanction to our indissoluble union. O God, take pity on two of thy poor children! Assemble all thy heavenly choir, that on so happy a day they may partake our transports, and be witnesses of the holy joy that shines in our hearts. O God! O ye Angels of Heaven and Saints of Paradise! look down upon a happiness which even the blessed may envy.*

'" *And you, shades of our parents, come to this affecting ceremony; come and give us your appobation and your blessing. It is in the presence of you all that we—Pierre Auguste and Marie Henriette—swear to belong to each other, and to each other only, and to be faithful to each other to the hour of dissolution; yes, we swear it; we swear it with one voice. You are our witnesses, and we are united for life and for death.*

'" (*Signed in letters of blood*)

"Pierre Auguste.
"Marie Henriette."

'The very day after this visionary marriage, it was dissolved by the suicide of the unfortunate Henriette. The moment her fault had become irreparable, her betrayer abandoned her; and the poor creature threw herself into the Seine. On her body was found the foregoing singular *acte de marriage*, to which she had subjoined with a feeble hand the following note:—

'" *He has dishonoured me—the monster! He deceived me by pretences which went to my heart; but it is he who is to be pitied—wretch that he is!*" '

The morbid fancy of Madame du Devant could hardly have woven a more horrible tragedy. We know not whether the following paragraph, which appeared a few days after the foregoing, relates to the same melancholy affair; it is very probable:—

'Yesterday a young man of the name of *Auguste*, about twenty-five years of age, committed suicide, by throwing himself naked from the fifth story of a house in the Rue Neuve Saint Marc. He was a waiter in the gambling-house called Frescati.'

'We announced a few days since the death of the Count de Clermont Ferrand, who died by his own hands on the very day of his wedding. The facts are as follow:—M. de Clermont Ferrand, aged twenty-five, had become attached to a young person, whom he wished to marry against the wishes of his family: but his mother, who had great influence over him, prevailed on him to break off that connexion and to consent to a union with a young lady, beautiful, accomplished, wealthy, and with whom he had been long acquainted. To make this match still more suitable, and to reward him for his compliance with her wishes, his mother settled on him a larger portion of her fortune than he could have expected. The day appointed for the marriage arrived. During the ceremony, M. de Clermont was calm, but on pronouncing the *fatal yes*, he turned pale and was near fainting; but he soon recovered himself, and endeavoured by his attentions to his bride to dissipate this little cloud. But he had scarcely returned to his mansion, when he shut himself up in his closet and stabbed himself repeatedly. A servant who, observing his being ill during the ceremony, had followed him, saw him fall, and called for assistance; it was too late—he died early that same afternoon, requesting with his last breath that the nature of his death should be concealed from his mother.'

'A fresh suicide has recently occurred near Paris. Madame de F—— has killed herself in the park of her own chateau, with *her own* fowling-piece, which she took out on pretence of *going shooting, as she was in the habit of doing.* She loaded it with six balls, and placing the muzzle to her breast, discharged it. The only cause assigned is the vexation she and M. de F—— felt at her having no children to inherit their large fortune.'

'A young woman, of a highly honourable commercial family, has just put an end to herself, overwhelmed with the idea of having forfeited the esteem of her husband. *Rosalie* had from her youth been destined to be the wife of M. C———, a gentleman of her own station in life. The union, though not distinguished by any transports of love, was soberly and rationally happy, and they had two children.

'Unfortunately, Madame C—— was obliged by affairs of business to go into the country, while her husband remained at Paris. During this absence, she appears to have formed a guilty passion (the circumstances of which have not been revealed); but on her return home, the remorse of her conscience so preyed upon her spirits as to be at last insupportable, and after a long and painful struggle she resolved upon suicide. She had often resisted and overcome the fatal temptation, but last Sunday it overcame her. Just before the fatal act, she wrote a letter to her sisters [of which we can only spare room for the most striking passages]:—

'" *I have resolved to terminate my existence to day; but I have not had during the whole morning resolution* to leave my poor little children, *who are unconscious of their mother's agony........ Forgive, my dear sister, the grief that my death is about to cause you. If my excellent husband has offended you, forgive him........ If I had appreciated his worth, I should not be the wretch I am; my negligence towards him began my misfortune, but I had nothing to reproach myself with till my fatal journey to Sarcelles—that journey was my ruin!.... ... If I had your virtues, I should have been the happiest of women, but I allowed myself to be bewildered by a sentiment which I had not before known, and in my culpable frenzy I was guilty before I intended it. .... O my God! may my repentance be accepted, and may thy goodness inspire my husband with a peculiar—an exalted degree of parental affection for those unhappy and innocent children. Protect them, Oh my God, and grant that they may not curse the memory of their unhappy mother, who was guilty without intending it.*

'" *And you, O my dearest Louis, forgive your wretched wife, who offers you this her last farewell.*"

'One may judge the consternation which this affecting letter spread in the family. The sister, on receiving the letter, hastened with Dr. Bouillet to Mr. C.——'s house—it was too late—they found the poor woman in the last agonies of death, while *her little children were playing about the adjoining room* at the little sports of their age.'

Here we must stop, because we have exhausted—not our matter, but—the space we can allow to this branch of the subject. The instances we have given are translated verbatim (except some abridgment)—we have not added a single circumstance to heighten the effect, and the only selection we made was to take, as our notes offered them, those cases in which the motives of the suicides happened to be best ascertained.—There are twenty others, for which we cannot find room, of the same circumstantial character, and what will no doubt serve to concentrate the horror that this detail must excite, we believe we may venture to say (although unluckily we have not the exact date of all our extracts) that every one that we have quoted appeared in the single month of *October*, 1834. The whole *one hundred and ten* cases of suicide, with a proportional collection of assassinations and murders, occur, as we have said, in the course of that single autumn; and we have no reason to suppose that any other equal period would have been less fruitful in such deplorable events. And finally, it is remarkable that the instances that have thus, almost fortuitously, presented themselves embrace all classes of society, from the *count in chateau* to the waiter in the gambling house—from the daughter of a peer of France to the poor little sempstress of the Faubourg.

We shall be told, perhaps, that such crimes are of all ages and nations, and reminded that—*quis tulerit Gracchos*—it does not become Englishmen to complain of *suicide*. It is true that such crimes are of all times and countries, but the present question is as to the *degree* in which they may exist—whether they are rare or frequent—whether they are increasing or diminishing under a particular regimen. Disease and death are common to all men; but that is no answer to those who would inquire into the causes or remedies of a particular contagion. If France, which in *the last century* was in a condition to reproach us with the frequency of suicides, has has for the last forty years outstripped us in the race of death, and if, of those forty years, the last five or six have ben marked, out of all proportion, with this crime, it becomes us to look about for the causes of the growing evil, which is not merely an evil in itself, but the index also and measure of the growth of so many other crimes. And can any one have read the sketches we have given of French novels, and the instances we have produced of French morals, without seeing that they are not only of one country, but of one family; and that the novels, in fact, present, upon the whole, the less unfavourable view of the state of French society?

But it is not on mere incidents of this nature only that our alarms are grounded. We will not here repeat what we formerly said on the subject of the *drama*—though that is, and must be, a most important consideration;—but we will take a more solemn and indisputable criterion—the proceedings in the courts of law. It is but too true that France has always had a large proportion of *Causes célèbres*—but we believe we may safely assert that there have been more trials for flagitious offences within the last six years than had disgraced the whole century preceding the tragedy of Louis XVI.

We shall not now allude to the recent *political* trials—though they are the first-born and legitimate children of the Lafitte Revolution, and are only equalled in number by the countless prosecutions of the Reign of Terror. Our present object is with the trials only that reveal the *moral* aspect of the times. The field is so wide, that to examine it as it really deserves would occupy our whole Number; all we can do is to quote a few in which the principles which pervade the novels we have been examining appear to exhibit themselves; and we shall confine our notice to very recent instances. If we were to embrace four or five years, we should fill a volume—we have not room for even four or five months.

In the course of last autumn, a lady of some landed property, of the name of Vinette, had occasion to express some disapprobation of the peasant or farmer who managed her estate of La Vincée, on the banks of the Loire. Much after the manner of *Valentine de Lansac*, this Mademoiselle Vinette had admitted this peasant—named not *Benedict*, but *Brochard*—to the last familiarities; but if this case is not quite so bad as the novel, seeing that Mademoiselle Vinet was unmarried, it is worse on the other side, for Brochard had a wife and three children. In consequence of the quarrel we have mentioned, Brochard returned that afternoon to his lady's room and murdered her with a log of wood, but not before she had made so much noise as to alarm his wife, who, looking out, saw him drawing something through the garden which looked like the body of his mistress. Terrified at this sight, which satisfied her of her husband's guilt and of her own misfortune as a wife and as a mother, she with her children escaped to her own relations.

In about two hours Brochard informed the neighbours that his mistress had disappeared—he went himself to invite the authorities to make inquiries on the spot. Nothing appeared—but the next day some one found buried on a spot of newly worked ground in the garden Mademoiselle Vinette's bonnet, and eventually, about five hundred paces off, the body. These circumstances were concealed from Brochard, who spent the whole day in the most active search—in sounding the wells and dragging the river—for his mistress. After they had allowed him to exhaust himself in his fruitless labours, they led him by the light of a lanthern to the spot where the body lay under a heap of leaves, and desired him—to *try there!*

There were found in Brochard's possession two papers purporting to be—the one a gift from Mademoiselle Vinette to Brochard of all her property at La Vincée,—the other a letter to her mother, begging her to take no further pains to discover what had become of her.

In the last summer, a surgeon of the name of Prosper Bancal was tried for the murder of Madame Priolland, a woman he had seduced from her husband—under most extraordinary circumstances, too long to be here repeated:—the main fact was clear and confessed—the woman had been murdered, and murdered by her paramour; but he pleaded that it was by her own consent—

that they were tired of life, and had determined to die together. His own wounds were slight, and there seemed abundant cause to suspect his defence; the jury, however, choose to believe that he had endeavoured to commit two murders though he had only succeeded in one, and they *therefore* acquitted him.

But may it not be remarked that this is an ill-chosen instance, for that the same thing happened recently in Jersey, and that not long since a tragedy of analogous nature occurred at Barnes in Surrey? 'Tis too true: yet instead of invalidating, these unhappy cases seem rather to support our opinion—in both these cases the seducers and accomplices in the death of the infatuated young women were—FRENCHMEN! In the Barnes case, the unhappy youth, who had been set at liberty, and who had gone back to his own country, could find no rest, and he returned, within a few weeks, and committed suicide on the grave of his victim.—The two following cases belong also to the return of 1835:—

> 'A very strange affair,—which, we cannot guess why, the Gazette des Tribunaux has not mentioned, is at this moment pending before the *Cour Royal*. It is the demand of a *personal* separation made by Madame Bertin de Vaux against her husband, eldest son of M. Bertin de Vaux, editor of the Journal des Débats (now a peer of France). We shall give hereafter the very *piquant* details of this affair.'

Which, however, we have not seen.

> 'A horrible crime has just transpired at Avesnes. A woman, whose equivocal conduct has often excited observation, and who had been suspected of pregnancy, though no child appeared, was, on a late pregnancy, narrowly watched, and her residence subsequently examined by the police. They found in the *chimney* of her bed-room *seven corpses of children smoked and dried*,—the remains of eleven which she had had all together.'

At the assizes in last November in Paris, a man of the name of Joseph David, thirty-eight years of age, was tried for the murder of the wife of his brother, Pierre Jacques David, a retired officer, a member of the legion of honour, and head of one of the branches of the Hôtel des Invalids, who had possessed interest enough to obtain for his unworthy brother a clerkship in his own department. This wrech had, it seems, endeavoured to seduce his sister-in-law, but not being able to succeed, (as seems proved, though the culprit himself alleged that *he had*,) he murdered the woman, but in such a way as to suggest a possibility of her death having been occasioned by suicide—which, with the allegation that its cause was the wife's criminality, was the prisoner's defence. This trial was rendered still more painful by the appearance, as witnesses in the prosecution, of the father of the two Davids, an old captain in the army, and of his grandson, the son of the victim and nephew of the culprit. He was found guilty, and after a long hesitation on the part of the government, lately executed.

On the 8th of December last, a butcher of the city of Marseilles, going early to his work, observed four men carrying a heavy *load*. The butcher, suspecting them to be thieves, let loose his dog, on whose approach the men dropped the load and made off, while the dog stood over it howling in the most lamentable manner. On examination the bundle was found to contain the body of one Arnaud, a kind of quack doctor, who was known in the city as the advocate for, and—when he could find patients sufficiently confident—practiser of, the process of the transfusion of blood. But the body exhibited the most extraordinary facts—the windpipe had been cut—the stomach opened in its whole length—the entrails all taken out, but replaced—the openings sewn up, and the body then carefully washed and dressed. Some witnesses affected to believe that the unhappy doctor had been made the victim of some of his patients, who had been practising on him his own art of transfusion of blood, and that opinion, strange to say, prevailed for some time; but on some subsequent incidents, the wife of Arnaud, with whom he had been on bad terms, and a man who had been the intimate friend of both parties, were arrested, and there seemed reason to suppose that the murder had been only an epilogue to an adultery. But the strange treatment of the body remains unexplained, and the French papers have been so engaged with the Fieschi trials, that they have not thought it worth while to finish this extraordinary story.

The next trial is a perfect modern romance. M. de Pontalba is one of the greatest proprietors of France. His son had been a page of Napoleon's, and afterwards a distinguished officer, aid-de-camp to Marshal Ney, and a protégé of the Duke of Elchingen. He married the daughter of Madame d'Almonaster, and for some time they lived happily: but on the death of her mother, Madame de Pontalba began to indulge in such extravagances that even the enormous fortune of the Pontalbas was unequal to it. This led to some remonstrance on the part of the husband; on the morning after which she disappeared from the hotel, and neither he nor her children had any clue to her retreat. At last, after an interval of some months, arrives a letter from her to her husband, dated New Orleans, in which she announces that she means to apply for a divorce; but for eighteen months nothing more was heard of her except by her *drafts* for money. At last she returned, but only to afflict her family. Her son was at the military academy of St. Cyr—she induced him to elope, and the boy was plunged in every species of debauchery and expense. This afflicted in the deepest manner his grandfather, who revoked a bequest which he had made him of about 4000*l.* a-year, and seemed to apprehend for him nothing but future ruin and disgrace. The old man, eighty-two years of age, resided in his chateau at Mont Levêque, whither in October, 1834, Madame de Pontalba went to attempt a reconciliation with the wealthy senior. Then and there occurred the most extraordinary and unaccountable scene that, though we have just read one hundred

French novels, we ever met with. On the 19th of October, the day after Madame de Pontalba's arrival, she found she could make no impression on the father-in-law, and was about to return to Paris, when old M. de Pontalba, at the age of eighty-two, observing a moment when she was alone in her apartment, entered it with a brace of double-barrelled pistols, locks the door, and approaching his astonished daughter-in-law desires her 'to recommend herself to God, for that she has but few minutes to live;' but he does not even allow her one minute—he fires immediately, and two balls enter her left breast. She starts up and flies, her blood streaming about, to a closet, exclaiming that she will submit to any terms, if he will spare her. '*No, no; you must die!*'—and he fires his second pistol. She had instinctively covered her heart with her hand—that hand is miserably fractured by the balls; but saved her heart. She then escapes to another closet, where a third shot is fired at her without effect—and at last she rushes in despair at the door—and while M. de Pontalba is discharging his last barrel at her, she succeeds in opening it. The family, alarmed by the firing, arrives, and she is saved. The old man, on seeing that she is beyond his reach, returns to his apartments, and blows out his brains. It seems clear that he had resolved to make a sacrifice of the short remnant of his own life, in order to release his son and his grandson from their unfortunate connexion with Madame de Pontalba. But he failed—none of *her* wounds were mortal; and within a month after, Madame de Pontalba, 'perfectly recovered, in high health and spirits, radiant and crowned with flowers, was to be seen at all the fêtes and concerts of the capital.'

In the mean time a suit for restitution of conjugal rights was pending between her and her husband; and towards the end of last October a final decree of the court enjoined that Madame de Pontalba should return under marital authority, and should reside in such of her husband's houses as he should appoint—excepting only—with admirable delicacy—the Chateau de Mont Levêque, where the bloody scene had been acted.

The following story is so extraordinary, that we should have hesitated to have noticed it, if we did not find it in a paper with so respectable and almost official a character as the *Gazette des Tribunaux*.

'A young and handsome wife of a shopkeeper, on the Boulevard Montmartre, being one day quite alone behind her counter, was addressed by a person who bore all the external marks of a gentleman; under a pretence that he was desirous of making a selection of some jewellery. He soon, however, began to talk to the *jolie marchande* of of the impression she had made on him since he first beheld her, and, in order to recommend his suit, placed before her a paper which he said was a formal deed by which he settled upon her a pension of 35,000f. (1400*l.*) a-year, offering along with this deed a sum in bank-notes amounting to 50,000f. (2000*l.*) and a large purse filled with gold—all of which gifts he pressed on her on condition that she would quit her husband, and go and live with him (the donor) at his chateau. The stranger then left the shop abruptly, saying he would call again for her answer. He came within an hour after, when the pretty *marchande* told him that she felt highly indignant at his audacious proceeding, and requested him instantly to take back his money and papers (which had remained untouched on the counter), and never again to set his foot in her shop. He did as he was bid, threatening to revenge himself for the manner in which he had been treated. The lady, however, abstained from mentioning the occurrence to her husband, or any other person, and soon forgot it altogether. Some weeks after, as she was again sitting alone in her shop, six men came in, among whom was her professed admirer. It appears they had been watching a favourable opportunity for their infamous purpose, for they found no difficulty in dragging the poor woman from the shop into a back parlour, after locking the door of which they threw her on the floor, and while five of her six assailants forcibly held down her arms and legs, each of the six in turn took advantage of her helpless situation. After this they all retired hastily, leaving the poor woman insensible from terror and the acts of violence committed on her person. Information was subsequently given to the police of this daring and unheard-of outrage, and means were immediately taken to secure the principal criminal and his accomplices. The chief actor in this atrocity must be a notorious character, for the victim of his violence declares that between his first and second visit she had seen him frequently go by on the Boulevard in a very splendid equipage, which she describes so as to lead to the discovery of its supposed owner.'

As the complicated and mysterious *Brocès la Roncière* has been reported in the English papers, and as it has been discussed and recently reviewed with great ability in the *Times* (4th and 5th April), it is probably familiar to most of our readers. We shall therefore only say of it, that both the author—the motive—and the extent of the alleged offences were left in more obscurity and doubt at the conclusion of the trial than at its commencement; and that a young lady or a young gentleman—children of officers of distinguished rank and honourable character—must have been *either*, if not *both*, guilty of the foulest calumnies, the meanest intrigues, and the most impudent perjuries—to say nothing of gross violations of personal decency. The tribunals found the young officer guilty; but that verdict did not, we understand, receive universal assent from those who attended the trial; and the shrewd writer in the *Times* has detailed reasons against it, which in England would produce a new trial. But be that as it may, the whole affair, if developed in all its details, would afford M. de Balsac as *piquant* and almost immoral a subject as any of his *Scènes de la Vie Privie*.

Anecdotes of former times, when, in a lonely inn, the benighted traveller was sure to find a *den of murder*—anecdotes, long since worn out in novels and on the stage, are now revived, not in the hut of the forest, but on the high roads of France, close to a royal residence and within a few posts of the capital.

'The son of a merchant at St. Quentin some days ago (March, 1836) left his home for Paris with a sum of 1200 francs. His father, from receiving no letter from him, made inquiries, and at length applied to the authorities, who instituted a search. A napkin bearing marks of bloody fingers having been wiped on it, being found on the banks of the river near Verberie, between Senlis and Compiègne, excited suspicion against the proprietors of a small inn at that place, whose initials it bore. The mistress was examined, and at length confessed that she, *assisted by her female servant*, had murdered the young man in his bed; *they then cut his body into pieces*, and threw—*par lambeaux*—into the river which ran at a short distance from the house.'

This is exactly the story of Madame de Genlis's pretty little piece of '*A bon Entendeur, salut*—with the important difference, which marks the spirit of the two periods,—that in Madame de Genlis's *fable* the young female servant refuses to assist in the murder, and actually enables the young gentleman to make his escape; in the *real* scene the *girl* is as blood-thirsty as the *hag*.

We shall not—though reminded of them by the circumstances of this last *butchery*—dwell upon others of these strange and tragic scenes, of which almost every week produces one or two instances in some part or other of France, where the *mere* thirst of blood or plunder is diversified by *fantastical* cruelty. To show the connexion of these individual cases with the general state of society would require the examination of many more instances than we have room for. We merely indicate them as a branch of the subject, which is not to be left altogether out of the account.

But before we can close our very *abridged* and *imperfect* catalogue of *judicial romances—all occuring within the last few months*—there is one which requires, on every account, particular notice.

In the French papers of the 8th November last we observed that a man of letters, M. *Altaroche*, was tried for libels on Louis Philippe. One of these libels was a song, which was submitted to the jury, and ran as follows:—

'*Pétition d'un voleur à un roi son voisin.*'

Sire, de grâce écoutez moi,
Je viens de sortir des galères—
Je suis voleur, vous êtes roi,—
Agissons ensemble en bons frères
Les gens de bien me font horreur,
J'ai le cœur dur et l'âme vile,
Je suis sans pitié, sans honneur;—
Ah! faites-moi *sergent de ville.*

Bon! je me vois déjà sergent;
C'est une maigre récompense.
L'appétit me vient en mangeant:
Allons, sire, un peu d'indulgence
Je suis hargneux comme un roquet,
D'un vieux singe j'ai la malice;
Au total, je vaudrais *Gisquet*:
Faites-moi *préfet de police!*

Je suis, j'espère, un bon préfet!
Toute prison est trop petite;
Ce métier pourtant n'est pas fait,
Je le sens bien, pour mon mérite.
Je sais dévorer un budget,
Je sais embrouiller un registre;
Je signerai: "Votre sujet!"
Ah, sire! faites-moi *ministre.*

Sire, oserai-je réclamer—
Mais écoutez-moi sans colère;
Le vœu que je vais exprimer,
Pourrait bien, ma foi, vous déplaire:
Je suis fourbe, avare, méchant,
Ladre, impitoyable, rapace,
J'ai fait se pendere mon parent—
Sire, *cédez-moi* votre *place!*'

This song, when read in court, excited
siderable applause, and, as a specimen of ca
satire appeared to us to deserve it. We tho
it, at least, as poignant as any of those cele
ed '*odes*' in which Béranger had slandere
predecessor of Louis Philippe, and we c
not help feeling that this sudden and vigo
right about of the satiric muse was a ki
poetical justice on the new government, w
had been, in no inconsiderable degree, inde
for its existance to that species of composit

If we were surprised and, in a literary
of view pleased at seeing in M. *Altaroch*
powerful a successor and rival to Béranger,
was our astonishment when we found—only
days later—that is, on the 12th November—
a *felon* of the name of *Lacenaire*, who ap
ed at the bar of the Criminal Court of Pari
a complication of robberies and murders, wa
real author of these clever verses, of whic
Altaroche was only the plagiary and publis

We certainly never were more surprised;
we should have doubted whether it was p
ble that such a wretch could have been the
author, but that Lacenaire reclaimed his
perty in another song, which though not so
as the former, (as indeed the very subject
bade,) had yet enough of its spirit to estab
the identity of the *Chansonnier*.

'Je suis un voleur, un filou,
Un scélérat, je le confesse:
Mais quand j'ai fait quelque bassesse,
Hélas! je n'avais pas le sou.
La faim rend un homme excusable.
Un pauvret de grand appétit
Peut bien être tenté du diable;
Mais pour me voler mon esprit,
Nêtes-vous pas plus misérable?

Or, contre un semblable méfait
Notre code est muet, je pense.
Au parquet, j'en suis sûr d'advance,
Ma plainte aurait bien peu d'effet.
Pour dérober une *floche** (*une bourse),
On s'en va tout droit en prison,
Aussi le prudent *Altaroche*
Ne m'a volé qu'une chanson,
Sans mettre la main dans ma poche.

Un voleur adroit et subtil,
Pour évitre toute surprise,
Sait déguiser sa marchandise
Et la vendre ainsi sans péril.
Altaroche, aussi raisonnable,

Et craignant quelque camouflet,
A pris le parti détestable
D'estropier chaque couplet,
Pour le rendre méconnaissable.

Je ne puis assez m'étonner,
De ce bel acte de courage.
D'un autre copier l'ouvrage—
Pour moi se faire emprisonner!
Ce dévoûment est admirable,
Et c'est avoir un trop bon cœur
De remplacer le vrai coupable;
Et sans avoir été l'auteur,
D'être l'éditeur responsable.'

Besides these and other clever *verses*, it turned out that Lacenaire had produced several essays in the public journals, and had, in particular, favoured the public with a little treatise on *Prison Discipline*, written, of course, in the most liberal and philanthropic principles, and advocating the reform of the existing system of gaol administration with no small ability, and evidently *a perfect knowledge of his subject!*

But all this had not prevented his committing, and did not prevent his being convicted of and executed for a *long series of robberies and murders;* and at his trial and on the scaffold he showed the uncommon phenomenon of great talents and elegant acquirements, united with not only bloody ferocity, but with the lowest and most odious treachery, meanness, and cowardice.

Alas! we fear that this *phenomenon* may not be henceforward so uncommon. Lacenaire turned out to have originally been of that class which supplies the modern novelists with their favourite heroes. He had been an *étudiant;* but his pecuniary resources did not enable him to maintain that station in society to which, it seems, the July Revolution (of which they were the main instruments) has taught this too numerous, and therefore indigent and restless, class of spirits to aspire. A week after Lecenaire's trial, another young hero being brought to the bar, insisted on making his defence *in rhyme*, and the court, wisely '*considerant* that the law, which permits every accused person to offer a defence, had *not specified whether it was to be prose or verse*,' sat to hear this fellow recite a long political satire.

We shall say nothing of the *political* considerations connected with the Fieschi plot—though there again we find that France and her precacarious government are reaping the bitter and bloody fruits of revolutionary disorder—but the moral features of the affair are hardly less alarming. They are so obvious that we will not waste time in commenting upon them; but we cannot resist giving an extract from a letter which we have received from one of the shrewdest, ablest, and most upright men we have ever known, on the aspect which this trial exhibited:

'I attended Fieschi's trial, and certainly, in all my tolerably extensive acquaintance with mankind all over the world, I never saw anything at all approaching to the disorder of those proceedings: you would have thought that Fieschi was the conductor of the trial; he was permitted to cross-question not only the witnesses but his fellow prisoners, with the object of inculpating them; and sometimes he would have a sparring match with the President of the Court, who had not always the best of the encounter. On one occasion I saw Fieschi, Pepin, two witnesses, the Procureur-General, and the President of the Court of Peers, all on their legs at once, squabbling who should speak. Fieschi silenced them all—took a pinch of snuff—laughed as he looked up at the galleries, and, nodding to Nina Lassave, proceeded to show what a great man he was, and how worthily the eyes of all France were now turned upon him; a sentiment which produced a "*vive sensation*," or, in plain English, threw the whole auditory in the galleries into an ecstacy of assent.'

Fieschi became a kind of hero—not merely with *men* who might have some political feeling for the bold champion of another revolution, but—with the female spectators, and even with women of the higher orders, who seem to have looked on him with the same eyes that the gentle *Annette* and the lofty *Henriette* of M. de Balsac's novels did on the murderers who fascinated *them*. Nay, after he was condemned, many of the *Peers*, his *Judges*, went or sent to beg his *autograph!*—(fools! had it not been written in blood enough on their boulevards?); and the other *authorities*, as they are called, paid him every kind of attention and almost of deference; and his *incestuous concubine* Nina was admitted to visit him in prison on terms of indulgence that were denied to the *wife and children* of his less audacious, and therefore less admired, associates, *Pepin* and *Morey;* but even those subaltern villains come in for a share of the tender interest of a portion of the public. On certain anniversaries the *Buonapartistes* are in the habit of throwing crowns of the little winter flower called *immortelles*, at the base of Napoleon's statue in the Place Vendôme: the *Pepinistes* and *Moreyites*, in imitation of so good an example, pay the same affectionate compliment to the graves of their martyrs; but this must be done in secret: for in that land of *freedom*, those who are detected in throwing flowers on a grave are seized by the police, and thrown, without bail or mainprise into gaol; very properly—very necessarily—but not perhaps very legally—certainly not very consistently—under the auspices of a government which professes to stand on *liberty and the rights of man*—and above all, of a government which had DECORATED these self-same men, Morey and Pepin, with the *order of July*, for the self-same action of firing on the King's troops, on the self-same Boulevard, the self-same day, five years before. We have before us a letter of Pepin's, dated 26th October, 1834, signed '*Theodore Pepin*, DECORE *de Juillet*.'

Nor is it only the turbulent and hardened *émeutiers*—(to use a new and expressive word with which Louis Philippe has enriched his language)—of Paris, who exhibit their sympathies with those wretches. We read in one of the late French papers (Sunday, 5th March),—

'Yesterday a young man and a young woman, his sister, who had arrived only a day before from Carcassonnes [one of the most distant corners of France], were arrested by the police as they were throwing garlands of *immortelles* on the graves of *Morey* and *Pepin*.'

What a hero and a heroine for M. *de* Balsac's next livraison of the *Scènes de la Vie de Province!*

Nor is there any reason to suppose that these tragic instances are diminishing. We find it stated indeed that, of late, the government has restrained the press from publishing accounts of suicides and murders; but they cannot wholly suppress such articles of intelligence, and even while we have been writing this paper they have swarmed upon us; and to prove, beyond all question, that we have not been looking through an *indefinite* period for *extraordinary* cases, we are tempted to select some of those with which ONE paper (the *National*) of ONE fortnight of the *last month* supplies us.

'*4th February*, 1836.—We have to communicate a deplorable event which occurred last Sunday at Vallon d'Auffes, near Marseilles. A firsherman with a large family had been driven by domestic troubles to form a design of suicide, which he long since announced. On Sunday last he climbed a *high rock* in the neighborhood, where in the sight of his friends below, with *a crucifix in his hand*, he was evidently saying his last prayers, preparatory to suicide. One of the neighbours, guessing his intentions, reached the spot suddenly, and seized him—a struggling ensued on the edge of the precipice—the unhappy man prevailed, and, escaping from the arms of his friendly antagonist, flung himself over the precipice, and was killed on the spot. He has left a family of nine children.'

'*4th February*, 1836.—A priest of the name of Gourraud was convicted of having made the *confessional* the scene of frequent attempts on the morals of several females under the age of twenty-one, by habitual excitements to corruption and debauchery—[we omit the details]. The Tribunal of Correctional Police of Tournay had *acquitted* the prisoner on the *ground that he had not committed any legal offence*. That sentence was appealed from, and the Tribunal of Appeal found that there was an article of the code, which might be applied to his case, and sentenced him to two years' *imprisonment*, and a fine of 50 *francs* (40*s*.).

'*7th February*, 1836.—A wealthy inhabitant of St. Denis, whose name it would be painful to mention, arrived the day before yesterday from a long journey, in which he had had occasion to carry a brace of pistols—these he deposited loaded on a table in his bed-chamber, and sat down to dinner with his family and some friends invited to celebrate his return. Hardly was dinner begun, when a discussion arose between the father and his eldest daughter, about twenty years of age. This young woman had often shown great jealousy of her younger sister, whom she pretended her father was fonder than of her. On this occasion, the same feeling broke out, and after some strong exhibition of ill temper on her part, her father said, "Nay, if you are sulky, you had better go to bed." The girl got up immediately, went to her father's bed room, took one of the pistols and shot herself, and expired in a few hours in great agony.'

'*13th February*, 1836.—An extraordinary affair occupies at this moment the tribunal of Riom. A gentleman, M. M—— de V——, of one of the most respectable families of the Department (Puy de Dôme), is accused of the murder of his son. The young man had formed an intimate connexion with the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and was anxious to marry her: his father rejected the proposal as dishonourable to his family, and made a formal opposition to the legal steps which the son had taken for the celebration of the marriage, but without effect; his opposition was rejected; and all was prepared for the performance of the ceremony, when, the night before it was to take place, the son, coming from the residence of his mistress, was fired at and killed on the spot. After some inquiries, and the examination of circumstances and witnesses, the authorities have thought it necessary to commit M. de V—— to the goal of Riom. The trial will show whether it is possible that a father can have sacrificed his son to his prejudices—or whether the general suspicion may not arise from that *morbid appetite for violent emotions*, which disposes the public to invest ordinary events with a *dramatic* character.'

This, our readers will recollect, bears no slight affinity to *George Sand's* story of *Audré*. But the reality is more horrible than the fiction; and who can tell whether that fiction may not have tended to produce in the mind of the young man the obstinacy which exasperated the parent into this unnatural atrocity!

'*14th February*, 1836.—The corpse of a woman was found the other day in a well near Troyes. At first it was thought a case of suicide, but further inquiry revealed a shocking crime, and the *husband*, the *children*, and the *son-in-law* of the victim have been all arrested on the examination made by the local authorities. This affair cannot but revive the painful recollections of the parricides *Oudin*, convicted at the assizes of Troyes in 1834.'

'*15th February*, 1836.—Yesterday a *court-martial* was held on a subject which has acquired a deplorable celebrity by the rank of the parties and the heinousness of the crimes—adultery, incest, and an attempt at a double murder.

'Lieut. Colonel R—— of the 46th regiment of the line, quartered in Paris, was informed by his servants that they had the strongest reason to suspect that his wife, Madame R——, was habitually guilty of the last depravity with *her own brother*, M. G——. They had satisfied themselves of the fact by gimblet holes made in the door of the saloon, and they offered their master the same conviction by the same means. Lieut. Colonel R—— consented, and, to deceive the guilty parties, announced that he intended to go on the 25th January to a great ball, given by M. Thiers. On that evening he dined with his wife and brother-in-law, and after dinner left them together as if he was going to the ball—but he did not leave the house, and was soon convinced, by the mode offered by the servants, of his dishonour. He burst into the room, and with a case of pistols endeavoured to terminate the existence of the guilty couple, but in his extreme agitation only wounded them. The brother made his escape from the house, the wife fled to a place of concealment, and the Lieut.-Colonel proceeded to surrender himself to the colonel of the regiment. All the facts were proved in the fullest manner—the *adultère incestueux*, and the *double tentative de meurtre*—but on a consideration of the great provocation, the court acquitted the prisoner altogether.'

No one, we suppose, could object to the entire acquittal of Lieut. Colonel R—— under such circumstances; but Englishmen will wonder a little at the legislation which transfers from the ordinary criminal jurisdiction of the country to a *court-martial* a matter which involved no military question whatsoever.

The paper of the *16th February* contains *three* cases of *murder*, and *one* of *fratricide*, all of peculiar character, and one of an attempt at murder, which, as being the shortest, we extract:—

> 'On the 12th February, a man belonging to the little town of St Genis, near Lyons, in consequence of a violent dispute with his wife, attempted to strangle her, and left her for dead; but doubting afterwards whether he had completely accomplished his purpose, he returned to finish it if she should still be alive. The woman had so far recovered as to get to her own room; where, fearing another attack, she shut herself in with her children. The husband, unable to force the door, collected combustibles in different parts of the house and set fire to it, with the intention of either suffocating or burning to death, both his wife and children—they however happily escaped through the window, and the monster, who endeavoured to make his escape, was taken.'

> '18*th February.*—A few days since there was found in the river Mense, near Dinant, the body of a female apparently about thirty years of age—it seemed to have been several days in the water—but on examination it was ascertained that the death must have been occasioned, not by water, but by *fire*, several parts of the body exhibiting marks of having been exposed to *violent combustion*.'

This is a catalogue of crime for a *single fortnight*—in a *single paper*—and during a period when its columns were crowded with the debates on the change of ministry, and the proceedings of the Fieschi trial; and we have noticed these instances *only* which seem distinguished by *peculiar* features of complicated immorality from the ordinary cases of crime.

Anxious as we are to conclude these odious and fearful details, we cannot omit a case, the report of which reaches us as we are writing these lines, and which belongs to the period of which we have just been treating—a case which, if it were not of the greatest notoriety, we might be almost suspected of having *invented for the occasion.*

In the last days of the same month of February, a priest of the name of Delacollonge was put upon his trial at Dijohn on a double charge of robbery and murder—the *murder* was of Fanny Besson, a young milliner of Lyon, with whom he had long had an illicit intercourse, and who used to visit him at his parsonage. Her last visit had, it seems, excited some scandal—and he had, when questioned by the neighbours, denied that she was in the house, where, however, he had secreted her—but apprehending that, on a search, his profligacy and his falsehood must be detected, he murdered the poor girl, and *cut the body into pieces* for the purpose of more easily disposing of it in ponds and ditches—which he did. The *robbery* was, that, thinking he had better absent himself for a time, he broke open the poor-box of the parish church and extracted the money to defray the expenses of his journey. We shall extract two or three passages of this trial which we think will surprise our readers even after all they have seen of French manners and French law.

A surgeon was giving evidence as to the appearance of the dexterous separation of the head from the body of the victim, which he thought must have been done with a knife, the cut was so clean.

> '*Delacollonge* (interrupting).—I beg your pardon—it was not with the knife that *I operated the removal of the head.* I placed the head on a block, and, supporting the corpse with my left hand, I struck with the right two blows on the neck with a bill-hook. But these strokes were not sufficient, and I continued to strike till at last the head came off quite easy in my hand, and I held it up by the hair.
>
> '*The Attorney-General*—You commenced your dissection, then, by the head?
>
> '*Delacollonge.*—To be sure; then I cut off the arms; then the legs: last of all, I extracted the entrails and intestines.
>
> '*Doctor.*—I still say, that with this *bill-hook* I do not understand how the head could be cut so clean off!'—*French Paper, March* 7, 1836.

At this part of the proceeding the attorney-general proposed to adjourn to the next day, to which the jury strongly objected, because they said 'some of them wanted to *attend the fair at Chalons* the next day but one;' but on the judge and the counsel assuring them that *they* respectively would be short in their speeches next day, and that whether the jury should finish their deliberations or not would *depend upon themselves*, they consented to adjourn; and next evening at six o'clock—whether in a hurry to compromise their opinions, and so ensure their getting to the *fair of Chalons*, we cannot tell—they gave the following astonishing verdict:—

> 'As to the *murder*, that "the culprit was guilty of voluntary homicide, *but without premeditation*"—and as to the *robbery*, that "he was guilty, but *with extenuating circumstances!*"'

Without premeditation! He had concealed the girl for some days in his house, till he could find an occasion of making away with her! And the *extenuating circumstances* were that to the robbery was superadded *sacrilege*, and that sacrilegious robbery was committed to enable a *murderer* to make his escape!

The report goes on to state that the court sentenced the criminal to *hard labour* for life, and to be exposed in the *pillory!*

There was an incident in this trial which connects it in a more peculiar manner with our general inquiry. In the defence it was endeavoured to be shown that the culprit was a person of mild character and studious habits:—

> 'You say,' said the judge to one of the witnesses, 'that the accused employed himself' [during his confinement it would seem] 'in reading—what books did he particularly ask for?'
>
> *Witness.*—'Chiefly novels—and those rather loose—(*un peu lestes*).'
>
> *The Judge.*—'Were they *loose* or *licentious?* As you looked, you say, into the books, you can, I suppose, understand the difference?'
>
> *Witness.*—'I do not understand these matters; but I overheard a clergyman who visited him say—"*If you read such books I will not come to you again;*" upon which the accused ordered a *different class of books.*'

It afterwards appeared, by a list produced by Delacollonge himself, that the majority of the books he had procured—were *modern plays and novels*, such as '*Marion de L'Orme*,' by Victor Hugo—'*La Folie Espagnole*,' by Pigault Le Brun—'*L'Homme de la Nature*,' by Paul de Kock—and '*Les Scènes de la Vie Privèe*, and '*Les Scènes de la Vie de Province*,' by M. de Balsac! A few other works, such as Thiers's '*History of the Revolution*,' and the '*Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*,' were probably the '*different class of books*' ordered on the remonstrance of the clergyman.

We give *none* of these individual cases for more than they may be fairly worth—it is on their *disproportionate number* and *common tendency* that we rely; but we cannot but think that the occurrence of these last circumstances at this particular period of our long task is at least a curious *coincidence*.

We have now done with examples. If our readers should at first sight be inclined to think that we have produced too many, we beg leave to assure them that we have made a comparatively sparing use of the quantity of materials which we had at hand; and if *we* ourselves have any doubt, it is whether our selections ought not to have been still more copious.

The state of society in a great and extensive country is not to be estimated by a few insulated circumstances,—by half-a-dozen licentious works, or a dozen atrocious crimes:—*our own* literature has been polluted by bad books, and *our own* judicial annals are stained with frequent and atrocious guilt; and we regret to say that we have seen, of late, some symptoms amongst our recent English novelists of the influence of the Parisian press; but the evil never has been so great, nor so extensive, and, above all, never so encouraged by public acquiescence, much less approbation, as to justify any conclusion to the general disadvantage of the public morals of England. As to France, prior to the great overthrow, the same observation might, in principle, be made; although, from a variety of circumstances there was in the high places a greater laxity both of morals and manners, which the fatal example of Louis XV. encouraged, till even the virtues of Louis XVI. could not arrest it, and which went on increasing, till,—combining moral depravity with political disaffection, it ended in the Revolution.

That the Revolution should have corrupted the generation which acted in and was educated under it was to have been expected; but we had, prior to the insurrection of July, 1830, believed that religion and morals were making—slow, we were aware, but we hoped—gradual and steady advances in the public mind. Nor do we yet altogether abandon that consolatory opinion; though undoubtedly the *outburst* of profligacy which has disgraced the last five or six years shows that the moral regeneration of France had been neither so extensive nor so stable as we had hoped, and convinces us that, if there be not some means found to stem the *flood* of impurity, it will in its progress sweep away whatever of decency and piety may still exist, and will carry the brutalized nation back to the days of *Herbert and Gobel*, of the *Goddess of Reason*, and the *Spectacle de la Nature*.[*] We say the *flood*, because that expresses the idea which we wish to convey—that it is not accidental or occasional circumstances that could alarm us, but the breath, the depth, the strength, the impurity of the torrent. We should have thought little of one George Sand, but there are *fifty*—of one Lelia, but there are a *hundred*—of twenty adulteries, suicides, or murders, but there are a thousand; and all suddenly concentrated into a space of time so narrow, as never before we believe, in the annals of the world, was disgraced by even a tithe of such horrors.

We must beg leave to repeat that, in attributing a large share of this increase of profligacy to the July Revolution, we are not indulging in what may be called our own peculiar prejudices: the facts we have already quoted sufficiently disprove any such imputation—but we have other evidence—from a quarter which with some persons may go farther than any assertion of ours—to the same effect. The essential distinctions of that class of novels which we have been considering are, first, the extreme laxity of female morals which it exhibits; and, secondly, the extreme grossness with which such instances are detailed. Now, let us see what, in a Laudatory article on M. de Balsac's works, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, one of the most popular, we believe, of the French critical journals, says on this very point.

> 'M. de Balsac made a lucky hit towards establishing his popularity with women (*sur le femme*), by adapting his novels to their feelings at the moment when they were awakened and excited—after the *emancipation* of July—by the *pictures* and *promises* of the *St. Simonists*.'—

Our readers are aware that the doctrines of the St. Simonists go to relieve women from the obligations of personal continence and matrimonial fidelity.

> 'There was evidently something of *etiquette and reserve* as connected with the *condition of women*, which has *fallen and disappeared under the blows of the July Revolution*. Nothing may have been *substantially* changed in their condition, but it has received a new developement, and *delicate matters have been more plainly spoken of* (*l'on a parlé plus crûment*). St. Simonism—M. de Balsac—and the illustrious writer under the title of George Sand, have all been, in their several ways, the *instruments* and *organs* of this change—a change, if not actually in female morals (*mœurs*), at least in the description and representation of those morals.'—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, Ser. 3, vol. iv. p. 441.

This admission, that the July Revolution has worked a great and sudden change in the moral condition of women in France, by *emancipating* them from 'etiquette and reserve'—that is, in one word, from *modesty*—is all that we require. Whether it has operated by a creating a deeper profligacy, or whether it has only emboldened that which already existed, to exhibit itself with such universal effrontery is, as far as regards public decency, of no great consequence; we believe that it has acted in both ways; but in either case, the admission of the writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* justifies our anxiety as to the state of female morals in France, and we need hardly add, that in a civilized country the corruption of female virtue is the worst and most irretrievable of all corruptions.

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[*] A dramatic exhibition during the first Revolution, of which the reader can—or perhaps we should more truly say, cannot—imagine the depravity. Suffice it, as a specimen, to say the actors and actresses were at no expense for a *wardrobe*.

We hope we may not be misunderstood—above all in France. Neither M. de Balsac, nor his critics, will persuade us that the great mass of French society can be inoculated with this contagion; we know, in our private experience, such a majority of favourable instances of domestic morality and social happiness, that we are justified in drawing like satisfactory conclusions as to *the great body of the people;* but, as we lately said of the *great body of the people* during the *Reign of Terror*, the numerical *majority* was innocent; but the active, reckless, profligate, and *victorious minority* gave its own character to the astonished age and the subjugated nation. This is probably the real state of the present question as to the natioal morality.

We can assure our neighbours that we write in no spirit of national prejudice, and still less with anything like national hostility. We not only love and respect France for herself—for the peculiar qualities which render her, under a good government, one of the most amiable, and powerful portions of the great human family; but we feel that we have great *common* interests with her. In her welfare and prosperity we shall cordially rejoice, for we *needs must* share; and if she is destined again to become the prey of political and moral disorder, our grief for her misfortunes will be sincere, for it will be mingled with apprehensions for our own.

Our best, we had almost said our only hope of her being saved from a catastrophe of which we see so many various symptoms—light and grave—is, we confess, in the personal character of THE KING. We know not whether he was quite blameless in all the circumstances which have led to the present alarming state of affairs; we incline to believe that he was; but we are satisfied that he is now desirous, and we trust that he may be able, to arrest the mischief:—He is a man of talents, of courage, and of virtue; his whole life has been a series of trials, through which he has passed always with respectability, generally with honour; he has been a good son—a good husband—a good father—a good prince—and, we trust we are justified in adding, a *good Christian;* he was so in his youth, and no man ever lived, we believe, whose experience was more calculated to strengthen religious convictions. If we are not mistaken in his character, and if it shall please God to *continue* to preserve *his* life and to forty *his* heart, there is still hope for France and the European world.

From the Quarterly Review.

Geology considered with Reference to Natural Theology. By the Rev. Wm. Buckland, D. D., Canon of Christ-church, and Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford. London, 8vo. (*With a volume of plates.*) 1836.

If there are any lovers of science yet ignorant of the extent and fertility of the field which geology has laid open,—of the intensity and variety of interest by which those who explore it are repaid,—here is a work to astonish and delight them. If there are any persons yet deterred from the study of this fascinating science by the once prevalent notion, that the facts, or theories if you will, that it teaches, tend to weaken the belief in revealed religion, by their apparent inconsistency with the scriptural account of the creation and early history of the globe,—*here,* in the work of a dignitary of the church, writing, *ex cathedrâ,* from the head-quarters of orthodoxy, they will find the amplest assurances that their impression is not merely erroneous but the very reverse of the truth: for that, while its discoveries are not in any degree at variance with the correct interpretation of the Mosaic narrative, there exists no science which produce more powerful evidence in support of natural religion—none which will be found a more potent auxiliary to revelation by exalting our conviction of the power, and wisdom, and goodness of the Creator.

As this unfounded prejudice has, to a considerable extent, been a stumbling-block in the way of those who would otherwise have been led to delight and instruct themselves by geological research, the Canon of Christchurch, rightly we think, attacks it on the threshold of his work. Its origin he traces to a misconception of the meaning of the terms employed in the Mosaic narrative of the creation, from which it has been unwarrantably inferred that the existence of the universe, as well as of the human race, dates from an epoch of about six thousand years ago. Now there is no question whatever that this notion has been utterly disproved by the discoveries of geology, which demonstrate the surface of our planet not merely to have existed, but to have undergone physical changes very similar to those which affect it at present, and to have been quietly and happily tenanted by a long succession of living creatures, vegetable as well as animal, for countless ages before the epoch from which our scriptural chronology dates, and which was signalized by the first appearance of man.

Whatever difference of opinion may still exist among geologists on other points, *this* is a truth (as Dr. Buckland remarks) admitted by *all* observers;—as firmly established, indeed, and on as immoveable evidence, as the Copernican system, the theory of gravitation, or any other of the fundamental doctrines of science. Well, then, what follows? Is it wise to endeavour to shirk this established truth—to shut our eyes to it—to avoid the science which teaches it, and thus encourage the foolish and false notion that there is anything in it at variance with Scripture? Surely this would be the way to produce the very evil that is dreaded, the undermining of the faith of many in revelation. On the contrary, if dismissing the vague ideas on cosmogony they have derived from too literal an acceptation of our necessarily imperfect translation, these timid and unwise friends of revelation will confront the Bible itself with the admitted geological facts, they will satisfy themselves that the inconsistency they have assumed is entirely fanciful. But in the first place, what reason have we to expect to find in the Bible a revelation of geological or other phenomena of natural history, wholly foreign to the object of a volume intended only to be a guide of religious belief and moral conduct? Dr. Buckland justly asks at what point short of a communication of omniscience could such a revelation have stopped, without imperfections similar in kind to that which they impute to the existing narrative of Moses?

> 'A revelation of so much only of astronomy as was known to Copernicus would have seemed imperfect after the discoveries of Newton; and a revelation of the science of Newton would have appeared defective to La Place: a revelation of all the chemical knowledge of the eighteenth century would have been as deficient in comparison with the present day, as what is now known in this science will probably appear before the termination of another age: in the whole circle of sciences, there is not one to which this argument may not be extended, until we should require from revelation a full developement of all the mysterious agencies that uphold the mechanism of the material world. Such a revelation might indeed be suited to beings of a more exalted order than mankind, and the attainment of such knowledge of the works as well as of the ways of God may perhaps form some part of our happiness in a future state; but unless human nature had been constituted otherwise than it is, the above supposed communication of omniscience would have been imparted to creatures utterly incapable of receiving it under any past or present moral or physical condition of the human race; and would have been also at variance with the design of all God's other disclosures of himself, the end of which has uniformly been not to impart intellectual but moral knowledge.'—pp. 15, 16.

Several hypotheses have been proposed with a view of reconciling the phenomena of geology with the brief account of creation which we find in Genesis. Among others, it has been plausibly enough urged that the 'days' of the Mosaic creation may be understood to imply, not as now a single revolution of the globe, but some other cyclic period of unknown extent. Dr. Buckland, however, prefers that explanation which is supported by the high authority of Dr. Pusey, the Regius Professor of Hebrew in Oxford, and has the sanction of Dr. Chalmers, Bishop Gleig, and other eminent contemporary divines,—namely, that the phrase employed in the first words of Genesis, '*In the beginning* God created the heaven and the earth,' may refer to an epoch antecedent to the 'first day' subsequently spoken of in the fifth verse, and that during this indefinite interval, comprising, perhaps, millions and millions of years, all the physical operations disclosed by geology were going on. Many of the Fathers quoted by Professor Pusey appear to have thus interpreted the commencement of the sacred history, understanding from it that a considerable interval took place between the *original creation of the universe* related in the first verse, and that series of events of which an account is given in the third and following verses.

> 'Accordingly,' says Professor Pusey, 'in some old editions of the English Bible, where there is no division into verses, you actually find a break at the end of what is now the second verse; and in Luther's Bible (Wittenburg 1557) you have in addition to the figure 1 placed against the third verse, as being the beginning of the account of the creation on the first day. This is just the sort of confirmation which one wished for, because though one would shrink from the impiety of bending the language of God's book to any other than its obvious meaning, we cannot help fearing lest we might be unconsciously influenced by the floating opinions of our own day, and therefore turn the more anxiously to those who explained Holy Scripture before these theories existed.'—*Note*, p. 25.

Thus all difficulty arising from the immense antiquity of the globe attested by geology is at once removed. The circumstances related in the succeeding verses must be understood as referring to those immediate changes by *which the* surface of the earth was prepared for the reception of man. Just as the facts disclosed by astronomy, without detracting aught from the credit of the inspised historian, prove that the sun, and moon, and planetary bodies must have existed previous to the 'fourth day,' on which he first mentions them as 'made,' or *appointed* to serve the office of signs and seasons, and days and years;' so geology in no degree contradicts the real meaning of the text, by proclaiming the fact that the air, the earth, and the waters were peopled by living creatures for the innumerable ages before that epoch in the world's history which the sacred historian alone contemplates.

> 'After all, it should be recollected,' says **Dr. Buckland**, 'that the question is not respecting the correctness of the Mosaic narative, but of our interpretation of it; and still further, it should be borne in mind that the object of this account was, not to state *in what manner*, but *by whom*, the world was made. As the prevailing tendency of men in those early days was to worship the most glorious objects of nature, namely, the sun, and moon, and stars, it should seem to have been one important point in the Mosaic account of creation to guard the Israelites against the polytheism and idolatry of the nations around them, by announcing that all these magnificent celestial bodies were no gods, but the works of One Almighty Creator, to whom alone the worship of mankind is due.'—p. 33.

And, we may add, in this announcement it were unreasonable to expect that a revelation should be made of the details of the mighty work of creation, or of recondite facts relative to the celestial bodies, or the natural history of the globe, contrary to all the received opinions of the day, unfitted to the capacity of those whom the inspired writer immediately addressed, and likely, as such, to distract their attention from the real objects of his mission, namely, to declare the unity of the Godhead, to relate the history of mankind, and to lay down a rule of conduct to be followed by the chosen people. Matters of the former class come neither within the letter nor the spirit of Scriptural revelation. But they *have* been revealed to us in those physical monuments of his power that God has put before our eyes, giving us at the same time faculties whereby we may interpret them. And we shall surely err as much in denying or wilfully closing our eyes to these magnificent evidences of his wondrous attributes, because of some fancied non-accordance of the letter of Scripture with them, as we could in withholding our belief in the great truths of revelation on the same miserable grounds.*

This preliminary objection being disposed of, our author enters at once upon the main subject of his treatise, namely, the peculiar proofs of design and contrivance, attesting the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator, which are unfolded to us by geology. The past history of the globe comprehends two divisions,—that which treats of the changes to which the inorganic world, or gross mineral materials of the earth's crust, have been subjected,—and that which embraces the history of the animal and vegetable kingdoms by which that surface has, through the various stages of its existence, been tenanted. The latter, as may readily be conceived, offers the most prolific field of the two to the investigation of creative design. But the former is by no means barren in such speculations. Indeed, though wanting in those examples of nice and beautiful contrivance by which, the animal and vegetable kingdoms, all the resources of the most consummate art, refined ingenuity, and profound science,—if such phrases are allowable,—seem to have been employed for effecting the purpose in view, this department of natural history presents instances of the adaptation of means to an end of a peculiarly grand and striking character. We are not sure, indeed, that our author has quite done justice to this part of the subject, which offers views of the creative intelligence and design not a whit inferior in force of evidence to those afforded by the animated creation, on which, by preference, he has so ably and eloquently dwelt.

We assume the main object of the disposition of the earth's surface to have been the provision of a state of things most favourable to the utmost possible developement of animated and sentient existence, and consequently to the largest aggregate amount of ENJOYMENT. For what other end can we imagine so worthy of the exercises of the wisdom and power which are co-attributes of the Divine Benevolence? In this view the astronomer shows us the globe of our earth hung in space by invisible but all-powerful chains, and performing that double revolution upon its own axis, and around the solar centre of light and heat, which are alike essential to the maintenance and constant renewal of life upon its surface. Taking up the argument where he leaves it, the geologist exhibits the admirable contrivances by which the crust of this ball has been rendered, throughout innumerable ages, capable of supporting countless myriads of organic existences. Now how has this great end been accomplished? Looking at the question *à priori*, it might be supposed most consistent with the order, harmony, and regularity which is maintained, chiefly by the great principle of gravitation, throughout the planetary system of which our globe is a portion, that its surface should present one unvaried character, the nucleus perhaps being enveloped in concentric folds of its component materials, gaseous, liquid, and solid, disposed like the coats of an onion, in the order of their specific gravity, or some other more or less symmetrical arrangement. But the slightest consideration will convince us that any such disposition would have been fatal to the possible existence of the greater part—probably to the whole—of the organic creation. The multiplicity and amount of animal and vegetable life with which the surface of the globe has ever teemed, are wholly dependent on the excessive *irregularity* with which its few and simple elements have been compounded into an endless variety of mixtures, and scattered up and down, hither and thither—the great mass of *liquids* collected, it is true, into separate bodies, but at the same time circulating in an endless course through and over the whole—the *solid* parts aggregated into an universal crust, but which at the same time is broken up into the wildest confusion, so as on some points to pierce the clouds, on others to sink beneath the deepest oceans, while it exposes in turn upon its surface every variety of substance that enters into its composition, even those which could only have been formed originally in its inmost depths—the *gaseous* overspreading and penetrating all, but constantly undergoing the most irregular and complex changes. All this apparent confusion and disturbance, seemingly so opposite to the prevailing tranquillity, order, and almost symmetrical arrangements of the celestial universe, has been always indispensable to the existence of the animal and vegetable kingdoms on the surface of our planet, and can only be explained on the supposition that it was ordained for that end.

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* Dr. Buckland himself has afforded in his own writings a striking example of the danger and impolicy of endeavouring to connect geological theories with Scripture. The main object of his 'Reliquiæ Diluvianæ' was to exhibit the gravel which covers a large portion of the northern hemisphere, and the curious *cave*-deposites of the same tract, as the result and the evidence of the Mosaic deluge. Further geological investigations have satisfied the Doctor that this opinion is utterly untenable; and accordingly, he quietly renounces it in a note to p. 95 of the present work. But may we not justly fear that such persons as have been led by the eloquent arguments of the 'Reliquiæ' to rely on the supposed geological evidences of the deluge as strong confirmation of the authenticity of the inspired narrative, may feel their faith rudely shaken on hearing from the same authority that this fancied corroboration is a fallacy, that the evidence is no evidence at all, and rested on an entire misconstruction of the facts? Would it not have been much better to have avoided altogether the endeavour to support that which needs no intrinsic confirmation, by frail and flimsy theories which the next discovery may upset?—'Non tali auxilio!'

Geology points out by what contrivances these essential irregularities have been brought about, and the limits within which they are for the same useful purpose restrained. In the present state of the science all, it is true, are not agreed on the means which in the infancy of the planet were adopted to separate the atmosphere and ocean from the solid frame-work of the earth. But there is now no longer any difference of opinion among geologists as to the agency employed for elevating the latter as dry land above the liquid level of the ocean, and for giving to it that rudely varied surface and infinitely modified composition, which we have spoken of as of such paramount importance to organic nature. The agency employed is mainly of two very simple kinds, namely, first, the expansive and alterative power of *heat* proceeding from the interior of the globe; secondly, the action of the immense body of *water* which is constantly moving over its surface, and engaged in grinding down its prominent parts, and re-distributing their materials in stratified beds within its hollows. These antagonizing forces of fire and water have from the first produced and continually maintain that endless variety of form and composition in the mineral masses of the earth's surface, to which its animal and vegetable inhabitants are indebted for their varied existence. The one has originated that class of rocks which are unstratified and crystalline, having been protruded in a state of igneous fusion, or something like it, from the interior of the globe to the places they now occupy,—the other has given rise to the immense aggregation of stratified and alluvial rocks which compose the greater part of its dry surface, although, from the marine remains they contain, it is clear they have mostly been deposited below the ocean, and subsequently lifted up by the expansive force of subterranean heat.

In order to bring clearly before the mind's eye of his readers the *dynamical* changes which have been thus wrought upon the crust of the earth, Dr. Buckland has engraved a long and elaborate ideal section of a portion of this crust; an improved reduction of the magnificent sketch of the same subject with which Mr. Webster (so well-known for his observations in the Isle of Wight, and elsewhere) used to illustrate his geological lectures. Nothing can be more instructive than this section: it teaches more at a glance of the ancient history of the globe, and the revolutions to which it has been subjected, than the perusal of many a laboured treatise on the matter. The eye is carried gradually forward from the formations, igneous and aqueous, which are going on at present, to the most ancient which have been shattered and displaced by the convulsions of ages; and to each period is annexed a minute but spirited representation of the principal characteristic races of animals and vegetables that belonged to it.

What may be the precise nature, cause, or seat of the igneous power, by which the crust of the earth has always been so powerfully affected, is a matter still involved in much obscurity. Its activity is witnessed daily in the volcano and the earthquake; and the geologist traces its past violence in the visible fracture, disturbance, and elevation of the sedimentary strata, as well as in the vast masses of crystalline rock which have burst their way upwards through these, in the state of lava or something analogous to it, on almost every part of its surface, and at every age of its history. Two theories contend for the explanation of this force, that of 'central heat,' which supposes the nucleus of the globe to have always been at an intense temperature, and probably fluid, the cooling of the surface having first formed the solid crust, and then in its inward progress broken up and convulsed it—and the 'chemical theory,' which supposes the nucleus to be composed of the metallic basis of the earths; the phenomena of heat, eruptions, and elevatory expansions being caused by the oxydation of these substances by water or air that penetrates to them through clefts in the superficial rocks.

Dr. Buckland, unwilling apparently to determine between these conflicting theories, assumes both to be true—an easy way of escaping a difficulty, and avoiding to commit himself to either alone—but not, perhaps, very philosophical, inasmuch as either is alleged by its advocates to be alone equal to the solution of the problem. It is not for us to determine this litigated point: yet, as on former occasions, we have avowed a preference for the theory of central heat, we may repeat here that it has one great advantage at least over its rival, namely, that it explains all the phenomena from first to last, including even the *generation* of the atmosphere and ocean; whereas the chemical theory supposes the pre-existence of the earth, atmosphere, and ocean, in their separate states, and then brings them into contact to produce the results to be explained. Nor, in truth, could we ever well understand how it is imagined that the process of internal oxydation is kept up after the nucleus has been thoroughly coated with solid rock. A state of quiescence, it appears to us, must very shortly have been reached, in which all internal activity would cease; for the fissures, to which the advocates of this theory have recourse as the channels of communication between the external oxygen and subterranean metals, are the *results*, and therefore cannot be admitted as the *causes*, of the developement of subterranean energy which is to be accounted for.

Be this as it may, we have in this potent subterranean heat, whencesoever derived, the primary agent in the series of changes which the surface of the globe is continually undergoing. By this force new rocks have been from time to time thrust forth from the bowels of the earth, and beds of gravel, sand, clay, limestone, and other aqueous deposits heaved up from the bottom of the seas. These in their turn become subjected to the action of the other great power already spoken of, the abrasive force of moving waters. Violent commotions of a *deluvial* character no doubt must accompany many of the expansive throes of the igneous agent—and of these, indeed, we have recent examples in the agitation occasionally witnessed in the ocean during *paroxysmal* earthquakes. It is chiefly, however, by a series of minor and individually trifling, but ceaseless efforts, that the plastic agency of water operates to modify the surface of the globe. The fall of rain, the flow of brooks and rivers, the waves, currents, and tides of the sea, inconsiderable as their power would seem to be when contemplated in a single instance, and during the lapse of a short period, yet, from their almost universal and incessant influence, produce in the long run an amount of change fully equivalent to that effected by the more violent and striking, but less constant and general action of subterranean energy. Both combine, together with the minor but still very important action of the atmosphere, of changes of temperature, and of the chemical elements of the air, water, and rocks upon each other, to keep up that condition of the surface of our planet which fits it for the habitation of an almost infinite variety and multitude of sentient beings, whose enjoyment seems to have been the final cause of this portion of the divine creation.

And this leads us to the interesting consideration on which our author has both justly and forcibly touched, of the limited, but still demonstrable adaptation of the globe to man. With a view to human uses, the production of a soil fitted for agriculture, and the general dispersion of the minerals and metals used in the arts, were almost essential conditions of the earth's habitation by civilized man. Now this has been brought about solely by the disturbance and irregular arrangement of the earth's crust which we have already remarked upon as the common result of the igneous and aqueous forces to which it has been subjected. By their joint influence, those inestimably precious treasures, mineral salt, coal, and metallic ores have been first formed, and subsequently brought to the surface and distributed on almost every point of it. Under any more simple and regular disposition of the solid matter of the globe, we should have been destitute of all these essential elements of industry and civilization. Under the existing disposition, all the various combinations of strata, with their valuable contents, whether produced by the agency of subterranean fire, or by mechanical or chemical deposition beneath the water, have been raised above the sea to form the mountains and the plains of the present earth; and have still further been laid open to our reach by the exposure of each stratum along the sides of valleys.

A striking example of this adaptation is afforded by the coal formation, in which the remains of plants of a former world have been preserved and converted into beds of this useful mineral, after being transported to the bottom of former seas and estuaries or lakes, and buried in beds of sand and mud, which have since been converted into sandstone and shale by pressure, desiccation, and the chemical action of their particles on each other operating during an immeasurable lapse of time.

'Besides the coal, many strata of the carboniferous order contain subordinate beds of a rich argillacious iron ore, which the near position of the coal renders easy of reduction to a metallic state; and this reduction is further facilitated by the proximity of limestone, which is requisite as a flux to separate the metal from the ore, and usually abounds in the lower regions of the carboniferous strata.

'A formation that is at once the vehicle of two such valuable mineral productions as coal and iron, assumes a place of the first importance among the sources of benefit to mankind; and this benefit is the direct result of physical changes which affected the earth at those remote periods of time, when the first forms of vegetable life appeared upon its surface.

'The important uses of coal and iron in administering to the supply of our daily wants, give to every individual amongst us, in almost every moment of our lives, a personal concern, of which but few are conscious, in the geological events of these very distant eras. We are all brought into immediate connexion with the vegetation that clothed the ancient earth before one-half of its actual surface had yet been formed. The trees of the primeval forests have not, like modern trees undergone decay, yielding back their elements to the soil and atmosphere by which they had been nourished; but, treasured up in subterranean storehouses, have been transformed into enduring beds of coal, which in these later ages have become to man the sources of heat, and light, and wealth. My fire now burns with fuel, and my lamp is shining with the light of gas, derived from coal that has been buried for countless ages in the deep and dark recesses of the earth. We prepare our food, and maintain our forges and furnaces, and the power of our steam-engines, with the remains of plants of ancient forms and extinct species, which were swept from the earth ere the formation of the transition strata was completed. Our instruments of cutlery, the tools of our mechanics, and the countless machines which we construct, by the infinitely varied applications of iron, are derived from ore, for the most part coeval with, or more ancient than the fuel, by the aid of which we reduce it to its metallic state, and apply it to innumerable uses in the economy of human life. Thus from the wreck of forests that waved upon the surface of the primeval lands, and from ferruginous mud that was lodged at the bottom of the primeval-waters, we derive our chief supplies of coal and iron; those two fundamental elements of art and industry, which contribute more than any other mineral productions of the earth to increase the riches, and multiply the comforts, and ameliorate the condition of mankind.'—pp. 65—67.

Not less important to the welfare of our species are the means by which the materials composing these secondary strata have been transported to their present places, and intermixed in such manner, and in such proportions, as are most favourable to the growth of the different vegetable productions which man requires for himself and the domestic animals he has collected around him:—

'The process is obvious whereby even solid rocks are converted into soil fit for the maintenance of vegetation, by simple exposure to atmospheric agency; the disintegration produced by the vicissitudes of heat and cold, moisture and dryness, reduces the surface of almost all strata to a comminuted state of soil, or mould, the fertility of which is usually in proportion to the compound nature of its ingredients.

'The three principal materials of all strata are the earths of flint, clay, and lime; each of these, taken singly and in a state of purity, is comparatively barren: the admixture of a small proportion of clay gives tenacity and fertility to sand, and the further addition of calcareous earth produces a soil highly valuable to the agriculturist; and where the natural proportions are not adjusted in the most beneficial manner, the facilities afforded by the frequent juxtaposition of lime, or marl, or gypsum, for the artificial improvement of those soils which are defective in these ingredients, add materially to the earth's capability of adaptation to the important office of producing food. Hence it happens that the great corn-fields, and the greatest population of the world, are placed on strata of the secondary and tertiary formations; or on their detritus, composing still more compound, and consequently more fertile diluvial and alluvial deposits.*

'Another advantage in the disposition of stratified rocks consists in the fact that strata of limestone, sand, and sandstone, which readily absorb water, alternate with beds of clay, or marl, which are impermeable to the most important fluid. All permeable strata receive rain-water at their surface, whence it descends until it is arrested by an impermeable subjacent bed of clay, causing it to accumulate throughout the lower region of each porous stratum, and to form extensive reservoirs, the overflowings of which on the sides of valleys constitute the ordinary supply of springs and rivers. These reservoirs are not only occasional crevices and caverns, but the entire space of all the small interstices of those lower parts of each permeable stratum, which are beneath the level of the nearest flowing springs. Hence, if a well be sunk to the water-bearing level of any stratum, it forms a communication with a permanent subterranean sheet of water, affording plentiful supplies to the inhabitants of upland districts, which are above the level of natural springs.

'A further benefit which man derives from the disposition of the mineral ingredients of the secondary strata results from the extensive diffusion of muriate of soda, or common salt, throughout certain portions of these strata, especially those of the new red sandstone formation. Had not the beneficent providence of the Creator laid up these stores of salt within the bowels of the earth, the distance of inland countries from the sea would have rendered this article of prime and daily necessity unattainable to a large proportion of mankind: but, under the existing dispensation, the presence of mineral salt, in strata, which are dispersed generally over the interior of our continents and larger islands, is a source of health and daily enjoyment, to the inhabitants of almost every region of the earth.'—pp. 69—71.

But lest, rendered presumptuous by these considerations, 'Man should exclaim "See all things for my use!"' we are reminded that this theory of the ordained relation of the globe's surface to the human race cannot be pressed so far as to contend that all the great geological phenomena we have been considering were conducted *exclusively* with a view to the benefit of man:—

'We may rather count,' says Dr. Buckland, 'the advantages he derives from them as incidental and residuary consequences; which, although they may not have formed the exclusive object of creation, were all foreseen and comprehended in the plans of the Great Architect of that Globe, which, in his appointed time, was destined to become the scene of human habitation.

'With respect to the animal kingdom, we acknowledge with gratitude, that, among the higher classes, there is a certain number of living species which are indispensable to the supply of human food and raiment, and to the aid of civilized man in his various labours and occupations; and that these are endowed with dispositions and faculties which adapt them in a peculiar degree for domestication; but their number bears an extremely small proportion to the total amount of existing species; and with regard to the lower classes of animals, there are but very few, among their almost countless multitudes, that minister either to the wants or luxuries of the human race. Even could it be proved that all existing species are serviceable to man, no such inference could be drawn with respect to those numerous extinct animals which Geology shows to have ceased to live long before our race appeared upon the earth. It is surely more consistent with sound *philosophy*, and with all the information that is vouchsafed to us respecting the attributes of the Deity, to consider each animal as having been created first for its own sake, to receive its portion of that enjoyment which the Universal Parent is pleased to impart to each creature that has life: and secondly, to bear its share in the maintenance of the general system of co-ordinate relations, whereby all families of living beings are reciprocally subservient to the use and benefit of one another. Under this head only can we include their relations to man; forming, as he does, but a small, although it be the most noble and exalted part, of that vast system of universal life, with which it hath pleased the Creator to animate the surface of the globe.

'"More than three-fifths of the earth's surface," says Mr. Bakewell, "are covered by the ocean; and if from the remaining part we deduct the space occupied by polar ice and eternal snow, by sandy deserts, sterile mountains, marshes, rivers and lakes, the habitable portion will scarcely exceed one-fifth of the whole of the globe. Nor have we reason to believe that at any former period the dominion of man over the earth was more extensive than at present. The remaining four-fifths of our globe, though untenanted by mankind, are for the most part abundantly stocked with animated beings, that exult in the pleasure of existence, independent of human control, and no way subservient to the necessities or caprices of man. Such is, and has been for several thousand years, the actual condition of our planet; nor is the consideration foreign to our subject, for hence we may feel less reluctance in admitting the prolonged ages or days of creation, when numerous tribes of the lower orders of aquatic animals lived and flourished, and left their remains embedded in the strata that compose the outer crust of our planet."'—pp. 99—102.

We now come to that which is unquestionably the most interesting part of this Treatise—the consideration of fossil organic remains. Since 'the variety and formation of God's creatures in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms' were specially marked out by the noble founder of the work, as the subjects from which he desires that proofs should be sought of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator, it is eminently in accordance with this object that the Professor proceeds to demonstrate how the extinct species of animals and vegetables which have in former periods occupied our planet afford in their fossil remains the same evidences of contrivance and design that have been shown by Ray, Derham, and Paley to pervade the structure of existing genera and species of organized beings.

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* It is no small proof of design in the arrangement of the materials that compose the surface of our earth, that whereas the primitive and granite rocks are least calculated to afford a fertile soil, they are for the most part made to constitute the mountain districts of the world, which, from their elevation and irregularities, would otherwise be but ill adapted for human habitation: while the lower and more temperate regions are usually composed of derivative, or secondary strata, in which the compound nature of their ingredients qualifies them to be of the greatest utility to mankind, by their subserviency to the purposes of luxuriant vegetation.'—*Buckland's Inaugural Lecture, Oxford*, 1820, p. 17.

The ability with which Dr. Buckland has performed this task—the powerful interest with which he has endowed his subject—we must despair of conveying to our readers by any comments we can make, or by such extracts as we can find room for. Those who have listened spell-bound to that conversational eloquence which the Professor is so peculiarly gifted—an eloquence which, when dilating on such subjects, absolutely calls up before his audience—

> 'The monstrous shapes that one time walk'd the earth,
> Of which ours is the wreck,"

will, however, imagine the vivid and fascinating manner in which he brings out from the abundant stores of his favourite Palæontology illustrations of the great truths of Natural religion—showing that animals which lived and died millions of years ago—creatures utterly swept away as entities from the face of the earth—whose very forms have been 'blotted from the things that be,' are pregnant with valuable evidence—that every bone, nay, every particle of their frames was constructed with the utmost care and the most perfect design by the Omnipotent hand that fashioned them; and that all the fossil species, whether extinct or not, however enormous, however minute, from the colossal megatherium to the microscopic cypris, bear testimony to the wisdom and goodness of the Great Artificer.

Some idea of the immense mass of materials with which the author has had to deal may be derived from the following statement:—

> 'The secrets of nature, that are revealed to us by the history of fossil organic remains, form perhaps the most striking results at which we arrive from the study of geology. It must appear almost incredible to those who have not minutely attended to natural phenomena, that the microscopic examination of a mass of rude and lifeless limestone should often disclose the curious fact, that large proportions of its substance have once formed parts of living bodies. It is surprising to consider that the walls of our houses are sometimes composed of little else than comminuted shells, that were once the domicile of other animals, at the bottom of ancient seas and lakes.
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> 'It is marvellous that mankind should have gone on for so many centuries in ignorance of the fact, which is now so fully demonstrated, that no small part of the present surface of the earth is derived from the remains of animals, that constituted the population of ancient seas. Many extensive plains and massive mountains form, as it were, the great charnal-houses of preceding generations, in which the petrified exuviæ of extinct races of animals and vegetables are piled into stupendous monuments of the operations of life and death, during almost immeasurable periods of past time. . . . . .
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> 'The most prolific source of organic remains has been the accumulation of the shelly coverings of animals which occupied the bottom of the sea during a long series of consecutive generations. A large proportion of the entire substance of many strata is composed of myriads of these shells reduced to a comminuted state by the long-continued movements of water. In other strata, the presence of countless multitudes of unbroken corallines, and of fragile shells, having their most delicate spines still attached and undisturbed, shows that the animals which formed them lived and died upon or near the spot where these remains are found.
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> 'Strata thus loaded with the exuviæ of innumerable generations of organic beings afford strong proof of the lapse of long periods of time, wherein the animals from which they have been derived lived and multiplied and died, at the bottom of seas which once occupied the site of our present continents and islands. Repeated changes in species, both of animals and vegetables, in succeeding members of different formations, give further evidence, not only of the lapse of time, but also of important changes in the physical condition and climate of the ancient earth.'—pp. 112–116.

The study of these remains is, in fact, the great master-key whereby we unlock the secret history of the earth, and obtain the evidence of revolutions and catastrophes long antecedent to the creation of the human race—the records of many successive series of animal and vegetable generations, of which the creation and extinction would have been equally unknown to us but for recent discoveries in the science of geology.

Natural history and natural theology had been hitherto confined to but *one* volume of nature's works—that which relates to the present order of existences. Geology has discovered in the bowels of the earth, and published a series of preceding volumes—more or less injured and imperfect, it is true, through their great age, and containing gaps not yet filled up—but all written in the same hand, bearing the manifest impress of the same mighty mind, and equally abounding in new and vivid proofs of the wisdom and goodness of their Author.

Before he enters into particular instances of design, the Doctor, in his thirteenth chapter, takes a general view of what he designates as 'the *police* of ancient nature' (a term already applied by Wilcke and others to modern natural history). In the world of our day, no observer can look around him without seeing the conflicting principles of life and death in constant action. The greatest amount of general happiness in a given space appears to be the object aimed at; the extinction of individuals is essential to this end—one generation must disappear to afford room for another. Thus we see swarms of gnats dancing in the sunbeams—swallows dash through and annihilate myriads—but still

> 'Through the peopled air
> The busy murmur glows'—

in spite of all the devastation committed on them, the insect-tribes are kept up to the full complement which is compatible with the welfare of other orders of the animal creation. Still, as some of the most important provisions in the anatomy of the ancient as well as the modern animals are made manifest in the organs with which they were furnished for capturing their prey—and as contrivances for such a purpose may, at first sight, seem inconsistent with the dispensations of a creation founded in benevolence, and tending to produce the greatest amount of animal gratification, Dr. Buckland is naturally led to show how the aggregate of animal enjoyment is increased, and that of pain, diminished, by the existence of the carnivorous races:—

'To the mind which looks not to general results in the economy of nature, the earth may seem to present a scene of perpetual warfare and incessant carnage; but the more enlarged view, while it regards individuals in their conjoint relations to the general benefit of their own species, and that of other species with which they are associated in the great family of nature, resolves each apparent case of individual evil into an example of subserviency to universal good.

'Under the existing system, not only is the aggregate amount of animal enjoyment much increased, by adding to the stock of life all the races which are carnivorous, but these are also highly beneficial even to the herbivorous races that are subject to their dominion.

'The appointment of death by the agency of carnivora, as the ordinary termination of animal existence, deducts much from the aggregate amount of the pain of universal death; it abridges, and almost annihilates, throughout the brute creation, the misery of disease, and accidental injuries, and lingering decay; and imposes such salutary restraint upon excessive increase of numbers, that the supply of food maintains perpetually a due ratio to the demand. The result is, that the surface of the land and depths of the waters are ever crowded with myriads of animated beings, the pleasures of whose life are co-extensive with its duration; and which, throughout the little day of existence that is allotted to them, fulfil with joy the functions for which they were created. Life to each individual is a scene of continued feasting, in a region of plenty; and when unexpected death arrests its course, it repays with small interest the large debt which it has contracted to the common fund of animal nutrition, from whence the materials of its body have been derived. Thus the great drama of universal life is perpetually sustained; and though the individual actors undergo continual change, the same parts are ever filled by another and another generation; renewing the face of the earth, and the bosom of the deep, with endless successions of life and happiness.'—pp. 131—134.

Having prepared the way by these general considerations, the author presents us with the particular instances of design exhibited in the organization of the ancient mammalians—animals that suckle their young—whose bones have been disinterred by the geologist from their primeval sepulchres. He selects the uncouth dinotherium and the megatherium with 'its columnar hind legs and colossal tail;' and, after passing in review the organization of their admirably constructed bodies, thus sums up the evidence afforded by the latter:—

With the head and shoulders of a sloth, it combined in its legs and feet an admixture of the characters of the ant-eater, the armadillo, and the chlamyphorus; it probably also still further resembled the armadillo and chlamyphorus, in being cased with a bony coat of armour. Its haunches were more than five feet wide, and its body twelve feet long and eight feet high; its feet were a yard in length, and terminated by most gigantic claws; its tail was probably clad in armour, and much larger than the tail of any other beast, among extinct or living terrestrial mammalia. Thus heavily constructed, and ponderously accoutred, it could neither run, nor leap, nor climb, nor burrow under the ground, and in all its movements must have been necessarily slow; but what need of rapid locomotion to an animal whose occupation of digging roots for food was almost stationary? and what need of speed for flight from foes to a creature whose giant carcase was encased in an impenetrable cuirass, and who by a single pat of his paw, or lash of his tail, could in an instant have demolished the couguar or the crocodile? Secure within the panoply of his bony armour, where was the enemy that would dare encounter this leviathan of the Pampas? or in what more powerful creature can we find the cause that has effected the extirpation of his race?

'His entire frame was an apparatus of colossal mechanism, adapted exactly to the work it had to do; strong and ponderous in proportion as this work was heavy, and calculated to be the vehicle of life and enjoyment to a gigantic race of quadrupeds; which, though they have ceased to be counted among the living inhabitants of our planet, have, in their fossil bones, left behind them imperishable monuments of the consummate skill with which they were constructed;—each limb, and fragment of a limb, forming co-ordinate parts of a well-adjusted and perfect whole; and through all their deviations from the form and proportion of the limbs of other quadrupeds, affording fresh proofs of the infinitely varied, and inexhaustible contrivances of creative wisdom.'—pp. 163, 164.'

We are next carried back to those distant ages during the formation of the strata of the secondary series, when so large a field was occupied by extinct animals, referable to the order of *Saurians* or lizards, 'An *age of reptiles*, when neither the carnivorous nor lacustrine mammalia of of the tertiary periods had begun to appear; but the most formidable occupants, both of land and water, were crocodiles and lizards; of various forms, and often of gigantic stature, fitted to endure the turbulence and continual convulsions of the unquiet surface of our infant world.' At this period what are now the temperate regions of southern England (the Weald of Sussex and Dorsetshire, for example) were peopled by monsters of this character, which stalked amid marshy forests of a luxuriant tropical vegetation, or floated huge on the genial waters,—

'Their earth is gone forever.'

Persons to whom this subject may now be presented for the first time will receive, with much surprise, perhaps almost with incredulity, such statements as are here advanced. It must be admitted that they at first seem much more like the dreams of fiction and romance than the sober results of calm and deliberate investigation; but to those who will examine the evidence of facts upon which the conclusions rest, there can remain no more reasonable doubt of the former existence of these strange and curious creatures, in the times and places assigned to them, than is felt by the antiquary, who, finding the catacombs of Egypt stored with the mummies of men and apes and crocodiles, concludes them to be the remains of mammalia and reptiles that have formed part of an ancient population on the banks of the Nile.

Beginning with the *Enaliosaurians* or marine lizards, which are most abundant throughout the lias and oolite formations of the secondary series, our author first presents us with the *Ichthyosaurus* or fish-lizard. Let the reader who has not made palæontology his pursuit imagine a marine creature with a snout of a porpoise, the teeth of a crocodile, the head of a lizard, the vertebræ of a fish, and the breast-bone of the paradoxical animal of New Holland, the ornithorhynchus.[*] Let him suppose this frame-work to be so filled up as to give the general outline of a modern porpoise or grampus, with an enormous eye, and add thereto four broad fin-feet or paddles, with a long and powerful tail; let him imagine all this upon a scale of thirty or forty feet in length, (for some of the largest of the species must have been, at least, so long,) and he will have no very incorrect idea of an ichthyosaurus. Throughout the whole organization of this tyrant of the seas of a former world, a perfect harmony of parts is obvious, while the parts themselves—the eyes, the jaws, the vertebræ, the sternal apparatus, for example—exhibit the most consummate adaptation. But we must permit Dr. Buckland to give his own conclusion:—

> 'If the laws of co-existence are less rigidly maintained in the ichthyosaurus than in other extinct creatures which we discover amid the wreck of former creations, still these deviations are so far from being fortuitous or evidencing imperfection, that they present examples of perfect appointment and judicious choice, pervading and regulating even the most apparently anomalous aberrations.
>
> 'Having the vertebræ of a fish, as instruments of rapid progression, and the paddels of a whale, and sternum of an ornithorhyncus, as instruments of elevation and depression, the reptile ichthyosaurus united in itself a combination of mechanical contrivances, which are now distributed among three distinct classes of the animal kingdom. If, for the purpose of producing vertical movements in the water, the sternum of the living ornithorhyncus assumes forms and combinations that occur but in one other genus of mammalia, they are the same that co-existed in the sternum of the ichthyosaurus of the ancient world; and thus, at points of time separated from each other by the intervention of incalculable ages, we find an identity of objects effected by instruments so similar, as to leave no doubt of the unity of the design in which they all originated.
>
> 'It was a necessary and peculiar function in the economy of the fish-like lizard of the ancient seas to ascend continually to the surface of the water in order to breathe air, and to descend again in search of food: it is a no less peculiar function in the duck-billed ornithorhynchus of our own days to perform a series of similar movements in the lakes and rivers of New Holland.
>
> 'The introduction in these animals of such aberrations from the type of their respective orders, to accommodate deviations from the usual habits of these orders, exhibits an union of compensative contrivances, so similar in their relations, so identical in their objects, and so perfect in the adaptation of each subordinate part, to the harmony and perfection of the whole, that we cannot but recognize throughout them all the workings of one and the same eternal principle of wisdom and intelligence, presiding from first to last over the total fabric of creation.—pp. 184-186.

Nor is it the skeleton merely of these sea-lizards that is preserved to us. Dr. Buckland's discovery of their petrified *fæces* has enabled him to determine the nature of their food, to ascertain the structure of their intestines, and to show even the shape of the minute vessels, and the folds of the mucous membrane with which they were lined.

The facts elicited from the *coprolitic* remains of the ichthyosauri afford, indeed, a new and curious contribution to the evidences of Natural Theology. They prove the existence of beneficial arrangements and compensations even in those perishable yet important parts which formed the organs of digestion of the extinct inhabitants of our planet. And thus from the meanest substances, strangely preserved through countless ages in the mud into which they were originally voided, the geologist extracts a new, beautiful and striking testimony to the unity, wisdom, and goodness of the creative intelligence! There is something in minutiæ of this homely character, which creates a yet more vivid impression of the reality of these strange monsters of the ancient world even than their petrified skeletons.

> 'When we see the body of an ichthyosaurus, still containing the food it had eaten just before its death, and its ribs still surrounding the remains of fishes, that were swallowed ten thousand, or more than ten times ten thousand years ago, all these vast intervals seem annihilated, time altogether disappears, and we are almost brought into as immediate contact with events of immeasurably distant periods, as with the affairs of yesterday.'—pp. 201, 202.

The plesiosauri next claim our attention; and if the ichthyosaurus be considered extraordinary, we know not what term to apply to the plesiosaurus; an animal, whose structure, as Cuvier observes, is the most heteroclite, and its character altogether the most monstrous, of any that have yet been found amid the ruins of a former world. A lizard's head with crocodile teeth set on a serpent-like or rather swan-like neck of great length (the vertebræ being about thirty-three), a trunk and tail with the proportions of those of an ordinary quadruped, the ribs of a cameleon, and the paddles of a whale:—

> 'Such are the strange combinations of form and structure in the plesiosaurus; a genus, the remains of which, after interment for thousands of years amidst the wreck of millions of extinct inhabitants of the ancient earth, are at length recalled to light, and submitted to our examination, in nearly as perfect a state as the bones of species that are now existing upon the earth.
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> 'The plesiosauri appear to have lived in shallow seas and

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[*] A quadruped with webbed feet and a bill like a duck's, clothed with fur, suckling its young, and oviparous.

estuaries, and to have breathed air like the ichthyosauri, and our modern cetacea. We are already acquainted with five or six species, some of which attained a prodigious size and length; but our present observations will be chiefly limited to that which is the best known, and perhaps the most remarkable of them all, viz: the P. Dolichodeirus.'—p. 203.

We cannot have a better account of its habits than that which Conybeare, who first discovered the genus, has put on record in the Transactions of the Geological society of London:—

'"That it was aquatic is evident from the form of its paddles; that it was marine is almost equally so, from the remains with which it is universally associated; that it may have occasionally visited the shore, the resemblance of its extremities to those of the turtle may lead us to conjecture; its motion, however, must have been very awkward on land; its long neck must have impeded its progress through the water; presenting a striking contrast to the organization which so admirably fits the ichthyosaurus to cut through the waves. May it not, therefore, be concluded, (since, in addition to these circumstances, its respiration must have required frequent access of air,) that it swam upon, or near the surface; arching back its long neck like the swan, and occasionally darting it down at the fish which happened to float within its reach? It may, perhaps, have lurked in shoal water along the coast, concealed among the sea-weed, and raising its nostrils to a level with the surface from a considerable depth, may have found a secure retreat from the assaults of dangerous enemies; while the length and flexibility of its neck may have compensated for the want of strength in its jaws, and its incapacity for swift motion through the water, by the suddenness and agility of the attack which they enabled it to make on every animal fitted for its prey, which came within its reach.'—pp. 211, 212.

Dr. Buckland thus concludes his notice of these most interesting animals:

'Pursuing the analogies of construction that connect the existing inhabitants of the earth with those extinct genera and species which preceded the creation of our race, we find an unbroken chain of affinities pervading the entire series of organized beings, and connecting all past and present forms of animal existence by close and harmonious ties. Even our own bodies, and some of their most important organs, are brought into close and direct comparison with those of reptiles, which, at first sight, appear the most monstrous productions of creation; and in the very hand and fingers with which we write their history we recognise the type of the paddles of the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus.

'Extending a similar comparison through the four great classes of vertebral animals, we find in each species a varied adaptation of analogous parts to the different circumstances and conditions in which it was intended to be placed. Ascending from the lower orders, we trace a gradual advancement in structure and office, till we arrive at those whose functions are the most exalted; thus, the fin of the fish becomes the paddle of the reptile plesiosaurus and ichthyosaurus; the same organ is converted into the wing of the pterodactyle, the bird and bat; it becomes the fore foot, or paw, in quadrupeds that move upon the land, and attains its highest consummation in the arm and hand of rational man. . . . "Usque adeo natura, una eadem semper atque multiplex, disparibus etiam formis effectus pares, admirabili quadam varietatum simplicitate, conciliat."'—pp. 213, 214.

After a concise but well-digested history of the mososaurus, or great marine animal of Maestricht, most nearly allied to the monitors (monitory lizards) of modern times, though infinitely gigantic in comparison;—an animal which appears to have been introduced during the deposition of the chalk to take the places of the then extinct ichthyosauri and plesiosauri that, from the lias upwards, held their sway over the ocean, and to have been destined in its turn to make room for the *cetacea* (whales) of the tertiary period;—we are thus introduced to the pterodactyle:—

'Among the most remarkable disclosures made by the researches of geology, we may rank the flying reptiles, which have been ranged by Cuvier under the genus pterodactyle; a genus presenting more singular combinations of form than we find in any other creatures yet discovered amid the ruins of the ancient earth. The structure of these animals is so exceedingly anomalous that the first discovered pterodactyle was considered by one naturalist to be a bird, by another as a species of bat, and by a third as a flying reptile. This extraordinary discordance of opinion respecting a creature whose skeleton was almost entire, arose from the presence of characters apparently belonging to each of the three classes to which it was referred;—the form of its head, and length of neck, resembling that of birds, its wings approaching to the proportion and form of bats, and the body and tail approximating to those of ordinary mammalia. These characters connected with a small skull, as is usual among reptiles, and a beak furnished with not less than sixty pointed teeth, presented a combination of apparent anomalies which it was reserved for the genius of Cuvier to reconcile. In his hand, this apparently monstrous production of the ancient world has been converted into one of the most beautiful examples yet afforded by comparative anatomy, of the harmony that pervades all nature, in the adaptation of the same parts of the frame to infinitely varied conditions of existence. . . . .

'We are already acquainted with eight species of this genus, varying from the size of a snipe to that of a cormorant. In external form these animals somewhat resemble our modern bats and vampires: most of them had the nose elongated, like the snout of a crocodile, and armed with conical teeth. Their eyes were of enormous size, apparently enabling them to fly by night. From their wings projected fingers, terminated by long hooks, like the curved claw on the thumb of the bat. These must have formed a powerful paw, wherewith the animal was enabled to creep or climb, or suspend itself from trees. It is probable, also, that the pterodactyles had the power of swimming, which is so common in reptiles, and which is now possessed by the vampire bat of the island of Bonin. Thus, like Milton's fiend, qualified for all services and all elements, the creature was a fit companion for the kindred reptiles that swarmed in the seas, or crawled on the shores of a turbulent planet.

"The fiend,
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

With flocks of such-like creatures flying in the air, and shoals of no less monstrous ichthyosauri and plesiosauri swarming in the ocean, and gigantic crocodiles and tortoises crawling on the shores of the primeval lakes and ri-

> vers, air, sea and land must have been strangely tenanted in these early periods of our infant world. . . . . .
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> 'In the case of the pterodactyle we have an extinct genus of the order Saurians, in the class of reptiles, (a class that now moves only on land or in the water,) adapted by a peculiarity of structure to fly in the air. It will be interesting to see how the anterior extremity, which in the fore-leg of the modern lizard and crocodiles is an organ of locomotion on land, became converted into a membraniferous wing; and how far the other parts of the body are modified so as to fit the entire animal machine for the functions of flight.'—pp. 221-225.

We cannot afford space for the details of this inquiry, which is, however, full of interest, and, as in the instances already mentioned, affords striking proofs that, even in ages incalculably remote, the same care of a common Creator which we witness in the mechanism of our own bodies and those of the myriads of inferior creatures that move around us, was extended to the structure of creatures that at first sight seem made up only of monstrosities.

Dr. Buckland next brings in review before us those gigantic terrestrial lizards, the megalosaurus, iguanodon, and hylæosaurus, reptiles extending some of them to seventy feet in length.—Among other instances of adaptation, the internal condition of their bones is shown to differ from that of the aquatic saurians:—

> 'In the ichthyosauri and plesiosauri, whose paddles were calculated exclusively to move in water, even the largest bones of the arms and legs were solid throughout. Their weight would in no way have embarrassed their action in the fluid medium they inhabited; but in the huge megalosaurus, and still more gigantic iguanodon, which are shown, by the character of their feet, to have been fitted to move on land, the larger bones of the legs were diminished in weight, by being internally hollow, and having their cavities filled with the light material of marrow, while their cylindrical form tended also to combine this lightness with strength.'—pp. 235, 236.

The amphibious saurians, or crocodileans of the old world, were nearly similar in their structure to those of the present day. We must refer the reader to the work itself for a very interesting account of them, and pass on to the testudinata (tortoises), which bring immediately before us the interesting facts of fossil footsteps:—

> 'Scotland has recently afforded evidence of the existence of more than one species of these terrestial reptiles during the period of the new red or variegated sandstone formation. The nature of this evidence is almost unique in the history of organic remains.' It is not uncommon to find on the surface of sandstone tracks which mark the passage of small crustacea and other marine animals whilst this stone was in a state of loose sand at the bottom of the sea. Laminated sandstones are also often disposed in minute undulations, precisely resembling those formed by the ripple of agitated water upon sand.'—[Such exactly as we see left by the receding tide on the sands of our coast.]—'The same causes which have so commonly preserved these undulations would equally preserve any impressions that might happen to have been made on beds of sand by the feet of animals; the only essential condition of such preservation being that they should have become covered with a further deposit of earthy matter before they were obliterated by any succeeding agitations of the water. The impressions in Dumfries-shire traverse the rock in a direction either up or down, and not across the surfaces of the strata, which are now inclined at an angle of 38°. On one slab there are twenty-four continuous impressions of feet, forming a regular track, with six distinct repetitions of the mark of each foot, the fore-foot being differently shaped from the hind-foot; the marks of the claws are also very distinct.'—pp. 258-261.
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> 'The strata which bear these impressions lie on each other like volumes on the shelf of a library, when all inclining to one side; the quarry has been worked to the depth of forty-five feet from the top of the rock; throughout the whole of this depth similar impressions have been found, not on a single stratum only, but on many successive strata; *i. e.*, after removing a large slab which contained foot-prints they found perhaps the very next stratum at the distance of a few feet, or it might be less than an inch, exhibiting a similar phenomenon. Hence it follows that the process by which the impressions were made on the sand, and subsequently buried, were repeated at successive intervals.'—*Note*, p. 259.

Dr. Buckland, by way of experiment, took soft sand and clay, and unbaked pie-crust or paste. Upon these several substances he made living tortoises (*Emys* and *Testudo Græca*) walk; when he found the marks made by the animals sufficiently close to render it quite certain that the fossil footsteps were impressed by the feet of tortoises.

> 'The historian or the antiquary,' he remarks, 'may have traversed the fields of ancient or of modern battles; and may have pursued the line of march of triumphant conquerors, whose armies trampled down the most mighty kingdoms of the world. The winds and storms have utterly obliterated the ephemeral impressions of their course. Not a track remains of a single foot or a single hoof, of all the countless millions of men and beasts whose progress spread desolation over the earth; but the reptiles, that crawled upon the half-finished surface of our infant planet, have left memorials of their passage, enduring and indelible. No history has recorded their creation or destruction; their very bones are found no more among the fossil relics of a former world. Centuries and thousands of years may have rolled away between the time in which these footsteps were impressed by tortoises upon the sands of their native Scotland, and the hour when they are again laid bare and exposed to our curious and admiring eyes. Yet we behold them stamped upon the rock, distinct as the track of the passing animal upon the recent snow; as if to show that thousands of years are but as nothing amidst eternity,—and, as it were, in mockery of the fleeting perishable course of the mightiest potentates among mankind.'—pp. 262, 263.

It is impossible to turn to the subject of fossil fishes without alluding to Professor Agassiz. Dr. Buckland has drawn largely from that distinguished ichthyologist; but as a sketch of his labours was introduced in our last number,[*] we pass to our author's own striking remarks in concluding this branch of his subject:—

> 'It results from the review here taken of the history of fossil fishes, that this important class of vertebrated

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[*] No. CX. p. 433.

animals presented its actual gradations of structure amongst the earliest inhabitants of our planet; and has ever performed the same important functions in the general economy of nature as those discharged by their living representatives in our modern seas, and lakes, and rivers. The great purpose of their existence seems at all times to have been to fill the waters with the largest possible amount of animal enjoyment. The sterility and solitude which have sometimes been attributed to the depths of the ocean exist only in the fictions of poetic fancy. The great mass of the water that covers nearly three-fourths of the globe is crowded with life, perhaps more abundantly than the air and the surface of the earth; and the bottom of the sea, within a certain depth accessible to light, swarms with countless hosts of worms, and creeping things, which represent the kindred families of low degree which crawl upon the land.

"The common object of creation seems ever to have been the infinite multiplication of life. As the basis of animal nutrition is laid in the vegetable kingdom, the bed of the ocean is not less beautifully clothed with submarine vegetation than the surface of the dry land with verdant herbs and stately forests. In both cases the undue increase of herbivorous tribes is controlled by the restraining influence of those which are carnivorous; and the common result is, and ever has been, the greatest possible amount of animal enjoyment to the greatest number of individuals.'

We now arrive at the proofs of design manifested in the fossil remains of mollusks,—those soft-bodied animals, some of which are naked while others are protected by a shell. The great majority of these testaceans have their living representatives, and the evidence, therefore, to be derived from the ancient species is much the same with that to be collected from the modern. There are, however, some instances, even where the type is still continued, well worthy of notice; while in others, where the family is utterly extinct, the proofs of consummate skill in the fabrication of their shells, when considered in relation to the exigencies of the animals, are most abundant.

Every one has heard or read of the viscid ink-like substance, the '*nigræ succus loliginis*' with which the cuttle clouds the water for the purpose of concealment. It was, indeed, hardly to be expected that traces of so subtle a fluid should be found among the remains of extinct cephalopods, that had perished suddenly countless centuries ago. Yet, Miss Mary Anning, to whom geologists are so much indebted for having brought to light the saurian and other remains of Lyme, found this substance at that locality, and, in February, 1829, Dr. Buckland announced to the Geological Society of London, the 'fossil pens' and 'fossil ink-bags' of the lias.

'So completely,' says the Doctor, 'are the character and qualities of the ink retained in its fossil state, that when, in 1826, I submitted a portion of it to my friend Sir Francis Chantrey, requesting him to try its power as a pigment, and he had prepared a drawing with a triturated portion of this fossil substance; the drawing was shown to a celebrated painter, without any information as to its origin, and he immediately pronounced it to be tinted with sepia of excellent quality, and begged to be informed by what colourman it was prepared. The common sepia used in drawing is from the ink-bag of an oriental species of cuttle-fish. The ink of the cuttle-fishes, in its natural state, is said to be soluble only in water, through which it diffuses itself instantaneously; being thus remarkably adapted to its peculiar service in the only fluid wherein it is naturally employed.'—p. 305.

There can be no doubt that the 'fossil pens' were the internal horny bodies which, like the transparent 'pen' of the recent species, afforded support to the softer parts of the ancient animal, thus showing that the same principles of construction now in operation, prevailed at periods incalculably remote.

'The petrified remains of fossil loligo, therefore, add another link to the chain of argument which we are pursuing, and aid us in connecting successive systems of creation which have followed each other upon our planet, as parts of one grand and uniform design . . . . Paley has beautifully, and with his usual felicity, described the unity and universality of providential care, as extending from the construction of a ring of two hundred thousand miles diameter, to surround the body of Saturn, and be suspended, like a magnificent arch, above the heads of his inhabitants, to the concerting and providing an appropriate mechanism for the clasping and reclasping of the filaments in the feather of the humming-bird. The geologist describes a no less striking assemblage of curious provisions and delicate mechanisms, extending from the entire circumference of the crust of our planet, to the minutest curl of the smallest fibre in each component lamina of the pen of the fossil loligo. He finds these pens uniformly associated with the same peculiar defensive provision of an internal ink-bag, which is similarly associated with the pen of the living loligo in our actual seas; and hence he concludes, that such a union of contrivances, so nicely adjusted to the wants and weaknesses of the creatures in which they occur, could never have resulted from the blindness of chance, but could only have originated in the will and intention of one and the same Creator.'—pp. 306–310.

Come we now to the proofs of design in the mechanism of fossil chambered shells—the nautilite and ammonite, for instance. Here it is to be remembered that the object was not merely to produce defences for the bodies of the animals, but to form, at the same time, hydraulic instruments of delicate adjustment constructed to act in subordination to those universal and unchanging laws which appear to have ever regulated the movement of fluids. We select the ammonite; and we shall find that a more perfect machine than its shell for affording resistance to external pressure, combining the utmost degree of lightness and buoyancy with the greatest strength, could hardly be imagined:—

'What nice hand,
With twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Will make us such another?'

'In more than two hundred known species of ammonites, the transverse plates present some beautifully varied modifications of this foliated expansion at their edges; the effect of which, in every case, is to increase the strength of the outer shell, by multiplying the subjacent points of resistance to external pressure. We know that the pressure of the sea at no great depth will force a cork into a bottle filled with air, or crush a hollow cylinder or sphere of thin copper; and as the air chambers of ammonites were subject to similar pressure, whilst at the bottom of the sea, they required some peculiar provisions to preserve them from destruction,* more especially as most zoologists agree that they existed at great depths.

'Here again we find the inventions of art anticipated in the works of nature, and the same principle applied to resist the inward pressure of the sea upon the shells of ammonites, that an engineer makes use of in fixing transverse stays beneath the planks of the wooden centre on which he builds his arch of stone.

'The disposition of these supports assumes throughout the family of ammonites a different arrangement from the more simple curvature of the edges of the transverse plates within the shells of nautili; and we find a probable cause for this variation, in the comparative thinness of the outer shells of many ammonites; since this external weakness creates a need of more internal support under the pressure of deep water, than was requisite in the stronger and thicker shells of nautili.

'This support is effected by causing the edges of the transverse plates to deviate from a simple curve into a variety of attenuated ramifications and undulating sutures. Nothing can be more beautiful than the sinuous windings of these sutures in many species, at their union with the exterior shell; adorning it with a succession of most graceful forms, resembling festoons of foliage, and elegant embroidery. When these thin septa are converted into iron pyrites, their edges appear like golden filigrane work, meandering amid the pellucid spar that fills the chambers of the shell. . . . On examining the proofs of contrivance and design that pervade the testaceous remains of the family of ammonites, we find, in every species, abundant evidence of minute and peculiar mechanisms, adapting the shell to the double purpose of acting as a float, and of forming a protection to the body of its inhabitants.

'As the animal increased in bulk, and advanced along the outer chamber of the shell, the spaces left behind it were successively converted into air-chambers, simultaneously increasing the power of the float. This float, being regulated by a pipe, passing through the whole series of the chambers, formed an hydraulic instrument of extraordinary delicacy, by which the animal could, at pleasure, control its ascent to the surface, or descent to the bottom of the sea.

'To creatures that sometimes floated, a thick and heavy shell would have been inapplicable; and as a thin shell inclosing air, would be exposed to various and often intense degrees of pressure at the bottom, we find a series of provisions to afford resistance to such pressure, in the mechanical construction both of the external shell, and of the internal transverse plates which formed the air-chambers. First, the shell is made up of a tube, coiled round itself and externally convex. Secondly, it is fortified by a series of ribs and vaultings, disposed in the form of arches and domes on the convex surface of this tube, and still further adding to its strength. Thirdly, the transverse plates that form the air-chambers supply also a continuous succession of supports, extending their ramifications, with many mechanical advantages, beneath those portions of the shell which, being weakest, were most in need of them.

'If the existence of contrivance proves the exercise of mind; and if higher degrees of perfection in mechanism are proof of more exalted degrees of intellect in the Author from whom they proceeded; the beautiful examples which we find in the petrified remains of these chambered shells afford evidence coeval and co-extensive with the mountains wherein they are entombed, attesting the wisdom in which such exquisite contrivances originated, and setting forth the providence and care of the Creator, in regulating the structure ef every creature of his hand.'—pp. 345-357.

Ammonites, according to Dr. Buckland, evidently had no ink-bags; but belemnites were, without doubt, furnished with them, and they have been recently found *in situ*, in the same lias which gave up the buried ink-bags of the fossil *loligines*. Dr. Buckland had, in 1829, publicly noticed the probable connexion of these appendages with the belemnites; but Professor Agassiz first demonstrated that connexion in a specimen now in the cabinet of Miss Philpotts at Lyme. The author's comparison of these naked cephalopods, for such they were, with the nautilus, his notice of their analogies with the other genera of chambered shells—and, indeed, his whole history of this extinct race, are admirable.

Our limits will not permit us to allow much space for the more minute chambered shells which D'Orbingy and others have considered cephalopodous; but which, the recent investigations of Du Jardin, as our author is evidently aware, go far to prove of a different organization. Some idea of the innumerable swarms of these multilocular shells may be gained from the following notice on the nummulite, the genus selected by Dr. Buckland for his observations:—

'Nummulites are so called from their resemblance to a piece of money—they vary in size from that of a crown piece to microscopic littleness; and occupy an important place in the history of fossil shells, on account of the prodigious extent to which they are accumulated in the latter members of the secondary, and in many of the tertiary strata. They are often piled on each other nearly in as close contact as the grains in a heap of corn. In this state they form a considerable portion of the entire bulk of many extensive mountains, *e. g.* in the tertiary limestones of Verona and Monte Bolca, and in secondary strata of the cretacious formation in the Alps, Carpathians, and Pyrenees. Some of the pyramids, and the sphinx of Egypt, are composed of limestone loaded with nummulites.

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* 'Captain Smyth found, on two trials, that the cylindrical copper air-tube, under the vane attached to Massey's patent log, collapsed, and was crushed quite flat under a pressure of about three hundred fathoms. A claret bottle, filled with air, and well corked, was burst before it had descended four hundred fathoms. He also found that a bottle filled with fresh water, and corked, had the cork forced at about a hundred and eighty fathoms below the surface; in such cases, the fluid sent down is replaced by salt water, and the cork which had been forced in, is sometimes inverted.

'Captain Beaufort also informs me, that he has frequently sunk corked bottles in the sea more than a hundred fathoms deep, some of them empty, and others containing a fluid. The empty bottles were sometimes crushed, at other times the cork was forced in, and the bottle returned full of sea-water. The cork of the bottles containing a fluid was uniformly forced in, and the fluid exchanged for sea-water; the cork was always returned to the neck of the bottle, sometimes, but not always, in an inverted position.'

'It is impossible to see such mountain masses of the remains of a single family of shells thus added to the solid materials of the globe, without recollecting that each individual shell once held an important place within the body of a living animal; and thus recalling our imagination to those distant epochs when the waters of the ocean which then covered Europe were filled with floating swarms of these extinct mollusks, thick as the countless myriads of beröe and clio borealis that now crowd the waters of the Polar seas.'—pp. 383, 4.

We have selected from Mr. Buckland's illustrations a beautiful hydraulic engine of a former world—one extract more, we think, will be permitted us, to produce a fossil optical instrument of equally perfect adaptation, and we must then unwillingly cease our quotations from this part of the work. It may be necessary to apprise some of our readers that trilobites are extinct crustaceous animals, whose form has never yet been detected among living creatures; though there are several analogies between it and some of the forms of existing crustaceans.* These trilobites are of the most remote antiquity, indeed none have yet been found in any strata more recent than the carboniferous series; and yet we are presented by Dr. Buckland with the following account of the *structure of their eyes*—an account which could hardly have been more clear or more philosophical, if a living lobster had been the subject:—

'This point deserves peculiar consideration, as it affords the most ancient, and almost the only example yet found in the fossil world, of the preservation of parts so delicate as the visual organs of animals that ceased to live many thousands, and perhaps millions of years ago. We must regard these organs with feelings of no ordinary kind, when we recollect that we have before us the identical instruments of vision, through which the light of heaven was admitted to the sensorium of some of the first created inhabitants of our planet.

'The discovery of such instruments in so perfect a state of preservation, after having been buried for incalculable ages in the early strata of the transition formation, is one of the most marvellous facts yet disclosed by geological researches; and the structure of these eyes supplies an argument of high importance in connecting together the extreme points of the animal creation. An identity of mechanical arrangements, adapted to the construction of an optical instrument precisely similar to that which forms the eyes of existing insects and crustaceans, affords an example of agreement that seems utterly inexplicable without reference to the exercise of one and the same intelligent creative power.

'Professor Müller and Mr. Straus have ably and amply illustrated the arrangements by which the eyes of insects and crustaceans are adapted to produce distinct vision, through the medium of a number of minute facets, or lenses, placed at the extremity of an equal number of conical tubes or microscopes; these amount sometimes, as in the butterfly, to the number of 35,000 facets in the two eyes, and in the dragon-fly to 18,000.

The eyes of the fossils crustaceans present analogous examples of optical adaptation.

'In the asaphus caudatus (a species of trilobite) each eye contains at least 400 nearly spherical lenses fixed in separate compartments on the surface of the cornea. The form of the general cornea is peculiarly adapted to the uses of an animal destined to live at the bottom of the water: to look downwards was as much impossible as it was unnecessary to a creature living at the bottom; but for horizontal vision in every direction the contrivance is complete. The form of each eye is nearly that of the frustum of a cone, incomplete on that side only which is directly opposite to the corresponding side of the other eye, and in which, if facets were present, their chief range would be towards each other across the head, where no vision was required. The exterior of each eye, like a circular bastion, ranges nearly round three-fourths of a circle, each commanding so much of the horizon, that where the distinct vision of one eye ceases, that of the other eye begins, so that in the horizontal direction the combined range of both eyes was panoramic.

'If we compare this disposition of the eyes with that in the three cognate crustaceans, by which we have been illustrating the general structure of the trilobites, we find the same mechanism pervading them all, modified by peculiar adaptations to the state and habits of each.

The Doctor adds beautifully and most ingeniously:—

'The results arising from these facts are not confined to animal physiology; they give information also regarding the condition of the ancient sea and ancient atmosphere, and the relations of both these media to light, at that remote period when the earliest marine animals were furnished with instruments of vision, in which the minute optical adaptations were the same that impart the perception of light to crustaceans now living at the bottom of the sea.

'With respect to the waters wherein the trilobites maintained their existence throughout the entire period of the transition formation, we conclude that they could not have been that imaginary turbid and compound chaotic fluid, from the precipitates of which some geologists have supposed the materials of the surface of the earth to be derived; because the structure of the eyes of these animals is such, that any kind of fluid in which they could have been efficient at the bottom, must have been pure and transparent enough to allow the passage of light to organs of vision, the nature of which is so fully disclosed by the state of perfection in which they are preserved.

'With regard to the atmosphere also we infer, that had it differed materially from its actual condition, it might have so far affected the rays of light, that a corresponding difference from the eyes of existing crustaceans would have been found in the organs on which the impressions of such rays were then received.

'Regarding light itself also, we learn, from the resemblance of these most ancient organizations to existing eyes, that the mutual relations of light to the eye, and of the eye to light, were the same at the time when crustaceans endowed with the faculty of vision were first placed at the bottom of the primeval seas, as at the present moment.

'Thus we find among the earliest organic remains an optical instrument of most curious construction, adapted to produce vision of a peculiar kind in the then existing representatives of one great class in the articulated division of the animal kingdom. We do not find this instrument passing onwards, as it were, through a series of experimental changes, from more simple into more complex forms; it was created at the very first, in the fulness of perfect adaptation to the uses and condition of the class of creatures to which this kind of eye has ever been, and is still appropriate.

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* Animals breathing by means of branchiæ or gills, whose bodies are covered with a horny crust. Examples occur on the land, in freshwater, and most abundantly, in the sea. A crab and a lobster are crustaceous animals. The trilobite appears to have been marine.

'If we should discover a microscope or telescope in the hand of an Egyptian mummy, or beneath the ruins of Herculaneum, it would be impossible to deny that a knowledge of the principles of optics existed in the mind by which such an instrument had been contrived. The same inference follows, but with cumulative force, when we see nearly four hundred microscopic lenses set side by side in the compound eye of a fossil trilobite; and the weight of the argument is multiplied a thousand-fold when we look to the infinite variety of adaptations by which similar instruments have been modified, through endless genera and species, from the long-lost trilobites of the transition strata, through the extinct crustaceans of the secondary and tertiary formations, and thence onwards throughout existing crustaceans, and the countless hosts of living insects.

'It appears impossible to resist the conclusions as to unity of design in a common author, which are thus attested by such cumulative evidences of creative intelligence and power; both, as infinitely surpassing the most exalted faculties of the human mind, as the mechanisms of the natural world, when magnified by the highest microscopes, are found to transcend the most perfect productions of human art.'—pp. 396–404.

We cannot take our leave of Dr. Buckland's fossil zoology without calling the attention of our readers to the chapter on fossil insects, and on the radiated animals and zoophites. No one can have looked upon a slab of the entrochal marble of Derbyshire without being struck with the myriads of encrinites that must have swarmed in the ancient seas. The whole rock seems to be formed out of their remains. The plates, illustrative of this and every other part of the work, are full of interest, and are executed with the greatest fidelity and care; and when we see the number and beauty of these illustrations, we cease to wonder that Dr. Buckland's should have been the last to make its appearance of all the 'Bridgewater Treatises.'* But though last, it will not, most assuredly, be considered the least, whether we look to the quantity of information contained in it, or the judgment with which that information has been applied to the case to be proved. Even as a *repertorium palæontologicum*, it will be eagerly sought for; and when we find that the subject is made an appeal to the better and nobler sentiments of our nature, in plain language, unincumbered as much as possible by the technical terms that deter too many from entering this most pleasant field of inquiry, we doubt not that Dr. Buckland will be the means of introducing many a saurian, many a trilobite, and many an encrinite to the acquaintance of those who would hardly have heard of such beings but for his excellent book.

We have still to speak of the flora of the fossil or mineral kingdom—a departments of geology equally rich with what we have last touched upon in evidences of this uniformity of design which has ever pervaded the laws of organic life.

As yet the number of fossil plants that have been described does not much exceed five hundred species; yet small as this number is when compared to that of living plants, it appears to M. Adolphe Brongniart, who has devoted himself to this study, that by applying the principles which are found to influence the distribution of living plants, we can already establish some results of very great interest and importance in regard to the climates in which the vegetables grew, which are found in a fossil state in the different strata, and that they prove there was a marked difference in the climates of the different geological formations.

Dr. Buckland gives a summary of these results and a concise enumeration of the tribes of plants which have been found to be peculiar to each geological epoch, and we may (speaking in a general manner, for we have not room for a more detailed statement) give the following as the results arrived at.

1. The vegetable remains which are found in the oldest fossiliferous beds, such as the transition slates and limestones to the coal formations inclusive, consist of a few marine algæ, equisetaceæ of very large size, ferns in great numbers, lycopodeaceæ, a few palms, and some coniferæ.

2. In the lias and oolitic series, and to the chalk inclusive, are marine algæ, some equisetaceæ, ferns, a few lycopodeaceæ, coniferæ, liliaceæ, and cycadeæ.

3. In the beds above the chalk we find algæ a few ferns and equisetaceæ, palms, characeæ, liliaceæ, and many dicotyledonous plants.

In the first of these periods the very large size of some of the equisetaceæ, viz., those known by the name of calamites, which much exceed any of the living plants of this family, their great abundance, and the prodigious number of ferns, of which many have large fronds, are considered to indicate that the climate in which they grew was one even hotter than that of the equatorial regions of the present era.

The vegetable remains of the second period are for the most part of tribes analogous to those which grow in the equatorial regions at the present day. They are considered to indicate a high degree of temperature, though they do not exhibit so great a developement as in the preceding period, and, therefore, the heat is supposed to have been less.

The fossil plants of the third period, or that of the beds above the chalk, approach much nearer to those of the present day, and contain many which indicate a temperate climate. In fact, we do not find in them any forms which are not analogous to some of the living tribes of plants.

In separating fossil vegetables into periods so decidedly distinct, it must be supposed that such is rather an account of the present state of our knowledge on the subject, than a statement of ultimate results. What we have said of the small number of plants yet known, will make us cautious in our conclusions, from such limited materials, although great interest must attach to the inquiry.

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* We have heard, and can well believe, that Doctor Buckland's generous ardour has induced him to spend the whole of Lord Bridgewater's 1000*l*. upon this magnificent appendix of engravings.

It would be interesting to find that the arguments as to climate, which may be furnished by the evidence derived from fossil plants, were confirmed by the character of the remains of animals found in the strata of the same period, and such, indeed, is supposed to be the case. It is, however, to be observed, that a great difficulty must attend this part of the inquiry, from the fact that the fossil organic remains are principally those of the inhabitants of the sea—which are not so well calculated to furnish decided conclusions as those of terrestrial animals. Besides this, we must allow that, as yet, we know but little of the circumstances under which vegetables have been preserved. The process by which silex has taken the place of wood, while yet the delicate structure has been preserved so as to show, when examined by the high powers of the microscope, the minute characteristic peculiarities which distinguish coniferous wood, is altogether inexplicable by our most profound chemists, and although we know, from what we observe in the formation of peat, that some kinds of plants when exposed to decay in wet places undergo a change, from which results an accumulation of bituminous and carbonaceous matter, yet we are far from being able to understand all the circumstances which have attended the formation of coal.

The quantity of fossil remains of plants, principally of ferns, which are accumulated in the coal measures, is immense. The impressions of ferns and other plants occur so closely placed together in shale or slaty clay over the coal, as frequently to cause the shale to fall and expose to view in the ceiling of the mine a most beautiful sight. One instance is thus described by Dr. Buckland—

> 'The most beautiful example I have ever witnessed is that of the coal mines of Bohemia. The most elaborate imitations of living foliage on the painted ceilings of Italian palaces bear no comparison with the beauteous profusion of extinct vegetable forms with which the galleries of these instructive coal mines are overhung. The roof is covered as with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage flung in wild irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The effect is hieghtened by the contrast of the coal-black colour of these vegetables, with the light ground work of the rock to which they are attached. The spectator feels transported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world; he beholds trees, of form and character now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the beauty and vigour of their primeval life; their scaly stems, and bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, are all spread forth before him, little impaired by the lapse of countless ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation, which began and terminated in times of which these relics are the infallible historians. Such are the grand natural herbaria wherein these most ancient remains of the vegetable kingdom are preserved, in a state of integrity little short of their living perfection, under conditions of our planet which exist no more.'—p. 458.

We must here, however unwillingly, bring to a conclusion our quotations from this most instructive and interesting volume, of which every page is pregnant with facts inestimably precious to the natural theologian;—offering as we unfeignedly do, our sincere acknowledgments to Dr. Buckland for the industry and research he has devoted to the performance of his task, and for the commanding eloquence with which he has called forth the very stocks and stones that have been buried for countless ages in the deep recesses of the earth, to proclaim the universal agency throughout all time of one all-directing, all-pervading mind, and to swell the chorus in which all creation 'hymns His praise,' and bears witness to His unlimited power, wisdom, and benevolence.

From Frazer's Magazine.

MICHAEL FARADAY, F. R. S., HON. D. C. L. OXON, ETC. ETC.

Here you have him in his glory—not that his position was *in-glorious* when he stood uncovered before Melbourne—when decorated with a blue velvet travelling-cap, and lounging with one leg over an arm of the chair of Canning!—and distinctly gave that illustrious despiser of "humbug" to understand that he had mistaken his lad: no! but here you have him, as he first flashed upon the intelligence of mankind the condensation of the gases, or the identity of the five electricities. Here stands—anno ætatis 42—at the head of one of the noblest of the sciences—honored as the compeer of Cuvier, Laplace, and Buckland—the son of a poor blacksmith, who was apprenticed at nine years of age to an obscure bookbinder in Blanford street, and earned his bread by that humble calling *until he* was twenty-two! These are the spectacles on which, of all that history prevents, we dwell with the highest exultation. And yet such are occasionally furnished in the renown of men whose labours do not bring in what Cupid pays to the unfasting Monsieur that trims his hoary whiskers. Faraday's revenue, when he stood before the recumbent premier, amounted, perhaps, to *one-tenth* of what the national treasury bestows on Tom Young, whose "chemical manipulation" has been exclusively, we believe, developed in the composition of a salad; for which art he is extolled, with just enthusiasm, by *his* brother *savant*, Beak Walker, author of *The Original*.

Well, although Young got Broderip to write a sort of defence of his master, and "Justice B——," *mirabile dictu!* got Hook to print it in the *John Bull*, the current of public feeling could not be stopped: Regina spoke out—William Rex, as in duty bound, followed—Melbourne apologised—and "Michael's pension, Michael's pension," is all right.

The only two persons besides Us and himself, to whom he is after all under any solid obligations, are not to be looked for in the records of Downing street or the Pavilion. Ned Magrath, now secretary to the Athenæum, happening five-

and-twenty years ago to enter the shop of Ribeau, observed one of the bucks of the paper-bonnet zealously studying a book he ought to have been binding. He approached, it was a volume of the old *Britannica*, open at "Electricity." He entered into talk with the greasy journeyman, and was astonished to find in him a self-taught chemist of no slender dimensions. He presented him with a set of tickets for Davy's lectures at the Royal Institution; and daily thereafter might the nondescript be seen perched, pen in hand, and his eyes starting out of his head, just over the clock, opposite the chair. At last the course terminated; but Faraday's spirit had received a new impulse, which nothing but dire necessity could have restrained; and from that he was saved by the promptitude with which, on his forwarding a modest outline of his history, with the notes he had made of these lectures, to Davy, that great and good man (so abominably caricatured by the ass Paris) rushed to the rescue of kindred genius. Sir Humphry immediately appointed him an assistant in the laboratory; and, after two or three years had passed, he found Faraday qualified to act as his secretary. The steps of his subsequent progress are well-known: he travelled over the Continent with Sir H. and Lady Davy—and he is now what Davy was when he first saw Davy—in all but *money*. And money, too, now that he has a nest-egg, will accumulate. We should be sorry to bet a dozen of champagne that, ere ten years more elapse, he will not be Sir Michael.

"Aye, aye," quoth Hill, *alias* Hull, *alias* Hobbleday—playing for once *Paul Pry*—"aye, aye," quoth the sage, peeping over our shoulders, "*Far-a-Day*, I suppose, means, being interpreted, *Near-a-Knight*. Ho! ho!"—Peace, you old bore!

The future Baronet is a very good little fellow—a Christian, though, we regret to add, *a Sandemanian* (whatever that may signify)—a Tory (as might have been inferred from Rat Lamb's hostility)—and, albeit not such a dab in cookery as the purser—or, Sandemanian though he be, so valuable a sand-bag to his wine-merchant as St. Grant—playing a fair fork over a leg of mutton, and devoid of any reluctance to partake an old friend's third bottle. We know few things more agreeable than a cigar and a bowl of punch (which he mixes admirably, in the society of the unpretending ex-bookbinder.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We understand that Mr. Theodore Hook is about to proceed to Hanover, and has undertaken, under the express patronage of His Majesty, to write the History of that kingdom.

Balloons.—An essay was recently read at the French Institute, by a Dr. Ayme, with a view to prove the possibility of obtaining such a hold on the upper atmosphere, as to direct a balloon with all the steadiness and certainty of a boat upon the water. The doctor proposes to effect this object by means of oars or levers attached to the car, which are to be made of oiled skin or cloth capable of containing an adequate quantity of hydrogen gas, the specific gravity of which, being lighter than the air, would obtain a hold on the natural fluid.

Uses of Slate.—Slate is coming daily more extensively into use; it is being employed for paving the area in front of the New National Gallery, and also for churchyard memorials, in place of stone. It appears from a paper read at a recent meeting of the members of the Architectural Society, that a slab of Welch slate, one inch in thickness, is equal in strength to a piece of Yorkshire stone of six inches or of Caithness or Valentia stone of two inches in thickness.

The Royal Society of Northern Antiquities, at Copenhagen, have announced their intention of publishing, by subscription, 'Antiquitaties Britannicæ et Hibernicæ;' or a collection of accounts elucidating the early history of Great Britain and Ireland, extracted from ancient Icelandic and Scandinavian MSS.; and 'Antiquitates Americanæ;' or a collection of the accounts extant in ancient Icelandic and other Scandinavian MSS., relative to voyages of discovery to North America, made by the Scandinavians in the 10th and following centuries. It is observed, in reference to the latter work, that "the intelligence which our ancient literary monuments embody respecting the discovery of America by the Scandinavians, and their voyages thither at a period long antecedent to the era of Columbus, has not hitherto received that serious consideration which it merits, it occurring but to few to look to the North of Europe for information on that head. It is, however, unquestionable that these remains comprise testimony, the most authentic and irrefragable, to the fact, that North America was actually discovered by the Northmen towards the close of the 10th century, visited by them repeatedly during the 11th and 12th (some of them even settling there as colonists), rediscovered towards the close of the 13th, and again repeatedly resorted to in the course of the 14th. What serves in no small degree to enhance the value of the ancient writings, is the great apparent propability, amounting indeed almost to certainty, that it was a knowledge of these facts that prompted the memorable expedition of Columbus himself which terminated in its discovery of the New World—for it is a well authenticated fact, that the great navigator visited Iceland in the year 1477, on which occasion he could scarcely fail to obtain some information from its inhabitants, particularly its clerical functionaries, with whom, according to the custom of the times, he probably conversed in Latin, respecting the voyages of their ancestors to those regions."

We have great pleasure in announcing, that Dr. Smith has returned to Cape Town. He arrived there the first week in February, accompanied by two *Zulo* chiefs, councillors of the formidable Motsiliketsi, from whom Dr. Smith obtained assurances of friendship to the colony. As the alliance of this chief opens the road for a long way into the interior, it was in contemplation at Cape Town to sell a part of the large collection of natural curiosities, brought back by

Dr. Smith, in order to raise a fund for the prosecution of discovery, north of Motsiliketsi's country. The Caffer Christian Chief, Tzatzo, is expected to arrive here shortly with Dr. Philip, to appeal, on behalf of his countrymen, to the friends of the Missionaries.

Hungary.—The Diet manifests a very laudable anxiety for the promotion of Literature and Science; all the sums proposed in the budget for such purposes were voted unanimously. The Assembly also showed much eagerness with respect to the Hungarian Academy which has long since been decided upon, and it was proposed to open it this year. It was also resolved to build a National Museum on a scale worthy the dignity of the nation. Lastly, they have voted 400,000 florins for the building of a National Theatre. The finances of Hungary the more easily admit of such expenses, as the nation has no debt.

There were very great rejoicings at Presburgh on the 18th of February, and the city was splendidly illuminated, on the return of the Archduke Palantine, who had obtained the Emperor's accession to the wishes of the Diet, allowing the use of the Hungarian language instead of the Latin, in all judicial and public transactions.

Indian Cotton.—At a a meeting of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India, on the 14th October, were read the following communications:—

From Mr. Patrick, of Fort Gloster, reporting most favourably on a sample bale of Akra cotton, which had been manufactured into twist and cloth, for the purpose of being forwarded to the Court of Directors.

From Mr. Blundell, of Moulmeyne, acknowledging the receipt of a bale of Pernambuco cotton-seed, which, owing to some unfortunate circumstance, had failed to vegetate. Mr. Blundell urges Mr. Patrick to send him some Sea Island cotton-seed, under a strong impression that it will succeed in that part of the country. Mr. Blundell is sanguine that cotton will become an article of vast importance on that coast.

SHORT NOTICES.

'*The Book of Flowers*, by Mrs. Hale.'—What will Mrs. Trollope say! Here is an American lady giving a national version of the old Eastern garden-language; while we—shame upon our superior civilization!—having nothing but translations from the French, or reprints, as in the pretty satin-bound manual before us. We should like to know, which of our Colvilles or Knights could send out the simplest "How-do-you-do!" of courtesy out of their flower-plots and green-houses; to say nothing, of course, of more intricate and delicate communications. Some of our ladies should look to it, that England may not be utterly and for ever out-shone in these important matters.

'*Gems from American Poets.*'—A dainty little book; its editor, hower, has made a mistake in classing Miss M. A. Browne among American poets.

William Godwin.—The death of a man in the eightieth year of his age can excite no surprise; yet Mr. Godwin retained till the last hour of his protracted life, such a vigour and strength, both of body and mind, that his friends had, perhaps, less intimation of the coming event than usually marks its approach in much younger men.

Mr. Godwin, according to a brief and somewhat imperfect memoir, prefixed to the edition of 'Caleb Williams,' in the Standard Novels, was born at Wisbeach, on the 3d of March 1756. He was the son of a Calvinist minister, and received his education at the Dissenters College at Horton. In 1778 he became, himself, minister to a congregation at Stowmarket, in Suffolk. In 1782, we believe, he published his first work, entitled, 'Sketches of History in Six Sermons;' but in 1783 he abandoned the Church, came to London and devoted himself wholly to literature. It was not, however, till 1793 that he attracted general attention, by the publication of his 'Political Justice'–a work which, though now almost forgotten, excited extraordinary attention at the time of its appearance. This was followed, almost immediately, by 'Caleb Williams,' which at once established a reputation that will carry his name down to posterity. In 1797 he published 'The Inquirer,' a series of essays, in which he further developed, or rather gave wider application to, the principles advanced in his first great work;–in 1799 'St. Leon': in 1801 he produced, at Drury Lane, a tragedy, called 'Antonio,' which, however, was performed but once; in 1803 'The Life of Chaucer,' and 'Fleetwood' in 1804.

About this time, though the fact is not stated in the memoir referred to, he opened a bookseller's shop in Skinner Street, and became a somewhat extensive publisher of children's books, many of which he wrote himself; but as his name, from his known political and religious opinions, was likely to prejudice their sale, they were issued under the fictitious one of Baldwin—among these was a somewhat popular History of England. He continued in trade for many years, but ultimately, we believe, failed. So entirely had he been lost sight of by the public generally, during these years of drudgery, that when 'Mandeville' was announced in 1817, it sounded like a voice from the grave. Mr. Godwin now again devoted himself to literature, brought out a reply to Malthus, whose work was expressly written to controvert the opinions of Condorcet, Godwin, and others of that school; and subsequently, though at wide intervals, produced 'The History of the Commonwealth'—'Cloudesley'—'The Lives of the Necromancers'—and continued his literary labours almost to the last hour of his life. We have not intended here to give a complete list of his works, but only to allude to the more celebrated: he wrote many others, among them we remember an 'Essay on Sepulchres.'

Mr. Godwin was three times married. His first wife was the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft, by whom he had one daughter, the present Mrs. Shelley; by his second marriage, one son, the author of 'Transfusion.' Of his genius we have so often spoken, that it is not necessary for us here to repeat our encomiums. As a man, he was of a mild and placid disposition, with great urbanity of manners—perhaps a little cold.—Something, therefore, may be deducted for mere temperament, from the value of the acknowledgment, when we add, that it was a marked peculiarity of his character, that, under all circumstances, of good report or ill report, he always spoke of friend or foe with the same equal discrimination and justice.

It is to the honour of Earl Grey that Mr. Godwin's old age was made smooth and pleasant by an appointment under government, which, though moderate in salary, and nominal, we presume, in its duties, was sufficient for his modest desires.

Charles X's Family.—The ex-Emperor lives in complete retirement at the Bradschin, whence he will not remove probably till the preparations for the reception of the Emperor are commenced in the interior of the palace; he will then go to Töplitz, and afterwards to Buchtichrad. It has been again reported that the ex-King had an intention to purchase an estate in Bohemia, and wholly leave Prague. According to another report he will proceed to Saltzhourg. The Duke of Bourdeaux, who now goes out more frequently than formerly, grows very fast, and appears to enjoy excellent health. The French journals, which represent him to be affected with a chronic disease, are mistaken. The King, the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême, and even Mademoiselle de Berry, seldom appear in public. The Duchess of Berry is said to pass a very agreeable life at Gratz, where she receives all the nobility of the capital of Styria. It is thought she will not return to Brandeis, although all her effects, and several works of art, of great value are there.

The Baron de Férussac.—We are sorry to announce the death of the indefatigable Baron de Férussac, the founder and editor of the *Bulletin Universel.* He had long suffered from an affection of the lungs, but did not quit his labours till just before his death. Among other excellent works, his Natural History of Mollusca was one of the first, and is illustrated by the best plates published in France; his monograph on Cephalopoda is equally beautiful, but neither of these undertakings is finished. He was always anxious to forward the views of those connected with science, and was particularly obliging to foreigners. He was in his fifty-second year.

M. Ruppell.—The Baron de Humboldt has informed the French Academy of Sciences, by letter, that M. Ruppell, the African traveller, has communicated to him, that in Abyssinia, elephants and apes often cross table lands, which are between eight and nine thousand feet high, where the temperature must necessarily be very low, and contrast singularly with the geographical limits assigned to these animals. M. Ruppell also observes, that it often hails in Abyssinia, but never during the storms.

The English in Persia.—A tartar arrived at Constantinople from Persia on the 13th, bringing news from Teheran of the 2d Feb. Mr. Ellis was much disgusted, and most anxious to withdraw. The Persians, who were completely under Russian influence, would not listen to his representations as to the necessity of forming a commercial treaty with England. They only "laughed at his beard." The Secretary of Legation, Major Ruddell, a most accomplished Persian scholar, died lately at Shiraz, and was much regretted. It is hoped by many that when our new minister, Mr. M'Neill, arrives in Persia, his personal influence will go far towards mending matters.—*Herald.*

JARROOL WOOD.—Accident has discovered a property in one of the species of Indian timber, which gives it a value much beyond the estimation in which it has been commonly held. When the ship *Thalia* was stripped in Kyd's dock, about three months ago, the surveyors were surprised at the excellent state of preservation in which they found the timber. In consequence, Capt. Biden unfortunately determined to make a trip to Penang before coppering her afresh, having arranged to do this in a dock that was not then ready to receive the ship. On his arrival at Penang, he had the mortification to find the worms had lodged themselves in the bottom of the vessel, attacking every description of wood in her, *except the Jarrool,* which, moreover, was found to be in a very perfect state. The following is the captain's account of the ravages of these animals; "I had no idea of the destructiveness of worms; they had even eaten into the treenails which fastened the doubling; but, strange to say, they have not touched any part of the jarrool, neither the stem, stem-post, or keel which has been entirely exposed without copper, and of course taken its chance with the doubling; and there is also a small filling-up piece in the broad of the fore-foot, a kind of cedar, which is quite destroyed. They had also commenced their attacks upon the teak doubling (put on in Calcutta to replace where they had opened the ship out in her bottom). So it really appears, that jarrool has this great advantage over even teak, that the worms will not touch it."—*Cal. Cour., Sept.* 30.

SETTLEMENT OF THE AMERICANS AT MUSCAT.—The arrival of the American ship of war (*Peacock*) in this port, reminds us of some rumours which were afloat last season, regarding the object of American ships of war in the Indian seas, and, particularly, of their making Muscat their chief destination. The burthen of those rumours was, that the Americans were wishful to establish a factory at Muscat, and had applied to the imaum for a license for that purpose. It was even said that their application was in so far successful, until a remonstrance on the subject had been forwarded to the imaum by the admiral. Whether Jonathan's views are to be directed to the same purpose on this present occasion we have no means of ascertaining, although from his known perseverance, we should not be surprised to find the affirmative to be the fact.—*Bomb. Gaz. Oct.* 24.

Encouragement to Literature and Science in France.—The sum of 130,000*l.* is annually devoted to this purpose by our enlightened neighbours, and is distributed among the Institute of

France, the Royal College, the Museum of Natural History, the Board of Longitude, the Royal Library, the Museum of the Louvre, &c.; including an allowance for the encouragement of the dramatic art; for the publication of travels of French *savants*; for pensions to 90 literary men and artists; and for some other objects. To our own executive, we would say, "Go thou, and do likewise."

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE THIRTY-SECOND.

We do not remember a more interesting exhibition than the present. Lewis, De Wint, Evans, Copley Fielding, Frederick Taylor, Cox, and Cattermole, have done their very best, and are not unworthily seconded by the majority of the exhibitors. The great drawback, as the eye glances round the room, is at once felt to be the too sketchy character of the larger number of the drawings, but this is redeemed, on closer examination, by the high and genuine merit which is found to belong to what is really achieved in them. There is, on the whole, a natural and delightful freshness about them which is vainly looked for in works of art elsewhere, and, in some cases, there are evidences of power of the rarest and most exalted order.

Mr. Cattermole's "Murder of the Bishop of Liege" is a noble effort of genius, and places its author, where he might have placed himself to the public eye long ago, in the very first rank of his art. Mr. Cattermole's ready and inventive pencil, his admirable knowledge of the right use and disposition of colours, his free handling, his masterly ease and boldness, have been addressed, hitherto, rather to the enjoyment and appreciation of his brother artists, than to the more extended and less initiated circle of the public. But we hail in the present drawing the first of a series of great works, not less honourable to the artist than to the English school of art.

The point of time selected is where William de la Marck, in the midst of the infernal revels which succeeded the sacking of the Bishop's castle of Schonwaldt, has ordered Louis of Bourbon to be dragged before him, and tells Nikkel Blok to "be ready." The truculent soldier has just emptied an enormous goblet of wine to strengthen himself for an act at the thought of which even his ferocity recoils, and, drawing hard his breath, clenching his hands, and setting his monster-teeth, is lashing himself to his horrid purpose against the calm and unshaken dignity of the Bishop. Nikkel Blok stands in the shadow behind De la Marck's chair, with his cleaver uplifted in his bare arms, and his tongue protruding from a face whose ghastly and rigid inflexibility could only have been thus disturbed by a violent thirst for blood. The mass of light which falls upon the Bishop, contrasts with thrilling effect that image of ruffian horror. Into the instant and overwhelming awe connected with these three figures, the imaginative skill of the artist has fused every possible power and variety of expression of which his art is capable. A crowd of living faces are gazing from every part of the picture at the Bishop and his murderers, and, as they gaze, the fierce and troubled stories which are to be read separately in each, flow into the one great purpose of the scene, and swell its interest and horror. If ever an imaginative picture was painted, this is one. It is pervaded by that great faculty without which it is impossible for even the most inventive genius, the most masterly familiarity with form and its accidents, the most vivid apprehension of character and command of expression, to achieve properly the true objects of art.

Apart from even this, however, Mr. Cattermole's picture, as an expression of various and distinct character, is first-rate. Though the soldiers of De La Marck and the men of Liege sit intermixed together, in looking at the dense crowd it is impossible not to hear, as it were, the voices of either party,—the fierce and brutal shout of "Sanglier!" or the burly and discontented cry of "Liege!" And truly if a distinction is to be made between such ruffians, the Boar's brood are to be preferred to the Flemish hogs. Native ferocity seems to sustain the one, while *brant-wein* and *schwarz-bier* but badly support the other. The leading man of the Liegois is a masterly conception, rich, fat, and odiously indifferent, though pampered into discontent by vulgar luxury. The contrast of this quiet and bloated mass of worldly substance with the hard set and fiercely wrought soldier opposite to him, is a stroke of true genius.

The horrible indistinctness of the far back ground of the picture, lurid with the glare of torches struggling against the light of the moon, and filled with the desperate shapes that still linger about the scene of the past conflict, is worthy of the entire conception of the artist.

Inequalities of execution might be pointed out, if the task of objection were worth while. We will make a present to the objectors of all pictures where such inequalities do not exist. We leave them to their smooth thoroughfare for common places, and prefer to feel ourselves on a rich soil like the present, at the risk of finding it now and then rough and uneven, and with here and there a bramble. But to those who seriously quarrel with this artist on the ground of his want of power in finished painting, in the nicest and most delicate as well as the most vigorous execution, we would answer by pointing to the chief figure among the citizens in the present picture, and to the "Boar of Ardennes." Just fault may be found with passages of exaggerated and incorrect drawing, and with an occasional coarse sketchiness of manner,—but they are invariably found by the side of such powerful and skilful effects of a directly opposite character, that the critic's duty seems to merge into a simple expression of the hope, that the artist may think it worth his while to do himself more perfect justice "next time." We most sincerely hope this.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MIDNIGHT MUSIC.

What wakes me from my heavy sleep
With tones so low and sweet?
O mother, see, who can it be
So late within the street?"—

"I hear no sound—I see no form,
O slumber soft and mild!
No midnight music comes for thee,
My poor and sickly child."

"It was no music of the earth
That sounded in mine ear;
The angels call me with their songs;
Good night, O mother dear!" A.

ASCENSION DAY.

Lift up your heads ye everlasting Gates!
And ye, eternal doors, where, light-arrayed,
And breathing love, the attendant seraph waits,
Be lifted up: with conquering state displayed
The Prince of glory comes! Oh! thou of old
In earth's most humble form, and lowliest guise
Veiling thine hallowed might from mortal eyes,
Though Lord Omnipotent of worlds untold;
So—while the clouds of inward night depart,
Within our willing breasts admitted, shine,
Saviour, to whom the pure and contrite heart
A noble dwelling seems, and costlier shrine
Than gates of orient pearl, by angels' art
With living gems emblazed, and types divine.

J. F. HOLLINGS.

From the United Service Journal.

THE CONSCRIPT.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—At a time when the severity of our military code affords so popular a theme of declamation, perhaps the following tale, founded on circumstances which came under my observation a few years ago, may serve as an illustration of the rigid measures by which the discipline of the French army requires occasionally to be enforced, and convince our philanthropists humanity would gain little by the change were our military punishments assimilated to those of that nation.

Early in the spring of the eventful year 1830, I found myself a wanderer on the banks of the Loire, just at the period when the harsh laws of the conscription were put in operation for the purpose of augmenting the ranks of the French army, previous to the expedition against Algiers. Its stern decrees carried anguish and dismay into the bosom of many a happy family, and every village mourned for the prime of its youth dragged from their homes and their families to take part in a quarrel wherein they felt not the slightest interest. The rigid enforcement of this obnoxious law added fuel to the smouldering flame of popular discontent. The conscripts deserted by hundreds, or were in many instances rescued from the parties who had charge of them, and severe measures were consequently resorted to by government to check this growing spirit of opposition to its authority.

I had left Blois in the morning, and enjoyed, so far as the confinement in the diligence would admit, that succession of interesting scenery which greets the eye of the traveller down the Loire. But as I approached the entrance of that lovely valley which forms the eastern approach to Tours, I found that even the sluggish pace of the diligence conveyed me far too rapidly past scenes on which the eye could gaze with delight for ever: therefore, as I was in no hurry to reach Tours before evening, I determined to prosecute the rest of my journey on foot, leaving my baggage to precede me to the place of my destination. I escaped from the confinement of the diligence just as the brilliant rays of a setting sun were shedding their unveiled splendour over the smiling face of nature, gilding the placid waters of the Loire with their gorgeous hue, and adding to the beauty of this romantic spot that brightness of colouring with which the departing sun in southern climes often enriches the landscape before it becomes shaded in evening darkness. The sky was clear and serene, save where some solitary cloud glided across the heavens, like a winged messenger pursuing the god of day to his western couch, while the evening breeze, which had now commenced, cooled the air, and afforded an agreeable relief after the heat of a sultry day. All nature seemed invigorated at the approach of evening: the lazy goatherd, who before lay basking in the sun's rays, now roused from his slumbers, began to collect and drive home his scattered flock. The active fisherman now turned his little skiff, and impelled it swiftly over the rippling stream, as he bent his course homewards with his finny spoil. The husbandman, released from his toilsome occupation in the field, might now be seen busily engaged in the lighter task of dressing the vines and fruit-trees which clustered around his cottage. The villagers whom business or pleasure had led into the neighbouring town were now returning in merry groups, counting their gains and displaying to each other the goods they had purchased by the sale of their farm produce. Their gaudy dress and animated figures, as they emerged from the shade of the trees which skirted the road, gave life and energy to the landscape, while the noisy laugh, the harmless raillery, with which their conversation abounded, bespoke that happiness and contentment which were quite in unison with the mild and tranquil scenes around them.

In the midst of this interesting picture might be seen small parties of peasant girls, decked out in all their country finery, hastening along the road, to join in the diversions of the evening at the neighbouring villages, or to pay visits to their town acquaintance. As I now became tired of my solitary ramble, I thought I could not do better than enliven the rest of my journey by entering into conversation with a party of these damsels, to whom, by way of introduction, I offered my escort to Tours. An English girl would have blushed, held down her head in silence, and taken to her heels on the first opportunity, had she received such an offer from a stranger; but, fortunately, French girls are not so timid; high or low, they all think themselves entitled to attention, and whether his services are accepted or not, one can never go wrong in making a tender of them. The party accordingly accepted my offer, with the remark that they felt much indebted to me for my complaisance. Imagine me then escorting along the high road to Tours four laughing damsels, whose sparkling dark eyes and handsome figures made amends for the swarthy hue which a constant exposure to the sun had bestowed upon their complexions. A dress of white cotton, with scarlet sleeves and silk sash, set off their light slender forms to the best advantage, above which towered a lofty head-dress of stiff muslin, covered with a profusion of glossy ribbons, while a pair of long gilt ear-rings reaching to the shoulder, and a silver crucifix or trinket suspended by a row of glass beads from the neck, served to complete their simple decorations.

We soon became the best friends in the world, and with great gaiety pursued our way for upwards of a mile along the margin of the river, whose thickly-wooded banks, clothed in the gay verdure of spring, and chequered with the gaudy tints of blossoming fruit-trees, displayed to the view every variety of brilliant colouring which the imagination can fancy. Numerous cottages and villas, surrounded by gardens and orchards in the highest state of cultivation, covered the slope of the bank, whose craggy summit was almost hid under the thick masses of green ivy and party-coloured moss with which the vegetation of centuries had clothed its rugged front; while the curling smoke, which might be seen issuing from crevices of the rock, showed where the daring vine-dresser had hewn for himself a residence even in front of the precipice which frowned and tottered over the road below. Nature and art seemed here to have combined their utmost efforts to increase the beauty of the scene. Each succeeding turn of the road varied without diminishing the richness of the prospect, till at length the view was terminated by the magnificent cathedral and bridge of Tours, which could now be seen dimly in the horizon. The sight was so interesting, that it had quite distracted my attention from my fair companions, till I renewed our conversation by inquiring the object of their journey.

"Why," said one of them, "we are going to pay a visit to a young girl, whose intended husband has just been taken away as a conscript. She is one of the prettiest girls in the whole district, and perhaps you shall see her too as a reward for your gallantry in escorting us."

Of course I bowed my thanks, and at the same time expressed a wish to learn some further particulars regarding the youth who had thus been so unfortunately baulked when on the high road to happiness.

"His name was Jean Baptiste," continued my informer. "He was quite the delight of our neighbourhood, he was so kind, so good-humoured. None could waltz or sing better than poor Baptiste. Everybody was fond of him. He and the pretty Annette had long been warmly attached to each other, but fortune was unpropitious to their union. Baptiste was poor, and had an aged grandmother to support out of his earnings. Annette's relations on that account opposed their marriage for several years, till her lover had, by his frugality and industry, saved a little money, with which he purchased that cottage you see peeping out from among the trees. All objections being then removed, he was on the point of being married to Annette, when he was drawn as a conscript, and was forced to join the army, leaving his intended wife and poor old grandmother in the greatest affliction. I can assure you it would have made your heart bleed to have witnessed their separation."

"But why did not Annette accompany her intended husband?" I inquired.

"She would gladly have done so, but then there would have been no one to take care of his grandmother, who is quite blind, so Annette had to give up all thoughts of accompanying Baptiste, and has gone to reside with her during his absence. As she must lead a very solitary life there, we are on our way to pay her a visit, and give her all the news of our village."

The friendly intention of their journey raised these kind-hearted damsels very high in my estimation, and made me determine to accompany them on their visit. A few minutes' walk brought us in front of the cottage, the approach to which was shaded by a row of fruit-trees, around which the jessamine and honeysuckle were intertwined in gay festoons, while the tendrils of the spreading vine covered the walls with their brilliant verdure, and almost hid the small latticed window, which could just be seen peeping through its green curtain.

The door was opened by Annette herself, whose beauty was certainly worthy of the high encomiums I had heard bestowed on it. Her figure, though small, was of the most exquisite symmetry. Her long dark hair was not confined by the same formal starched head-dress as that wore by her companions, but flowed in graceful ringlets down her shoulders, and shaded with luxuriant curls a face of the most expressive sweetness. The grief which had chased the rose from her cheek, and dimmed the lustre of her rich black eye, gave an expression of extreme softness and delicacy to a countenance which, if lighted up by the fire of animation, and the glow of health, would have been deemed attractive even in a country more distinguished for female beauty than Touraine. Her cheeks were not darkened with that sunburnt hue which generally spoils the complexion of the peasant girls in the south of France, but, pale and delicate, seemed to denote that her constitution had been too feeble and her frame too weak to permit her to join in the laborious exercises of her more healthy companions.

Seated beside the window, and engaged in the monotonous task of turning her noisy wheel, was her lover's grandmother, over whom the young girl seemed to watch with even more than filial tenderness. She was an interesting old woman, of about seventy years of age, whose silver locks still clustered in profusion over a forehead furrowed by the hand of time and misfortune. As the company entered she raised her sightless eyeballs towards the door, till recognizing the well-known voices of her female visitors, she called them to her, and, assuming all the sprightliness and vivacity of youth, began to join in the conversation which ensued regarding their mutual acquaintance. In the mean time I was not neglected. I was introduced in due form to Annette; a chair was given me to rest my wearied limbs; some dried fruit and a bottle of *vin du pays* were set before me, while Annette bustled about to get ready a cup of coffee to complete my repast.

As I had now got far into the good graces of the company, they began to indulge their curiosity by numerous inquiries regarding the fashions, gaieties, and amusements of my native land, on all of which points I gave them the best information in my power. My answers seemed to afford great entertainment to all the party: and I was happy to see that the shade of melancholy which had clouded the face of Annette gradually wore off, and the old grandmother began in her turn to give me an account of the scenes of horror and bloodshed which she had witnessed during the Revolution, in which she had been a great sufferer. She was one who had evidently seen better days, her manners and language bespoke an education superior to her present humble sphere, and gave additional interest to her tale of past misfortunes.

Meanwhile time flew rapidly away. The stars began to twinkle in the blue vault of heaven, reminding me to make use of their lustre to guide me to Tours. I seized my hat and cane, gave a salute to each of the damsels, two to Annette, who already began to be a great favourite with me, and after promising to repeat my visit in the course of a few days, I slipped a small present into the hands of the old lady, and trudged forward on my way to Tours. The shades of night had now veiled the beauties of the surrounding landscape. The former busy scene was exchanged for the most tranquil silence. Nothing could be seen but the reflection of the stars bespangling the smooth waters of the Loire, and the dark mass of the cathedral raising its huge turrets above the surrounding gloom. Nothing could be heard but the gentle murmuring of the stream, and the solemn tones of the cathedral bell calling the pious to their evening prayers. I pushed forward as quickly as possible, crossed the bridge, reached my hotel, and on the down bed of mine host of the *Boule d'Or*, soon forgot the fatigues of the day, and fell asleep to meet again in my dreams the dark eyes and interesting features of the lovely Annette.

When an Englishman first arrives in Tours, he has considerable difficulty in convincing himself that he has not, by some circuitous route, again found his way to his native land—every thing there being quite *à l'Anglaise* The town was at this time crowded with British emigrants, and it certainly displayed no small degree of good taste on their part, that they had fixed upon a residence as much distinguished for its architectural splendour as for the advantages of its situation. The broad waters of the Loire, interspersed with numerous little islands, form its northern boundary, and afford an easy mode of conveyance to the delightful scenery in the neighbourhood, while gardens, orchards, and vineyards, filled with the choicest productions of a generous soil, cover the gently swelling hills which bound the view in every direction, and compose the verdant amphitheatre in whose peaceful bosom the town appears to repose.

With the assistance of a few letters of introduction I was soon quite at home in Tours and my time passed very agreeably in the enjoyment of the various amusements which the town afforded. In the morning I played cricket with the English, golfed with the Scotch, or rode steeple-chases with the Irish, and I was a constant visiter at the 'Café Anglais,' where a selection of English publications, and a mixture of society from all parts of the United Kingdom, served to divert me during the evening.

The promise of revisiting Annette was almost forgotten, till the tempting appearance of a fine afternoon reminded me of it. I was soon on my way to the cottage, where, on my arrival, I found her and the old woman enjoying the freshness of the evening breeze on a seat before the door. It was not long ere I was seated on the grass by their side. A hearty welcome spoke their pleasure at my visit, and I fancied that the bright eyes of Annette sparkled with additional lustre, as she held out her delicate little hand to salute me on my arrival, saying,—

"I am glad to see Monsieur has not forgotten us, for we have much need of some one to cheer our solitude."

"Your lover will soon return to enliven you again, I hope."

"Ah, poor Baptiste, I fear I shall never see him again. Many have left this place to go to the wars, but few, alas! have ever returned."

"Never fear, the troops will soon come back from this expedition, and you will then forget all your sorrows in a merry wedding."

"I fear that will never be, Monsieur but tell me, I pray you, is there any news from the army,—when does it embark?"

I could give her no satisfactory information on this head, but cheered her with the rumours which were then current, that the expedition would yet be abandoned. The approach of evening made us enter the cottage, where a cup of coffee with cakes and honey were set before me by Annette. The coffee was excellent, and the cakes did infinite credit to Annette's cookery. I soon got so busily engaged in conversation that hour after hour slipped away without my feeling any inclination to take my departure, and the evening was already pretty far advanced, when, to our surprise, footsteps were heard approaching the cottage.

"Annette," said the old woman, "were it not that Baptiste is far away, I could have fancied that was his footstep."

A glow of crimson overspread the pale cheek of Annette as she rose and approached the door. But before she could reach it the latch was raised, and a young man in a military undress entered the cottage.

"My dear Baptiste! are you then returned to us?" screamed Annette, and with a convulsive sob, fell senseless in his arms. His aged parent arose and, with tottering steps, advanced to meet him.

"My prayers," said she, "have then been heard, and I shall embrace my dear boy once more before I die!"

The youth tenderly saluted her, while tears rolled down his sunburned cheeks. Then, throwing open the window, he carried towards it the lifeless body of Annette. It was long before animation returned, and then she held him with a convulsive grasp, as if afraid that he was again to be torn from her.

"And are you then returned, my dear Baptiste!" she exclaimed, "never to leave me again? And are you to stay with your grandmother and me in our little cottage? Oh, how happy all the neighbours will be when they hear of your arrival! But why are you silent? Why do you turn away from me? Why are these tears rolling down your cheeks?"

A few sobs were the only answer he could make.

"For God's sake, my dear son," said his alarmed grandmother, "tell us what has happened. Why are you thus affected!"

"My dear mother, I have much to tell you, but I will do it at another time," he replied, glancing an expressive look towards me. I began to see that I occasioned an embarrassment to the party, and prepared to take my leave.

"Monsieur is an Englisman," said Annette, introducing me to him, "who has shown much kindness to your grandmother and me."

"Do not leave us then," said he, grasping my hand; "from you I can have nothing to fear, and I may stand in need of your advice."

"Good heaven, Baptiste!" said Annette,—"what have you done? Something preys upon your spirits. Ah, how pale is your cheek—how sunk your eye! You must be ill, very ill indeed."

"I am only fatigued, I have travelled far, and scarcely tasted food," he replied.

Annette immediately ran to her little cupboard, and turning out her store of dainties pressed him to partake of them. But it was in vain. His heart was full. He could not eat, and falling backwards on his chair he burst into tears, while Annette and his grandmother endeavoured in vain to soothe him. His heart at last was relieved. He recruited his fainting spirits with a little food, and then began to detail the circumstances which had led to his unexpected return.

"After I left you," said he, "I was marched off with the rest of the conscripts from this quarter to Lyons, where I was separated from them and drafted into a regiment stationed at the camp at Marseilles, mostly composed of young conscripts, torn as I had been from the bosom of their families, and forced into a service quite at variance with all their former habits. Unaccustomed to the use of arms, we made slow progress in learning our military duties, and therefore were treated with an unusual severity by those officers who had the task of drilling us. Reproofs, confinement, nay even blows, were resorted to in order to quicken our progress. Such treatment was not likely to remove our aversion to a military life. The conscripts murmured and seized every opportunity of deserting from the service. Several of my comrades urged me to do the same, but in vain. I determined to return home with credit, or never. A circumstance soon, however, occurred which left me no other alternative. I had unluckily fallen under the displeasure of our Adjutant, for some harmless raillery which I had exercised on him, and he took every means in his power to be revenged on me. Unluckily his situation gave him frequent opportunities of gratifying his resentment. For a time I endured his insults, though my blood was boiling with rage; till one day, when I and several of my comrades being under his charge, at a distance from the camp, and beyond the reach of a superior officer, he took that opportunity of indulging his spleen against me. Every thing I did was found fault with. He abused me; I bore the insult quietly. He threatened me; still I remained passive. At last he struck me across the face with his cane; rage then made me frantic; I seized my firelock, and with the butt-end felled him senseless to the ground. My comrades looked on in silence, but the deed was no sooner done, than the consequences which might result from it flashed across my mind.

"'If you return to the camp you are lost,' said my comrades; 'your death will be inevitable. Join us then and fly from a service you detest.'

"There was no time to deliberate. I followed their advice and, leaving my foe prostrate on the ground, plunged into the neighbouring forest, walked all night, and next morning found myself thirty miles from the camp. Here I separated from my companions, who took the road to Lyons, while I with a sad heart hurried here, to see my dear Annette and grandmother once more, before I quit my native land for ever!"

"Oh, no!" cried Annette, entwining him in her arms: "you must not leave us; you shall never part from us again."

"Peace, child!" said the old woman, who, though almost overcome by her own emotions, endeavoured to calm the agitation of Annette. "Baptiste must depart; for to remain here after what has happened would only ensure his destruction. But you need not be separated from him; he will have much occasion for some one to comfort him in his exile, and, go where he may, I trust his industry and good conduct will always enable him to provide for you."

"I can never;" said Baptiste, "think of removing Annette from her family, her friends, and her native land, to accompany a banished outlaw whose union with her can only bring with it dishonour and disgrace."

"Oh, talk not so," said Annette, "I will not leave you. Your misfortunes would then prey upon your mind, and, if left to yourself in a foreign land, would soon bring you to the grave: See how poorly you look already?"

"But what is to become of our grandmother if we go away?" inquired Baptiste.

"Hear me, my children," said she; "let not the wish to add to the comfort of my declining years ruin for ever your own happiness. Remember that you, Baptiste, must quit your native country—not for a short time, in which case Annette could await your return; but perhaps for ever, and if you value her happiness or your own, you must marry her and take her with you. This little garden and cottage will supply all my wants, and Annette's relations will look after me when you are gone. I shall no doubt feel your loss deeply, but it must be borne with resignation. Have you yet settled where you are to fly to?"

Baptiste informed her he had not yet arranged his plans, but he thought there would be least danger in going down to the sea-coast and taking shipping for England. Here I was called to join in the consultation. I frankly told him that though England might be the easiest of access, and the most secure place of refuge, still I did not think it likely to answer his purpose. His ignorance of the language, the great difference of manners and customs he would experience as well as the numerous obstacles which a foreigner has to encounter in earning a livelyhood under such disadvantages, were, I considered, insuperable objections to his plans. These difficulties had never occurred to the ardent mind of Baptiste, who now saw them in all their force. He then anxiously inquired of me where I would recommend him to fly to? After some hesitation I advised the Netherlands, where, though under a different government, he would still be in a manner in his own country. The language, habits, and customs were similar, and he would be equally safe as in Britain. The plan was obviously the best which could be adopted but many difficulties attended its execution. In order to reach the Netherlands, it was necessary to pass through the greater part of France. This could not be done without a passport, nor could the passport be obtained without almost a certainty of discovery.

"I return home through the Netherlands," said I, "and if you have no objections to pass for my servants, I will procure passports as such for you both without incurring suspicion."

"God bless you for your kindness!" said they all, as they saw their difficulties vanish before this suggestion.

It was accordingly settled that Baptiste should remain in concealment till the following evening, when he was to be privately united to Annette, and the day after they were to bid adieu to their friends, and proceed with me on their journey. Having made this arrangement, I quitted the cottage and proceeded to Tours; quite well pleased at the idea of cheating Charles X. out of a conscript, and happy that I had it in my power to contribute my aid to the union of a pair whom nature seemed to have destined for each other.

The whole of the following day was spent in bidding adieu to my friends in Tours, and in making the necessary preparations for my journey. Without much difficulty I obtained passports for Baptiste and his spouse as my servants, and thinking everything was now secure, I ordered a coach to be in readiness for my departure. Then, as soon as evening approached, I proceeded to the cottage to witness the nuptials of the young couple, at which I had engaged to be present.

I found the happy pair gaily dressed for the occasion. The homely garb in which I had hitherto seen Annette was now exchanged for one of white muslin, which rendered her sylph-like form yet more light and airy. Her raven locks, which before were allowed to float loosely over her shoulders, were now plaited and braided with more than usual care. The bloom had returned to her cheek, and animation sparkled in her eye, though tears of regret frequently hung trembling on her long dark eyelashes, as the idea of her approaching separation from her home and kindred recurred to her mind. She was attended by her sister, who was to officiate as bridemaid, and nothing now was wanting but the priest to complete the ceremony. In the meantime I chatted with the bride, joked with her sister, talked of the weather and crops with the bridegroom, and endeavoured to make the anxious moments of expectation glide past as rapidly as possible.

Footsteps were at last heard approaching. Baptiste stept to the door to welcome the priest, but, instead of meeting him, was seized in the rude grasp of a gendarme. The door was thrown open, and a party of soldiers entered the room, dragging with them the unfortunate prisoner. A shriek of horror burst from the lips of the wretched Annette, as she fell senseless into the arms of her sister. The grandmother hurried to her assistance, but the feebleness of age overcame her agitated frame, and she sunk to the floor in a state of insensibility. The ill-fated Baptiste for some time gazed on these scenes of anguish in a state of stupor. Not a sigh escaped his lips, though the heaving of his ample chest showed the struggle which nature held within. His eye was fixed; his features betrayed no emotion; his soul seemed occupied in the contemplation of his misery. A fleeting moment had blasted all his hopes, and consigned him to a punishment from which he knew there was little hope of escape. The large drops of perspiration which rolled down his forehead marked the agony of his soul, while the angel of death seemed already to have set his seal on his pallid features. The distressed state of his bride at length aroused him from his stupour. He shook off the soldiers who held his arms, and rushing towards her, endeavoured to recall the spirit which appeared to be deserting its frail tenement. His efforts were successful; the soothing tones of his well-known voice awoke Annette to a sense of her misfortunes, and while he endeavoured to calmn her, I exerted myself in assisting and consoling his aged parent, on whom this misfortune threatened to produce a fatal effect.

The soldiers, though accustomed to such heart-rending scenes, could scarcely refrain from tears, and, to cheer the drooping spirits of his friends, endeavoured to persuade them that the crime of their prisoner would only subject him to a short imprisonment. In this belief Baptiste also encouraged them, for though he was aware that he had little chance of escaping with life, yet he wished not to deprive them of hope—the last comforter of the wretched. When they were so far recovered as to be able to bear the pangs of separation, Baptiste was marched off to Tours, and as I could be of very little service at the cottage, I left its inmates in charge of Annette's father, and accompanied the party to town; where, after undergoing an examination, Baptiste was committed to prison, to await the issue of his trial, and as I learned that this was likely to take place in a few days, I countermanded the preparations for my journey and deferred my departure, in the hope that I might be able to render him or his afflicted friends some assistance.

As soon as Baptiste's imprisonment became known, his cell was thronged by his numerous acquaintances, each bringing him some little present to add to his comfort in confinement. Few of them anticipated that any serious punishment would be awarded against him. Their simple minds could not conceive how the good-natured Baptiste could be capitally convicted for leaving a service into which he had been forced, or for returning the blow of one who had wantonly assaulted him. Their opinions buoyed up the spirits of his relations who awaited the result of his trial, in that fever of expectation which is experienced when all we hold dear is at stake. The mind of Baptiste, however, was not so easily elated. He knew that his offence would be regarded in a very serious light, and though he deemed it cruel to check these ill-founded hopes, yet he prepared his mind for the worst, determined to bear with fortitude whatever might be the issue of his trial. This was speedily approaching. A military tribunal was appointed, and the necessary witnesses having arrived, it proceeded to try Baptiste for his offence. The court was crowded with his friends; and it was with great difficulty that Annette and his grandmother could be persuaded to await the result in an adjoining house, where the progress of the trial could be communicated to them. Baptiste knew well that the evidence againt him was too clear and satisfactory to hold out a chance of escape by the denial of his guilt. When called upon therefore to plead to the charge of desertion and mutiny, he rose, and with a firm and manly confidence answered:—

"If to have left a service into which I was forced be desertion, of that I am doubtless guilty. If to have repelled an unprovoked insult be mutiny, of that I am also guilty."

A murmur of regret was heard from the crowd at this open avowal. The friends of the prisoner had expected that the want of evidence or some legal plea might have operated in his favour, a hope which this confession threatened to cut off for ever. The president of the tribunal, unwilling to take advantage of his confession, warned him of the fatal consequences which must attend such an avowal.

"If my conduct has been wrong," replid Baptiste, "I will not add baseness to guilt, nor seek to shelter myself from punishment by a falsehood."

"Young man," said the president, evidently much affected, "I cannot allow your life to be thus thrown away. At the same time that I admire your frank and open declaration, I feel that it would be improper in me to take advantage of it; I shall therefore examine the evidence against you, that every chance of life which martial law affords may be given you."

The trial accordingly proceeded. The witnesses were called and examined; but the charge was too well substantiated, and the evidence too strong to admit of the slighest possibility of an acquittal. The president shook his head in despair, as he saw every legal chance of escape lost to the unfortunate culprit, who was now asked if he had any witnesses to call in his defence.

"I make no defence," replied Baptiste; "but if the testimony of an irreproachable life be of any avail, I believe there are many in this court who can bear witness in my behalf."

"Yes, we can, we can," echoed the surrounding crowd, and a few of the by-standers being then examined spoke very warmly in his favour.

"But it is all in vain," said the president with a sigh, as he closed the proceedings, and turned to his brother officers for their opinion. "It is all in vain; the law is imperative; the crime is proved, and however much we must regret it, his doom is inevitable." The other members of the court assented.

The hand of the president trembled with emotion as he signed the verdict, and handed it to the other members for their approval. He then, with a faltering voice, had begun to read aloud the sentence on the prisoner, when a loud scream interrupted him. A commotion was observed among the crowd, and Annette, led by her anxiety to the court at this critical period rushed forward and fell at the feet of the president, exclaiming, "Oh, save him; in mercy save him!" He raised the weeping girl and delivered her to the care of the attendants; but she burst from them and, running towards Baptiste, clasped him in her arms.

"I have lived but for him, and I will die with him!" said Annette—"I have been the cause of his crimes, if such they can be called. It was on my account he deserted the army. But for me I am sure he would have remained without reluctance. If you will not save him, then, in mercy, extend the same punishment to me, for I cannot survive him!"

Baptiste was quite overcome. Loud sobs burst from his anguished heart, as he endeavoured in vain to console the distressed girl. The whole court was in tears at the affecting scene. At last Baptiste regained his composure, and observing the emotion of the members he thus addressed them:—"Though you sit as judges, I see you can feel as men. I was affianced to this lovely maid, once the pride of our peaceful village, when the harsh laws of the conscription tore me from her—separated me from an aged parent, who depended on me for support—parted me from friends of my childhood. Is it a wonder then that I entered the service with reluctance? Had I been called to the defence of my country I would have suffered in her cause without repining—nay, I would have exulted, would have gloried in the sacrifice. But I was about to be led into a foreign clime, to undergo banishment from my home and from all I held dear. Yet I bore all this. I rejected the solicitations of my comrades who urged me to desert, till the insults of a villain drove me to despair. He struck me, and I returned the blow. The consequences I knew might prove fatal to me, and I therefore followed the advice of my comrades, and fled. These are my crimes. For this I await the sentence of your tribunal: and whatever that may be, I would for myself bear it without repining, but for the sake of this wretched girl—for the sake of my numerous friends, who anxiously await your decision: if it is in your power, let mercy be extended to me, so shall you save a soul from the anguish of death, and have the blessing of one who is ready to perish."

The energy of this appeal for some time shook the nerves of the president: his eye glistened and his voice became almost inaudible as he informed the prisoner that the severity of martial law would not permit him to commute the sentence, but promised to represent his case favourably to the minister-at-war.

The prisoner thanked the president for his kindness, and the court then proceeded to pass sentence of death upon him. Annette accompanied him back to prison. The expectation of mercy which the president held out again inspired her with hope, and supported her in the midst of her distress. The sad tidings of Baptiste's condemnation had been communicated to his grandmother, whose aged frame now sunk under the load of accumulated misery. She was unable to remove from the house where she had waited the issue of the trial; the hand of death was evidently upon her, and the ebbing tide of life was fast rendering her unconscious of her woes. The duty of attending on her drew Annette from the prison, and in some degree prevented her mind from dwelling too much on her misfortunes; but the anxiety of mind under which she laboured was evidently wearing out her weakly and exhausted frame. It was in vain that her friends endeavoured to draw her from the spot, it was in vain that they pressed her to take proper nourishment, and to attend to the delicate state of her health,—she refused all their solicitations. Nothing drew her from the bedside of her dying friend, but the duty of visiting the unfortunate Baptiste, whose numbered days were now drawing rapidly to a close.

Though a strenuous application for mercy had been forwarded to the minister-at-war in Baptiste's favour, yet the frequent desertions of the conscripts, together with the various instances of mutiny and insubordination which had recently occurred among them, rendered government anxious to make a serious example, and counteracted all the influence which had been used in his behalf. After a few days' delay, an order arrived for his immediate execution. I happened to be with him when the melancholy intelligence was announced. The anxiety which the president and members had shown on his behalf had made him lately entertain a hope of pardon, in which he had not previously ventured to indulge, and the sudden extinction of this fondly-cherished idea made him at first feel most cruelly the bitterness of his lot. His agitation, however, soon subsided, and he began to make preparations for meeting his approaching fate. His execution was to take place early the following morning; and in order to spare the feelings of his relatives and friends, it was determined that they should be kept ignorant of the circumstance till all was over. But he had still to meet with Annette, when she came to pay her evening visit; and to maintain his composure and deceive her at their last meeting was no easy task.

At the usual hour she appeared at the prison —her spirits elevated by the expectation of her lover's pardon, in consequence of the delay which she supposed had taken place in the confirmation of his sentence. It would have been cruelty to have undeceived her. Baptiste folded her to his breast, parted her clustering ringlets, and kissed her pale forehead.

"We may now feel less anxious, my dear Baptiste," said she: "your application for mercy must ere this have been successful."

"Do not be too sanguine," he replied. "The anxiety of government to make an example at this critical period will, I fear, prevent any attention being paid to the recommendation for mercy in my behalf."

"It cannot be," said Annette; "they will never be so barbarous as to sacrifice your life for this trivial offence. I am sure you will be pardoned. I am told you will only be removed into some regiment in the colonies, where I will accompany you. In a few years your term of service will expire, when we can return to our little cottage, and peace and happiness will once more smile upon us."

Tears filled his eyes, as she portrayed this picture of future happiness, which he knew too well was never to be realized. He endeavoured to change the subject by inquiring after the state of his grandmother's health.

"Alas!" said Annette, "she is hastening fast away from this world of cares; she sends you her blessing, and wishes she were able to visit you, to bestow it in person."

"'Tis well," replied Baptiste, "that she is quitting this scene of woe, she may yet be spared the bitterest pang which could befall her."

"Come now, Baptiste," said Annette, endeavoring to cheer him, "do not be gloomy; see what I have brought you;" and she produced a small basket of dried fruit, which she had selected for his use. "See here, too, is some coffee for your breakfast to-morrow."

A convulsive shudder overspread his frame, as he recalled to his mind the awful event of to-morrow. He sobbed aloud, and burst into tears.

"You are ill, very ill, my dear Baptiste—your forehead is burning: come, I will tie this handkerchief round it; 'twill ease your pain," and as she spake she loosed one from her neck and bound it round his aching head.

Her kindness only the more unnerved him, and a considerable time elapsed before he could summon resolution to part from her. "Farewell, my love," said he at length with a tremulous voice—"May God bless and watch over you, when we are separated for ever!"

"Dispel these melancholy ideas," said she, "and keep your mind easy for my sake. I will see you again to-morrow"

"To-morrow, alas!—to-morrow!" he repeated mournfully, as he took a last view of her slender form, while she passed through the grated door and along the vaulted passage which led from his lonely cell.

He put the handkerchief into his bosom, and, as if striving to collect himself, walked for some time in silence round the room. As his agitation subsided, I asked him if I could be of any service to him or his friends on this trying occasion.

"My wishes in this life are now few. My grandmother is likely soon to follow me to another world, and Annette's relations will I have no doubt attend to her comfort. All I have to ask is, that you will break the melancholy tidings to them as gently as possible, and try to console them under their afflictions. You have shown attention to me when I most required it; for this unlooked-for kindness accept my sincere and heartfelt thanks. I had often heard of the generosity of the British, now I have experienced it. My earnest prayers shall be breathed for your welfare." He grasped my hand and bedewed it with tears as he added, "I must now bid you farewell; the small portion of time which yet remains to me must be spent with my confessor."

With some difficulty I obtained his consent to attend him in the morning; and took my leave with a sorrowful heart, wondering at that dispensation of events, which was about to close the earthly career of so deserving a youth.

My rest was broken and disturbed. The fearful events of the morrow flitted across my imagination in a thousand dreadful shapes. Sleep soon fled my eyelids; I rose, and heard the bell of the cathedral pealing forth in solemn tones the knell of the unfortunate Baptiste. I hurried on my clothes, and proceeded to the prison, where a strong detachment of military was already assembled to conduct him to execution. I found him receiving the last consolations of religion from his spiritual attendant. A smile of joy passed over his placid features, as he held out his hand to welcome my arrival.

"I now feel quite tranquil," said he in answer to my inquiries, "and disposed to bear my fate with the resignation becoming a man and a Christian."

His appearance corroborated his words. His spirits were no longer depressed. He spoke in a cheerful and even a lively tone. His step, as he walked from prison, was firm and active; and as he took farewell of his attendants, he alone was composed; every eye but his was suffused with tears; instead of receiving, he administered consolation to his weeping friends. When he reached the gate of the prison, Baptiste entered a mourning coach, accompanied by his confessor and two guards. The military procession then moved forward at a slow pace. The muffled drums rolled forth their heavy mournful notes; the bell of the cathedral tolled in a louder and more solemn tone; while the soldiers, with dejected looks and reversed arms, marched slowly forward, seemingly anxious to prolong the fleeting moments of existence which yet remained to their unhappy victim. The ground where he was to suffer was at length reached, and Baptiste sprang from the carriage with a light and active step, and walked firmly to the spot destined for his execution, close to which the troops were drawn up in square. An officer then read aloud the proceedings of the court; and while the troops were engaged in choosing by lot who should perform the painful duty of carrying the sentence into effect, I was allowed once more to approach Baptiste. He bore this awful moment with the composure of a hero. His courage was unshaken and his countenance unchanged at the dreadful preparations. But a faint glow crimsoned his cheek as he said, "Forget not to tell Annette that even at this moment her remembrance is nearest my heart. Console my poor grandmother, if she yet lives." He could say no more. His executioners were before him, one of whom approached to bind up his eyes. "I will give the signal by the falling of this handkerchief," said he, taking from his bosom the one which Annette had left with him the preceding evening. He seemed to spend a few moments in devotion before proceeding to give the agreed-on signal.

But now a thrilling cry of horror was heard among the crowd, and Annette rushed towards the spot, her long black tresses flowing behind her in wild confusion, her eye lighted with the fiery insanity of despair. In vain the by-standers strove to restrain her. Frenzy seemed to have endowed her with herculean powers. She burst from their grasp, and sprang forward towards Baptiste, crying, "Let me die with him, if I cannot save him!" But Baptiste heard her not—he saw her not: the fatal handkerchief fell, and a well-directed volley instantly terminated his existence. Annette fell senseless on his bleeding corpse. She was raised by her friends, and every effort used to restore her to life, but all was in vain. The horrors of the scene had proved too much for her weak frame—her soul had fled its earthly mansion—Annette was gone for ever!

On my return to the prison I learned that Baptiste's grandmother had died in the course of the night; that Annette, in consequence, went early to the prison, to convey the melancholy intelligence. Here she found that Baptiste was gone—gone to execution. She flew with the rapidity of lightning through the streets, and reached the fatal spot only to breathe out her existence on the lifeless body of her lover.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SONGS BY L. E. L.

I.

I loved her! and her azure eyes
Haunted me from sweet sunrise
To the dewy evening's close,
Dyeing rosier the rose.
Yet I said, 'tis best to be
Free—and I again was free.

But I changed—and auburn hair
Seem'd to float upon the air;
Till I thought the orange-flower
Breathed of nothing but her bower.
Yet I said, 'tis best to be
Free—and I again was free.

Next I loved a Moorish maid,
And her cheek of moonlight shade;
Pale and languid, left my sleep
Not a shade but her's to keep.
Yet I said, 'tis best to be
Free—and I again was free.

But there came a lovelier one;
She undid all they had done:
I loved—I love her—ah, how well!
Language has no power to tell.
Now the wonder is to me
How I ever lived while free?

II.

A mouth that is itself a rose,
And scatters roses too;
An eye that borrows from the sky
Its sunshine and its blue;

A laugh, an echo from the song
The lark at morning sings;
A voice—but that has sadder tones,
And tells of tenderer things;

Auburn is her long dark hair
With a golden shine:
Must I tell you more to know
This true love of mine?

I might say she is so kind,
Faithful, fond—but no!
My sweet maiden's hidden heart
None but I may know.

III.

I send back thy letters:
Ah! would I could send
The memory that fetters,
The dreams that must end.

I send back thy tresses,
Thy long raven hair;
Could I send thy caresses,
They too should be there

But keep thou each token
I lavished on thee;
Ring and chain are unbroken,
Thou false one to me!

That my rival,—how bitter
That word to my heart!
May read in their glitter
How faithless thou art.

IV.

As steals the dew along the flower,
So stole thy smile on me;
I cannot tell the day, nor hour
I first loved thee!

But now in every scene and clime,
In change of grief or glee,
I only measure from the time
I first loved thee!

I only think,—when fast and fair
My good ship cuts the sea,—
I leave the lovely island where
I first loved thee!

The wide world has one only spot
Where I would wish to be;
Where, all the rest of life forgot,
I first loved thee!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

"There is nothing in the papers and nobody in the streets," said Charles Bouverie, as with a disconsolate air he flung down the 'Times,' and turned away from the window. "I may as well write to Audley-place, and say that they must kill their own partridges this year; I can't leave town." Charles went towards the table, but he had no lady-like powers of filling four sheets with nothing, and the letter was soon sealed. Again he was thrown upon his resources; which have always appeared to me the very worst things on which an unfortunate individual can be thrown in the way of amusement. He looked round the room: there was one gentleman asleep—Charles envied him; and another reading the third side of a newspaper,—he was one of those who never omit even an advertisement—the fourth side yet remained, and Charles envied him too. The fact was, that though, of course, it is the most enviable position in the world, that of having nothing to do, yet one requires to be used to it. Now our hero had been accustomed to the very reverse. Left an orphan to the care of three uncles,—the first intended him for a clergyman; saw to his Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and fully impressed upon his nephew's mind the paramount importance of University honours. However, he died, and the second uncle insisted on the senior wrangler taking a place in his counting-house. A will of his own in a young man without a shilling is a superfluity, and Charles took his place on a high stool at a high desk. Just then the third uncle died. He had troubled his head very little about "the only hope of the family" during his life; but after all, the last recollections are often the best, and he recollected his nephew to some purpose. Charles Bouverie was left sole heir to a fine fortune; for the elder Mr. Bouverie died just as he had realized the sum on which he meant to enjoy himself. To the best of our belief, he had seen the pleasure; for the enjoyment of spending money is nothing to that of making it. Charles gave up the ledger as he had given up Euclid; removed to an hotel in the gayer part of town; devoted his mornings to the club instead of the counting-house; and intended to be the happiest of men, in the full indulgence of the *dolce far niente*. Unfortunately, the art of doing nothing requires some learning; and Charles, though he would not have owned the truth on any account, was the least in the world puzzled what to do with himself. London was very empty, and he had as yet but few acquaintance; while he could not help regretting his annual visit at Audley-place. A month of partridges and pheasants is a very real pleasure to a young man country-bred—and forced to spend the other eleven in town.

Our hero approached the window,—that resource of the destitute. There was nothing to be seen, even in St. James's-street! Three hackney-coaches, and two women in pattens passed by; also a man with an umbrella dripping, which he held rather over a brown paper parcel than himself: at last, a bright spot appeared just above the palace, the rain seemed to melt into luminous streaks on the sky, and the rain-drops that had sprinkled all over the panes of glass began to gather into two or three large drops, and to descend slowly along the surface. They would have done to bet upon, but there was no one to bet with. The pavement began to dry, and Charles decided on a walk. He reached the clubs, and stood there for five minutes deliberating whether he should turn to the right hand or to the left, having no necessity for turning to either; and here we cannot but say that necessity is "an injured angel." He, she, or it—is never but harsh, stern, and unpitying; and "cruel necessity" is the phrase *par distinction* of all parted lovers. Now I hold that necessity merits more amiable adjectives;—what a great deal of trouble is saved thereby. To an undecided person like myself, the inevitable is invaluable. Before Charles had done standing like Hercules, in the allegory between Pleasure and Virtue, *alias* the right and left of St. James's street—a cabriolet drove rapidly up to the door.

"My dear fellow!" said its occupier, "I am in search of you. I want you to go down with me to my aunt's, and stay there till Wednesday. Her house is within three miles of Croydon, so you could be back in town at an hour's notice. Let me take you to your hotel, and thence I shall get you to drive me down."

Charles accepted the offer with the gratitude of a desperate man; it was just what suited him, and he sprung into the cabriolet in the gayest spirits. Horace Langham, the knight who had thus delivered him from the dragon *ennui*, had long been the object of his especial envy. He was a young man about town, good-looking, well dressed, with all the externals of a gentleman, quite unquestionable. The few needful preparations were soon made, and as they settled themselves in the stanhope, Langham said, "I have made you drive us down, for my horse has been overworked lately. My aunt unluckily has a great prejudice against strange servants; but there is a nice little country-inn close by, so yours will do very well."

The conversation was for a time very animated, for Horace knew something about every one who was anybody; and was very well inclined to tell all he knew. Anecdotes though, like other treasures, must come to an end; and Charles took advantage of a pause to ask if Mrs. Langham had any family.

"Only a niece," was the reply.

"Is she pretty?" asked his companion.

"Not if you put it to my conscience," said the other: "but she is likely to be rich: will that do as well?"

Charles coloured, from "a complication of disorders." First he was quite shy enough to be annoyed at its being supposed that he cared whether there were any young ladies in the world or not; and secondly, he was quite romantic enough to be shocked at the idea of money supplying the want of a pretty face. He was relieved from his embarrassment by Mr. Langham's snatching the reins from his hand, and exclaiming, "Bouverie, we must drive back to town immediately! I have forgotten my aunt's netting silk—she will never forgive me—old ladies are so cursedly unreasonable. Why did she plague me about her horrid silks? However, if we make haste, we shall yet be in time for dinner,—I wonder why old women are left in the world!"

Without waiting for Charles's reply, he put the horse to its utmost speed, and drove furiously back to town. The drive was now anything but agreeable: a heavy shower of rain beat directly in their faces, and Horace's conversation was confined to maledictions on all elderly gentlewomen, and lamentations on his own ill-luck, in having any thing to do with them. The particular shop was reached; the silk was procured, and again they took the road to Croydon.

The rain continued to fall in torrents, and Langham's spirits seemed to have fallen with the barometer. In sullen silence he continued to drive at a furious rate, till Bouverie's sympathies were awakened on behalf of his horse: he was just about "to hint a fault and hesitate dislike," when the clock of a church in the distance struck six.

"It is of no use now," exclaimed the impatient driver, slackening his speed. "We are too late for dinner,—the thing of all others that puts my aunt out; I must lay the blame upon you, she can't say anything to you as a stranger. We must go and dine at that confounded inn."

Wringing wet, they arrived at a disconsolate-looking inn, 'The Swan.' Truly such a sign only could have swung in such weather. A fire was hastily lighted in the best parlour, from whence the smoke drove them; and they took refuge in the kitchen redolent with the smell of recently fried onions, varied with tobacco; for two men sat on one side the fire employed with two pipes. A very tough beefsteak was produced after some delay, badly dressed, for the chimney smoked; this was washed down with some execrable wine,—halfcape, halfbrandy, but called 'sherry.' Charles could far better have endured these minor discomforts than his companion's ill-humour. Controlled towards himself, it broke with double fury on the heads of the landlady and the kitchen-maid. Charles wondered at this in a man whom he had always seen so full of gaiety and good-humour; but Charles had still many things to learn.

Dinner over, time given for "my aunt's afternoon nap not to be disturbed," they set off for the 'Manor-House,' as it was called. The rain was quite over, but the glistening drops on the green sprays of the hawthorn and ash reflected the moonlight, which was now breaking through the masses of dark cloud. A sweet breath came from the late primroses and the early violets in the hedges of the lane through which they had to pass. Had Bouverie been alone he could have loitered on his way; but his companion had long since merged the poetical in the sarcastic,—if the former quality had ever entered into his composition. They soon arrived at the place of their destination, and entered by a picturesque old gate overhung with ivy; a gravel-walk, and a few stone steps, led into the hall. A sedate-looking butler met them there, and said, with a tone and air equally solemn, "Mrs. Langham, my mistress, waited dinner for you one quarter of an hour; the Major's rice was sadly overdone."

"No fault of mine, my good Williams, I assure you," exclaimed Langham, hurrying on to the sitting-room.

It was large, square, and dark; and a voice, that seemed to Charles singularly shrill, came from the upper end,—"Caroline, my dear, you have spilt the water."

He had no time for further observation, when he was led up to a very tall, upright-looking old lady, in a very tall, upright arm-chair, and was presented in turn to Mrs. Langham, her brother, Major Fanshawe, and to Miss Langham.

"Horace," said the old lady, "you kept us waiting dinner a whole quarter of an hour."

"Yes," continued the Major, "and my rice was done to a jelly."

"It was no fault of mine," cried the nephew; "there stands the real culprit. Mr. Bouverie forgot his dressing-case, and we had to drive back for it."

Mrs. Langham's face lost the courteous smile it had summoned up to receive the stranger, and the Major turned aside with a look which said, as plainly as a look could say—and looks speak very plainly sometimes—"What effeminate puppies young men of the present day are!"

Between rage and confusion, Charles could hardly find his way to a seat, where he sat

> "In angry wonder, and in silent shame."

There was, however, no occasion for him to talk. Horace led the conversation, and was very amusing; though, unfortunately for Charles, he had already heard both the scandal and the stories during their drive down. He employed his time in taking a survey of the party. Major Fanshawe was a well-preserved, military-looking man; and it gave him at least ten minutes' consideration to decide whether he wore a wig or not. At last he came to the conclusion that it was the most natural-looking wig that he had ever seen. The old lady took up less time: she seemed staid and severe; and he turned to the younger one. She took up even less time; for the urn almost hid her face, and all he could distinguish was a huge quantity of curls. Now, if there was one thing he hated more than another it was a crop. Like most young men who have always some divinity for the time being whereby to judge of "common mortals," he had his standard of perfection, and Giulietta Grisi reigned at this moment his "fancy's queen." Her small classic head put to shame what he somewhat irreverently called, in his own mind, "a mop of hair." Any little interest that might yet have remained was put to flight; when, at length, after many efforts, he hazarded a question—"Do you play?" and the reply was a single, stiff, hard-hearted "No." Now, a young lady without music was, in his eyes, like a flower without perfume. Matters were made still worse when the tea-things were removed, and she drew towards her a large wicker-basket, from whence peeped out flannel, calico, tape, &c. Charles turned away his head, and encountered an encouraging look from the Major, who had drawn nearer towards him. Fanshawe began to talk of the weather; and his auditor was fairly astonished to find how much he had to say about it. He had all but counted the rain-drops; and he was quite aware of every gleam of sunshine that they had had since the morning. He then communicated the important fact that the Manor House fronted due south, and that it was situated on an eminence, which rendered it perfectly dry.—

"Very necessary for an old house like this. Our house, Sir, is a very old one;—it has the reputation of a ghost. By the bye, that puts me in mind of a very curious—indeed, I may say uncommon—circumstance which happened to me when I was a boy. I was about eight—no, let me see, I was nearly nine. Yes, it was nine; for my birth-day is in February, and the event to which I allude happened in November. Well, for I am sure you must be impatient for the story—young people always like ghost stories,—I had been in bed some time. My father always insisted on our going soon to rest. You know the old proverb,

> 'Early to bed, early to rise,
> Makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise,'—

I had been in bed some time. Perhaps I had gone to sleep a little later than usual; for it was a stormy night, and I never was a sound sleeper. My digestion is not good: I am therefore obliged to be very regular in my hours. Your dressing-case, Sir, did me a great deal of harm to-day;—we waited dinner half an hour, and the rice was overdone. However, I always make great excuses for young people. When I was a youth, I was somewhat of a coxcomb myself; indeed, I think, at any time of life, people should never be indifferent to their appearance. I often tell my sister and niece they are too careless. But I am keeping your curiosity on the rack all this time. So, to return to my story. I had been asleep some time, when I was suddenly awakened by what appeared to me a violent blow on the chest. I started up in my bed; I could perceive no one, though the rushlight was still burning. We were always allowed a rushlight. I jumped up and ran to my mother's dressing-room; I heard the clock strike twelve, as I thought, though afterwards it turned out to be only eleven. Still, as you may easily suppose, it added to my alarm; for twelve o'clock is, as you know, a disagreeable time to be thinking of ghosts—it being the hour peculiarly appropriated to their appearance. However, I communicated my alarm in perfect safety, and my bed-chamber was carefully searched, without discovering the slightest cause for fear. My father was a little inclined to be angry; but, as my mother justly observed, there were many things for which there was no accounting. You see, my dear young friend,"—the Major's heart had quite warmed to his patient listener,—"I may well quote Shakspeare's profound remark, which may have escaped your notice hitherto,—

> 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.'"

Charles was saved the painful necessity of a reply, by a call on his attention from the other part of the room, and hearing his friend saying, "Oh, Bouverie is a capital tredrille player; he used to play it with his uncle. It is the very game for a small circle in the country."

Our hero could not deny the fact—for a fact it actually was;—but how it had reached Langham was to him matter of great surprise. Down he sat to the table with Mrs. Langham and the Major, to devote the rest of the evening to spadille, manille, and basto. At ten, the tray came in, with refreshments much lighter than were ever meant to follow a dinner bad as his own had been; but, as the Major observed, "suppers were so bad for the digestion." At half-past ten, bed-candles were brought in, and "we breakfast punctually at eight" was formally announced by Mrs. Langham.

To bed he went—hungry, weary, but not the least sleepy; and he lay awake, thinking whether it would be possible to return to London the next morning. He was the last to make his appearance; for he had divers misgivings respecting a *tête-à-tête* with Fanshawe, who he saw at once had that worst bump developed that can adorn the head of a bore—viz., long-story-tellativeness.

He entered: Miss Langham's face was again hidden by the urn; but he had a side view of "that odious crop." Mrs. Langham inquired, with old-fashioned politeness, how he had passed the night; so did the Major. "Saw no ghosts?" and forthwith recommenced of "a most curious, I may say unaccountable, thing which happened to me when I was a little boy." It was long enough the previous evening; but at breakfast it was interminable, being ever and anon interrupted by spoons-full of egg;—"An egg is very light; I always eat one at breakfast;"—and by slices of toast, accompanied with "Never touch new bread; but toast is easily digested." A light, however, was thrown on the motive of their visit; for Horace was evidently *aux petites soins* with Caroline Langham.

After breakfast, all looked towards the windows but the rain was pitiless, and the sky was of that sombre and unbroken dulness which bespeaks a whole day's rain, at least. The Major challenged Charles to a game at chess, of which nothing worse need be said, than that it began before ten, and lasted till half-past four; when, saying that it could be finished the next day, his opponent hurried Charles off with an injunction to try and dress in time for dinner.

He was dressed in ample time, for he had no motive to linger on the pleasant duties of the toilette—the only duties that I know of to which the term pleasant can be applied. The dinner was certainly the very perfection of a plain dinner, and to that Charles chiefly devoted his attention, taking especial care not to divert Miss Langham's attention from Horace's whispers by any indiscreet questions. The evening was again ruled by those three Fates, Spadille, Manille, and Basto—but as they were separating for the night, Charles said to his friend, "Of course the least you can do for me will be to ask me to the wedding?"

Horace laughed, and said, "Well, poor little thing—I suppose I must take pity upon her some day or other. One comfort is, that when she is my wife, she cannot be so very fond of me."

No man likes to hear of the conquest of another, and Charles made no effort to prolong the conversation. The next morning was bright, as if the day were as glad as himself of their coming departure. He also most ingeniously out-manœuvred the Major, by first approaching the window to admire the garden; next stepping out upon the turf, and then walking off as fast as he could, resolved that he would not be found till two o'clock, when the stanhope was ordered to the door. The day was delightful—the sunshine entered into the spirits, and the soft warm air was freighted with odours from a garden prodigal in sweets.

From the flower-garden he wandered into a little wilderness which communicated with an orchard. Charles paused for a moment to admire the cherry-trees, covered with fruit, whose yellowish green was just beginning to wear a tinge of red on the side next the sun; when suddenly he espied the Major—gun in hand.—He then remembered that he had been vowing vengeance against the sparrows at breakfast. The morning was too lovely to waste on stories of—"When I was a little boy;" so he darted behind a tree, and prepared to make his escape unseen. Now, whether his stir among the branches disturbed the birds, or whether the Major thought that he had carried his gun quite long enough without discharging it, we know not; but at that moment he fired. Charles received the shot in his leg, and stumbled against a tree, struck his head with such violence, that he fell stunned on the ground. When he recovered his senses he found himself in bed, with a gentleman at his elbow, who allowed no one but himself to speak.

On this part of our narrative we need not dwell—but the unfortunate visitor was confined for a week to his bed. The fever under which he suffered rendered even an attempt to amuse him dangerous; but before the week was over he had learned to think Mrs. Langham the kindest old lady in the world; and that the Major was to be endured, now that he was not allowed to say above five words at a time. He had also discovered that Miss Langham had a low sweet voice, and the light step of a sylph. He was pronounced equal to sitting up for a few hours; it is almost worth while to be an invalid for the sake of that permission.

"We placed you in this room at Caroline's suggestion," said Mrs. Langham; "it is the one which she occupies, and opens into her own little morning room. As she very justly observed, you could then have change, the moment it was needed, without any fatigue."

Accordingly he was wheeled on the sofa into the adjoining apartment, and left for a little while to recover from the exertion, with an assurance that she and her niece would soon be with him. Charles took the opportunity of looking about him; and the survey very much raised Miss Langham in his estimation,—there was so much feminine taste in the arrangement of the various trifles scattered around. There was a pretty and well-furnished book-case: he read the titles on the backs of several, and perceived both French and Italian authors mingled with the English. A number of engravings hung on the walls, all chosen with reference to their subjects, all of which had a little touch of sentiment.—Some fresh flowers, grouped as only those who have an eye for colours can group them, were upon the table, and a basket of choice plants was in the window; a guitar rested on a stand of music; in short, nothing was wanting that Charles deemed essential in a lady's room. He was not left long to his meditations—his hostess and her niece re-appeared, and he was soon engaged in a very pleasant conversation.

Mrs. Langham was called suddenly away; and for a few minutes there was a pause—broken by Charles asking the young lady—"If she had any friends that were musical?"

"No," replied Caroline. "Indeed we have very few neighbours; my aunt has outlived most of her own friends, and is reluctant to make new ones. We see few strangers, excepting an acquaintance whom Horace now and then brings down—or some old companions of my uncle's."

There was something in the familiar appellation "Horace" that jarred on Charles's ear—and there was another pause: after which he could think of nothing better to say, than—

"Mr. Langham is a very gentlemanlike young man!"

"Do you think so," replied his companion coldly.

Charles tried to get a glance at her face, but it was hidden by the curls which fell forward as she bent over her knitting.

"And very witty," continued Bouverie.

"Nay," said Caroline, "there I cannot agree with you. Ridicule is not wit. He is amusing, for he goes a great deal into society, and retails all he there collects—but I never heard him make an original remark in my life."

"He seems, however, a great favourite of yours!" exclaimed the invalid, hastily.

"Ah, well!" returned the young lady; "I do not wish to undervalue your friend—I see you are half affronted—but a favourite of mine my cousin never was, nor never can be. He is far too selfish."

Charles felt a most ungenerous sensation of pleasure, which however he checked, and magnanimously resolved to change the subject.

"I wonder at seeing a guitar," said he, "as you say you have no musical friends!"

"I do not keep my guitar," replied Caroline, laughing "for my friends—but for myself!"

"But of what use is it to you?" asked the invalid.

"Not of much use, certainly; but a great deal of pleasure!"

"Pleasure!—what pleasure?"

"Oh, you may not be fond of music—but I am."

"Still, as you do not play it—I do not comprehend the good of the instrument!"

"But I do play it!" interrupted Caroline.

"Why!" exclaimed Charles, "you told me, the first evening, that you did not play!"

"Ah, I thought that you meant tredille!"

Bouverie almost sprang from the sofa.

"My dear Miss Langham, I am so passionately fond of music; do lay by your knitting and take your guitar!"

"With pleasure, if it will keep you quiet!" So saying, with equal grace and simplicity, she began to sing an Italian barcarolle.

The light fell on her face, which was turned towards her listener, who perceived for the first time how very pretty it was. The fact was, that he had never looked at her before. We need pursue the subject no farther:—a lady—a guitar—and a wounded cavalier—can have but one denouement—a declaration—and it came in due time; that is, before the week was out.

"You must let me speak to your aunt," said Charles Bouverie, the morning after.

"My dear aunt!" said Caroline, blushing one of those sweet bright blushes which so soon forsake the cheek; "you must not mind a little opposition at first."

"She favours Mr. Langham then?"

"Certainly not;" but colouring still more deeply, "your want of fortune———!"

"My want of fortune!" cried Charles; "why I am all but a millionaire!"

The matter was soon explained. Horace had brought his friend down half as a convenience—half as a foil—and to prevent any possible danger, had represented him as poor: all mistakes were soon cleared up. Settlements and diamonds—blond and britska were arranged with all possible despatch; and Mr. and Mrs. Bouverie were soon announced as "the happy pair, gone during the honey-moon to Paris."—The only regret heard on the subject was one expressed by Horace Langham—"Very provoking a man must not marry his aunt! Now that Caroline is so well provided for, my aunt is a speculation well worth consideration."

L. E. L.

From the Metropolitan.

THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

A TALE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

My grandmother, the late Lady Jane Courtenay, was a native of Scotland, and in her youth was esteemed one of the greatest beauties of that romantic land; but I only remember her when her light and delicate figure bowed beneath the hand of time. And the head, on which the snows of eighty winters had gathered, was enveloped in the little black bonnet that shaded an eye, still beaming with almost youthful brightness, and instinct with sensibility. The education of Lady Jane, as far as the lighter accomplishments go, had been a good one. She spoke French and Italian with fluency, played on the spinnet, and excelled in all those fine works of the needle, which, in her day, were considered *indispensable* in the education of a gentlewoman; but these accomplishments were only the flowers that wreathed the outside of that fair temple of purity and grace, within burned the sweet incense of early piety, poetic fancy, and clear reason; and, together, with a joyousness of spirit that tinged with its reflected sunshine every object within its influence, and a temper sweet as the gathered honey from a thousand flowers, made up a character of feminine excellence, which she retained through a long and honoured life.

Lady Jane, with her three sisters, the Ladies Mary, Grace, and Ann Stuart, were solely dependant upon their brother, the Earl of Bute, having unfortunately lost both their parents. Their constant residence was at Mount Stuart, in the Isle of Bute, where, as Lady Wortley Montagu observes, in one of her letters, "they lived like nuns." The eldest of the fair solitaires early married Sir Robert Menzies, and in visits to her and their uncle, the Duke of Argyle, the three unmarried sisters saw occasionally a little of that world from which their home so completely shut them out, that Rumour, with his hundred tongues, rarely brought them news of death or bridal, battle or hurricane, save when the old Butler, Donald, returned from some special errand to "bonnie Edinburgh;" or old Penniefee, the travelling chapman, delighted the lasses with the display of all his cheap bravery. Yet my grandmother dearly loved her native Bute; and, when an old woman, would speak of it with tenderness, and say, with a heavy sigh, "the days are awa' that I have seen." The Earl of Bute was a man of strong natural sense, which had been highly cultivated by a liberal education; but withal so intolerably stocked with family pride, that the social virtues, which are the golden bands that bind society together, withered, in his chilling presence, like delicate plants when exposed to the blighting frosts of winter.

This pride, nursed by a noble descent, and the storied relics of his chivalrous ancestors, hung up in the old hall and ancient chambers at Bute, gave rise probably to that restless ambition, against which the caustic Junius hurled the thunders of his eloquence, and for which England has wept *tears of blood.*

There was another cause, also, which might perhaps give an impetus to his ambition. The Earl's rental was very inadequate to the support of that state he loved to keep up, and his high patrician spirit felt humbled and annoyed by the superior splendour in which many of his compeers in rank lived. Brooding over these mortifications, he would wander forth at nightfall, when at Bute, to vent in solitude those feelings, which his cold, reserved nature, kept even from his nearest and most intimate friends. And while watching the wild waves, as they dashed along in their reckless course, how little did the ambitious earl see the time, then fast approaching, when fortune (whose smiles are no evidence of a man's desert) would smile upon his wishes; when Scotland would no longer be the theatre of his actions; but far away, in merry England, where lay the yellow fields, from which he was to glean the golden harvest of that distinction he coveted—when, as lord of the bedchamber, he would stand upon the first "stepping stone" to the promised land, and, domesticated at the court of George the Third,* lose all relish for the quiet charms of his native Bute.

But to proceed with our tale, or rather, chronicle. The fatal battle of Culloden had been fought, and the bright eyes of Lady Jane and her sisters bore almost daily tribute to that tenderness, that in woman, melts at the relation of deeds in which man too often delights. The earl was, of course, for the new family, and bitterly enough spoke of the folly and madness of Prince Charles Edward, whom his sisters pitied; and when alone together, the wish that the gallant laddie might get safe out of Scotland, was echoed with many a sigh from the rosy lips of all three. Selfishness draws its narrow circle round the heart, but charity is of no party and no country, weeping alike over the wounds of the aggressor and the aggressed.

Lady Jane, and her sister Lady Grace, were on visit at Menzies Castle, when a letter from the earl, (who had been sometime absent in England,*) mentioned his intention of being at Bute in a day or two. Anxious to see him, the affectionate maid took leave of her sister, and regardless of the disappointed looks of young Campbell, a handsome but not favoured suitor, departed on her way to Bute.

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* "The Earl of Bute was appointed one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, (father of George the Third) in October, 1750, five years after the defeat of the Pretender at Culloden. And in 1760, two days after the accession of George the Third to the throne, the earl was, with the king's eldest brother, introduced into the Privy Council, where he began to assume an air of authority, which gave much disgust to the administration."

Travelling in my grandmother's day was not very agreeable; the roads were wretchedly bad, and the carriages, even of the nobility, clumsy, and by their unwieldy construction liable to overturn. The state of the country, too, offered no inducement for undertaking a journey.—Scotland was disturbed by civil contention, and overrun with English troops, who were then looked upon with the same feelings of jealousy and dislike with which they are now regarded by the sister kingdom of Ireland. The battle of Culloden had annihilated the *hopes*, but not in any way deadened the *wishes*, of the Scottish clans in favour of the young prince, Charles Edward. A hardy race of men, conversant with the rude features of nature, and whose chief knowledge lay in the legends and traditions of other days, were likely to keep alive the old hereditary affection, transmitted from father to son, for the unfortunate Stuart race. Neither can we wonder that such affection strengthened after the young Pretender came amongst them; or that, defeated, they could not at once cease to lament the total extinction of those things that had so long given a zest to the cup of the reveller and a charm to the tale and the song of the bard. Detachments from the Duke of Cumberland's army having been sent out and encamped at different places for the safety of the country, and the rebels being dispersed all over the highlands, hiding in secret fastnesses and reduced to the extreme of want, the Jacobites had no alternative but to chew the cud of disappointment in sullen silence. Yet nature would at times break out, despite the dread which the name of the sanguinary duke inspired, and many and bloody were the combats between the victors and the vanquished when a cup of mountain dew had set the staunch Jacobite's heart in a glow. To some of these unpleasant encounters Lady Jane was herself a fearful witness as she journeyed homewards.

Stopping to take refreshment at a little roadside inn, she was shown into a chamber, over the door of which was written in chalk the name of Courtenay.† The gude alewife informed her that the captain of an English troop had slept there the night before, and was then on his way to secure the person of the unfortunate Charles Edward.

On landing from the boat at Rothsay, Lady Jane found old Donald waiting at the water-side.

"Well Donald, did you expect me?"

"Weel, yes, my bonnie leddy, I ken'd ye wad be loth to keep the lord waiting."

"Is my brother arrived then?"

"Troth is he; he cam hame yestreen wi' a mountebank southron, a daft loon o' a servant, wi' mair gowd on his claithes than wad fin' a' Bute in whisky for a twalmonth."

"And how does my brother seem, Donald—is he in good spirits?"

"Weel, joost as ye ken him langsyne, very spare o' cracking wi' ony body; I dinna ken he's sae fresh-looking, but ablins he's made a leetle too free wi' himself amang the southrons; gude troth, they southrons wad sell their sauls to the old deevil for gude entertainment o' their bodies."

When my grandmother entered the library where the earl was seated, she was struck with the anxious and perturbed expression of his countenance; his greeting, however, was more kindly than of wont, while Lady Jane, who dearly loved her brother, welcomed him with all those sunny smiles that so well become the fair face of woman at the domestic hearth.

"Well, Jane," said the earl, as she seated herself at the end of the green damask covered settee upon which he half reclined, "how have you left our friends at Menzies Castle?"

"Quite well," said she, "but very anxious to hear from you."

"And what," continued the earl, "says Sir Robert to the present aspect of affairs in Scotland?"

"I believe," replied Lady Jane, "his fears are rather strong of something still brewing among the clans that adhere to Prince Charles."

"The Pretender you mean, Jane," said her brother sharply. "Yes, yes, the tartans are still on the stir; but I hope the troops sent over by England will soon send them back to their strongholds in the mountains, or some still stronger retreat where they may eschew their folly for the future."

"I was almost afraid," said Lady Jane, "as we travelled along: some impudent English soldiers looked in at the carriage windows, and asked us if we were carrying the Pretender to the Pope. At an inn on the road the hostess told me that the captain of a troop from England had slept there the night before, and was then on his way to seize the unfortunate Charles, who was reported to be somewhere in this neighbourhood."

"Yes," said her brother musingly, "a price has been set upon his head, and the man that harbours him had better look to his own."

"Oh, heavens!" said the tender-hearted Lady Jane, "a price set upon his head? and will the brave Scotch betray him to his enemies—for vile gold betray the legitimate heir of their native kings?"

"You speak like a woman, Jane, more from feeling than reason: 'tis true, Charles Stuart is the legitimate descendant of the royal family of Scotland; but as to his right to the crown, the laws have decided, and wisely, against the succession of a Catholice prince; he only therefore courts his own ruin, and that of his brave but misguided followers by prolonging his stay among our mountains; 'tis rumoured that Macdonald of

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* The union of Lord Bute with the daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu led to his residing in England.

† A singular fact, as the reader will admit when acquainted with the sequel of these records.

Lochgarie has got one hundred resolute highlanders in arms, and is making to Lochabar, where he expects to be joined by other clans; but they'll soon pay dearly for their rashness in attempting to cope with the Duke of Cumberland's troops. "See," continued the earl, taking a paper out of his pocket-book, "here is a capital description of the young chevalier and his pious brother,* which I took from the *St. James's Evening Post*, November 30th.

"'ADVERTISEMENT.

"'Run away from their master at Rome, in the dog days of last August, and since secreted in France, two Young Lurchers, of the right Italian breed: and being of a black tan colour, with sharp noses, long claws, and hanging ears, have been taken abroad for King Charles the Second's breed, but are only base mongrels of another litter. They are supposed to be on the hunt for prey in the north. They go a full dog-trot by night for fear of being catch'd. They answer to the names of Hector and Plunder, and will jump and dance at the sound of a French-horn, being used to that note by an old dogmaster at Paris. They prick up their ears also at the music of a Lancashire hornpipe.

"'This is to give notice that whoever can secure this couple of curs, and bring them back to the Pope's Head, at Rome, near St. Peter's Church; or to the Cardinal's Cap, at Versailles; or to the King's Arms, at Newcastle: or to the Thistle, at Edinburgh; or to the Three Kings, at Brentford; or rather to the sign of the Axe, on Tower Hill, shall have the reward of thirteen-pence halfpenny; or any sum below a crown, and the thanks of all the powers of Europe, except France Spain, and the Pope.

"'N. B. They have each a French collar on, stamped with their father's arms, a warming-pan and flower-de-lus, with this inscription—'We are but young puppies of Tencin's pack.' Beware of them, for they have got a smack of the Scot's mange, and those that are bit by them run mad, and are called Jacobites.'"

"Well," said Lady Jane, "from this specimen of English wit, I should imagine that the claim of the chevalier as the legitimate heir of James the second is unfounded."

"Oh, as to that," answered the earl, "I pay little regard; there is not the shadow of a doubt but that his claim would be just enough if it depends on the right of descent; but that has nothing to do with the question at issue; as I said before, the law has set the seal to the exclusion of a Catholic prince from the throne; if he had all the right of heirdom and all the virtues in the world, his religion would make him unfit to govern a free people, and little do the good people of Scotland know themselves, if they deem that happiness could be enjoyed under a popish prince. 'Tis bad enough in Catholic countries, but heaven bless us in this, where so few profess the faith, to have a king lord it over a nation, nearly the whole of which he is bound to believe out of the pale of salvation. Why his very creed would teach him that it was a meritorious act to oppress and harass a land of heretics; but come," continued the earl, half smiling, "I'll drown Charles Edward in a cup of good wine." So saying, he seated himself at the supper table, which was spread with all the most tempting cates that Mistress Abernethy, the old housekeeper, had collected from her choice stores, to do honour to her lord's visit to Bute.

The earl and his sister had not been seated many moments at the board, when a loud ringing at the portal bell startled Lady Jane; "Who can it be!" said his lordship, "'tis a late hour for visitors." The door opened, and old Donald, with a sagacious movement of the head, ushered in a tall figure, closely wrapped up in the foldings of his plaid. The stranger advanced towards the earl, and looking cautiously round to see if Donald had left the room, said in a hurried tone, "The Stuart claims protection from a Stuart—the blood-hounds of England are in full chase of me: I know, my Lord of Bute, that you are a staunch friend of the Brunswicker, but as an honourable enemy, I call upon you to give Charles Stuart the shelter of your hospitable walls for one night."

As the prince ended, he shook back the large plaid that enveloped his person, and stood with keen eye surveying the silent earl, who sate agitated, and irresolute how to act. A look of contemptuous bearing slightly curved the prince's lip. "You cannot aid me," said he, breaking silence; "fear has sealed up your heart, my lord, against the true descendant of your native kings, and I am betayed."

"Oh! no, indeed," said Lady Jane, with animation, and blushing at the same time at her own temerity, (for in those days young ladies rarely played the orator, like our modern belles.) "Oh! no, indeed, my lord, my brother is the last to betray you to your enemies; he is only perplexed how to act consistently both with his duty and your safety."

The prince fixed his brilliant eyes upon Lady Jane with a softened expression. "Lovely lady, I am bound to thank you, but I must take my answer from other lips," glancing at the earl as he spoke.

"Take it from mine;" said Lord Bute, suddenly changing his look of irresolution to one of a more decisive character; "happen what may, my lord, you are safe—you have put yourself in my power, and shall neither lack security nor the rights of hospitality in this castle, where your ancestors have found both, till to-morrow. I pledge myself for your safety, but beyond that I dare not."

"Be it so, then," said the prince, throwing off his highland plaid, which had hitherto concealed his elegant person; upon which Lady Jane gazed with youthful admiration. Her's was the age of romance and feelings unimpaired by commerce with a selfish world; and the sight of a young and beautiful prince flying in his fatherland from merciless pursuers, awakened all those warm sympathies that are too impulsive in woman to calculate upon danger to be incurred in the performance of a generous action.

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* Henry, afterwards Cardinal York.

Even the cold-looking visage of the earl seemed to warm into something like feeling, as his eye rested for a brief moment on the fugitive prince. Charles Stuart was then in the bloom of youth, and the flush of manly beauty; he was "six feet in height, of an erect and dignified carriage; his dress was a highland garb, of fine silk tartan, red velvet breeches, and a blue velvet bonnet, with gold lace round it, and a white rose carelessly stuck in the band. On his breast sparkled a large jewel, with St. Andrew's cross appended."

After the prince had satisfied the claims of appetite, to which the cold breezes on the water had given unwonted sharpness, Lady Jane filled a silver tassie, and handed it with blushing grace to their noble guest, who with a smile, and expressive inclination of the head, drank to the health of his fair Ganymede.

"Do you imagine, my lord," said the earl, addressing the prince, "that the troops are really on their way to Bute?"

"'Tis more than probable," answered Charles.

"And what shall we do if they come?" said the earl, thoughtfully pressing his hand to his brow; "if my English servants know that a stranger is within these walls, they will betray it to the troops, and so give a handle to my enemies——to—to——"

"I understand you," said the prince; "there are those who will be glad to denounce you to your master George, as having saved the life of Charles Stuart."

There was a long pause, painful to Lady Jane, who with the instinctive delicacy which belongs to fine natures, felt the awkward situation in which the prince was placed. The cold formality of the earl's manner, and the fears he did not hesitate to express, seemed almost to bid the unfortunate Charles depart again, rather than rest in peace upon the pledge so recently given.

"My dear brother," said she, at last breaking silence, "you have forgotten old Donald; he can be safely trusted with the secret of the prince's concealment here."

"You are right, Jane," said the earl, starting from the reverie in which he had been plunged; "Donald is the only one on whose fidelity we can depend."

Accordingly, Donald was summoned, and the rank and situation of the stranger being disclosed to him, the old man entered heart and soul into the plan for the prince's preservation, and though withheld by his lord's presence from giving full vent to the delight he felt in looking upon the living representative of that royal race, whom his father, a devoted Jacobite, had taught him to love and reverence in the green days of youthful feeling, still the glistening of his moist eye, and reverential bend of grey head, told the unfortunate Charles what his broken fortune could alone tell him, that the hearts most zealous in his cause lay hidden not beneath the robe of the noble, nor the armour of the chieftain, but the well-worn gray of the peasant, and the homely garb of the humble dependant.

(*To be continued.*)

From the Metropolitan.

SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

CHAPTER X.

In which is explained the sublime mystery of keelhauling—Snarleyyow saves Smallbones from being drowned, although Smallbones would have drowned him.

It is a dark morning; the wind is fresh from the north-west; flakes of snow are seen wafting here and there by the wind, the avant-couriers of a heavy fall; the whole sky is of one murky grey, and the sun is hidden behind a dense bank. The deck of the cutter is wet and slippery, and Dick Short has the morning watch. He is wrapped up in a Flushing pea-jacket, with thick mittens on his hands; he looks about him, and now and then a fragment of snow whirls into his eye; he winks it out, it melts and runs like a tear down his cheek. If it were not that it is contrary to man-of-war custom he would warm himself with the *double shuffle*, but such a step would be unheard of on the quarter-deck of even the cutter Yungfrau.

The tarpaulin over the hatchway is pushed on one side, and the space between the combings is filled with the bull head and broad shoulders of Corporal Van Spitter, who, at last, gains the deck; he looks round him and apparently is not much pleased with the weather. Before he proceeds to business, he examines the sleeves and front of his jacket, and having brushed off with the palm of his hand a variety of blanket-hairs adhering to the cloth, he is satisfied, and now turns to the right and to the left, and forward and aft—in less than a minute he goes right round the compass. What can Corporal Van Spitter want at so early an hour? He has not come up on deck for nothing, and yet he appears to be strangely puzzled: the fact is, by the arrangements of last night, it was decided, that this morning, if Snarleyyow did not make his appearance in the boat sent on shore for fresh beef for the ship's company, that the unfortunate Smallbones was to be *keelhauled*.

What a delightful morning for a keelhauling!

This ingenious process, which, however, like many other good old customs has fallen into disuse, must be explained to the non-nautical reader. It is nothing more nor less than sending a poor navigator on a voyage of discovery under the bottom of the vessel, lowering him down over the bows, and with ropes retaining him exactly in his position under the kelson, while he is drawn aft by a hauling-line until he makes his appearance at the rudder-chains, generally speaking quite out of breath, not at the rapidity of his motion, but because, when so long under the water, he has expended all the breath in his body, and is induced, at last, to take in salt water *en lieu*. There is much merit in this invention; people are very apt not to be content with walking the deck of a man-of-war, and complain of it as a hardship, but when once they have learnt, by experience, the difference between being comfortable above board, and the number of deprivations which they have to submit to when under board and overboard at the same time, they find that there are worse situations than being on the deck of a vessel—we say privations when under board, for they really are very important:—you are deprived of the air to breathe, which is not borne with patience even by a philosopher, and you are obliged to drink salt water instead of fresh. In the days of keel-hauling, the bottoms of vessels were not coppered, and in consequence were well studded with a species of shell-fish which attached themselves, called barnacles, and as these shells were all open-mouthed and with sharp cutting points, those who underwent this punishment (for they were made by the ropes at each side, fastened to their arms, to hug the kelson of the vessel) were cut and scored all over their body as if with so many lancets, generally coming up bleeding in every part, and with their faces, especially their noses, as if they had been gnawed by the rats; but this was considered rather advantageous than otherwise, as the loss of blood restored the patient if he was not quite drowned, and the consequence was, that one out of three, it is said, have been known to recover after their submarine excursion. The Dutch have the credit, and we will not attempt to take from them their undoubted right, of having invented this very agreeable description of punishment. They are considered a heavy phlegmatic sort of people, but on every point in which the art of ingeniously tormenting is in request, it must be admitted that they have taken the lead of much more vivacious and otherwise more inventive nations.

And now the reader will perceive why Corporal Van Spitter was in a dilemma. With all the good-will in the world, with every anxiety to fulfil his duty, and to obey his superior officer, he was not a seaman, and did not know how to commence operations. He knew nothing about foddering a vessel's bottom, much less how to fodder it with the carcase of one of his fellow-creatures. The corporal, as we said before, turned round and round the compass to ascertain if he could compass his wishes: at last, he commenced by dragging one rope's end from one side and another from the other; those would do for the side ropes, but he wanted a long one from forward and another from aft, and how to get the one from aft under the cutter's bottom was a puzzle; and then there was the mast and the rigging in his way:—the corporal reflected—the more he considered the matter, the more his brain became confused; he was at a nonplus, and he gave it up in despair: he stood still, took out a blue cotton handkerchief from the breast of his jacket and wiped his forehead, for the intensity of thought had made him perspire—any thing like reflection was very hard work for Corporal Van Spitter.

"Tousand tyfels!" at last exclaimed the corporal, and he paused and knocked his big head with his fist.

"Hundred tousand tyfels!" repeated the corporal, after five minutes' more thought.

"Twenty hundred tousand tyfels!" muttered the corporal, once more knocking his head; but he knocked in vain: like an empty house, there was no one within to answer the appeal. The corporal could do no more; so he returned his pocket-handkerchief to the breast of his jacket, and a heavy sigh escaped from his own breast. All the devils in hell were mentally conjured and summoned to his aid, but they were, it is to be presumed, better employed, for although the work in hand was diabolical enough, still Smallbones was such a poor devil that probably he might have been considered as remotely allied to the fraternity.

It may be inquired why, as this was *on service*, Corporal Van Spitter did not apply for the assistance of the seamen belonging to the vessel, particularly to the officer in charge of the deck; but the fact was, that he was unwilling to do this, knowing that his applications would be in vain, for he was aware that the whole crew sided with Smallbones; it was only as a last resource that he intended to do this, and being now at his *wit's* end, he walked up to Dick Short, who had been watching the corporal's motions in silence, and accosted him,

"If you please, Mynheer Short, Mynheer Vanslyperken give orders dat de boy be keelhauled dis morning;—I want haben de rope and de way."

Short looked at the corporal, and made no reply.

"Mynheer Short, I haben tell de order of Mynheer Vanslyperken."

Dick Short made no reply, but leaning over the hatchway, called out, "Jemmy."

"Ay, ay," replied Jemmy Ducks, turning out of his hammock and dropping on the lower deck.

Corporal Van Spitter, who imagined that Mr. Short was about to comply with his request after his own Harpocratic fashion, remained quietly on the deck until Jemmy Ducks made his appearance.

"Hands," quoth Short.

Jemmy piped the hands up.

"Boat," quoth Short, turning his head to the small boat hoisted up astern.

Now as all this was apparently preparatory to the work required, the corporal was satisfied. The men soon came up with their hammocks on their shoulders, which they put into the nettings, and then Jemmy proceeded to lower down the boat; as soon as it was down and hauled up alongside, Short turned round to Coble and waving his hand towards the shore, said,

"Beef."

Coble, who perfectly understood him, put a new quid into his cheek, went down the side, and pulled on shore to bring off the fresh beef and vegetables for the ship's company, after which Dick Short walked the deck and gave no further orders.

Corporal Van Spitter perceiving this, went up to him again.

"Mynheer Short, you please get ready."

"No!" thundered Short, turning away.

"Got for dam, dat is mutiny," muttered the corporal, who immediately backed stern foremost down the hatchway, to report to his commandant the state of affairs on deck. Mr. Vanslyperken had already risen; he had slept but one hour during the whole night, and that one hour was so occupied with wild and fearful dreams that he awoke from his sleep unrefreshed. He had dreamed that he was making every attempt to drown Smallbones but without effect, for, as soon as the lad was dead he came to life again; he thought that Smallbones' soul was incorporated in a small animal something like a mouse, and that he had to dislodge it from its tenement of clay, but as soon as he drove it from one part of the body it would force its way back again into another; if he forced it out by the mouth after incredible exertions, which made him perspire at every pore, it would run back again into the ear; if forced from thence, through the nostril, then in at the toe, or any other part; in short, he laboured apparently in his dream for years, but without success. And then the "change came o'er the spirit of his dream," but still there was analogy, for he was now trying to press his suit, which was now a liquid in a vial, into the widow Vandersloosh, but in vain. He administered it again and again, but it acted as an emetic, and she could not stomach it, and then he found himself rejected by all—the widow kicked him, Smallbones stamped upon him, even Snarleyyow flew at him and bit him; at last he fell with an enormous paving-stone round his neck descending into a horrible abyss head foremost, and as he increased his velocity, he awoke trembling and confused, and could sleep no more. This dream was not one to put Mr. Vanslyperken into good humour, and two severe cuts on his cheek with the razor as he attempted to shave, for his hand still trembled, had added to his discontent, when it was raised to its climax by the entrance of Corporal Van Spitter, who made his report of the mutinous conduct of the first officer. Never was Mr. Vanslyperken in such a tumult of rage; he pulled off some beaver from his hat to staunch the blood, and wiping off the remainder of the lather, for he put aside the operation of shaving till his hand was more steady, he threw on his coat and followed the corporal on deck, looked round with a savage air, spied out the diminutive form of Jemmy Ducks, and desired him to pipe "all hands to keelhaul."

Whereupon Jemmy put his pipe to his mouth, and after a long flourish, bawled out what appeared to Mr. Vanslyperken to be—all hands to *be keelhauled*, but Jemmy slurred over quickly the little change made in the order, and, although the men tittered, Mr. Vanslyperken thought it better to say nothing. But there is an old saying, that you may bring a horse to the pond, but you cannot make him drink. Mr. Vanslyperken had given the order, but no one attempted to commence the arrangements. The only person who showed any activity was Smallbones himself, who, not aware that he was to be punished and hearing all hands piped for something or another, came shambling, all legs and wings, up the hatchway, and looked around to ascertain what was to be done. He was met by the bulky form of Corporal Van Spitter, who, thinking that Smallbones' making his appearance in such haste was with the intention of jumping overboard to avoid his punishment, immediately seized him by the collar with the left hand, turned round on a pivot towards Mr. Vanslyperken, and raising his right hand to his foraging cap, reported "The prisoner on deck, Mynheer Vanslyperken." This roused the lieutenant to action, for he had been walking the deck for a half minute in deep thought.

"Is all ready there, forward?" cried Mr. Vanslyperken.

No one replied.

"I say, boatswain, is all ready?"

"No, sir," replied Jemmy; "nobody knows how to set about it. I don't, any how—I never seed any thing of the like since I've been in the service—the whole of the ship's company say the same." But even the flakes of snow, which now fell thick, and whitened the blue jacket of Mr. Vanslyperken, could not assuage his wrath—he perceived that the men were refractory, so he summoned the six marines—who were completely under the control of their corporal.

Poor Smallbones had, in the mean time, discovered what was going on, and thought that he might as well urge something in his own defence.

"If you please, what are you going for to do with me?" said the lad, with a terrified look.

"Lead him forward," said Mr. Vanslyperken; "follow me, marines;" and the whole party, headed by the lieutenant, went before the mast.

"Strip him," cried Mr. Vanslyperken.

"Strip me, with the snow flying like this! An't I cold enough already?"

"You'll be colder when you're under the bottom of the cutter," replied his master.

"Oh, Lord! then it is keelhauling a'ter all; why what have I done?" cried Smallbones, as the marines divested him of his shirt, and exposed his emaciated body to the pitiless storm.

"Where's Snarleyyow, sir—confess?"

"Snarleyyow—how should I know, sir? it's very hard, because your dog is not to be found, that I'm to be dragged under the bottom of a vessel."

"I'll teach you to throw paving stones in the canal."

"Paving stones, sir!" and Smallbones' guilty conscience flew in his face. "Well, sir, do as you please, I'm sure I don't care; if I am to be killed, be quick about it—I'm sure I sha'n't come up alive."

Here Mr. Vanslyperken remembered his dream, and the difficulty which he had in driving Smallbones' soul out of his body, and he was fearful that even keelhauling would not settle Smallbones.

By the directions of Mr. Vanslyperken, the hauling ropes and other tackle were collected by the marines, for the seamen stood by, and appeared resolved to a man, to do nothing, and, in about half an hour, all was ready. Four marines manned the hauling line, one was placed at each side of the rope fastened to the lad's arms, and the corporal, as soon as he had lifted the body of

Smallbones over the larboard gunnel, had directions to attend the bow-line, and not allow him to be dragged on too fast: a better selection for this purpose could not have been made than Corporal Van Spitter. Smallbones had been laid without his clothes on the deck, now covered with snow, during the time that the lines were making fast to him; he remained silent, and as usual, when punished, with his eyes shut, and as Vanslyperken watched him with feelings of hatred, he perceived an occasional smile to cross the lad's haggard features. He knows where the dog is, thought Vanslyperken, and his desire to know what had become of Snarleyyow overcame his vengeance—he addressed the shivering Smallbones.

"Now, sir, if you wish to escape the punishment, tell me what has become of the dog, for I perceive you know."

Smallbones grinned as his teeth chattered—he would have undergone a dozen keelhaulings rather than have satisfied Vanslyperken.

"I give you ten minutes to think of it," continued the lieutenant; "hold all fast at present."

The snow storm now came on so thick, that it was difficult to distinguish the length of the vessel. Smallbones' naked limbs were gradually covered, and, before the ten minutes were expired he was wrapped up in snow as in a garment—he shook his head occasionally to clear his face, but remained silent.

"Now, sir," cried Vanslyperken, "will you tell me, or overboard you go at once? Will you tell me?"

"No," replied Smallbones.

"Do you know, you scoundrel?"

"Yes," replied Smallbones, whose indignation was roused.

"And you won't tell?"

"No," shrieked the lad—"no, never, never, never!"

"Corporal Van Spitter, over with him," cried Vanslyperken, in a rage, when a sudden stir was heard amongst the men aft, and as the corporal raised up the light frame of the culprit, to carry it to the gunnel, to the astonishment of Vanslyperken, of the corporal, and of Smallbones, Snarleyyow appeared on the forecastle, and made a rush at Smallbones, as he lay in the corporal's arms, snapped at his leg, and then set up his usual deep baying, "bow, bow, bow!"

The re-appearance of the dog created no small sensation—Vansylperken felt that he had now no reason for keelhauling Smallbones, which annoyed him as much as the sight of the dog gave him pleasure. The corporal, who had dropped Smallbones on the snow, was also disappointed. As for Smallbones, at the baying of the dog, he started up on his knees, and looked at it as if it were an apparition, with every demonstration of terror in his countenance; his eyes glared upon the animal with horror and astonishment, and he fell down in a swoon. The whole of the ship's company were taken aback—they looked at one another and shook their heads—one only remark was made by Jansen, who muttered, "De tog is no tog a'ter all."

Mr. Vanslyperken ordered Smallbones to be taken below, and then walked aft; perceiving Obadiah Coble, he inquired whence the dog had come, and was answered that he had come off in the boat which he had taken on shore for fresh beef and vegetables. Mr. Vanslyperken made no reply, but with Snarleyyow at his heels, went down into the cabin.

CHAPTER XI.

In which Snarleyyow does not at all assist his master's cause with the widow Vandersloosh.

It will be necessary to explain to the reader by what means the life of our celebrated cur was preserved. When Smallbones had thrown him into the canal, tied up, as he supposed, in his winding-sheet, what Mr. Vanslyperken observed was true, that there were people below, and the supposed paving stone might have fallen upon them; the voices which he heard were those of a father and son, who were in a small boat going from a galliot to the steps where they intended to land, for this canal was not, like most others, with the water in it sufficiently high to enable people to step from the vessel's gunnel to the jetty. Snarleyyow fell in his bag a few yards ahead of the boat, and the splash naturally attracted their attention; he did not sink immediately, but floundered and struggled so as to keep himself partly above water.

"What is that?" exclaimed the father to his son, in Dutch.

"Mein Gott! who is to know?—but we will see;" and the son took the boat-hook, and with it dragged the bread bags towards the boat, just as they were sinking, for Snarleyyow was exhausted with his efforts. The two together dragged the bags with their contents into the boat.

"It is a dog, or something," observed the son.

"Very well, but the bread bags will be useful," replied the father, and they pulled on to the landing stairs. When they arrived there they lifted out the bags, laid them on the stone steps, and proceeded to unrip them, when they found Snarleyyow, who was just giving signs of returning animation. They took the bags with them, after having rolled his carcase out, and left it on the steps, for there was a fine for throwing any thing into the canal. The cur soon after recovered, and was able to stand on his legs; as soon as he could walk he made his way to the door of the widow Vandersloosh, and howled for admittance. The widow had retired; she had been reading her book of *prières*, as every one should do, who has been cheating people all day long. She was about to extinguish her light, when this serenade saluted her ears; it became intolerable as he gained strength.

Babette had long been fast asleep, and was with difficulty roused up and directed to beat the cur away. She attempted to perform the duty, arming herself with the broom, but the moment she opened the door, Snarleyyow dashed in between her legs, upsetting her on the brick pavement. Babette screamed, and her mistress came out in the passage to ascertain the cause; the dog not being able to run into the parlour, bolted up the stairs, and snapping at the widow as he passed, secured a berth underneath her bed.

"Oh, mein Gott!—it is the dog of the lieutenant," exclaimed Babette, coming up the stairs in greater dishabille than her mistress, and with the broom in her hand. "What shall we do—how shall we get rid of him?"

"A thousand devils may take the lieutenant, and his nasty dog, too," exclaimed the widow, in great wrath; "this is the last time that either of them enter my house; try, Babette with your broom—shove at him hard."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Babette, pushing with all her strength at the dog beneath the bed, who seized the broom with his teeth, and pulled it away from Babette. It was a struggle of strength between the girl and Snarleyyow—pull Babette—pull dog—one moment the broom, with two-thirds of the handle disappeared under the bed, the next the maid recovered her lost ground. Snarleyyow was first tired of this contention, and to prove that he had no thoughts of abandoning his position, he let go the broom, flew at Babette's naked legs, and having inserted his teeth half through her ancle, he returned growling to his former retreat. "Oh, dear, mein Gott," exclaimed Babette, dropping her broom, and holding her ancle with both hands.

"What shall we do?" exclaimed the widow, wringing her hands.

It was indeed a case of difficulty. Mynheer Vandersloosh, before he had quitted this transitory scene, had become a personage as bulky as the widow herself, and the bed had been made unusually wide: the widow still retained the bed for her own use, for there was no knowing whether she might not again be induced to enter the hymenial state. It occupied more than one half of the room, and the dog had gained a position from which it was not easy for two women to dislodge him; and, as the dog snarled and growled under the bed, so did the widow's wrath rise as she stood shivering—and it was directed against the master. She vowed mentally, that so sure as the dog was under the bed, so sure should his master never get into it.

And Babette's wrath was also kindled, now that the first pain of the bite had worn off: she seized the broom again, and made some furious lunges at Snarleyyow, so furious that he could not regain possession with his teeth. The door of the room had been left open that the dog might escape—so had the street-door; and the widow stood at the foot of the bed, waiting for some such effect being produced by Babette's vigorous attacks; but the effects were not such as she anticipated; the dog became more enraged, and at last sprang out at the foot of the bed, flew at the widow, tore her only garment, and bit her in the leg. Frau Vandersloosh screamed and reeled—reeled against the door left half open, and falling against it, slammed it to with her weight, and fell down shrieking. Snarleyyow, who probably had intended to make off, seeing that his escape was prevented, again retreated under the bed, and as soon as he was there he recommenced his attack upon Babette's legs.

Now, it appears, that what the united courage of the two females could not accomplish, was at last effected by their united fears. The widow Vandersloosh gained her legs as soon as she could, and at first opened the door to run out, but her night dress was torn to ribbons in front. She looked at her situation—modesty conquered every other feeling—she burst into tears, and exclaiming, "Mr. Vanslyperken! Mr. Vanslyperken!" she threw herself in an ecstacy of grief and rage on the centre of the bed. At the same moment the teeth of the dog were again fixed upon the ancles of Babette, who also shrieked, and threw herself on the bed, and upon her mistress. The bed was a good bed, and had for years done its duty; but you may even overload a bed, and so it proved in this instance. The united weights of the mistress and the maid coming down upon it with such emphasis, was more than the bed could bear—the sacking gave way altogether, and the mattress which they lay upon was now supported by the floor.

But this misfortune was their preservation—for when the mattress came down, it came down upon Snarleyyow. The animal contrived to clear his loins, or he would have perished; but he could not clear his long mangy tail, which was now caught and firmly fixed in a new species of trap, the widow's broadest proportions having firmly secured him by it. Snarleyyow pulled, and pulled, but he pulled in vain—he was fixed—he could not bite, for the mattress was between them—he pulled, and he howled, and barked, and turned himself every way, and yelped; and had not his tail been of coarse and thick dimensions, he might have left it behind him, so great were his exertions; but, no, it was impossible. The widow was a widow of substance, as Vanslyperken had imagined, and as she now proved to the dog. Babette, who soon perceived that the dog was so, now got out of the bed, and begging her mistress not to move an inch, and seizing the broom, she hammered Snarleyyow most unmercifully, without any fear of retaliation. The dog redoubled his exertions, and the extra weight of Babette being now removed, he was at last able to withdraw his appendage, and probably feeling that there was now no chance of a quiet night's rest in his present quarters, he made a bolt out of the room, down the stairs, into the street. Babette chased him down, threw the broom at his head as he cleared the threshold, and then bolted the door.

"O the beast!" exclaimed Babette, going up stairs again, out of breath: "he's gone at last, ma'am."

"Yes," replied the widow, rising up with difficulty "and—and his master shall go too. Make love indeed—the atomy—the shrimp—the dried up stock-fish. Love quotha—and refuse to hang a cur like that. O dear! O dear! get me something to put on. One of my best chemises all in rags—and his nasty teeth in my leg in two places, Babette. Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see—I don't care for their custom. Mr. Vanslyperken, you'll not sit on my sofa again, I can tell you;—hug your nasty cur—quite good enough for you. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken,"

By this time the widow had received a fresh supply of linen from Babette; and as soon as she had put it on she rose from the bed, the fractured state of which again called forth her indignation.

"Thirty-two years have I had this bed, wedded and single, Babette!" exclaimed the widow. "For sixteen years did I sleep on that bed with the lamented Mr. Vandersloosh—for sixteen years have I slept in it, a lone widow—but never till now did it break down. How am I to sleep to-night? What am I to do, Babette!"

"'Twas well it did break down, ma'am," replied Babette, who was smoothing down the jagged skin at her ancles; "or we should never have got the nasty biting brute out of the house."

"Very well—very well. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken—marriage, indeed, I'd as soon marry his cur."

"Mein Gott," exclaimed Babette. "I think, madame, if you did marry, you would soon find the master as cross as the dog; but I must make this bed."

Babette proceeded to examine the mischief, and found that it was only the cords which tied the sacking which had given way, and considering that they had done their office for thirty-two years, and the strain which had been put upon them after so long a period, there was not much to complain of. A new cord was procured, and in a quarter of an hour all was right again; and the widow, who had sat in the chair fuming and blowing off her steam, as soon as Babette had turned down the bed, turned in again, muttering, "Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken—marriage indeed. Well, well, we shall see. Stop till to-morrow, Mr. Vanslyperken;" and as Babette has closed the curtains, so will we close this chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

In which resolutions are entered into in all quarters, and Jemmy Ducks is accused of mutiny for singing a song in a snow storm.

What were the adventures of Snarleyyow after this awkward interference with his master's speculations upon the widow, until he jumped into the beef boat to go on board of the cutter, are lost for ever; but it is to be supposed that he could not have remained the whole night without making himself disagreeable in some quarter or another. But, as we before observed, we know nothing about it; and, therefore, may be excused if we do not tell.

The widow Vandersloosh slept but little that night, her soul was full of vengeance; but although smarting with the imprints of the cur's teeth, still she had an eye to business; the custom of the crew of the cutter was not to be despised, and as she thought of this, she gradually cooled down. It was not till four o'clock in the morning that she came to her decision; and it was a very prudent one, which was, to demand the dead body of the dog to be laid at her door before Mr. Vanslyperken should be allowed admittance. This was her right, and if he was sincere, he would not refuse; if he did refuse, it was not at all clear that she should lose the custom of the seamen, over the major part of whom Vanslyperken then appeared to have very little control; and all of whom, she knew, detested him most cordially, as well as his dog. After which resolution the widow Vandersloosh fell fast asleep.

But we must return on board, where there was almost as much confusion as there had been on shore. The re-appearance of Snarleyyow was considered supernatural, for Smallbones had distinctly told in what manner he had tied him up in the bread bag, and thrown him into the canal. Whisperings and murmurings were heard all round the cutter's decks. Obadiah Coble shrugged up his shoulders, as he took an extra quid—Dick Short walked about with lips compressed, more taciturn than ever—Jansen shook his head, muttering, "Te tog is no tog"—Bill Spurey had to repeat to the ship's company the legend of his coming on board over and over again. The only persons who appeared not to have lost their courage were Jemmy Ducks and poor Smallbones, who had been put in his hammock to recover him from his refrigeration.—The former said, "that if they were to sail with the devil, it could not be helped, pay and prize money would still go on;" and the latter, who had quite recovered his self-possession, "vowed that dog or devil, he would never cease his attempts to destroy him—if he was the devil, or one of his imps, it was his duty as a Christian to oppose him, and he had no chance of better treatment if he were to remain quiet." The snow storm continued, and the men remained below, all but Jemmy Ducks, who leaned against the lee side of the cutter's mast, and, as the snow fell, sung, to a slow air, the following ditty, it probably being called to his recollection by the state of the weather.

'Twas at the landing-place that's just below Mount Wyse,
Poll leaned against the sentry's box, a tear in both her eyes,
Her apron twisted round her arms, all for to keep them warm,
Being a windy Christmas day, and also a snow storm.

And Bet and Sue
Both stood there too,
A shivering by her side,
They both were dumb,
And both looked glum,
As they watched the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts before in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
You have sent the ship in a gale to work,
On a lee shore to be jammed,
I'll give you a piece of my mind, old Turk,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

Chorus.—We'll give you a piece of our mind, old Turk,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

Who ever heard in the sarvice of a frigate made to sail
On Christmas day, it blowing hard, with sleet, and snow, and hail?
I wish I had the fishing of your back that is so bent,
I'd use the galley poker hot unto your heart's content.
Here Bet and Sue
Are with me too,
A shivering by my side,
They both are dumb,
And both look glum,
And watch the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
You've got a roaring fire I'll bet,
In it your toes are jammed,
Let's give him a piece of our mind, my Bet,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

Chorus.—Let's give him a piece of our mind, my Bet,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

I had the flour and plums all picked, and suet all chopped fine,
To mix into a pudding rich for all the mess to dine;
I pawned my ear-rings for the beef, it weighed at least a stone,
Now my fancy man is sent to sea, and I am left alone.
Here's Bet and Sue
Who stand here too,
A shivering by my side,
They both are dumb,
They both look glum,
And watch the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
You've got a turkey I'll be bound,
With which you will be crammed,
I'll give you a bit of my mind, old hound,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

Chorus.—I'll give you a bit of my mind, old hound,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

I'm sure that in this weather they cannot cook their meat,
To eat it raw on Christmas-day will be a pleasant treat:
But let us all go home, girls, it's no use waiting here,
We'll hope that Christmas-day to come, they will have better cheer.
So Bet and Sue
Don't stand here too,
A shivering by my side,
Don't keep so dumb,
Don't look so glum,
Nor watch the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
So while they cut their raw salt junk,
With dainties you'll be crammed,
Here's once for all my mind, old hunks,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

Chorus.—So once for all our mind, old hunks,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

"Mein Gott, but dat is rank mutiny, Mynheer Shemmy Tucks," observed Corporal Van Spitter, who had come up on the deck unperceived by Jemmy, and had listened to the song.

"Mutiny, is it?" replied Jemmy, "and report this also,

I'll give you a bit of my mind, fat thief,
You, corporal, may be d———d."

"Dat is better and better—I mean to say, worser and worser," replied the corporal.

"Take care I don't pitch you overboard," replied Jemmy in wrath.

"Dat is most worst still," said the corporal, stalking aft, and leaving Jemmy Ducks to follow up the train of his own thoughts.

Jemmy, who had been roused by the corporal, and felt the snow insinuating itself into the nape of the neck, thought he might as well go down below.

The corporal made his report, and Mr. Vanslyperken made his comments, but he did no more, for he was aware that a mere trifle would raise a general mutiny. The recovery of Snarleyyow consoled him, and little thinking what had been the events of the preceding night, he thought he might as well prove his devotion to the widow, by paying his respects in a snow storm—but not in the attire of the day before. Mr. Vanslyperken was too economical for that, so he remained in his long threadbare great coat and foul-weather hat. Having first locked up his dog in the cabin, and entrusted the key to the corporal, he went on shore and presented himself at the widow's door, which was opened by Babette, who with her person barred entrance; she did not wait for Vanslyperken to speak first.

"Mynheer Vanslyperken, you can't come in. Frau Vandersloosh is very ill in bed—the doctor says it's a bad case—she cannot be seen."

"Ill!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "your dear, charming mistress ill! Good heavens, what is the matter, my dear Babette?" replied Vanslyperken, with all the pretended interest of a devoted lover.

"All through you, Mr. Vanslyperken," replied Babette.

"Me!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"Well, all through your nasty cur, which is the same thing."

"My dog! I little thought that he was left here," replied the lieutenant; "but, Babette, let me in if you please, for the snow falls fast, and——"

"And you must not come in, Mr. Vanslyperken," replied Babette, pushing him back.

"Good heavens! what is the matter?"

Babette then narrated what had passed, and as she was very prolix, Mr. Vanslyperken was a mass of snow on the windward side of him before she had finished, which she did, by pulling down her worsted stockings, and showing the wounds which she had received as her portion in the last night's affray. Having thus given ocular evidence of the truth of what she had asserted, Babette then delivered the message of her mistress; to wit, "that until the dead body gave except when he thought a case so serious as to require great care and good nursing.

"Let them send the lady in the mask," said the patient.

"She will attend in her turn," gravely repled the doctor.

On awaking towards the afternoon from a feverish doze, still labouring under a slight degree of delirium, Lord Altamont inquired whether the charity sister had come.

"She is by your bed-side, my lord," whispered William.

He instantly drew aside the bed-curtain and beheld a meagre elderly lady, with a sedate and rather vinegar aspect.

"O! you are not the lady in the mask?"

"That you may easily perceive—pray be composed, sir."

"But why did they not send Sister Louise?"

"She will come in her turn."

"And when is her turn?"

"Next to mine."

"That is a comfort; and when do you go?"

"Be composed, sir."

She rose, and pouring out a glass of lemonade, presented it to him: he drank it eagerly, and, for a time, the recollection of Sister Louise seemed weakened.

It was midnight; a pale lamp burned in his chamber; there was a whispering and rustling by his bed-side, a retreating footstep, then all again was still.

"William," said Lord Altamont faintly, "give me water!"

William had gone to rest; but the curtain was gently withdrawn, and a cup of cooling beverage was presented: he seized the hand that held it, and looked up: a muffled form and a black mask met his view.

"You have kept your word," he exclaimed solemnly: "I am in sickness and in sorrow, and you have not failed me."

The charity sister made no answer, but gave him the cup and smoothed his pillow.

"You will not leave me?"

She shook her head and whispered, "Not to-night."

"Nor to-morrow either!" he wildly replied. "Give me your hand, and then I shall be sure of you; you shall not run away and leave me as *she* did! Did you never see her? O yes, you saw her in her winding-sheet by her father's corpse. Here, take back your hand—I thought it had been her's, it is so smooth and small—take it away, for I have sworn never to touch the hand of woman more!—You are weeping, are you? I hear you sob—ha! ha! it is very well you wear mask to hide your crocodile tears. Women can weep and weep—they can smile too, and stab while they smile. I dare say, you and your cousin murdered your husband."

"Horrible!" ejaculated the sister. His mutterings gradually became unintelligible, and still under the influence of a powerful narcotic, he again sank to sleep.

About seven in the morning the patient awoke; William was moving gently about the room, and there was a very audible and unnsual sound at the bed-side.

"William, for Heaven's sake, tell me what noise this is close to me here."

"It is the charity sister, my lord, snoring," replied William, at the same time shaking her without much ceremony. "Awake, mistress, if you please, you disturb my lord."

"A fat, healthy, good-humoured looking woman awoke *en sursaut:* "Only think of my sleeping at my post!" she said, drawing back the bed-curtain, and presenting her "*shining morning face*" to Lord Altamont; "what would Sister Louise say to me! How do you feel yourself, sir, this morning?"

"Was it a dream?" exclaimed Lord Altamont: "Has she not then been here—*that lady* in the mask?"

"No dream at all," replied Sister Marie, I relieved her about an hour since; and, for your comfort, I can tell you, she has gone to ask our superior leave to allow her to nurse you altogether: such a request is against the rules, but Sister Louise can do what she pleases with our lady."

About mid-day the masked sister returned to take up her station at the inn. She found her patient better, free from delirium, the fever abated, and very thankful for the exertion she had made in his favour.

"If," said he, "you will pass an occasional hour with me during the day, it is all I ask."

She bowed her head in token of acquiescence; but as Lord Altamont was in a state of extreme weakness, she prohibited all further conversation.

Sister Louise, therefore, spent several hours each day with her patient, watchful, zealous, and studying his comfort in all things, but never officious and intrusive; she had the air of a person who was simply performing her duty, but performing it in the true spirit of charity, *gently*, easily, and kindly.

"How shall I ever repay you?" Lord Altamont would exclaim in the warmth of his gratitude.

"By getting well," she would reply, "and by never failing to remember, that what I do for you, I would do for the poorest, the meanest, the most ignorant, and the most thankless of my fellow-creatures."

Sometimes Louise would bring her painting or embroidery into the sick chamber and converse with her patient while so employed; at others she would read to him. Every day Lord Altamont became more and more interested in his mysterious nurse—smile not! gentle reader! love had apparently nothing to do in the affair on either side: perhaps you are one of those who cannot believe that pure friendship can exist between persons of a different sex—I only reply, that if you find it impossible to believe in such friendship, you are clearly not worthy to enjoy it.

Lord Altamont was convalescent, and was able to be removed in his easy chair from his bed-room to his sitting-room. He was just entering into that delicious state which succeeds illness; in which every sense, relieved from unnatural oppression, becomes embued with an unusual power of enjoyment; in which even

"Is dead?" said Rosabelle, with unnatural calmness. Miss Altamont bowed her head.

"O God!" exclaimed Rosabelle, starting from her seat, and joining her hands in agony: "has it come to this? the blood of my near kinsman on the hand of my husband! and *I* the cause! Cruel Altamont! what time, what penitence can ever wash that stain away? Unjust, unworthy husband! though all the world believed me guilty, how couldst *thou?* thou, that knowest every thought of my heart, couldst deem thy Rosabelle so false, so thankless, so impure! But it is done, and though that heart should break, I will root thine image from it: henceforth thou hast no wife, and Rosabelle no husband! Poor Albert!" She sank back in her chair, and the big tears forced their way through the slender fingers that strove to conceal them.

Miss Altamont was confounded; she was inwardly convinced that Rosabelle was innocent, but she meanly checked the conviction, and the evil of her nature successfully opposed the good, when, turning towards Mrs. Milicent, she exclaimed, "Her ladyship forgets her wounded husband, and weeps only for her guilty paramour."

The blood of the De Courcis quickened through every vein of the injured Rosabelle; the same spirit that prompted the look which silenced for ever the lawless passion of Beauvilliers, flashed once more from her eyes. She stood, and pointed to the door: Miss Altamont arose, and without trusting herself with a second glance, hastily moved towards it; Mrs. Milicent drew her bonnet more closely over her face, and followed with a speed, which at any other time she would have considered indecorous.

Lady Altamont rang, and ordered his lordship's servant, William, to appear before her; the man entered, and, standing close by the door, bowed respectfully: "Was the Count de Beauvilliers dead when you left Calais?"

"No, my lady, but the surgeon said he could only live three or four hours at the furthest."

"Who sent you here, and what was your commission."

"The day before, my lord had ordered me, whatever happened, to leave immediately, and take the information to my lady dowager."

"Your lord was wounded?"

"Yes, madam, slightly in the shoulder."

"Had you any conversation with him after the duel?"

"Not any."

"Was he preparing for his departure?"

"He was with the count, and seemed to have no intention of leaving him until he died."

"Who was your lord's second?"

"Mr. Cavendish."

"Very well—leave the room;" and William departed.

During the whole of this time Fanchette had cowered in a corner, with her eyes fixed on her lady, and her mouth open; awe and astonishment strongly expressed in her countenance. She could scarcely believe that her young mistress stood before her; her figure seemed enlarged, and was haughtily thrown back, her brow was contracted, her lips compressed, her eye steady and severe; her tears were dried and not a trace of weakness remained; the flush of indignation itself was gradually fading away, and a marble paleness was replacing it upon her brow and cheek. When William retired, Lady Altamont stood for some time immoveable, scarcely seeming to breathe: after a few minutes, Fanchette raised herself upon her knees, and extended her arms towards her; the movement attracted the attention of the lady, who had evidently forgotten her.

"O my dear mistress!" cried the distressed Fanchette, "pray forgive me! I will tell you all that *I* ever said, and nothing very bad either, I am sure, I am sure I never intended to do you harm; I only wished to show these scornful English, that you might, if you had chosen, have married a much grander and handsomer man in your own country."

"To-morrow," replied Rosabelle, calmly, "I will hear whatever you may have to say; to-day I must not be intruded on by any one." She retired into her dressing-room, which communicated immediately with her bed-chamber, and locked herself in.

Throughout the establishment of Moorlands, the most unbroken quiet reigned that day; the servants moved about like ghosts, making signs, or conversing in low whispers. Dinner was served as usual for her ladyship, and when the butler announced it at her dressing-room door, she desired that some slight refreshment might be brought up; and coffee was served at a later period in the afternoon. On both these occasions the housekeeper attended with a waiting-maid; they reported that Lady Altamont looked very calm and composed, but exceedingly pale: it would appear that she had the air of a person who had come to what was deemed a necessary, but painful decision.

At nine o'clock she ordered the house to be closed, and the principal keys to be brought to her, (a prevailing custom at that period) as she wished to retire to rest.

On the following morning, (Thursday,) Fanchette waited anxiously for her lady's summons. Ten o'clock arrived, and getting alarmed, she knocked at her door; there was no answer: she tried the lock, and to her surprise found that it was not secured; the shutters were partly open; the dressing-room had a certain air of confusion about it, as if a person had been selecting things for packing; the heart of Fanchette sank within her—she hastily burst into the bed-chamber; her lady was not there, nor did the bed appear as though it had been slept in.

Fanchette looked round in despair, and called in vain on the name of her mistress; then rushed down stairs and alarmed the servants. Search was made in every direction; Lady Altamont was nowhere to be found, and, so soon as the fact was fully ascertained, the intelligence was carried to the manor-house.

Lord Altamont and his friend had been forced, from mere fatigue and exhaustion, to remain for twenty-four hours at Dover; and his lordship was so unwell the following morning, that his proceeding even then was considered imprudent; but no entreaty or expostulation could detain him an instant longer, and travelling gently, they reached Moorlands on the Friday evening.

As the carriage once more passed the opening before mentioned, from which his residence could be seen, Lord Altamont eagerly bent forward to catch a glimpse of it, with very different sensations than on a former occasion: it was all dark, and shut up, not a light to be seen: a sickening forboding of some dreadful event stole over him—he gasped with apprehension. In a few minutes they were met by servants with torches, requesting they would proceed to the manor-house, the ladies having something important to communicate.

The scene need not be described. Lord Altamont's self-reproach, grief, and rage, amounted almost to madness; no voice could soothe him but that of his mother, and not even her's, till on her knees she besought him not to endanger by his rashness, (for he was tearing the bandages from his wound,) the life which she had given, and in which her own was involved: the sight recalled him to his senses: he submitted with a stern, almost a ferocious sadness, to all they required; but on one point none could control him: he insisted that his sister should leave his presence, and never again venture in it. A strong opiate was administered, and his mother watched by him during the night, as she had done in the days of his infancy.

The next morning he rose more composed, but in a state of deep dejection and great bodily weakness. By his order his letters were brought to him, and among them was the unfortunately delayed letter of Rosabelle, giving an exact and lively account of her cousin's visit: truth, artlessness, and innocence breathing in every line, while her expressions of fondness to himself, and her eager wishes for his return, struck like arrows to his already lacerated heart. He kissed the writing, while his scalding tears dropped on it, folded, and laid it to his bosom.

Although scarcely able to move, Lord Altamont insisted upon being driven to his house; and was accompanied by the whole party, excepting Miss Altamont. On his arrival, the housekeeper presented to him the key of Lady Altamont's dressing-room, which apartment had been purposely kept in the same state in which she had left it.

On examination it was found she had taken a few changes of her plainest wearing apparel, a silk cloak, and the straw cottage-bonnet, in which she had been accustomed to walk about in her own grounds; the jewels which had belonged to her before marriage she had likewise taken, together with the money in her own private purse, which it was supposed amounted to between three and four hundred pounds; to these had been added the miniature portrait of her husband, and the gold chain attached to it.—Lord Altamont vainly looked round for a scrap of writing, or any clue to her intentions. Fanchette was examined, but amid her sobs and tears, and confessions of her own imprudence, nothing was elicited but what is already known; her description, however, of the scene between Lady Altamont and her sister-in-law, although imperfectly narrated, made a deep impression, especially on its being confirmed, and more clearly detailed by Mrs. Milicent. William, and the other servants likewise gave in their testimony.

After having collected every information in their power, Mr. Cavendish took lord Altamont aside; "I have no doubt," he said, "that after all, Lady Altamont has but gone to her father in Paris, listening to her resentment only in the first impulse of the moment. You, my dear lord, are too ill to move—nay, nay, you need not shake your head, and stamp your foot, but listen to what I have to propose. I and your servant, William, will set off instantly, within the next hour, for Paris; I have no doubt we shall trace her even during our journey. I will write by every post, and depend upon it, no time or trouble shall be spared. Do not think of accompanying us—you will only defeat your own object."

Lord Altamont thanked his kind and zealous friend; and, after a little inward struggle, accepted his proposal. Instant preparations were made, and Mr. Cavendish and William departed.

As soon as they were gone, the strong mental excitement, which had hitherto upheld Lord Altamont, sank at once: fever came on; further medical advice was called in, and for some days he lay dangerously ill. His most efficacious medicine was Mr. Cavendish's first letter; it was from Calais, saying that he had clearly traced Lady Altamont thus far, and that she was, without a shadow of doubt, a passenger in the packet they had been on the point of boarding when coming into Dover in their fishing-boat.

Mr. Cavendish, being quite convinced that he should find Lady Altamont at her father's, journeyed to Paris with all speed, and without making much further inquiry on the way. He proceeded immediately to the mansion of the Marquis de Clairville, and found, to his dismay, that it was decked with all the insignia of mourning. An old confidential servant conducted him into a parlour; "I am surprised, sir," he said, "that you are not acquainted with the death of the marquis; his funeral took place yesterday; his illness and death were very sudden: to be frank with you, sir, my poor master deceived himself into the notion that he had not grown older during the last forty years; he caught a sudden attack of cold in coming out at four o'clock on a very chilly morning, from the heated ball-rooms of the Dutchess de S——; inflammation succeeded, and he was carried off in twenty-four hours."

"Had he been made aware of the death of his nephew?" inquired Mr. Cavendish.

"No, sir; the news of the duel and its consequences, thank Heaven! did not reach Paris until the day of his illness, and of course was concealed from him. Now, sir, will you give me leave to ask *you* a question? where is *miladi* Altamont?"

"Here, is she not?" exclaimed Mr. Cavendish.

"She has been here, sir," was the reply; "but is here no longer." The old servant shook his head: "Ah, sir! I have a strange tale to tell! I am not apt to be superstitious—O no sir! we have lived too much in the *grand monde* not to have got over all vulgar prejudices—and yet—but I will tell you how it happened, sir, and you shall judge for yourself.

"It was about eleven o'clock at night; the marquis had received extreme unction, had become, as we believed, insensible, and every moment we expected him to breathe his last; some of his friends and ourselves were standing round his bed, in great affliction, for he was a kind friend and master; and I had just whispered to M. l'Abbé, that it was a pity *miladi*, his dear daughter, whom he had mentioned several times during the day, could not be with him at his last hour. Well, sir, the words were scarcely out of my mouth, when pit-pat came a light foot upon the stairs, (my old heart goes pit-pat now to think of it,) the door unclosed softly, and who should enter but *miladi* Rosabelle herself! We were all fixed in astonishment, while she, or what seemed to be her, hastily threw off a cloak and bonnet, and stood all in white, her black hair streaming over her shoulders, and her cheek as pale as marble. She took no notice of any of us, but glided towards the bed, and bending over the marquis, said in a tone that thrilled through us all, 'My father!' Well, sir, would you believe it! the spirit of the old man seemed checked in its flight, and stirred within him at the sound; he moved his head, and grappled with his hands, as though he strove to reach her; she threw her arm gently round him, and kissed his forehead, and laid her cheek to his; and a smile passed over his features—and so, he died. And when it was clear that he was dead, she raised herself up and closed his eyes; then she went into a corner and knelt down to pray; she did not weep, no, not a single tear. And we arranged the corpse, and perfumed and lighted the chamber, and did all that is customary: and when we had finished, she turned herself round, and made a sign that we should all leave the room; and somehow no one thought of disobeying her, or asking her a question, but we went away, and she remained alone with her dead father.

"The next morning after daybreak, myself and some others ventured to proceed to the chamber. We knocked, and hearing no reply, unclosed the door. The shrouded form of the departed lay as we had left it; the grey light of the morning had crept in, and the tapers were dying in their sockets; I shuddered as I looked round for the mysterious daughter: I do not know why, I almost dreaded to see her seated at the bed's head. She was our master's daughter, certainly, whom we had attended and loved since infancy, and yet so very unlike her! our terror was increased by astonishment, for whatever she might be, whether body or spirit, she was no longer there! she had disappeared, and from that moment we have never seen or heard of her."

"Lady Altamont," observed Mr. Cavendish, with as much composure as he could assume, "must have been well acquainted with the various egresses from her father's house, and in that night of melancholy confusion, it is probable the usual cautions were not exactly observed. Her objects appear to be evasion and concealment; she of course would take advantage of all circumstances likely to ensure them."

"Ah, sir!" said the old servant, shaking his head: "I beg your pardon—I mean no offence—but that English husband and his English family have killed our poor young lady, and her foreign grave could not hold her while her father's spirit passed—they have gone together!"

These particulars were all forwarded to Lord Altamont, and the effect they produced on him may be imagined. Mr. Cavendish sent William to Provence, and he himself continued his inquiries in Paris and other parts: both of them without success, and, at the expiration of three months, they returned to England.

They found Lord Altamont and his mother at one of the watering places, his health considerably recruited, but with a stern and settled dejection of spirits, that nothing appeared for a moment to alleviate.

By his orders, acting in the name of Lady Altamont, the establishment at Paris was broken up, and the servants well provided for. Every attention was paid to the estate in Provence, whither Fanchette was sent, to repent her share in the mischief, and to declaim against the brutality of English husbands.

As Lord Altamont persevered in refusing to see his sister, and as her situation had become in many respects unpleasant, she accepted an old offer of marriage, which she had hitherto slighted, in the hope of meeting with something better; and accompanied her husband, a middle aged country gentleman, to his seat in the north.

In the course of the ensuing winter Lord Altamont attended his duties in Parliament; and to all that required his care, whether public or private business, he seduously devoted himself, but to society he was inaccessible, and in the midst of a luxurious metropolis he led the life of a hermit.

Early in the spring, after having accompanied his mother on her return to Moorlands, he set off for the Continent and carefully explored the northern and middle provinces of France, visiting every convent, and not suffering the poorest village to pass without the strictest examination, but all in vain.

He returned to London in the winter, and passed it precisely as he had done the former one; then set out again the ensuing spring, and pursued his search in the Netherlands and along both banks of the Rhine with the like ill success.

The third summer he decided on exploring the southern provinces of France and Switzerland.

He arrived in Provence. How withering, how desolating were the feelings with which the well-remembered approach to the chateau de Clairville oppressed him! The season was the same as that when, four years since, he had first beheld its towers brightening in the beams of noon and the blue sea glancing beyond them. He dismounted at the same spot, and walked through the same flowery lane in which he had first met his Rosabelle; he recognized the very aperture in the hedge through which, all glowing in youth, in health, and beauty, she had rushed in her pursuit of the butterfly. Memory brought the whole scene so close that he gazed around as though possessed with the wild hope that she would suddenly start to sight; he repeated her name aloud, and the lone echo mournfully returned it. Alas! the field-flowers bloomed and the wild roses clustered, the air was filled with the songs of birds and perfumed with the scents of violets:—all these were here but where was Rosabelle!

In spite of all the good he had done the tenantry, he was received but coldly. Fanchette pretended to be ill, and it was altogether so far from agreeable, that with difficulty he prevailed upon himself to remain a couple of days in order to settle some matters of business, and to give such directions as circumstances required.

He pursued his journey slowly and with unwearied watchfulness through Provence, Dauphiny, and Savoy, and arrived in the Catholic canton of the Valais.

His melancholy visit at Clairville and the gloomy hopelessness that began to settle on his mind contributed to produce a morbid state of feverish anxiety, which his sole and faithful attendant William beheld with alarm. They had arrived at a beautiful secluded vale in the Valais, environed by lofty mountains, watered by a clear broad stream, and rich in pasture and vegetation. There was no regular village, but the farm-houses and cottages were scattered here and there, surrounded by their pretty gardens and backed by orchards laden with fruit. For twenty miles round, the fruit, vegetables, flowers, eggs, poultry, and milk of this happy valley bore higher prices than from any other; the inhabitants were clean and comfortable, industrious and contented. In glancing over it from the eminence round which wound the principal road, three buildings more striking than the rest immediately met the eye: one was the parish church with its light spire springing up from among the thick and beautiful foliage that surrounded it together with the neat residence of the pastor. The second was the inn, situated in the centre of the valley, and reckoned the best house of accommodation in the Valais; it was a large irregular building, with its stables, out-houses, courts, poultry-yard, kitchen-garden, &c.; in the front it had a spacious green lawn sloping to the river, furnished with benches and rude tables under spreading trees: this was the favourite afternoon retreat of the great men of the valley; here they smoked a pipe, enjoyed their cup of wine or ale, and talked over their own affairs and those of other people. This lawn, too, was the occasional holiday resort of their wives and daughters, and had witnessed many a merry dance and many a rustic game. The third building was a long low range on a wooded eminence; its neat white walls and green lattices peeped through the trellis-work festooned with flowers and curling vine; it apparently stood in the centre of a highly-cultivated garden, here and there shaded by magnificent trees. On inquiring from a peasant he met on the road, Lord Altamont was informed that it was the residence of the Charity Sisters of this district.

"Well, my lord," said William, "I cannot help thinking this is a beautiful place, and yon inn looks for all the world like a country inn in England. I should be very glad indeed if your lordship would rest a few days here and recover a little from your fatigue. Indeed, my dear master, you look as though you wanted repose."

"You have forestalled me, William," replied his lordship; "the same idea struck me the moment I beheld this secluded and romantic valley."

They arrived at the inn, and were received by the landlady, a shrewd bustling woman, who, in answer to Lord Altamont's inquiry whether he could have accommodation for a few days, showed him into the best parlour, freshly washed and sanded, with a dark polished round table in the middle, the spacious hearth filled up with green boughs and a large bouquet of beautiful flowers, white dimity curtains, a bird cage at each of the two windows, and a portrait of William Tell worked in worsted: adjoining was an exceedingly neat and comfortable littled bedroom. Lord Altamont was quite satisfied, and William was delighted: he took care, while the evening repast was preparing, to impress on the landlady that his master was a great *milord Anglais* travelling *incog.* and as rich as *milords Anglais* usually are or ought to be. The news was carried to the lawn, and from thence was caught up and re-echoed from one end of the valley to the other.

Lord Altamont, contrary to his expectation, spent a restless night, and rose late and unrefreshed. His breakfast was laid on the aforesaid round table in the sitting-room, and if any thing could have tempted him, its homely cleanliness, its fresh eggs and butter, fine preserves, rich cream, and well-made coffee, would certainly have done so. He was attended by an intelligent and pretty girl about ten years old.

"Whose child are you?" asked his lordship.

"The landlady's, sir," she replied, and dropped a curtsey.

"And what is your name?"

"Annette."

"Have you learnt to read and write, Annette?"

"Yes, sir, Sister Louise teached me, and a great many more little girls."

"And who is Sister Louise?"

"Dear me, sir, have you never heard of Sister Louise—the charity sister, that does such a deal of good—the lady in the mask?"

"The lady in the mask!" repeated Lord Altamont, whose attention was immediately roused. At that moment the landlady entered, hoping that *milord* approved of his breakfast, and at the same time telling Annette to tie on her bonnet and trudge off with her books, or she would be too late for Sister Louise.

"Pray, ma'am," said Lord Altamont, "why does your little daughter call Sister Louise the lady in the mask?"

"Because, sir, she is under a vow always to wear a mask."

It is to be observed, that such a circumstance in itself did not create the same surprise at that period that it would now. Vows of a similar nature were then frequent, and in the course of his pursuit Lord Altamont had been occasionally arrested by mysteries of this sort.

"Is it known who she is?" continued Lord Altamont.

"No, *milord*, not at all; people do say this, and that, and the other, but there is no knowing any thing for a certainty, except that she is more like an angel than a woman, and has done more good hereabouts than any one else ever did, be they who they may, lady or nun, priest or layman."

"Then she must have money?"

"She had some left her three years since; about that time too she had a terrible illness, and we thought we should have lost her; but, the saints be praised! she came amongst us again, looking smaller and thinner, with her voice much weakened, but, if possible, more kind and more useful than ever."

"About three years since?" repeated his lordship; "then how long has she been with you altogether?"

"Ten years, *milord*, this midsummer: she was with me when my little Annette was born."

"Ten years!" exclaimed Lord Altamont, with his accustomed sigh of bitter disappointment, when, as in this instance, a hope had been started only to be destroyed.

After breakfast, he ordered his horse and rode out alone; the weather was cool, but he felt hot and thirsty, and stopping at a cottage asked for water: an old blind woman sat in the little front garden; she desired her grandson, who was working in it, to fetch some water for the stranger. While he was gone, a girl came up the road, and entering the little garden, took from her arm a pretty basket filled with fruit and flowers.

"My good dame, here is a present for you."

"I heard you coming," replied the old woman, who possessed the usually quick senses of the blind, "and I smelt the fruit and flowers before you were in at the gate, and," she continued as she past her hand over them, "I know whom they come from too."

"From Sister Louise," said the messenger.

"From *saint* Louise rather," solemnly replied the old woman, as she turned upwards her sightless eyes, "there are none here worthy to call her sister: may the blessing of the blind and afflicted rest on her head as the dew from heaven!"

"This Louise," exclaimed Lord Altamont, as he pursued his ride, "this masked charity-sister haunts me."

After a dinner, as neatly served as excellent in its kind, and as little partaken of as his breakfast, Lord Altamont, resolving not to give way to the feverish languor that oppressed him, took a favourite author and strolled down to the river-side, carefully avoiding the lawn, which on this afternoon, was unusually well tenanted.—He had established himself at the foot of a tree, and was striving to fix his wandering thoughts, when he felt himself gently pulled by the sleeve, and, on looking round, found little Annette.

"If you would like to see Sister Louise," she whispered, "you can do so now; she is at a cottage behind here, with a poor old man who is very, very ill."

Lord Altamont rose, and taking the hand of his young conductress, accompanied her to the door of a hut, which was open: an aged man, apparently near his end, lay upon a poor but clean bed; a young woman, probably his daughter, was kneeling at the foot with her head buried in the bed-clothes; by the side of the sufferer, with her back towards the door, knelt Sister Louise: she was arrayed in the black camblet dress of her order, with a collar of plain, fine, white linen; her head-dress was of the same material in very light folds, but made high and square. She was praying; her voice was gentle and sweet, but the tones somewhat muffled in consequence of her mask; her figure was very slight and youthful: and, as she knelt, a foot and ancle of exquisite beauty were revealed. Annette, in her simplicity, wished Lord Altamont to enter and join in the prayers; this he declined, but remained for a few minutes, almost involuntarily, gazing on the scene before him. Once Sister Louise slightly moved her head towards the weeping girl at the foot of the bed, and Lord Altamont caught a side and momentary glance of her mask. Becoming sensible, however, that his presence might be attributed to impertinent curiosity, he retreated to his seat, accompanied by Annette.

"I will go back again," said Annette, "and when she comes out of the hut I will bring her to talk with you;" and without waiting a reply, away she ran.

In about twenty minutes she returned with a look of disappointment.

"I fear, Annette, you have failed," said Lord Altamont; "you cannot prevail on Sister Louise to come and talk with a stranger, at which I am not at all surprised."

"I thought she would have come," said Annette, "for she knows who you are; I copied your name from the card on your portmanteau, and took it to her this morning."

"And what did she say just now when you asked her to come?"

"She said," replied Annette, after a pause and speaking very slowly, as trying to recollect the exact words, "she said, that the great, and the rich, and the happy, had nothing in common with Sister Louise; that if you were in sickness, poverty, or misery, you might send for her, and *then* she would not fail you."

That night Lord Altamont went early to bed, and in the hope of producing composure and sleep, took a small quantity of laudanum; this proved injurious, his fever increased, and a sort of light-headed doze came on, in which he fancied the apertures of his bed-curtains were filled with masks of all shapes, colours, and sizes; some with immense long noses nearly touching his own, some with that feature broad and turned up, with wide and grinning mouths; others had tongues, and lolled them at him, and others with large glassy eyes pursued his wherever they turned.

The next morning he was unable to rise, and medical assistance was immediately procured. The doctor, after having prescribed, ordered a charity sister to be sent for; an order he never the freshness of the breeze, and the fragrance of a flower, unlock a secret source, not of pleasure only, but of happiness.

One day Louise was working very industriously at her embroidery frame near the window of the little sitting-room. Lord Altamont, reclined on a couch, was idly sketching some patterns for her work; gradually he dropped his pencil, and his eyes and thoughts became unconsciously rivetted on the object before him. Her mask was a domino, not covering the mouth and lower part of the face, but over these fell a broad, full frill of black lace; the beautiful but fragile form, the thin white hand, the extreme fairness of the throat, the exquisite loveliness of the mouth and teeth, which could only be deeply shaded not entirely concealed by the dark folds of lace, by turns attracted his silent admiration. The contour of the lower part of the face wanted roundness, and she was evidently very pale; her head-dress entirely concealed her hair, and all that could be observed of her eyes was, that they were large and dark, but not bright."

"What strange fatality," thought Lord Altamont, "could have brought this young creature (for in spite of her ten years' residence here she is certainly very young) into this singular and doubtful situation?" Several ideas crossed his mind, all of which he rejected. He was startled from his reverie by her suddenly raising her head, and saying.

"In another fortnight, my lord, you will be quite off our sick-list, and well enough to pursue your journey."

"So," he replied, "the moment I am well I am to be despatched about my business!"

"I do not know," said Louise, smiling, "whether your journey be on business or pleasure; but neither, I should think, would be forwarded by a longer residence in our valley: you have found health here, and that is as much as in reason you can expect."

"Ah, Louise!" Lord Altamont replied, "you know not that the world and I have shaken hands and parted: we are nothing to each other. In my country I have still some *duties* left, both public and private, and except when these duties call me there, there is no spot I would rather retreat to than this."

Louise sat in silence and apparently in thought for a few minutes, then said timidly,

"My lord, you have often been pleased to express yourself warmly for the few services which, in the course of my calling, I have been enabled to render you, and have often asked me if it were not possible to make me some return; and now, I *have* a favour to ask."

"Name it, Louise!" cried Lord Altamont, eagerly.

"And yet," she continued, "I fear you will think my request both singular and impertinent."

"Fear no such thing, my kind and gentle nurse, but name it at once."

Louise paused, as if to gather courage; at length she said:—"During the first night of your illness, my lord, you were in a state of slight delirium, and allowed certain expressions to escape, which I cannot suppose were merely the effects of your wandering imagination. Your deep melancholy, your desire for seclusion, and even what you have just now said, produce in me a strange anxiety to learn the nature of the grief that oppresses you." As Lord Altamont made no reply, she continued: "I do not attempt to justify my motives for making this request; indeed, I should find it difficult to explain them: woman's curiosity, a friendly interest towards yourself, and a sympathy which, unhappy as has been my own destiny, I naturally feel towards the unhappy."

"Say no more, Louise; your request, from whatever motives arising, shall be granted. I cannot but feel gratified at the interest it implies; give me till to-morrow, and I will tell you *all*—fear no half-confidence."

"Thank you, my dear lord," said Louise warmly; "and now we will talk of something else."

The morrow came: Lord Altamont could not help feeling some surprise at the request of Louise, and some pain in granting it; but his resolution was taken. "She is a singular being," he observed; "who knows but she may find, or, perhaps, has already found, some clue to the object of my search."

When, therefore, Louise was seated, as usual, at her work, and had, by a gesture, ventured to remind him of his promise, he began at once his melancholy tale without hesitation or preface.

In the course of it he condemned no one but himself: he was full of generosity and delicacy towards the erring and ill-fated Beauvilliers; he passed slightly over the conduct of his sister; and Rosabelle herself he represented as only being too perfect to live in a misjudging and sinning world. "Had her mind," he exclaimed, "been less pure, her conduct would have been more guarded. We were all incapable of appreciating the high tone of her moral worth; Beauvilliers himself understood it best; for he dared not use against her the opportunity her confiding simplicity had afforded him."

Louise never once interrupted Lord Altamont; she listened with the most profound attention. He could now and then perceive the colour rise and suffuse even the marble whiteness of her throat; and once or twice he thought a tear forced its way. As he approached the conclusion he became exhausted, and his agony when describing the loss of his injured Rosabelle, and his long and now almost hopeless search, was evidently too much, and Louise became alarmed. When he had finished, he expressed a wish of being conveyed back to his room, and refused to see any one during the remainder of that day.

On the following he was more composed: Louise did not herself venture to renew the subject, but Lord Altamont was impatient to do so; and seemed to feel a mournful gratification in opening his heart upon it, and in drawing forth the soothing observations of his friend, her hopes, and her schemes.

"My lord," said Louise, after listening to a fit of self-condemnation, "you are too severe upon your own conduct. All around you were in some degree to blame, not even excepting, (I know I am speaking high treason,) not even excepting Lady Altamont herself. *Your* great error lay in not having sifted the truth by every means within your power, before throwing a stain upon the reputation of your wife, and attempting the life of a fellow-creature. This precaution you certainly did not observe to its full extent, for to that wife herself you ought to have appealed; a few minutes of personal explanation with her would probably have prevented all this fatal mischief."

"But in what," asked his lordship impatiently, "do you think Lady Altamont was to blame?"

"The whole of her conduct was *imprudent*," replied Louise; "it was her duty generally to have studied and conformed to the manners of the people among whom she was to live; it was her duty particularly to have avoided all intimate intercourse with a man who had *once* presumed to address her in the language of forbidden passion. I agree with you in attributing her very faults to the purity of her mind and the goodness of her heart, yet still those faults existed; and I should speak more accurately were I to trace them, less to the excess of her virtues, than to the deficiency of one in particular, without which, as in this instance, good itself is in danger of degenerating into evil: the self-watching and all-regulating principle, (prudence, discretion, call it as you will,) was absent—and how frequently is it absent from the most noble and highly-gifted minds! its presence might, perhaps, render those minds too elevated and powerful. In this, therefore, as in all its dispensations, Providence is wise and just.

"I blame Lady Altamont again in not waiting your return after the fatal duel, and hearing from your own lips the motives that urged you to a step so rash and decisive." Louise paused, and as Lord Altamont made no answer, she resumed: "But what can have become of her? Did you not say that she took your portrait?"

"Yes," replied Lord Altamont.

"Have you no likeness of *her?*"

"No, I wish I had—it would have been at least a consolation; it might even have been useful in tracing her; but I never could prevail upon her to sit for her portrait."

Louise appeared thoughtful for a short time, then said: "You know, my lord, that I draw and paint a little; you have only seen me practising on flowers, but I consider myself a greater adept in heads and figures: you have described Lady Altamont so accurately, and her image is so strongly impressed on my imagination, that I think, with your assistance and correction, I might be enabled to produce a sketch sufficiently resembling to be interesting to you, and perhaps, as you have hinted, to be useful in tracing her."

Lord Altamont instantly seized on the idea, and to work they immediately went. He soon perceived that Louise was more of an artist than he imagined; he could not, however, help smiling at her first rough sketch, which was almost a caricature; but by degrees an exact outline was gained. He described the costume *en paysanne*, in which he had first seen Rosabelle at Clairville, and the expression was to suit that dress and that moment.

"Let me gaze upon her as she was before I came as a blight upon her happiness and beauty! O Rosabelle! what art thou now? I should fear to look on thee—a wan and withered flower, if not already trampled to the grave!"

"Now," said Louise, laying down her pencil, "I think my idea is complete; if I find it gets confused, I will again apply to you; but if not, you shall not see the portrait until it is finished, which I will take care it shall be by the time you are ready to depart."

On the following day Lord Altamont was able to go out a little on horseback, and his restoration to health soon became rapid and decisive; with health came hope once more, and though it seemed to have little or no foundation, it still clung round his heart more tenaciously than ever. He spent the greater part of the day in out-of-door exercise, exploring the romantic scenery in every direction; and the visits of Louise became confined to an hour in the evening, usually accompanied by Annette. She had returned to her accustomed routine of duties, and her unoccupied time was devoted to the portrait.

A fortnight was thus passed away, and the day at length fixed for Lord Altamont's departure. He obtained leave to pay a visit at the residence of the Charity Sisters on the morning before. It was there he was to receive the portrait, and there to take leave, for the present, of the interesting and mysterious Louise. He had determined, in this last interview, to intreat for a return of the confidence he had placed in her, and to penetrate, if possible, the secret of the mask; not (at least so he assured himself) to gratify an idle curiosity, but to put it in his power to render her such lasting and essential services as her situation might admit of.

The morning arrived. William was appointed to distribute among the poorer cottagers very substantial marks of his lordship's bounty. Of the rector and physician of the parish, both excellent men, who had shown him every attention, he took personal leave, assuring them that he should soon again visit their valley: he then proceeded to the residence of the Charity Sisters.

Here he had never yet been, and was much struck by the quietness, neatness, and rural beauty, that were conspicuous in the dwelling of this useful association. He was received at the gate by sister Marie and Annette, and at the entrance door by the superior and several attendant sisters. They told him that Louise was in her studio, employed in the last finishing touches of a painting which she had promised him, and that she had begged them to amuse his lordship for half an hour, by showing him through their residence and its little domain. Lord Altamont accordingly accompanied the sisters through their luxuriant garden and orchard, dairy, poultry yard, &c.; all was shown with excusable pride, for all was in perfect order and good taste. The interior arrangements of the dwelling equally excited his interest: the chapel, (on whose altar his lordship took care to place a donation of considerable value,) the refectory, the small but neat and separate dormitories, and the apartments for invalids. The party having finished their circuit assembled in the parlour, where a tempting collation was spread, mingled with the finest fruits, and decorated with the most beautiful flowers of the season. Lord Altamont expressed himself, as he really felt, most grateful for the kind attentions shown him: he ventured to hope that Sister Louise would join them at their repast, and Annette was despatched to invite her. The little messenger returned to beg Lord Altamont would proceed to the studio, and that Sister Louise would accompany him back to the parlour. He immediately understood that he was summoned to receive the portrait; he apologized to the assembled sisters for detaining them for a few minutes, and taking Annette's hand, left the parlour; but, as he did so, he could not avoid observing on every face a suppressed smile. "These good ladies," thought he, as he proceeded, "fancy, I suppose, that Louise and I are in love." Annette pressed the hand she held in both her's, looked up in his face, and laughed, and jumped about in irrepressible glee.

"And pray what amuses *you*, Annette may I ask?"

"O, you will see!" replied the delighted child.

They reached a door at the end of a gallery, which Annette opened with one hand, while she held Lord Altamont tightly with the other, as if she feared he would escape, and led him into the room. It was rather higher than the rest of the apartments, a moderate-sized square room, lighted only from the top, and had been formerly used as a penitentiary. Its walls were whitewashed, and decorated with a few paintings on devotional subjects from the hands of the first masters; some busts and unfinished drawings, all the implements of drawing, and a few books, were carelessly scattered about; towards the upper end a white muslin curtain was suspended in thick folds. Lord Altamont looked round for Louise, but she was not in the room.

"Now," said Annette, "do you see this little circle of white chalk! You are to stand *here*, exactly here, because it will give you the picture in the best light."

"But where *is* the picture?"

"Ah!" said Annette, "that is the secret I have kept so well all the way from the parlour here. Instead of a little bit of a picture as large as my hand, which you expected, Sister Louise has painted for you a large, large picture in a beautiful frame, and it is behind that curtain; but, she says, you must not move from this spot, and the curtain will be undrawn presently."

"I will do whatever Louise desires," replied Lord Altamont, in a tone of disappointment, for he doubted the capacity of Louise to paint a good picture on a large scale; and even admitting her capacity, time had been wanting for such a work, as well as a sufficiently accurate knowledge of her subject. "A miniature sketch, such as I could have worn in my bosom, would have been invaluable; but a full-length portrait, painted in a fortnight, of a person she knows only by description!" Lord Altamont shook his head and sighed. While these thoughts were passing in his mind, Annette had glided from the room; the muslin curtain began to wave; his lordship was all attention—it drew up.

Lord Altamont remained rooted within the little magic circle where Annette had placed him. The rising of the curtain did indeed display, set in a magnificient frame surmounted by a baronial coronet, a full-length portrait of his lost Rosabelle! The resemblance was perfect, that is to say, it was such as she might have *now* appeared; the idea of her present melancholy state had, perhaps, pervaded too strongly the mind of the artist; she had represented Rosabelle as somewhat thin and pale; the smile, and the expression of the eyes, "*riding on the balls of his*," were true to the life, but both were deeply tinged with melancholy; she looked like one of Gessner's pensive shepherdesses: her dark hair, parted from the forehead, fell in luxuriant curls over her shoulders; a broad straw hat, tied with blue ribbons, was placed very back on the head, having the appearance of almost falling off; her black painted boddice was laced with crimson, over a white chemisette, with its short wide sleeves and light frilling shading the bosom; the full blue skirt curtailed just enough to display the snowy stocking and little black shoe, completed the dress. The back-ground of the picture was a droped crimson curtain; Rosabelle was represented as seated, and before her a small table, supporting a vase of flowers; one arm leant on this table, the hand holding a miniature, attached to a gold chain which hung around her neck.—The execution of the painting produced the impression of nature itself, and, therefore, must have been the perfection of art.

For full five minutes Lord Altamont stood breathless and immoveable; his eye wandered over the picture with eager delight, and a sort of incredulous astonishment: at length it settled on the chain which appeared to suspend the miniature; he suddenly recollected that he had never described this chain to Louise: it was of rare and singular workmanship, yet there it was exactly imitated. He trembled—he grew pale—he moved from his position; the perspective of the picture appeared to deepen extraordinarily; he approached yet nearer—his heart beat audibly—the blood rushed back to his brow—his eyes dilated—he gasped for breath—a moment's pause—a wild exclamation—and then one sudden spring, that carried him right through the picture-frame! The little table, with its vase of flowers, was dashed down in a way that left no doubt of its being a real and separate substance—and he has caught in his arms—what? a piece of painted canvas! no, a breathing form, trembling and glowing with life and love! he feels the falling tears upon his cheek—he feels the arms timidly clasping round his neck—he feels through every throbbing nerve the warm and living lips that impress on him the kiss of peace, of forgiveness, of unchanged and of unchangeable affection!

That moment—years of misery were repaid in that single moment! Unable even to speak from excess of joy and astonishment, he held her folded to his heart, and seemed almost fearful to move lest the charm might break, the illusion vanish, and he be left once more desolate and broken-hearted. Not even when his senses became somewhat composed, could he, without difficulty, comprehend the identity of Louise and Rosabelle, till extricating herself from him, she hastily threw over her dress her black gown and white collar, and donned her coif and mask:—"It *is* Louise!" he exclaimed; "the wise—the pious—the charitable—my watchful nurse—my gentle friend! And yet it cannot be—Louise has been ten years in this valley!"

She could scarcely get him to listen while striving to explain that she had arrived at this secluded spot, a disguised wanderer, just at the close of the virtuous and useful life of the real Sister Louise, who, in atonement for an early error, had condemned herself to the penance of a mask, concealing for ever a beauty which had once proved her bane. Rosabelle divulged her name, and related her story to the superior, earnestly beseeching her permission to assume the disguise of the departed sister; it was granted. The real Louise was privately buried, Rosabelle took her place, and so well did she fill it, that the inhabitants of the valley firmly believed her to be the same, attributing to her recent severe illness whatever alteration they found in her voice and appearance.

Merrily did the bells of the valley ring that day! young and old, rich and poor, dressed in their holiday suits, assembled to congratulate the happy pair on this their second wedding day. Reports in every variety of shape were floating about; but, on one point, all were clear, that their beloved Sister Louise was happily reunited to a long absent husband; their curiosity to see her unmasked, and their astonishment at her youth and beauty were very amusing. When, at last, Lord and Lady Altamont, accompanied by the superior and several of the sisterhood, had arrived at the inn, they found their apartments decorated. The hostess had prepared her very best dinner, over which the good pastor said grace, and, at the same time, implored a blessing on the young couple thus providentially restored to each other. In the evening the villagers assembled on the lawn, and never did it witness a merrier dance.

Lord Altamont lost not an hour in despatching the intelligence to his mother: and the following morning he and his Rosabelle, accompanied by little Annette, of whose fortunes they took charge, departed from the "Happy Valley," as they ever after named it, and which they frequently revisited. They took Clairville on their way home, and were just in time to present Fanchette with her wedding *trousseau*. At length Rosabelle found herself once more at Moorlands, where happiness awaited her in every shape, saddened only by the recollection of her ill-fated cousin. Her beauty soon brightened even to beyond its former lustre, and if she could not be more virtuous, she was more wise, and therefore more happy.

Gentles, my tale is said.

* * * *

To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight?
To every faithful lover true,
What can I wish but lady true?

* * * * *

To my listeners all, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

MARMION.

Rio de Janeiro,
Oct. 1835.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SONNETS ON THE OFFICES AND FORTUNES OF POETRY.

By W. ARCHER BUTLER.

"I do not know what *poetical* is. Is it honest in deed and work? Is it a true thing?"
As You Like it, Act iii. *Sc.* 3.

THE PRACTICE OF POETRY.

OH witching error! Am I but deceived,
When smit with love of sacred song, I find,
In the mazed motions of a busy mind,
That spirit of rarer bliss which men have grieved
To seek in vain on earth? Too well I know,
By fits of changefulness and hours of pain,
My feeble soul strung to a lower strain
Than those glad souls that circle me: and so
Out of my very grief I wring a pleasure,
And being unloved, I love ideal things,
And not possessing, hope: while memory flings
Mists rich with shadowy splendours from her treasure
Of clouds, around the barren past. I seem
To men a dreamer. True; and have *they* too no dream

UNWRITTEN POETRY.

Say, can'st thou paint a picture in thy soul,
And feed upon its beauty? When thine eyes
Stray o'er the page where elder bards unrol
Their treasures, will the vision'd scene arise
Reflected in thine inward mirror,—skies
Bright as *they* built their heaven withal, and streams
Like those that warbling wander'd through *their* dreams
If so, the poet's spirit lives again,
Renascent in thy bosom, blessed one!
Blest in thy wondrous poesy, though pen
Hath never frozen its flow: Ah, if alone
Thus murmuring music words may ne'er express,
Thy dumb thoughts find no echo among men,
Beloved, thou hast not fame, but thou hast happiness!

POETRY MISTRUSTED.

I bid my soul forsake her ceaseless dream,
Nor blame the woes of life, but make them *less*,
The fellow-citizen of man should deem
To fly the world a gentle selfishness.
Boast ye this shrine of peace the Muse hath wrought?
A dome of gilded clouds! Ungrateful thought!
Hath she not boons bestowed that far outshine
Her changefulness, her sorrows? Broken views
Of the unknown Transcendent—the Divine,
And those immortal longings that infuse
The God into our human souls, were mine
When boyhood little ween'd that these were "dews
Of Castalie" so famed, and could not count
Nor can, the truant steps that bore it to the fount

POETRY IN ACTION.

To deem in every heart thy heart reflected,
To see in every face thy wishes met,
To dare awakening a tranced world, to set
Thy soul as Truth's high bulwark heaven erected:
To hope that tyrants may be taught to feel,
That blind resistance can be taught to know,
That proud weak man, however-taught, will show
Fealty to aught but sin, to aught else learn to kneel:
To love, and in the appetence of love
To deem themselves beloved, to doubt, discover,
Despair, and die: to be—the vision over—
Scorn'd by the more than dead that creep above
The grave of him who too much loved the light,—
This is to *live* the verse I only dare to *write*.

THE IMPULSE OF POETRY.

What then still binds the Poet to his page?
Feelings that there alone are not disguised,
That may be uttered, never realized;
His thoughts his own, his actions with his age.
Know that he breathes not the dull present time,
But peopling the unlimited vacancy,
Fills the twin spheres of Hope and Memory,
With the quick creatures of immortal Rhyme;
And graver spirits fashioned of pure thought,
Of Contemplation urgent for the truth,
Of Love that hath eternity of youth
In good men's breasts, of Peace that comes unsought,
Yet will not come implored; with these He lives,
Pitying a lifeless world where he alone survives.

AN HUMBLER ASPECT OF THE SAME TRUTH.

Too daring words! I feel the mute dissent!
The kindly seriousness of thy meek eyes
Uttering to mine their unexprest replies,
Pleads gently for a lowlier sentiment.
Breathe in its own meek spirit on my lay!
Be He alone the poet in whose strain
The soul divine of sympathetic pain
Feels, suffers with our suffering human clay.
Ah! greatest far of poets was the man
Whose form enshrouding immanent Deity
Mourned from the cradle to the cursed tree,
While still his speech, investing as it ran
In holiest Idyls lessons pure and deep,
Told of the vines, the birds, the lillies, and the sheep! *

THE CREED OF POETRY.

Obscurely bright the glories of our being,
And vigil'd from on high! Hope, Peace, and Love,
An heavenly sisterhood unseen, all-seeing,
Enfold its birth; while Wisdom's matron dove
Unbinds the silvery whiteness of its pinions
Above the cloud of dreams that vests our path,
Where float that Triad in their dim dominions,—
Unknown, beloved! to some; but he who hath
The vision penetrant of Poesie
Behold the mystic spirits of our life,
Hope gleaming smiles upon uncertainty,
Peace heaving slow the wand that stilleth strife,
And Love—winged, laughing spirit! bright and free,
Twining the flowery wreaths that link my heart to thee!

THE DEATH OF POETRY.

From the mute wilderness that hath no name,
Mysterious glooms, and vision-haunted woods,
Realms that were his alone and Solitude's,
A stranger came—wo that he ever came!
The world beset him and they gave him fame,
And he was dazzled; but these glittering goods
Poison'd the springs of his diviner moods,
And his exultings sicken'd into shame.
He could not breath their air, and so he died.
Then was he buried in an alien land,
And dark Hypocrisy upheld the bier,
Dull Avarice forcing the forgotten tear,
And Envy holding curses in her hand,
With cold Indifference linked and hollow-hearted Pride!

ITS REVIVAL AND IMMORTALITY.

The powers that quicken earth, air, sea with thought,
The fiery spirits of the universe,
These, the true mourners of the Faerie's hearse,
Unseen came near, his tombless essence caught,
And bore him, while even haggard Death's lean lips
Smiled sullen, *not* to his forsaken home
But its bright model in a world to come,
Unshadow'd bliss and light without eclipse.
First Hope came near and gazing on him wept,
Till his dead pulses beat, and then she smiled;
And fluttering Joy came near, and sorrowed wild,
Till new-born breathings told her he but slept;
Then follow'd Love, and kissed his sealed eyes,
And Poesie awoke, awoke in Paradise!

From the United Service Journal.

THE MALAYS OF THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

What a set of egotistical, insignificant atoms we are! The United Kingdom, this vast empire, is, after all, but a little speck on the map of the world; not cutting a greater figure than many a wild island untalked of and unknown: the capabilities, the productions, the beauties, and ten thousand local wonders, pass for nothing here with us, because on the other side of this same globe of ours—while whole libraries are filled with the interest of a valley, a hut, Belgrave-square, or it may be Pall-Mall. Cabined, cribbed, confined to our street, and our little circle—there is no end to our writing about it and about it; words, on indentically the same things, are piled on woods, till unhappy booksellers' shelves groan in weariness; of love, and trickery, and oppression, and magnanimity, and wonders, not at all to be so much wondered at,—it is the same story over and over,—thrice happy if we now and then (very seldom!) get any uncommon soul to tell it to us in a new way! Bless us? have we not enterprising mites who crawl about—how they move!—they get to our shores, and tell us perchance of a watering-place; yet farther, of distant Europe; one goes up the Rhine, another down the Danube, and after thirty or forty weary days of breathless haste and diligence, finds himself among the Turks!—a pigeon would have got there in a day—O "feather of lead!" verily our swiftness is that of a snail—aye, but it is all comparative,—why yes, so are our interests.—It is not what *is*, but what *is* it to us? So have I heard of 5000 people being drowned in the Neva, ten years ago, and thought no more of it—what do I say, it moved me not a fiftieth part so much as to have seen five kittens, poor things! drowned before my eyes, had I been walking along the banks of the Serpentine:—we must have everything brought home to us. Thence the little speculation on the waters and mountains of the moon—and yet they must be very curious, particularly curious; besides that we can see them at a respectable distance, every fine (full) moonlight night. Now I am going to mention vast places, waters and lands, that few of us in this English world have ever heard of, still fewer ever seen. Travelling generally stops at Thebes and the Mississippi; so often told in common-place mediocrity, one at last gets tired of both these muddy mighty rivers on paper.

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* Matt. vi. 26, 28 xviii, 12. xxi. 33, &c.

Then, indeed, of our India, we know much in all sorts of despatches, sketches and characteristics. Three things, in all this, are firmly impressed on the mind (I say nothing of all else), —submissive superstition, tiffins and tiger hunts —so far in books. It comes more home to us in the shape of elderly gentlemen rather bilious, retired unknown in Baker street and Portland-place, or slowly threading the friendly avenues of Cheltenham.

Things and the chronicles of things fade and wither away as it were in the telling, and nothing left but the land, and sky, and water for it. So is the vast archipelago of islands in the Indian ocean, (which I have been beating up to all this while,) as rife in matter as—Regent-street, Hyde Park,—the Bay of Bengal,—or the Persian Gulf; of which, and its shores, let us expect something good, when Sir Henry Ellis comes back,—(novels of a people, are wretchedly fallacious; as if fiction did not for ever limp behind reality!)—so is it refreshing to read Captain Marryat's account of the Irrawady and the Avanese—from his vigorous, graphic pen comes instructive amusement, exactly the best sort.

There can be little doubt that the fine bold race of Ava are much the same people with the Malays. That very empire lengthening down into the Peninsula Malaya, going on in one grand sweep of noble islands to the Moluccas: Java Madura, Bali, Lomboc, Sumbava, Flores, &c., forming the blade of a sickle, of which Sumatra is the handle. This great bend, stretching still more round, lengthens into the Philippines, and forms within them, what is called the China Seas. Let us imagine this great basin of comparatively shallow waters, a recent valley; these islands its highest mountain boundary in the centre Borneo; and a thousand nameless smaller isles lift their heads, breaking these smooth seas into channels and labyrinths innumerable. This holds good of all the southern part.

Sailing northward, either coming into this great circle from the staits of Banca and Malacca, the sea becomes more open and more rough, with scope enough for the raging sweep of the Typhoon (as the monsoon winds shift), till farther north, on the coast of China, it is again broken up by Formosa, Kiu-siu, Niphon, and others, the long chain of Japanese islands, which in my last I lumped altogether under the better known name of Jeddo (the metropolis), just as a man would say London to a Chinese, leaving out all the rest of the empire, as too puzzling.

These islands, and adjacent shores, might be called the garden of the world; not the Antilles (which take just such another sweep round the bend in the great western continent) are so favoured by nature in all that is rich, and delightful to man, as are these magnificent groups;—they have every sort of beauty and excellence—the most luxuriant verdure, granite and marble mountains whose heads, particularly those of Java, Bali, Lomboc, &c., break through the clouds, visible an hundred miles off;—the gentler hills and plains loaded with exquisite fruits; redolent, as we sniff the breeze (as at Ceylon), of those precious spices, cloves, cinnamon, the nutmeg, &c.;—endless forests of the noblest trees, as to magnitude,—the most useful and most beautiful in the arts: in a word, all that nature in her sweetest smiles can give us. The very heavens are favourable; for I will contend, with few exceptions, the whole climate is good and favourable to man and beast. Much has been said against Batavia, and parts of Borneo, but it is equally applicable to all low spots with stagnant waters. But Java, generally, is healthy, so are all the islands; so at least we ever found it, when out of Batavia roads,—even at Sourabaya, though in shoal muddy water, and rather low shores, the ships' companies did not suffer, Nor do we hear anything very bad of Singapore, our newly-chosen station, where the shores are low and jungly.

I have already hinted at the bad policy on the part of Great Britain giving up the command of those islands—of those seas. Ever since 1812 we have felt the folly of this extreme principle of throwing from us a salutary influence. To this may be traced, in part, the alleged reasons for more men voted to the Navy the other day—to guard against acts of piracy in those very waters—a state of things that never would have occurred had we kept possession of the leading points, and had we established ourselves in others favourable to colonization; far more excellent and genial than Van Diemen's Land or Australia.—Here our flag and our race would have rapidly spread, and lent a powerful support to our neighbouring Indian possessions.

Would that our Naval Commanders had strenuously recommended it at the Peace, on the winding up of the last war. There surely is not a Captain of a man-of-war that has ever been among those islands, but must be fully sensible of the sort of necessity (setting aside the more desirable inducement) that has sprung up for a more extended and permanent possession in this quarter of India. It is, in short, the key to and of this garden of the Indian Ocean. We have begun and succeeded in Singapore: a very little trouble and money, and the mere form of purchasing points and bays, harbours, &c., of the native Rejahs—now the resort alone of those very pirates complained of. Less cash expended in this way than would be asked for a cottage ornée near town, would give us the lawful sovereignty of immense tracks of land and islands of the most fertile description. The inevitable consequences would (must) be of incalculable benefit. I wish the Government would send me out in a fine frigate simply as *acquisitive* ambassador extraordinary and purchasing commissioner—empowered to all rejahs, pretty chiefs, or the biggest tigers or crocodiles I might find at each river's mouth, I could pounce on,—where I would forthwith plant the Union Jack, and christen the spot in the name of my liege lord William IV.: so would I engage in a twelvemonth to put down these alleged Malay piracies—more by gentle and fair means, by coming to a proper understanding, (which I fear has never yet been tried,) than by exterminating them; for they are the most influential and respectable inhabitants of these same shores. The system, as it goes on, is one of revenge for real or supposed injuries committed on their prows. I question whether any means short of extermination can be *effected* by force. The extra frigate (the 5000 men will produce) sent across the Bay of Bengal (more like a sloop!) for this purpose will do just nothing at all, if they act as of old, without power to treat on shore, and without any specific or defined order; and worst of all, without, very possibly, any person on board knowing a word of the Malay language.

To this simple fact may be traced so many fatally bloody affrays—nor is it, as might be supposed, much connected with certain treacherous seizures and massacres committed on board merchant-ships while at anchor on their shores for the purpose of trade in gold and spices. They, to be sure, have been lamentable and detestable enough in all conscience; and have prejudiced us much against these people in general, however innocent or remote from such scenes of havock.

The pirate prows, as they are called, seldom or ever attacked merchant vessels in my day; I never heard of an instance when under weigh. What was most to be guarded against were parties of the natives coming off in their canoes while most of the few hands of the crew were on shore with the Captain: then, on pretence of a friendly visit, or to barter their fruit, fowls, &c. crowding the decks, and suddenly attacking the half-dozen defenceless sailors scattered about, unconscious and careless as Jack generally is. I believe every one of those dreadful instances of massacre may be traced to the negligence of the mate left in charge, or to the careless confidence of the Captain, in some way or other.

The Americans, who have a great many of their merchantmen picked up cargoes at Sumatra, Bali, Borneo, &c., were occasionally obliged to fight for their lives on their own decks—sometimes from previous misunderstandings not settled on shore; often, I dare say, from treachery and the hope of plunder. The west coast of Sumatra, at the small ports, had, and has still, a very bad name in this way. At Pedang great slaughter occurred on one occasion before the natives were driven overboard and the ship recovered, of which they very nearly got possession.

At Pulo Condor one of our own unfortunate traders was taken, the whole crew, captain, mates, and all killed. But the immediate cause of these contests were of so mixed a character, that, obscured by the lapse of so many years, it is now impossible to trace them. The most frequent motive was revenge; sometimes from injuries received elsewhere, or on some former visit, or from some other vessel.

As to the sheer piracy, I know we did make mistakes, (when the innocent suffered for the guilty,) so shall we, I think, go on making mistakes. That we do not know a piratical from a peaceable prow; indeed, it is impossible to distinguish—the peaceable ones being often converted into the most desperate and piratical (according to our notions) by being often detained on their voyage—fired at to make them heave to, without sufficient explanation—with other vexations—each and all left to clear themselves up the best way they could, neither party understanding the other. The men-of-war, perhaps, hull down in the distance, and the boats, if in a calm, pulling after, and firing at them for dear life: very good fun for "Jack," when he had not too much of it. But how often did this farce turn out a melancholy tragedy! To make them heave to, our old mode of firing was adopted, of which they knew nothing. They would not heave-to—presently we got irritated. This might be on occasions when we only wanted to overhaul them, without having any certain clue to their being pirates, or that they were not pursuing their lawful little coasting trade—for whether or not, all these Malay boats of from 30 to 50 tons, with bamboo decks, were always full of men armed to the teeth with *spears* and *creeses*.

By-and-by the officers and men too get irritated—they won't heave-to—blank-cartridge turns insensibly (perhaps without any order) into ball-cartridge—at last a Malay is wounded; nobody is wrong all this time; but the natives are irreconcileable, and breathe nothing but hatred and revenge. They hold their way, and if unluckily they are overtaken by the boats, a scene of slaughter ensues. They are either driven overboard, and exterminated, or the boats' crews are cut to pieces. As to coming to a parley or any explanation, that I have never known; neither the Lieutenant, nor the Mid, nor one of the men know anything of their language; but even if they did, it is now too late. They will on no pretence be boarded, and the officer having begun, is, as a point of honour, obliged to go on; though very likely he has not been told to do more than "overhaul them," or "bring them alongside," neither of which will they submit to. This was the state of things at one time. I fear it has gone on till such a load of revenge has been generated, that a confirmed piracy may indeed be established; but it is very certain it is a species of piracy wholly different from the ordinary piracy we know of in Europe and the West Indies; knowing this, I cannot help thinking that it is to be put down only by negotiation and friendly explanations amidst the natives of these shores, and by establishing some known flag, and some known pass more intelligible to us than those given by their own sovereigns. We indeed know the King of Quida's, and one or two of the Rajahs', at Bencoolen, Acheen, &c., but even these were only known to very few Captains on the station, and were wholly useless exactly at the moment when some signal was most indispensable to prevent fatal misunderstandings. The Lieutenant or the Midshipman in charge of the boat might as well have been asked to decipher a charred Greek MS. as it is when first unrolled from the clear contrivance in the Studio at Naples,—that is, allowing the chief of a prow had had any notion of what he wanted.

I knew something of these doings at one time; sometimes we came across clusters of these trading prows (Anglice, pirates), letting them go about their business very quietly,—at others, they were chased and fired at from the boats. It so happened that we did not come up with them; but I certainly never could understand on what system or on what authority we acted, or on what rule of right and justice. Such was the immense latitude of discretion in the use of our force!—such the vague meaning left to the discrimination of the various Commanders!

When there is great ignorance and uncertainty attached to a question, it is very difficult to disentangle the right and wrong of a great many melancholy results, to my own knowledge. Most naval men have heard or read of the desperate affair on board the Samarang, sloop-of-war, in which Captain Bell, by his cool bravery, saved his ship, at a moment when they had fearful odds of those infuriated Malays against them. What led to the overhauling and bringing two or three large prows full of men alongside I never distinctly understood—probably some suspicion, or proof, of their being pirates.

At any rate they were detained—some of them, I believe, were brought on board as momentary prisoners. In the mean time the prows were veered astern or on the quarters, while the ship's company were piped to dinner. In the midst of all this there could have been no very declared or open hostility—nothing of the nature in which ordinary pirates are treated when taken, but just, as I have endeavoured to show,—with these people the Captains knew not well what to do or how to consider them, even when they did detain them; hence the numbers on the quarter-deck were but slightly guarded or looked after. They were at anchor I believe (I am telling all this in a loose and rambling way, those who would know exact particulars can easily refer to the despatches of the time), the men all at dinner, except a few about by accident; the Quarter-master, Lieutenant, and Mate of the Watch,—the Captain and Officers generally below,—when the prows on each quarter, from some signal from their men on board, hauled up close, and their crews rushed armed on board.

Those in their immediate way, aft, were stabbed and speared indiscriminately. There was no time to warn anybody or even make it known below; but the noise of the rush and stir on deck told plainly enough of what was going on. The men, arming themselves as they could, got up the hatchways as fast and as well as they could —(she was a low flush fore-and-aft corvette)—each having to lay about him with his cutlass, tomahawk, pike, or whatever he could snatch up, and fight for his life, three or four stabbing at him at once: so, too, with the Captain and officers, who had to fight their way up the after-cabin ladder. The Captain himself, a powerful man, with a trusty, sharp, and heavy sword, cleared his way and cut down all before him, with the additional good luck of parrying or escaping most of the cuts and thrusts aimed at him, surrounded by the Malays, each more furious and blood-thirsty than the other. The poor First Lieutenant, on attempting to follow, was almost literally cut in two by a blow from (that deadly weapon) a *creese*, and fell on the combings or down the ladder; other officers were either killed at this moment or badly wounded, as well as sixteen or eighteen of the men killed. The Captain, fighting his way forward till joined by his own men and an officer or two, rallied back; and after some minutes of the most desperate hand-to-hand fighting it is well possible to conceive, worse than can be conceived by any who do not know that these people never *think* of quarter, or cease to strike while they have life in them, though down and possibly wounded to the death over and over;—after some minutes' such work as this, they succeeded in either killing or driving overboard all opposed to them. The dead, as may be imagined, lay in heaps—how many they killed I know not; numbers were drowned in trying to reach their own boats; still numbers got back, and cutting the hawsers, they got off. Himself badly wounded, his officers and most of his men, besides those killed outright—of course the Captain was glad to get rid of them.

This was the only instance of anything of the sort happening on a man-of-war's decks; but we lost officers and men more than once on board our boats. For instance, in attempting to board one of several prows chased near Java, some time after, Lieutenant Pede, and two or three fine young men (Mids), were killed, together with most of their boat's crew—and I believe they were obliged to give them up at last—numbers killed and wounded on both sides: but it was impossible to board them with any tolerable chance of success—as fast as our people got on board they were speared up through the half-open bamboo deck. At another time, by dint of desperate fighting, one of these boats was at length cleared—most of those that survived jumping overboard and swimming to other boats. Still it was known that one or two of these desperadoes were alive below, hid away in some of the little cribs or cabins under the deck. The boat was towed alongside, and nobody sent into her, lest they should be speared from below, from this devilish invisible agency. How to root this fellow or two out nobody knew—offering quarter, or kindness of any sort, was hopeless: the officers did not like to send any man to almost certain death—and more than one at a time could hardly creep through the labyrinth to get at him; they did not wish to destroy the vessel—and, above all, they particularly wished to save the man—it turned out there was only one—the last man! He would not be saved. I believe nothing was left untried by fair means—even to getting some one of the people who understood a little Malay to try and speak to him—but he gave no answer; at last this sort of suspense grew intolerable—a defiance to the whole frigate! It could be borne no longer. Several men volunteered to turn him out, and three or four jumped on board—one went below to look after him, taking every precaution it was possible—the others walked and watched above. I should here observe, what I forgot to mention in its proper place, that this wretched Malay had already desperately wounded one of our men, who, as it was supposed none remained alive or below, had gone under the deck for some purpose or other rather unguardedly, and had been struck at by him. This led to his detection. The men, of course, were well armed; the great difficulty, and indeed danger, was their not knowing how or where to use them; those above, every moment expecting a spear-stab from below—and the one who went down to poke him out in a kind of darkness visible, had an uncertain and awkward game to play. The whereabout of the ambush of this two-legged tiger, however, being tolerably ascertained, he moved towards him—hailed every moment by the men above with "I say Bill, do you see him?—mind your eye—look more forward—be awake, or——" At this moment he was made out crouching in a corner of the hold, or partition of bamboos or mats, as these vessels were generally arranged under their semi-aërial decks. As Bill advanced, the Malay struck at him with his creese, and wounded him in the arm only on the first blow; they grasped each other; at this instant the other men got down below to his assistance—but not in time to save the first poor fellow's life, whose blunt cutlass was no match at close quarters for the short, sharp knife of the native—he was mortally wounded, before they could fire at his antagonist, who was hit in two places—still he got up, and rushed on his new assailants, who were in turn both wounded, and that severely, before they finally succeeded in despatching him. Thus ended this episode to the morning's tragedy. I think the first two soldiers died almost immediately of their wounds from this last of the Malays—the other two were long in their hammocks before they recovered of their wounds. Such were the general features of this new species of warfare; for I think I may safely say, nothing but disaster; disappointment, and a constant succession of further irritation, misunderstanding, and mischief, accrued to us—to the Malay crews, almost extermination.

If then, indeed, piracy of any sort is still going on in these seas, and by these people—what have we been about these last five-and-twenty years of apparent harmony with the natives? I would ask this question of well-informed men—officers are constantly coming home from this station. It is certain the Malays hate the Dutch universally, and would most willingly have come under our government and protection. They were in despair at our giving them up. They have ever been naturally partial to us, from our fair dealings with them at all the stations, where we occasionally touch for wood, water, vegetables, fruit, &c. It is only as connected with their boats along their shores that we seemed doomed to a constant enmity and warfare—for theirs is not a case of solitary piracy or numerous piracies—unconnected with their towns and villages; they are the same people, nor have I ever heard the cases clearly made out where we could positively say which was a pirate,—which a mere coasting trader! But I do believe, that though some traders have been made pirates of, from motives of revenge, and some have suffered justly enough for their enormities—yet, that many lamentable mistakes have occurred—and that this wretched state of things requires more inquiry, and a different sort of remedy, than the loose orders given to the present or any additional floating force sent to protect trade. We must conciliate the natives on shore; induce an act of oblivion for the past, if possible, from their Rajahs; and clear signs, and signals, and understandings, which any Lieutenant or Midshipman may safely act on when in boats, for the future. I have not stopped to speak of the attack on the Alceste, so fresh in our memories,—which, however, I think only tends to establish the view I have ventured to take of these reputed pirates.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AN OLD LADY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

'Tis an often-quoted adage of the celebrated Jewish "lover, king, and sage," that "there is nothing new under the sun." I think that, in the present day, one might rather say "there is nothing old." We are conjugating the verb change, in all its moods and tenses. Coleridge says—

"For what is grey with age becomes religion."

We are atheists to the past, and act upon Wordsworths principle,—

"Of old things, all are over-old;
Of good things none are good enough:
We'll help to show that we can frame
A world of other stuff."

Trees, streets are passing away as rapidly as their inhabitants, and to-day has nothing in common with yesterday. Marmontel had "*un grand regret pour la ficrie*," and I have *un grand regret* for the old school.

In endeavouring to recall a few memorials of Mrs. Lawrence Burgoyne, I do it on the same principle that scientific men collect the bones of a mammoth—the whole exists no longer; but there are sufficient remains to show that it did exist. The few survivors of the old school, such as are kept alive by having life annuities—a plan which has some secret charm for putting off death—even these few are fast disappearing. Mrs. Burgoyne has been dead these two years; she had borne a great deal. Powder and hoops had been left off, guineas had changed into sovereigns, and, like many other things, lost by the change; but the last shock to her nerves was given by her granddaughter. Miss Ellen, an urchin of some six years old, came to see her grandmother during the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Burgoyne having heard that the child was a quiet one—though she had some misgivings about the matter—prepared a book for her entertainment; it was a volume of Mother Goose's Fairy Tales. Plum cake and sweet wine were duly administered in the first instance, and the cat recommended as a playmate in the second: the cat, however, being declined, the book was produced. The young lady opened the pages—turned them over with a solemn air of contempt—and then, throwing the work aside, begged that "she might have something to read that would improve her mind." Her grandmother never got over the shock—but took to her bed, ejaculating "What will this world come to! Improving her mind at six!—why, at sixteen I did not know whether I had a mind or not!"

Mrs. Burgoyne passed the last twenty years of her life in a large, solemn-looking house at Kensington; it is now a mad-house. How curiously do these changes in dwelling places, once cheerful and familiar, bring the mutability of our existing home! It would be an eventful chronicle, the history of even a few of the old-fashioned houses in the vicinity of London. You ascended a flight of steps, with a balustrade and two indescribable birds on either side, and a large hall, which, strange to say, was more cheerful in winter than in summer. In summer the narrow windows, the black wood with which it was panelled, seemed heavy and dull; but in winter the huge fire gave its own gladness, and had besides the association with old English hospitality which a blazing grate always brings. You passed next through two long drawing-rooms, whose white wainscoting was almost covered with family portraits. There cannot be much said for the taste of Queen Anne's time downwards—bagged, wigged, and hooped; there was not a picture of which the African's question might not have been asked, "Pray tell me, white woman, if this is all you?" The floors were dry-rubbed, and the mahogany tables shone as if in recollection of former festivities, when whole nights floated away like the

> "Hydaspes, dark with billowy wine."

The chairs were high-backed and the seats covered with needle-work: there was also a buffet, through whose glass doors appeared some singularly small tea-cups, and some still more singularly small tea-pots—why, it would take a dozen to fill one of our modern breakfast cups. The third was Mrs. Burgoyne's own room—and here comfort had made some encroachment on precedent; indeed it was needed by her bodily weakness. The room was carpeted—books and various trifles were on the table, and in an arm chair was seated the old lady herself; her tall figure was still unbent, and the aristocratic hand was still white: she had no peculiarity of costume, unless it was extreme propriety—she was, indeed, the very beau-ideal of black satin and blonde. I think it cost her the bitterest pang of all to part with her train, it was like going a grade lower in society. Still, to use her own remark, "It is better to be anything rather than conspicuous: never meet the fashion, but always follow it." She had been a beauty and an heiress, and had gone through life on the sunny side. Tombstones had been her only monitors; but the deep sorrow of death brings with it deep sympathy. Opposite to her were hung the portraits of her husband and her only daughter, whom she had lost very young; but for such humanizing distress, her nature might have been hardened in its glittering course of worldly prosperity—but with her, the well of tears had opened too deeply ever to dry again. On a little ebony table at her elbow were placed her bible and prayer-book, in which she read the psalms and lessons every morning; a friend fancying it was bad for her eyes, somewhat foolishly remonstrated, and asked if she had always done so? "My dear," said the old lady, "youth forgets what age never does—its Maker."

Mrs. Burgoyne was cheerful, and fond of society; in the morning she had a levée of visitors, and twice a week at least, a little circle gathered round her of an evening. *Then* she was seen to advantage. Some *one* says of cleanliness, that is next to godliness—the same might be said of politeness. Mrs. Burgoyne's good breeding was the most perfect thing in the world—I cannot even imagine her saying or doing a rude thing; I do not believe that she ever even thought one. Her manner was as polished and as minutely finished as the carving on an ivory card case: a little stately it might be, and her curtsey belonged to the days of hoops and brocades—her curtsey was the only old fashion she could not give up—still it put you at your ease; she knew well how to encourage, and she had too much good taste, I might add good feeling, ever to patronize. There was never a more exquisite listener; with what graceful patience would she endure the most wearisome *stories*—with what quickness catch the least *attempt* at wit, often giving the said attempt some nice turn, of which the originator was quite guiltless—not that she was the least of a *bel esprit*. She spoke with admiring deference of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter's coteries, but she had never belonged to them; she had just the most délicate dread in the world of being called clever. Indeed it is a doubtful fact whether clever people are ever very agreeable; they are too much absorbed by one particular pursuit, to bound lightly enough over those generalities which are the stepping-stones of conversation; they feel as if they ought to say something worth remembering. Now carelessness in the talker is what most puts the listener at ease with himself. In some cases it seems a duty to recollect, and we all know what disagreeable things duties are.

Mrs. Burgoyne, on the contrary, was simple and *naïve* to the age of eighty. Her talents had never been overlaid; indeed she used to enjoy quoting a speech which the Dutchess d'Abrantes puts into the mouth of her mother, the prettlest and most fascinating *femme à la mode* that ever took her degrees in *la haute science* French *coquetterie*. Mde. de Permon says, "Je n'ai jamais lue d'ouvrage plus grave que Tèlémaque, et je ne suis pas trop ennuyeuse moi!" Our kind hostess rarely stirred from her arm-chair; but that served as an excuse to draw near to herself any one who needed encouragement: none but those who have keen feelings of their own can enter into those of others, and this susceptibility in her was cultivated by that constant attention which is the most difficult lesson of good breeding. Mrs. Burgoyne was proud—but her very pride showed itself in respect—she only claimed what she herself was ready to yield: her theory was comprised in her favourite anecdote of the late Lord Besborough. While getting into his carriage one day, a poor woman asked charity; he gave her a shilling, but it dropped into the mud: he instantly stooped down, picked it up, and wiped it with his hankerchief before he put it into her hand.

The little circle that used to gather round her is now dispersed—the loss of Mrs. Lawrence Burgoyne has been felt by many; sympathies and affections lingered with her to the last. I know no one remaining the least like her. The vault of her Norman ancestors has closed over the kindest friend and the most thorough-bred gentlewoman.

L. E. L.

From the Literary Gzette.

SKETCH IN THE OLD BAILEY.

Thursday Night, April 7, 1836.

Court.—Girl, have you any witnesses to call in your defence?

Prisoner.—No, my Lord, I haven't a friend upon the earth.

Meet dirge for such a thing as thou,
With wasted frame and drooping brow!
On whom, this instant, every eye
Rains scorn's condensed artillery.
The clown's coarse laugh, the ribald's leer,
The juror's state-affecting sneer;
Th' official's shrug, the counsel's smile
(Nibbling his feathered pen the while);
The judge's sly, but solemn pun—
Have all not galled thee, guilty one?
Thou common mark for shafted mirth,
Thou wretch, without a friend on earth!

"What's writ is writ;" thou 'st heard thy doom:
Depart and give fresh felons room.
Hence! thy allotted time to dwell
With those who made their bed in hell;
Beneath thy fierce task-master grim
To toil with trembling weary limb;
The long laborious day to curse,
Yet dread night's sleepless fever worse;
To chafe and fret, till thou attain
Thy haunts of gin and guilt again.
Leper! from every human heart
Cast out, without a friend on earth!

Thou 'rt gone; but yonder greedy gate
Again shall lend thee to thy fate.
Amid thy co-mate's ruffian din
Once more to shiver and to sin;
Through London's midnight streets again
To plash in winter's killing rain;
Stifling that dread sepulchral cough,
That soon or late must cut thee off;
Must give thee, huddled to thy shell
From some foul garret's fetid cell,
A home within the grave-yard's girth
At last, thou friendless on the earth!

No Stoic I—of crime and care
I've had my birthright's ample share.
Yet, sooner than possess his heart
Who with the fiend's consummate art
First lured thee from thy father's cot—
Perchance, in some green holy spot—
And led and left thee, till despair
Produced thee bound a felon there;
Sooner—though bribed by jewell'd power—
Than risk his death-bed's damning hour,
I'd wring my bread in my misery's dearth
Through life without a friend on earth.

From the Monthly Repository.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

"The songs that lulled me on the breast
To sleep away the noon—
Sing on! sing on! I love them best!"

Scotland, of all countries, ought to be proud of her popular song—of those emanations of the poetical spirit, which addressing themselves not to conventional or passing feelings, but to the fundamental and everlasting emotions of the human soul, thrill it by their woe or cheer it by their mirth, cover the cheek with tears or brighten the brow with smiles. All nations have their popular music and poetry; words and sounds, which by some strange and hidden sympathies of the immaterial part of man, fill his heart with gladness by their joy, or plunge him into grief by the power of their plaintive melancholy. But though all nations possess this popular vehicle of expressing the sentiments of the universal mind, no man who is acquainted with the national—the peculiarly national—music and poetry of Scotland, will feel induced to deny, that they stand pre-eminent above those of other countries for simple, moving pathos, exquisite and appropriate imagery, plaintive melancholy, and under other circumstances and the dominion of other feelings, for racy and natural humour. Fletcher of Saltown, is reported to have said, "Give me the making of a nation's songs, and I will let who pleases make its laws." The patriot spoke in the fulness of his knowledge of the land for which he lived and died: for assuredly in no other country on the face of the earth, not even in Switzerland, is song so efficient an ally to a cause as in our own—in no other does it seem to have the same effect. Scotsmen, by hearing the popular songs of their native land repeated from the first dawn of intellect onwards through life—by hearing them sung by the lips most loved on earth—by entwining them gradually with all a man's heart loves the best, come at length to regard them in something like the light of unwritten laws—laws not enacted by God or man—but laws so embued with truth, love, and happiness, so hallowed by remembrance—by patriotism—by time—by all, in short, that can make them venerable and dear, as to carry with them a vague and uncertain but powerful authority. And this is the reason why Robert Burns is sainted by and enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen—why the man whom the flimsy and heartless and headless aristocracy made a "gauger," is greater than kings and conquerors—mightier than priests and peers. Many a glorious old song and ballad did Scotland possess before his day—many a lilt sung in days of old by inspired lips, and carried down the stream of time, written not on the work of men's hand, but on human hearts; but he, rising like the bright and blessed morning star, came forth of the peasant's cot, a true and clear-souled man; and relying on the burning soul of love and goodness, which Omnipotence had placed within him, and on the intense sympathy which he bore to all created things, more especially the poor and despised of his native land, took the old and hallowed music which had been sung on the banks and braes, amid the hills and glens, and by the lochs and streams of his land for centuries, and to that music he gave words such as poet never before uttered—words tending not to the amusement merely of the great and noble, but to the expression of the noblest sentiments which mortal pen ever wrote—which mortal soul ever conceived; and these sentiments he addressed to those who needed instruction—to the poor and humble? Who dares to say that Burns was not a teacher—a man sent—a prophet according to the wants of his time? Who dares to say that every song that ever poet sung in truth and nature, is not a teacher? Let the scorner go to the lowly cottage hamlets of this land of ours, where he whose hand traces these lines was nursed—for hamlets, and lowly and happy ones too, are even yet, despite the age's mammon-worship, and despite a stronger force—the necessity of a change in our social relations—scattered through the length and breadth of the land—and let him listen there to the maiden, singing in her loveliness, and look how her hearers, from the hoary-headed man, whose foot is sinking into the grave, to the young child, whose senses are entranced by the sound even before it can comprehend the sense—sit enraptured by the simple melody, be it "Duncan Grey," "The Land o'the Leal," "The Flowers of the Forest," or "Mary in Heaven," or any other of the thousand as exquisitely beautiful songs of which my native land can boast. Let him hear, and observe, and note, and then let him confess that Robert Burns, the peasant—the gauger—the man who never "kept his gig"—who was never respectable—who was neither a rich man nor a high born man, nor a gentleman, but simply a MAN—aye, and a glorious, a noble, and a mighty MAN—was, and is, and will be, in right of his supereminent mental power, a teacher greater than ever spoke from pulpit: that Scotland's songs and ballads, whether the names of their authors are known to our moved hearts, or whether they have died from man's memory, leaving a lay of love and joy as their memorial, are just so many instruments of good, uncounted and uncountable. Let him confess that poetry is not an idle thing, the sport of fools and the scorn of men, but a heaven-given gift, which the recipient ought to turn and will turn, if he know the power and glory of his own mission, to the glory of God and the good of man, by making it an instrument for purifying and uplifting the human soul. It has been said, that the names of many of those who in days long past, added another gem to the rich casket of Scottish Song, have passed away from the minds of men,—but what matters that? The noblest part of such men lives, and will live; they have gained the most immortal of all immortalities; they have given birth to an immortal thought! They were poor and lowly men—it might be, unconscious of the jewel in their keeping, yet certainly like George Fox, the first, and free-souled Quaker, not without dreams and visions, and gleams and glimpses of glorious and spiritual things. It may be that they were born, and laboured and struggled and toiled and died, as poor men are wont, but leaving on the lips of the "bonnie lasses" of their strath, a legacy of song to the land that gave them a birth-place and a grave. Was this a life and death to sigh for? Yes! What matters it to such, though no tongue syllable their names—their better part, the soul, lives—lives in song—lives in many a heart and on many a tongue. They share in the work of omnipotence—*they have created!*

To return.—No man who has lived among the peasantry of Scotland, will deny the effects produced on them by their popular songs. During the expedition to Buenos Ayres, a Highland soldier while a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards, having formed an attachment to a woman of the country, and charmed by the easy life which the tropical fertility of the soil enabled the inhabitants to lead, had resolved to remain and settle in South America. When he imparted this resolution to his comrade, the latter did not argue with him, but leading him to his tent, he placed him by his side and sung him "Lochaber no more." The spell was on him. The tears came into his eyes, and wrapping his plaid around him he murmured, "Lochaber nae mair!—I maun gang back—Na!" The songs of his childhood were ringing in his ears, and he left that land of ease and plenty for the naked rocks and sterile valleys of Badenoch, where, at the close of a life of toil and hardship, he might lay his head in his mother's grave. He who writes once travelled a road in Perthshire, in company with an old, ignorant, very ignorant man, a common beggar. Unused to sympathy, when he found himself sympathised with, his heart was opened, and he told something of his past life. From his earliest years he had been an outcast, one of that class who form the hewers of wood and drawers of water, in our great manufacturing towns. Instruction of any sort, save in evil-doing, he had never received; he was one of those who are kept in ignorance and crushed and driven into vice, and then punished for that very ignorance and vice. At the commencement of the war he enlisted for a soldier, and was ultimately sent to Portugal. His comrade happened to be a Scotsman who was well acquainted with the poetical literature of his country, and this poor and ignorant soldier felt all that was good in him so attracted by the sound and the sentiment when he could understand it of these songs, that he learned many of them by heart. Much evil he saw and committed, and much hardship, heart-hardening and grievous hardship, did he endure in the course of that long and bloody war; but at length it approached its close and the British Army was advancing on France. One day while encamped, this soldier in strolling in the neighbourhood of the camp, came suddenly on a small house embosomed among trees. It happened to be tenanted solely by a woman, and thoughts of hell, of such scenes as make the heart shudder, and the hand clench, and the lips curse, even in the name of God, war and warriors, came thronging into this ignorant and debased man's mind; but even in that hour of projected sin, a remembrance came faintly at first, but gradually stronger and stronger of the scenes, the peace and the innocence, described in the songs he had learned, and the beauty and manliness and goodness pictured in them, seemed, in his own words, to take a divine shape and lead him away from iniquity. And that old and miserable man wept while he remembered how Scotland's songs had been instrumental in keeping a damning stain from his darkened but still immortal soul. The belief that guardian spirits ever hover round the paths of men, covers a mighty truth, for every beautiful and pure and good thought which the heart holds, is an angel of mercy purifying and guarding the soul.

If it be asked why the Songs of Scotland are thus more beautiful than those of other lands, and why they carry with them a greater influence? the answer is easy. Those who wrote them, were not writing for a caste, but for a people—they were addressing themselves to a universal mind—they were throwing the robe of poetry over joys and sorrows which they had themselves shared—they were addressing a whole people in language which all understood. Conventionalities were nothing to them. They hallowed the loves of the village maiden—asserted the inherent dignity of man's nature, whether the clay tabernacle was clothed in silk or woollen, and blessed the poor man's heart by exalting his affections. Had the song-singers of Scotland not been poor men singing for poor men—had they bowed their knee in lordly halls, and sung for and of the few instead of the many, Scotland had had no popular national song; but let us be thankful that her song-singers were, for the most part, men born under stern and truth-telling influences, who had to struggle their hour with bold heart and manful hand, until it pleased "The Master" to call them. It is a heart-breaking thing to watch the struggles of genius lowly of lot, and lofty of soul, caged like the bird, and like it beating the bars in bitterness, while longing to soar away into the light and the sunshine of heaven; but nevertheless, it may be asserted, that there never was a truly lofty intellect nurtured, unless it had to struggle even as the swimmer for life. Before the spirit can be cleared from the earth's impurities, it must be made to feel its nothingness, and to cling only to that which is pure and noble. Pain and want must be smiled over, and while love and hope rejoice in the heart, it must learn to contemn life's littleness. Something of the spirit of him who trampled on the pride of Plato must live in the soul. The meaner parts of human nature must die, but the affections must be nursed and cherished. Because they led hard and *renouncing* lives, the songsters of Scotland sung as never men did. They were pure, free-minded men, and their songs have become their country's best inheritance. Gold is but a poor legacy in comparison with an immortal thought. The one is human, worthless, the other divine, invaluable. But it is not by their songs merely that Robert Burns and his brethren, known and unknown, have made their country and the world better. The fact that such men were of the people ennobles our very nature. Who dare mock me, lowly as I am—for whose mockery shall I care when I know that I have "titles manifold," that Burns was a man even such as I, with hard hands and a peasant's heart and home? These memories are my inheritance. Aye, and this feeling is spreading, and that wider and wider every day. Many who aforetime would have worshipped wealth, bow to mind, and the soul that rejoiced once in its ingots, looks upward and onward, saying, "I have dreamed!—Why should I have placed my soul in a coffer, while this glorious world and that sky, and these stars, and suns, and systems, and the poets' songs, and good men's memories were my inheritance—my charter of manhood and freedom?" The dry bones are stirring. The poet's song, and the sage's musing, are turning souls from world-worship to that nobler and better way which makes not riches, nor titles, nor gauds, nor vanities, but MEN. To such be it said :—

> "May the eagles flight ever be thine
> Onward and upward true to the line!"

"The Songs of Scotland!" with these words I began, and with these I shall end. Happy the land which posseses such a lever in the work of good. Is it right and proper that men should be taught self-respect; that they should be taught to honour the dignity of man, and to contemn all other dignities? Has not Burns written, "A man's a man for a' that?" Is it right that men should worship the affections? Have not Scotland's songs hallowed them? And this earth of ours which the finger of GOD made, is it not more beautiful since poetry shed its sunshine over it? Will that land ever be without freemen—without martyrs if the cause call for them—in the mouths of whose people "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" hath passed into a household word—or will it ever be without goodness while "The Cotter's Saturday night" is graven on the universal heart? Never! and while it is remembered that *He* who wrote these was a ploughman—one of the abused multitude—will nobleness of spirit ever leave our native land?

> "Bear we not written on our hearts
> The name of Robert Burns ?"

Bring every force that will and ability can muster, to bear on the liberty—the *nobility*—of the people of Scotland, and her popular song is shield enough against all. Kill and oppress and keep in ignorance; but the popular song lies deep in the heart, a seed from which shall spring liberty. So it is in Poland; "I fear not for my country," said a Polish exile, "for though its children be exiled to Russia's deserts, and though the Russian nurses them in ignorance, I know that the seed is sown. I saw them kneel on the last spot of Polish earth and *I heard them sing their country's songs.*" Ebenezer Elliott, and Mary Howitt, and Barry Cornwall, why wait ye? ye are strong of spirit and free of soul. Let your task be to give to England a body of national song. Hallow her homes and her people—her pleasant festivals and her village customs—sanctify her affections—her freedom—her worth. Let your words be plain and simple, fitted for the mouths of artisans and "mechanical people," and you will do a deed which angels will rejoice to look on. The Authors of the "Corn Law Rhymes," of "The Ranter," of "Tibbie Inglis," and "English Songs" have the power—aye, and the *will* (which would make the power were it wanting), to give to England what Scotland already possesses in her national songs.

From the Court Magazine.

O'SHANE'S DAUGHTER.

Near the town of O——, in one of the north-western counties of England, is a small hamlet. A few years back, in the outskirts of this hamlet, might be seen a solitary cabin, inhabited by a poor man, his daughter, and three sons.

These people bore suspicious characters in the neighbourhood. There was something mysterious in their way of living, for which every one desired to account.

The two elder sons, it was declared, were daring poachers. The father was supposed to be connected with a gang of smugglers on the coast, and to be employed by them in their illegal traffic with the inner counties.

O'Shane and his family had come from a distance; their name seemed to bespeak their origin, as might their dark blue eyes, long hair, and bold determined spirit.

It appeared that the residents in the hamlet did not care to have much dealing with the O'Shanes: partly, because, as they remarked, they knew nothing of them; partly, perhaps, because they guessed more than they knew; and partly, again, because, whatever might be their conduct in the routine of daily life, it was clear that both father and sons were desperate men, tall and strong of limb, fierce in look, and quick in action.

The villagers were right to leave those undisturbed, whose whole demeanour seemed to say—"Meddle not with me, and I'll not meddle with you." And thus the name passed among them, but in emphatic whispers, accompanied by a mysterious shake of the head, and by divers signs meant to be expressive of more than human sagacity. This was the case especially, when an orchard was stripped—a hen-roost cleared out—or the lines cut in the washerwomen's drying-ground: and, even then, the words were thought to be most frequently on the lips of those who knew more of the matter in question than all the O'Shanes in the united kingdom. For a length of time it remained uncertain whether these people deserved the odium so generally thrown upon them; whether they were in truth so reckless and destitute of principle as was believed, or whether the singularity and wildness of their mode of life alone, had rendered them objects of disfavour. For this effect, extreme ignorance and poverty might easily account; and such misfortunes being as likely to become the *source* of every other accusation, time, or circumstances alone could prove whether or not they were well-founded.

If pity ever mingled with the feelings excited by the occupiers of the cabin, it was for the daughter of O'Shane. In her sixth year the poor girl had lost her mother, and from that time had never known a mother's care. Under the rude though somewhat strict management of her father, and at other times under her own guidance, Grace had reached the age of eighteen. Her slender capabilities had been devoted, during this period, to the training of her youngest brother, who, the year after his birth, had been left by his mother's death completely helpless. Rory was accustomed to look upon his sister as a parent: bound to her in every way, the boy did her bidding with implicit obedience, and followed her footsteps like a dog. Poor Grace!—beyond the occasional rough lessons of morality that O'Shane endeavoured to enforce, she had no principle to guide her conduct: she seldom said a prayer, and hardly knew that there was One above who would have listened to her if she had prayed.

She loved Rory, and she feared her father—those were the only two feelings of which she was conscious: the one made her kind and generous, the other vigilant and active. Yet pride, vanity, cunning, and self-will, had early taken root in the character of O'Shane's daughter, though she could hardly have described these evil passions by name.

People looked at Grace with compassion. They said it was a pity that such a quick, handsome girl should have reached eighteen years of age, and never have been taught her alphabet; that she should know no better than to stroll the country singing ballads and telling fortunes, when she might be earning an honest livelihood, and maintaining a respectable appearance in the world. People pitied her; for with all her faults no one could hitherto have said any harm of O'Shane's daughter. If she was in the habit of hearing more bad words than good in the course of the day, or of receiving many an oath and rude jest, instead of thanks, for her daily services, she had never for that reason been found the less willing to oblige another time; and her advice to Rory not to learn ugly language, was only the oftener repeated.

When it had been once proposed to O'Shane to let his daughter go into service, his indignation had known no bounds: he told the farmer's wife who had the charity to offer such advice, that Grace would learn more bad ways in a month, than she would learn from him all her life; for O'Shane had his ideas of duty, such as they were. The loss of his daughter too, would have been irreparable; and when at length convinced that the counsel, thus harshly rejected, had been given in kindness, tears stood in the father's eyes, as he answered—"she was too good a lass for him to part with her."

Grace, therefore, remained at home; and her old habits became more inveterate than ever.

The cabin of the O'Shanes consisted of one large room;—airy enough, for the walls were full of crevices, the planks of the door did not meet the threshold, and several panes in both casements were wanting. Here, most of the family lived and slept; the small dormitory of Grace being the only addition to the cottage, and that so dark and confined a recess, as scarcely to be called a room. Thence, however, she was wont to emerge every morning, after the dispersion of the family, and, assisted by Rory, to prepare a meal for the uncertain hour of their return. This first repast, consisting of yesterday's remnants, was more or less ample according to the state of provisions in the house; but it should here be observed, that it was the usual dinner or supper (whichever it might be called) of the O'Shane family, that had contributed to strengthen the uncharitable suspicions which they had so generally excited. Whilst otherwise existing in a state of undeniable wretchedness, it had still been observed, that the comfortable fare of these people was far beyond the means of their honest neighbours, who were therefore too ready to conclude that such resources must be obtained from the preserves of the country gentlemen, or in some yet more lawless manner.

Time had, however, elapsed without clearing up these doubts, or indeed affording any material insight into the actions of the O'Shanes. They seemed desirous only to live quietly and unheeded, and others were beginning to allow them so to do, when it happened they were brought into the direct notice of the public.

One morning that O'Shane had returned about ten o'clock from his early labours, he found his daughter standing in a window of the hovel, tying up a handkerchief in the form of a bundle. Her back was towards him, and, as she hastily passed to her own sleeping-room, a piece of very fine linen dropped upon the floor.

"What's this?" said O'Shane, kicking it with his foot; "what have you got there, girl?"

"Sure," answered Grace, "they're things I'm carrying for Mistress Deeds to Martha Luckie's wash. See now!—if it ben't late, and I mustn't first get your breakfast:—Terence and Dick comin' in, too, and nothin' ready this blessed morn."

Having caught up the garment that had fallen, and thrown it with the bundle upon her bed, she shut the door to, and began laying out some cracked plates and horn mugs.

A dish of broken victuals was placed before O'Shane, who looked with some dissatisfaction at the unpalatable scraps.

"Is that all we have left?"

"All, father!"

"Well!" returned the old man, good-humouredly, "who knows what the boys may bring home with 'em! Sartin, if a stray beast, or summut to the purpose, fell in their way, 't would be no bad look-out."

"They may keep them bits for dinner, else," replied Grace, carelessly moving towards the door of the cabin, where, at a short distance, the steps and loud voices of the two brothers were heard approaching.

As they came up, she placed her arms across the entrance, exclaiming half in jest, half earnest—"Ye have no need to show yourselves here, without your hands are full. There's nothin' for you; and sure, nothin's good enough for those that bring nothin'. It's always the way now; people expects food to fall into their mouths, and no trouble, but a blessin to 'em."

Then tossing her head, Grace began singing a rude ballad, denominated the "Pleasures of Idleness," that perhaps formed part of her itinerant stock; and she gave it with a somewhat ironical emphasis.

"Hold your clamour, and make way there," interrupted the elder brother, as he strode up the step; "it's hard if a man must ask your leave to walk in and out. Come, Mistress Grace, give room for your betters!" Thus speaking, he attempted to push through; but Grace stood her ground, the more firmly because she was backed by Rory, and she knew that her brother durst not strike her, as his uplifted stick seemed to threaten.

"Who's to give lave in this house," she inquired, "if 't is'nt me! How's your breakfast to be sarved, if 't is'nt by me?—and if there's none in the house, where's the trouble of walking in at all!"

Terence was inclined to reply practically to these arguments, and a scuffle appeared in consequence likely to take place, when O'Shane's voice, still louder than that of any of his children, reminded them that he was at home. He was filling his flask from a small keg of spirits placed under a stuffed sack, which by night served the purpose of a pillow, and by day concealed from the vulgar eye what he considered a necessary part of his subsistence. The two sons having been allowed quietly to enter, he turned to inquire what success they had met with, and received from the younger a heavy bag containing several head of game. The supply was laid aside for the present without further remark, and Dick and Terence succeeded to the remains of the breakfast.

As the two young men sate together, they discussed the news of the village. Great alarm, they said, had been created that morning, by the disappearance of a gentleman's child belonging to the neighbourhood.

Every body they had met on their return home, had stopped them to tell the story; and to ask if they could put them upon any clue by which the researches of the parents might be guided.

The lost child was a girl five years old. She had been sent to take an early walk with the nursery-maid, in her father's grounds. It was said that, on reaching the gate of Mr. Clifford's Park, the child had been left for a few minutes, as the servant was accustomed to fetch her a cup of milk from the adjoining farm. When the maid returned her little charge was gone, and no traces of her could be discovered. The parents were reported to be frantic. The nursery maid had been turned off; constables were already sent for from O——, to make inquiries; the crier was proclaiming the loss through the village, and the consternation seemed shared by every individual. Perhaps the sensation was heightened by the fact of Mr. Clifford being one of the greatest landholders in the neighbourhood, and a gentleman whose wealth and influence in the county procured him general respect.

The O'Shanes laughed as they related the story.

They seemed rather to enjoy the misery of those, whom, in their ignorance, they would have deemed exempted by their position from calamity. They seemed to imagine that misfortune brought the rich man nearer to a level with themselves. It was perhaps this manner of expressing themselves that attracted the attention of the father, as he had before scarcely appeared to heed their words.

"Shame, lads," said the old man, "that you can sport with a parent's distress! I am ever willing to forgive a wild turn, or to uphauld a daring act, where the nation would oppress the poor for the sake of the rich; but for takin' delight in a base and cruel action, I would turn the best on ye from my doors for iver."

As O'Shane spoke, Grace was fastening on one of his brogues that she had just mended; and, whether to determine its fitness, or to give emphasis to his words, her father at that instant stamped his foot upon the ground with a violence that made her start almost to falling. He rose also directly to depart, and, kissing her affectionately, left the cabin.

The brother's soon after followed.

It were impossible to describe the indignation that overpowered O'Shane, when in the course of that morning, he was arrested by two men, who carried him before a magistrate at O——, where he learned that he was suspected of having stolen Mr. Clifford's child.

A little purple morocco shoe with a silver clasp was shown to him, and was declared to have been found near his cabin. He was then desired to say what he could in his defence.

Notwithstanding his anger, O'Shane's replies to the questions of the magistrate were simple and uniform. His astonishment at the accusation, and his ignorance of the time and circumstances relating to the fact, were evidently unfeigned. It was also proved, that both he and his sons had all the morning been at a distance from the spot; and when this became known, it was of itself a disculpation,—consequently he was released. But the resentment occasioned by this arrest did not easily subside.

O'Shane had long been an oppressed and suffering man. He had been buffeted and scorned; he had for years felt the "proud man's contumely," and the many stings of an outrageous fortune; for he was born under better circumstances than his lot now exhibited. Therefore, a host of galling and implacable feelings were now called forth, which in the mind of one who, like him, had battled with misery rather than bow under its discipline, displayed themselves with unmitigated force.

Unable to resume his composure, or return to his occupations that day, he went home. It was long before the usual hour of his coming in, and nobody was in the cabin. He called. He looked out for Grace. He wished for some one to whom he could speak of the humiliation he had been offered—of the overbearing oppression of the great—of the unworthy suspicions that poverty excited in the minds of parish overseers.

O'Shane went to the door of his daughter's sleeping-room, and threw it open. He sate down on the bed, that he might in some degree regain the tranquillity of his mind; and here he became absorbed in thought. During this interval of reflection, and quite mechanically, his fingers lifted a dark cotton handkerchief that was beside him, the same that he had seen Grace tying together before breakfast. It was now loosely folded, and, as he fumbled it in his hand, he did not perceive that it contained anything. In taking it away, he had however displaced a little shift of very fine cambric, as well as a purple morocco shoe with a silver clasp. When his eyes were at length cast in that direction, he started! The poor man then remembered, with fatal accuracy, the origin of his trouble. He kept gazing at these objects with a sort of terrified uncertainty, as if he believed himself under a delusion caused by some evil spirit, until, being convinced by the reality of their presence, he held up and spread before him the little shift, and tried to decipher the initials marked on it, which something at his heart convinced him must signify Julia Clifford. He pressed it to his eyes, and wet it with his tears.

"Surely," said he, "the finger of heaven has guided me."

Then casting it again upon the bed, he rushed out of the house.

It was past two o'clock in the afternoon when O'Shane returned to his cabin. On reaching the door he heard careless voices in conversation; he saw figures within; and he stopped and sat down beside the entrance without being observed. A bit of broken glass was fixed against the door of Grace's room, at which she was standing. She had put on her best stuff petticoat, and was then separating the long masses of black tangled hair that fell over her shoulders, in order to turn them round her head under a handkerchief. A gay red Madras, with yellow flowers, such as she had never before been seen to wear, was in her hand for this purpose. There was something strikingly picturesque in the young girl's attitude and looks. Her father groaned inwardly as he considered her.

On a low stool beside Grace, and patiently awaiting the completion of her toilet, Rory was seated; whilst at the same time he arranged in a basket some ballads, matches, nutmeg graters, children's rattles, and other toys. They were going to the fair at O——.

"How much will them all fetch, Gracy?" were the first words the father overheard.

"Not better than a trifle, child," answered the sister, paying more attention to the adjustment of her handkerchief than to Rory; "not better than a trifle, 'cause its only poor folks as buys those goods; but supposin' we have luck in tellin' fortunes to-day, I'll get enough to pay half a year's schoolin' for you. That'll be brave; won't it, Rory? You'll soon be able to say the songs over, for me to learn, and we'll hold up our heads above all the rest."

"You won't get enough in one day," Rory answered.

"Ah! but I've a small matter beside, what was gif to me, only there's no need to say nothin'. I should like dearly to make a jintleman of you, Rory, if you would be conforming," Grace continued with earnestness, though she did not lift her eyes from the glass.

"Father don't think much of larnin'," was the reply, and "I can't say as I've a great gift that way myself; but, if it's to plase you, Grace—"

"Plase me!" she interrupted. "Why, sure, if it would not plase me, to see you supayrior to Dick and Terence, and that nobody's fault but mine!"

"And what'll I be doin' then for it?"

"Why, wouldn't you be all as good as a prince to them ragamuffins, knowin' how to read!" Wouldn't you be tellin them when they spake bad words, and able to tache us the manin' of things? And should not you be givin' example to all the house, and takin' my part agin them always?"

"Aye,—what else?"

"What else, is it? Why should not you fight Tam Gurney, then, for callin' me gipsy girl!—that no less nor a week past, bad manners to him!"

"And where's the harm of being a gipsy girl, Gracey? If you're an honest gipsy girl, you're better than he is," remarked the impassible brother.

"No matter for that, Rory, it's a misbecoming word; it's not for the like of him to——" Grace stopped in her speech, at the sound of her father's step, for he now entered the cottage. She sprang forward to take his stick; but O'Shane coldly repelled her assistance—placed it against the wall—shut the door, and walked without speaking to the fire. The father stood for some time before the hearth, apparently watching the simmering of a large pot that contained the supplies his sons had that morning brought home.

Yet those who knew O'Shane might have been certain at this moment that something of terrible import was on his mind. The stern, cold manner of the father—his pale and frowning countenance, his unbroken silence, were ominous of a scene more fearful than any to which his children had yet been subjected; and though their peace was not often thus interrupted, they guessed by the past the danger of the present warning. It was above all Grace who seemed terrified by these indications of a gathering storm. She looked at first as if paralysed by the strange repulse she had received; and still, while pretending to be occupied (as far out of the way as possible) in tidying the apartment, it was obvious that her agitation was very great. Rory made many unequivocal signs that they should be off, which met with no attention. The eyes of Grace were cast down, her fingers trembled, and her countenance expressed a gloomy anxiety which she was endeavouring either to brave or to overcome. After gliding softly from one place to another, after arranging each miserable piece of furniture with the most fastidious precision, and probably collecting at the same time the presence of mind that had forsaken her, it did however occur to Grace also, that the moment in which a retreat might be effected should not be passed over. She paused, and stole a glance towards her father, whose back was turned—another less daunted at Rory. He was standing ready with his basket hoisted.—She beckoned, and moved towards the door.

Her hand had no sooner touched the latch than O'Shane turned round. He did not speak, but motioned with his arm that they should neither of them quit the room; and when Grace let fall the bolt, there was a dead stillness.

The brother and sister would not have spoken for the world, and the old man himself seemed hardly to know how he should give utterance to the thoughts that filled his heart.

First his hands fell by his sides, his head sank on his chest, and he remained in that attitude of deep dejection as if unconscious that they were looking at him. Having at length recovered his firmness, O'Shane drew a chair and sat down. He then fixed his eyes upon the troubled features of Grace, with an expression of penetrating anger such as she had never before endured. At the same time he desired her to approach.

"I have been accused," he said, speaking very slowly, "this day of a crime, of which, I told them that suspected me, I thanked God in my heart for having made me a poor and obscure man, that I might not so offend a fellow-creature as to seize him and tell him he was capable of the like."

The colour ebbed and flowed in Grace's cheeks.

"I told them that not I, nor any that had iver belonged to me, would have disgraced themselves to commit such an unnat'ral act, though it were to revenge the deepest wrong that man iver bowed beneath.—Can I say this now!"—he continued, with a vehement and quickened tone that amounted almost to ferocity—"no, girl!—though I were to give my right hand, you know I could not."

Tears had at first risen to Grace's eyes, and only through a convulsive effort were they kept from overflowing; but as her father's voice grew firmer, as his scorn and indignation became more apparent, the struggle on her part appeared less difficult.

It seemed she sought the dignity of firmness to supply that of innocence; but this was not so easily attained, for when O'Shane paused, an expression only of stupid horror was in her fixed looks.

"I had no warrant for my pride this mornin'," resumed the father; "I was deceived where I had put my trust, and that a trust of long standin'. But no matter:—only, as you are not what I have been pleased to think, you may expect to find me changed too. There are a few words to settle 'tween us two, that is all."

Grace remained silent.

The voice of the father faltered, as he put the following interrogatory remark. "I believe you to be consarned in the theft of Squire Clifford's child?"

She did not answer.

"You are not afear'd to behave basely, but you are afear'd to own to 't."

The girl started. Instead of shrinking under his searching glance, her figure drew up stiffly, and her countenance assumed greater calmness and resolution.

"Did you entrap this infant?" he continued, sternly.

"I did."

O'Shane seemed almost to choke.

"Had you any 'complices in that act?"

Grace shook her head.

"What's done with the child?"

"I have sold it!"

"You have sold flesh and blood! To whom?"

"To mother Gurney."

"And did that woman counsel you the theft, or did you yield only to your ain wicked thoughts?"

"'Twas Mother Gurney asked me."

"What might be the price o' your iniquity?"

The daughter put her right hand into her bosom, and drawing forth a piece of gold, held it before him in her open palm, while with the left she pointed to the gay *madras* upon her head.

O'Shane flung the coin to the ground, then rising with violence, tore off the handkerchief and threw it from him. During this violence she only bowed her face, nearly concealed as it was by the long locks thus unfastened.

A pause ensued. The father was exhausted by the effects of his indignation; the daughter was reduced to a state of apparent stupefaction; Rory was too frightened and too miserable to give utterance to his feelings.

One of the elder sons had entered meanwhile and seated himself at a distance, aware that the authority of his parent was not to be interfered with, although unacquainted with the cause of its being exercised.

After the space of a few minutes O'Shane walked to the window. He took up a pen that was in a broken tea-cup full of ink on the ledge of the casement, and looked round him with uncertainty.

It was the custom of O'Shane when his signature was required to make an O'S. These were the only letters he could form, and the ink was kept for this purpose.

He now laid down the pen, and went to Grace's room; thence he returned with the child's shift which he had found that morning on her bed. Upon it he wrote those two letters, and calling to Rory, desired that he would take it to the magistrate at O——, whom he designated by his name. Rory pretended not to hear. He was sitting with his head on his knees, clinging to Grace's petticoat. The figure of his other son caught O'Shane's eye, and he repeated the message to him. Richard O'Shane received it in silence, and quitted the cabin. Twenty minutes or more might have elapsed after his departure, undisturbed except by the noise of the old man's nailed shoes, as with stern looks and folded arms he paced up and down the room, or perhaps also by Rory's light-breathed sighs, when, lifting up his head, he cast a furtive glance around him, and again dropped it between his hands.

The attitude of Grace was still unchanged. She stood fixed like a statue to the spot—her features as rigid as her limbs—her respiration scarcely perceptible.

Once when the boy looked up, he perceived that his father had sunk into a chair, with his head thrown back and his eyes closed. There was in his face an expression of pitiable wretchedness, which he in vain endeavoured to conceal under the appearance of a just resentment.

Softly gliding from his place, Rory approached and took the poor man's hand. Then encouraged by the passive gentleness with which it was yielded, the boy endeavoured by caresses to draw O'Shane into conversation, but met with no success in these attempts. He asked if his father was ill, and received only a silent pressure of the hand.

"Father," he said gently, "we'll miss Grace very much if she's away."

O'Shane opened his eyes, and looked angrily at him.

But the boy, undismayed, went on. "What will you do, when there's no victuals ready, and you hungry and weary?—when you're cold and wet, and there's no fire? Not a soul," he still continued, unwarned by the threatening looks that he encountered; "not a soul to dry your clothes, and to mend 'em when they're fallin' off your back—and to put your bed ready—and to keep the house free from sperrits and bad luck!—and to sing to make your heart aisy!"

A deep and fearful oath interrupted Rory.

"Have done!—have done!" cried Grace, as if starting from a trance. "Sure he's ower glad to be quit of one, who when she lave his doors shall never throuble him again."

"Oh, Father!—oh, Grace!—what'll we do now?" sobbed Rory. "Oh, bad luck to us!—oh, marciful goodness!"—and while he was wringing his hands, and uttering every ejaculation of sorrow that presented itself to his excited mind, the door was thrown open by Richard, who ushered in two constables.

"This is your prisoner," O'Shane said, sullenly indicating his daughter. The men regarded the unfortunate girl with surprise. "She's your prisoner!" repeated the father more violently, and he turned away. The officers of justice laid hold of Grace, who suffered herself to be conducted to the door. Rory flung himself at his sister's feet; twining his arms around her knees, he wept convulsively. The men were obliged forcibly to remove him; but they were struck with pity at this unusual scene. One of them asked Grace if she had nothing to say, adding, they were in no hurry.

The young girl, who without murmur or hesitation had submitted to the authority of the law, on being thus addressed turned for an instant round. She lifted her large piercing eyes to the spot where O'Shane still remained. An indescribable expression hovered over her face, as she made a farewell gesture with her hand upon her lips.

"Father, your daughter says, Good bye!"

"You are no daughter of O'Shane's!" he cried. "God help me!"—added the old man with frenzy, "am I O'Shane myself?"

* * * * *

The extraordinary manner in which this criminal had been convicted for child-stealing—the youth and ignorance of the poor creature—and the fact that through her confessions the lost infant was traced and restored to its family, created a supposition that her case would be considered with indulgence.

Whether, however, from the dubious light in which the morals of this family were viewed, or the fear of such a crime's recurrence, or the impossibility of treating it with greater lenity, the daughter of O'Shane was sentenced to transportation for seven years.

On the day of this decision the rest of the family removed from the country, and it has never been known what became of them.

Those who saw the unfortunate O'Shane previously to his departure remarked in him so great a change, that they predicted he would not long survive his daughter's sentence.

H. R.

From the Court Magazine.

THE LADY OF MY LORD!

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

I.

I've seen her in her princely home,
The birth-place of her Lord;
A hundred vassals waited there,
Obedient to her word.

Her *salon* is magnificent,
Each panel gaily deck'd
With mirrors,—and how beautiful
The form which they reflect!
And proud she looks!—but why is she
So lonely in her pride?
She was the Lady of my Lord
Before she was his Bride!

II.

In days of yore that mansion was
A hospitable scene;
At Chrismas-time a merry place
Its hall hath ever been.
And there are Nobles dwelling near,—
Why stand they all aloof?
Why doth no neighbour Lady, now,
Appear beneath that roof?
Why hath each festive project fail'd,
Whene'er it hath been tried?
She was the Lady of my Lord
Before she was his Bride!

III.

I've seen her at her Town abode,
In London's busy spring—
Her Lord hath to the Levee gone—
Been welcomed by the King.
But why, when all of equal rank
Pay homage to the Queen—
Say—wherefore at the Drawing-Room
Hath *she* been never seen?
To her—despite her coronet—
The *entree* is denied:
She was the Lady of my Lord
Before she was his Bride!

IV.

Yet she will give a noble feast:
The services of plate,
The viands, wines, appointments, all
Shall rival regal state!
And she shall boast of high-born guests,
And she shall number, then,
The wits, the sages, of the day,
Yet none, alas! but *men!*
Why sits no *Lady* at the board,
Save those by blood allied?
She was the Lady of my Lord
Before she was his Bride!

V.

How gorgeous is her equipage!
And to some public fete,
Where money can procure access,
She goes in all her state!
How rich her dress!—but why do all
Of station like her own,
So curiously gaze, as if
On one before unknown?
And, having seen the stranger once,
Why stand they all aside?
She was the Lady of my Lord
Before she was his Bride!

VI.

Can woman's heart take pleasure in
Magnificence like this?
Can honours that are coupled with
Dishonour, offer bliss?
Can she look round complacently
Upon her gorgeous home,
While she receives some noble guest,
Whose wife would scorn to come?
No! there's a hateful thought that must
Embitter all beside!
She was the Lady of my Lord
Before she was his Bride!

VII.

And is there not a lesson taught
By one so young and fair?
May not some erring beauty pause,
And learn discretion there?
Though rich, how little happiness
Can gold on her bestow!
Though nominally high in rank,
How practically low!
If *now* a wife, how proud her lot
Had she his suit denied,
Nor been the Lady of my Lord
Before she was his Bride!

From the Asiatic Journal.

FEMALE INFANTICIDE.

The Calcutta *Christian Observer*, for November, contains a statement of the efforts (hitherto but partially successfull) made by an active and benevolent public officer, Col. Pottinger, in the province of Cutch, to put down female infanticide:

"When he first came to Cutch, ten years ago, he set out, with all the active zeal of a new comer, to root out the practice; but he soon discovered his mistake. The mehtahs sent at his request, by the then regency, were either cajoled by false returns, or expelled from towns and villages, not only by the classes charged with the crime, but by the other inhabitants, whom long habit had taught to view the business with indifference, if not absolute approbation. Col. P. next got the darbâr to summon all the Jarejahs to Bhûj, and partly by threats, and partly persuasion, arranged with them to furnish quarterly statements of the births, within their respective estates. This plan he saw from the outset, was defective; but it was the best he could hit upon at the moment. It proved, however, an utter failure. Within six months, most of the Jarejahs declared their inability to act up to their agreement, even as far as regarded their nearest relations. Several farthers, for instance, assured him, that they *dared not* establish such a scrutiny regarding their grown-up sons; and the few statements that were furnished, he found to have been drawn up by guess-work, from what may be termed the tittle-tattle of the village. Col. P.'s next idea was, that as all the Jarejahs profess to be blood relations of the Rao of Cutch, they might be requested to announce to him, as the head of the tribe, as well as Government, the fact of their wives being '*enceintes*,' and eventually the result. This scheme appeared feasible to the ministers; but when it was proposed to the Jarejah members of the regency, they received it with feelings of complete disgust, and almost horror. Two modes further suggested themselves of carrying the object. The one, to use direct authority and force; but that would, no doubt, be at variance with the spirit, if not the letter, of the treaty. The other, to grant a portion to every Jarejah girl on her marriage. This latter method had been proposed to the Bombay Government by Col. P.'s predecessor, (Mr. Gardiner) but had been explicitly negatived, and that negative had been confirmed by the Court of Directors. Under these circumstances, the plan was, of course, abandoned.

"Sir John Malcolm came to Bhûj in March, 1820. He made a long speech to the assembled Jarejahs on the enormity of the crime, and told them, the English nation would force the East-India Company to dissolve all connexion with a people who persisted in it! The Jarejahs, of course, individually denied the charge; but they afterwards inquired from Col. P., how the Governor could talk so to them at a moment when he was courting the friendship of Sinde, in which child-murder is carried to a much greater extent than even in Cutch; for it is a well-known fact, that all the illegitimate offspring born to men of any rank in that country, are indiscriminately put to death without reference to sex. Subsequent to Sir John's visit, an imposter of the name of Vijjya Bhat went to Bombay, and presented a petition to Government, setting forth Col. P.'s supineness, and offering, if furnished with some peons, to do all that was required. This petition was referred to the colonel to report on, which he did as it merited; and matters lay in abeyance, till the young rao was installed in July 1834, when he adopted the most decided steps to enforce that article of the treaty which provides for the suppression of infanticide. He took a paper from the whole of his brethren, reiterating that stipulation, and agreeing to abide the full consequences if they broke it. Col. P. officially promised the rao the support of the British Government in all his measures, and the rao and the English resident have been watching ever since for an occasion to make a signal example; but the difficulty of tracing and bringing home such an allegation will be understood from the preceding account; and it would be ruin to the cause to attempt to do so on uncertain grounds, and fail. It now, however, appears that our best, perhaps only, chance of success rests with the rao, who is most sincere in his detestation of the crime, and his wish to stop it.

"Our correspondent proceeds as follows:—

"'The assertion made by Mr. Wilkinson, that infanticide is carried to an extent of which we have hardly yet a complete notion, is, alas! too true in India. The Rao of Cutch told the resident at his court very recently, that he had just found out, that a tribe of Mussalmâns, called Summas, who came originally from Sinde, and now inhabit the islands in the Runn, paying an ill-defined obedience to Cutch, put *all* their daughters to death, merely to save the expense and trouble of rearing them! He has taken a bond from all the heads of the tribe to abandon the horrid custom; but, as he justly remarked, he has hardly the means of enforcing it. Of the origin of infanticide in Cutch, it is difficult to give a satisfactory account. The tradition of its being a scheme hit on by one of the Jarejahs, to prevent their daughters, who cannot marry in their own tribe, from disgracing their families by prostitution, is generally received. The Jarejahs of Cutch have perhaps adoped all the vices, whilst they have few, or none, of the saving qualities, of the Musalmâns. No people appear to have so thorough a contempt for women, and yet strange to say, we often see the dowagers of households taking the lead in both public and private matters amongst them. Their tenets are, however, that women are innately vicious; and it must be confessed that they have good cause to draw this conclusion in Cutch, in which, it is suspected, there is not one chaste female, from the rao's wives downwards. We can understand the men amongst the Jarejahs getting reconciled to infanticide, from hearing it spoken of, from their very births, as a necessary and laudable proceeding; but several instances have been told me, where young mothers, just before married from other tribes, and even brought from distant countries, have strenuously urged the destruction of their own infants, even in opposition to the father's disposition to spare them! This is a state of things for which, we confess, we cannot offer any explanation, and which would astonish us in a tigress or a she-wolf?

"The above is indeed a melancholy detail, and cannot fail to sicken the heart of every Englishman, much more of every British female. As some little relief to a recital so affecting, we have the pleasure to add, that Mr. Wilkinson is pursuing with success the most judicious measures to secure its extinction in Mâlwa and Râjputâna. By a letter just received from him, we learn, that he is trying to ascertain all those arguments by which the native mind has reconciled itself to the murder of female children; and how those who have not practised it have been led to adopt this more humane course. He is also enlisting the services of several of the most humane and influential Râjput chiefs of those parts, to suppress it, and has derived much assistance and success from their advice and their zeal. They are taking up the subject *con amore*. All the chiefs near Sihor have taken, or are taking, bonds from their kinsmen, to refrain from the practice in future. This is highly gratifying; but, as Mr. W. remarks, 'except the momentary expression of the public approbation of this humane act, and the force thus given to the public feeling in favour of humanity, what is gained? Without further efforts, the public mind will remain as uninformed as ever: it has learned no new lesson: we have gained no real pledge or security against the recurrence of the act. As the human mind gains light and knowledge, however, it will of itself throw off such evil practices. By force nothing is gained; the disposition to commit the act remaining as strong as ever—the sense of the injury of applying violence to proud, ignorant barbarians, boasting of their freedom, will only work a rankling feeling of resistance and rebellion. I am now, therefore, teaching my wise men how to write an affecting tale of real life in their own language—how to address the heart, and rouse the kindly and virtuous sympathies of our nature in favour of humanity; but still without once overstepping the bounds of probability, and indeed of truth and fact. Their first attempts at a "Tale of the heart" have been sad failures. They made even brutes and trees to stand aghast at the shedding of the innocent's blood.. They thought their own spoken language too common and mean to give expression to all I wanted—but they are now learning to think better of its powers and capabilities. I hope before long to have a tale of horror in real life, and well known in these parts, so well set in cunning language, as shall not fail to enlist men's strongest sympathies in our favour.' "

From the Court Magazine.

THE LACE CAP.

A COMMERCIAL STORY.

Under the influence of a religion which was in the first instance promulgated to the poor of the earth, and is professedly intended to make but one family of the human race, setting all distinctions at defiance, it is astonishing how ignorant the various classes, which poverty and riches have placed in different circumstances, are of each other.

But the most remarkable feature in this state of things is, that those who claim to themselves almost the whole of human knowledge, have a smaller glimmering of the condition of the poor, than the poor have of theirs.

The low are not necessarily unimaginative, and they have what may be called a better glimpse of that which they deem an earthly paradise, than the rich of them or of the arts they profess. Indeed, there is every obvious reason for this. To think of the affluent, although some envy may be excited, is yet like the regalement of a fairy tale; but to contemplate want and its concomitants, is to outrage all the finer feelings of the fastidiously delicate.

A friend of ours once sent a needle to a couple of young ladies, with an account, just then published, of the cost of human life in obtaining such articles; since a worker in fine steel requires extraordinary lungs to reach the age of forty, and the average of their lives, we believe, does not exceed thirty years. It would, perhaps, serve no other purpose than to render persons of great benevolence wretched, if they knew the price in health and morals which most of our luxuries, nay, even necessaries, cost.

The ingenious and philosophic among the benevolent, look forward to the removal of many evils, from which the operatives in the laborious arts of life at present suffer so much as to render existence worthless; and in that of steel-polishing, the invention of the magnetic mask, which arrests the fine dust in its progress to the lungs, is one example of what may be done. But as a reverse to this, the affluent, or, what is often a more applicable term, "the genteel idle," have very little knowledge of the state of MASTERS whom perchance they hear talked of by their designation in trade. The whole, according to their views, are sunk down into "low vulgar wretches," fit only to minister to the magnates of the earth.

An intimate friend of ours, a *printer*, met at a party one evening, about thirty years ago, a French marchioness. She had no carriage, and it was his lot to see her home. She had been greatly fascinated by his manners; and as they walked along, she asked him, in her quaint foreign mode, to what order of the nobility he belonged? He knew, that if she found she leant on the arm of a *tradesman*, that she would rather walk the streets alone than be subjected to such a disgrace. He paused for a moment, and then said, "Do you ever read the news-papers?"

"O, yes! I do passionately love news."

"Well, then, you never probably noticed at the head of book advertisements, 'elegantly printed by B——?'"

"I have observed it very often."

"I am that B——."

The manner of the announcement we must suppose carried a charm in it, for she pursued her way not less delighted than before. How different, had he uttered the homely words, "I am a printer!" Such is the force of habit.

When a young lady has her chintz frock thrown over her head, and wondering by what art it has so smooth a surface, is informed that it is *calendered*,—should she outrage her delicacy by thinking for one moment on the creatures who, in Scripture phrase, live by "the sweat of their brow," she will behold in her mind's eye nothing better than hard-working men.

In the house which we at present occupy, there once lived a person by profession a calenderer: that is, one who gives the last touch to various articles of clothing. His name was Percy—his extraction English—and his wife, a pretty, gentle, and somewhat over ideal person, was a native of Inverness, called by its inhabitants the capital of the Highlands. Mr. Percy, like the bulk of Glasgow commercialists, began business on credit, the exact amount of which we do not know. On such a foundation, fallacious though it be, a man may contrive, if he have talent and ambition, with conscience and caution in the inverse ratio, to fail in a few years for thirty or forty thousand pounds. Mr. Percy was naturally not deficient in either prudence or good principles; but he caught the contagious spirit of speculation, and was hurried into the vortex of commercial gaming before he suspected that a gulf lay before him. With the exception of one little vanity, and one nice relish, he had no turn whatever for undue indulgence.

His vanity was in fine crystal, and his relish was for good wines. His wife had brought him as much money as furnished their house of seven apartments in a neat, comfortable style. On an evil day, three or four years after their marriage, he went by accident into a sale-room, where he bade for some beautiful crystal, which, either from a paucity of bidders, or else from its rare beauty making each afraid to offer, fell into his hands at a very low rate.

Hitherto he had indulged moderately in port and sherry, and that in a quiet way; but now he must have guests less familiar than his old acquaintances to see the valuable acquisition he had made; and as he must exhibit *all* his decanters, &c., a variety of wines was necessary. He found, too, that the set, beautiful as it was, wanted many pieces to render it complete; and Mrs. Percy hinted that the dining-room furniture and table-service were scarcely handsome enough for the crystal. He offered no affirmative to this, and she never pressed any point to which he was averse. Time went on, and although Mrs. Percy continued alive to the inconsistency she had pointed out, she abstained from any addition to their furniture, excepting new window-curtains and table covers for the drawing-room, which she purchased (without applying to her husband) with a small legacy left her by a distant cousin.

One day he expected a dinner-party. It was winter. The lights were arranged, the crystals sparkled, and beneath the wine-decanters were memoranda of each vintage,—for on this point he was ostentatious. His wife was surveying the board, and giving directions to a servant, when Mr. Percy entered, and, in a hurried manner quite unusual to him, removed the most remarkable of his favourites, and, without assigning any cause, desired his wife to put down the original set, and no other wines than port and sherry. He was instantly obeyed, for she never disputed his commands; and having made the new arrangements, she went to the drawing-room, where three or four gentlemen and ladies already awaited her.

She could not have told why, but she felt discomposed; and looking anxiously at her husband, she fancied that he was unhappy.

"You are surely later than usual to-day, Percy?" said a friend.

"Rather!" was the brief reply.

The door just then opened, and an invited guest, accompanied by a stranger, entered. The latter was introduced as a Mr. Wilkins. "And now," said Mr. Percy, "you may ring for dinner."

The stranger was a man not unlike the late Mr. Cobbett, but rather slighter, and somewhat shorter. He seemed quite as tacititurn as his host. Without paying much attention to the company, he placed his hands behind his back, and planting himself before the fire, surveyed the room on all sides. The window-curtains were of scarlet, and were finished round the edge with a trimming strongly resembling gold lace; the card-table covers were in the same style. Mr. Wilkins looked for a minute or two at these four articles of furniture, and then stepping to the nearest window, examined the gold-looking border. It might have puzzled a physiognomist to tell whether his host and hostess rose or fell in his esteem by the discovery that they had been guilty of mere imitation. This rude scrutiny was just closed when dinner was announced, and the ladies were led off in due form.

Let us figure a stranger to commerce and its results set down at a dinner party in the midst of ten or twelve gentlemen, all residents of a trading town, and all in business; and let him guess, if he can, what his feelings would be if some one whispered to him that, with the exception of two or three, all the persons at this table hang on each other. Let one of them stop payment to-morrow, and the situation of the whole is not more stable than the card-house of a child, which he can overthrow with his breath, or a filip of his slender finger! Yet you observe they are all very comfortable;—see how the wine circulates, and the joke goes round! After tea you will have tolerable music, and the genteel slow dance or the German waltz, while the poor wives have not the most remote guess—it must be concealed like murder, for credit's sake of the ruin which is ready to overwhelm them; whilst the children are bringing up in ease and affluence, possibly taught to look with contempt upon their governess, and to consider a poor dress-maker fit only for their service. When such things were new to us, our blood would run cold and our flesh creep by the contemplation of what to green experience seemed scarcely a better life than that led in a bandit's cave.

Mr. Wilkins placed himself on the right hand of Mrs. Percy, and, if a constant stare could have gratified that love of notice which all possess, she might have been elated. But his unwavering gaze produced a contrary effect, and at last she asked a lady on her left if there was any-thing wrong about her head?

"No," said the other; "I never saw you look so beautiful; but indeed that cap would make even an ugly woman pretty."

This compliment brought no relief to Mrs. Percy, and in vain she looked at her husband, in whose calm quiet eye she had always hitherto found, if not absolute reciprocation, a sort of negative approval. But it now met hers with severity in the glance, and his whole manner was as much changed as the aspect of his table. The guests caught the infection. Some thought the host and hostess unkind; some were outraged by having only port and sherry, and others affronted by the absence of the best crystal. The ladies soon withdrew, and they had scarcely swallowed their tea or coffee when each was summoned by her spouse or other male friend to depart. Mrs. Percy's heart sank lower and lower. She looked around her empty drawing-room, and felt as if birds of evil omen were perched in every corner. Desperation worked up to the last pitch has sometimes a slow and fearful composure about it, especially in persons of Mr. Percy's temperament. He deliberately put aside the wine, &c. &c., extinguished superfluous lights, and joined his perturbed wife.

There was an abruptness in Mr. Percy's step which seemed strongly at variance with his other modes. This his wife, who admired him in all things, ascribed to a repressed bouyancy of disposition. On this night, however, as he proceeded to the drawing-room, there was a heaviness in his foot-fall which sounded in her ear like the prelude of death. Her attention was strongly awakened, and she observed the expression of her husband's eye with an acuteness which even her lively regard for him had never before brought into action. There was despair in his look. He stood before her, and with a manner and tone to which she was an entire stranger, said,

"What did that cap cost?"

"My cap!"

"Yes, your cap."

"You know I bought it, and the drawing-room curtains and table-cover, with the little legacy I got. I offered you the money and you bade me spend it as I pleased."

"I do know all that, and the devil inspired me when I trusted a woman with discretionary power. I repeat, what *did* it cost?"

"Cost!" said she, and her lips became livid.

"Yes, cost—are you ashamed to tell?"

"I *am* ashamed to tell, though it is the only extravagant action of my whole life. But you seemed particular about this day's party, and I knew that you would have out—"

"Name them not! I would smash them to atoms, that they might not appear at our sale; but every one knows of them, and would say they are secreted."

"Our sale!"

"Yes, our sale. I shall be a beggar in two weeks, and it is all owing to that cursed cap.—The man Wilkins began life with five shillings. He never borrowed a penny since he drew breath. He has realised, in the lace trade, a moderate competency, and being greedy of interest, he lent me five hundred pounds. It was Mr. Barnes who recommended me to him as a safe person. Having come to-day to town on business, and intending to dine with Barnes, the latter told him of his engagement here, when Mr. Wilkins volunteered to accompany him. I received a note just before dinner, informing me of this addition to our party; and having lately heard something of the man's character, I hurried home to withdraw from the table every thing which would most palpably excite a suspicion of extravagance. A ten shilling cap, with a tinsel flower, would have had more show than that lace,—and it never struck me as any thing extraordinary; but as I watched him narrowly, I saw that after the survey of our furniture, your head dress attracted his notice. To-morrow he will call upon me for his money—I know it—the matter will take air—I know that also. There will be an immediate run upon me—and in two weeks myself and six others will be ruined men. We may after a time"—his wife's eyes closed, and she fell back in a deep swoon. He rang for assistance; the usual remedies were resorted to—life seemed extinct his impending ruin now appeared a profane interest, and one beam of her soft blue eyes would have been more to him than the wealth of Peru.

"Oh! that she would open her eyes, and look once more on the unreasonable wretch who has murdered her!"—was his repeated exclamation, heedless of the surrounding domestics, who were ready to repeat all that passed. She did at last open her eyes, but the last half hour, with the preceding suspense and excitement, had made a fearful change. She no longer recognised any object, and had become a mere laughing idiot.

Mr. Percy's grief and consternation were beyond description. He sent for medical aid, and she was with difficulty thrown into a slumber. He passed the night by her bedside, and listened in horror to the occasional bursts of laughter which her sleep was not profound enough to prevent. Morning brought him no relief; she awoke to renewed and idiotic mirth.

He wrote to a friend, saying that he could not leave home as Mrs. Percy had taken suddenly ill, and that he required the accommodation of 500*l.* by eleven o'clock, A. M. All was yet safe, and the money was sent. As Mr. Percy expected, Mr. Wilkins called at his place of business, and was referred to his house, where he stated an immediate occasion for the money, as he had heard of a profitable investment. The money was paid. Mr. Wilkins told the occurrence and its cause to a confidential friend, who told it under a promise of strict secrecy to another, until it was carried, in *pure* friendship, to those who had it in their power to give Mr. Percy immediate annoyance. In a very short time after the dinner to which we introduced our readers, and which is no invention of a tale writer, he was a bankrupt, and, as he had predicted, five or six others followed in his train Within three months, Mrs. Percy's diseased mirth was worn out, and she sank into moping idiocy, and in as many more, was carried off by rapid consumption.

Mr. Percy had no friends on the spot; his creditors, to whom in his wretched state, he could offer no palliatives, were his enemies; and his partners in the deep game of bills reproached him, and yet more, his poor wife, with having hastened their destruction, and with having prevented the execution of new schemes which they were sure would have told well. He was thus left to the tender mercies of his own bitter feelings, with no one to tear him away for an occasional half hour's air and exercise. The physician's visits were few, and perhaps he was not aware that the husband never left the sick room, excepting to go through the forms of bankruptcy.

Her relations had, in the interval, carried off the children, adding the bitterness of reproach to his other evils. In this forlorn and deserted condition, his mind became nearly as imbecile as that of his wife, and after she was no more, all other recollection was swallowed up in that of his unwonted harshness on what now seemed the last day of their existence in—that of her strange unnatural laugh—in that of the poor helpless idiot—and finally in that of the deep cough, and hollow hectic cheek. An account of his miserable condition reached the ears of his English friends, who had him removed to a well-managed asylum in one of the middle counties of England. Our knowledge of him here closes, and the only mercy which he could now taste of, is utter oblivion of the past.

A. G. R.

From the Court Magazine.

THE FAIRY MAN.

By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee then this place forsake,
Nor of Queen MAB be prattling.

DRAYTON.

"AH! thin, now, Norry Branigan, is it the thruth you're telling me?"

"Thruth, ay, the real thruth, the whole thruth, and nothin' in the universal world but the thruth: the *fairy* man tould me to the very syllable what would happen."

"Well, sure, there's nothin' can exceed the art of man, barrin' it be a bee, for the cutest of them all, I'm tould, could'nt make *the other side* of a honey-comb—but now, Norry Branigan, can it be possible that the ould fairy man has stirred out of his hole on the side of Slieveanaman, and is at this minute in the town of Clonmel!"

"It's as thrue as there's salmon in the Suir, or a fight on a fair day at Nenagh."

"Oh, thin, that's as sure as there is a hole in my ould stockin'—but for all that it appears as impossible as that Teddy Malone would go to a wake, and come home again without a sup in his head, and a crack on his skull. But, what could have stirred the ould man off the side of the hill, where we all know he has been living these forty years, though none of us can tell how he came there?"

"Why, thin, Molly Walsh, just listen, for I heard it from his own lips, not an hour ago, in Jack Luther's public-house, where he is now trating every body that comes in, and threatens to send the fairies after any one that pays but himself."

"Ifacks, but that's a new turn for him, for long as I know him, he was always willing to take, but never to spend; and the last time our cow was bewitched, and would'nt give half her milk, I had to give three bottles of whiskey and a tester to cure her."

"Arrah! thin, Molly Walsh, if you wish to know the story, sure, you must listen, and not let your tongue go like the clapper of a mill."

"Thrue for you, Norry, I'll stand as still as the hand of the church-clock of Lisheen, that hasn't moved these twenty years."

"Well, thin, here's the whole fact for you; and it only shows you, what a knowing thief of the world Tom Russel, the fairy man, must be. Here I may say we have been working for years to make his fortune. If a sheep was stolen, there were three shillings for Tom to tell who was the thief. If the potato ridge was dug up in the night by those who had'nt planted it, there were so many shillings for the fairy man to turn the sieve and show which way they wint. If the house was robbed, there was money for Russel to put the key in the Bible, and let us know whom we ought to sarch. If a child was fairy-struck, or changed at nurse, there was a little bit of gold, at the least, or the fairy doctor would not cure it, or come near the house to put it out on the shovel."

"Oh! that I may'nt sin!" said Molly Walsh, interrupting her: "but he used to do that illigantly. Why, there was my own daughter's gossip's child—she had a babby, and the day it was born, a lovelier angel you never set your two good-looking eyes upon—it had a laugh for every one, and a smile that would bring sunlight into the room the darkest day in winter—it had never done crowing, and jumping, and coaxing the very lips of you with kissing. Well, one day it wakened out of its sleep screeching. Oh, my jewel, it had been fairy-struck—you could see it at once—it wasn't itself that was in it at all. There, instead of a fine fat, firm, bouncin' infant, there was nothing in the world left but a cradle full of bones!—a wheening, keening, yelping, howling, screeching brat, that the tears were never out of its eyes, and the bawl never out of its ugly venomous little mouth, that was as full of teeth as a saw. Let the poor woman do what she could with it, its cry never stopped. It never ate a bit—there it was in its cradle, until it was four years old, and a leg it would never lay to the ground. The poor mother's arm was nearly dragged out of her body carrying the little imp about; for it would not lie easy in the cradle itself, not even while she was baking a griddle of bread for its father's breakfast in the morning. Well, my dear, from the time the child was three years of age, no matter how high the shelf was upon which the griddle of bread was placed, it was sure to disappear before the next morning. No one could tell how the bread went, until the mother thought of going to Tom Russel, the fairy man, and sure enough he soon let her into the secret who was the thief, and how to get rid of him. As usual, that very night the poor woman baked her griddle of bread, and put it up on a shelf that was over the hob. Shortly after she went to bed, and pretended to go asleep; but for all that she had an eye on the infant. She saw, in about half an hour, the babby that couldn't stir a step, sit stout up in his cradle—cock his ear one way, and then another—the mother gave a little snore, as if she was killed dead with the fatigue, and with that the puny imp of a divil flings all the clothes off, stands straight and clever as a grown man would, and gives a jump clean head over heels out of where he had been lying, and comes as light as a cork and as nimble as a goat into the very middle of the floor. With that he runs about, peeping here and there for the griddle of bread, and at last he spies it on the shelf.

"'Bad luck and confusion!' says he, 'to the ould fagot that put it up so high; I'm as hungry as a hawk, and as ravenous as a kite, and if I miss my jump to get at the griddle, I'll fall in the fire, and be burnt like a griskin—but here goes—it's a trick of youth, as the old fogy said, when he threw himself into the Liffy, and with that, my jewel, he goes to the very end of the room, to have a better run, and up he comes flying, and lighting as easy on the high shelf, as a sparrow would on the top of a house. Then if you were to see the grinning, and the jeering, and the laughing of the abominable gossom, and he pointing down at his poor mother, that he thought was asleep, and that he knew he was robbin'. At last he got tired capering about—but he takes the griddle of bread, that was as large as himself, under one arm, and with a jump sosses right into the middle of the cradle; and his poor mother fell asleep, listening to the noise he made munching and crunching the bread all night. The first thing she heard in the morning was the eternal yowl of the ill-thriven brat. She went over to the cradle, and looked into it. There wasn't the sign of as much as a crumb in it—it had all gone into his nasty gullet. She never said a word; but went out and borrowed a shovel—she put down a roaring fire, and clapped the shovel on the top of it. If you were to see how the weeny villian twisted in his cradle, when he saw what she was about—but never said a word, only kept keening on, as usual. My daughter, who lent the shovel to her gossip, went in to see what she wanted with it—

"'Ah! then, Judy a chree,' says she, 'what are you doing with the shovel?'

"'Waiting, gossip,' answered the other, 'until it is red-hot, in order that I may put that brat that's crowling there for many a year before me out of the door on it.'

"'Then more power to you for a one, Judy,' says my daughter, 'for its only ere-last-night, after eating your bread, that he jumped down our chimney, and began playing Scotch-hop with my saucers, so that the devil a bit of a whole delft he has left in the house after him. So, Judy, do you warm the shovel red-hot, and it's with a heart and a half I'll put the entire of his ugly carcase to fry on it.'

"'Then here it's for him,' cries Judy, bringing the shovel over to the cradle, and it frizzing and fuming with the white transparent heat.

"'And here,' says my daughter, 'is the babby, holus polus on the top of it.' With that she made a grab at the little fellow, but in an instant he darted out of the cradle, saying—

"'Oh, you unnatural bastes, is it a beef-steak you want to make of me? By my sowkins I was on a shovel oncet, but catch me there again, if you can—it's an ugly mark I have from it, and, a burnt child dreads the fire, is an ould saying,'—and with that he flew out of the door like lightning, and when my daughter's gossip looked round again, there was her own smiling, laughing, crowing darling back again—and that all by means of ould Tom Russel. But really, Norry Branigan, I'm afraid I've stopped you in the middle of your story."

"Why, Molly, as to you, once *you* begin a story, a person might as well try to stop a race-horse within ten-yards of the winning-post, as to catch a fast grip of your tongue. But here now is the real fact, which I have from Tom Russel himself:—while we were giving him money to do one thrifle or another for us, he was laying it all by for a lottery ticket, that the fairies tould him would come out a prize, and by dad! —as sure as you are there, a prize he has got, from Johnny Hatchet's office, in the Main Street, and there he is drinking away on the head of it like any other Christian, and spending his money as foolishly, as if there never would be an end to it."

"Well, Norry, there never was a truer saying than that some people are born with a silver spoon in their mouths—but how much money has he got?"

"Whew! it's past counting, the guineas are coming to him in sackfuls, and as to pound notes, he can light his pipe with them—he says himself he'll be a barrenight (whatever that means) afore he stops."

"Phillelew! but here's the real news entirely, all out, and altogether. Put that and that together—why, as he has the money, and a sup wouldn't do us any harm, we may as well go in, and hear what he has to say for himself."

"Never say it twicet, Molly jewel, as the lady said to the king when he asked her to marry him."

The subject of the foregoing dialogue was found, as he had been described, in a low shebeen house, in that portion of Clonmel designated the Irish-town. He had, however, from the time that Norry Branigan had seen him, made considerable progress in intoxication: with that neatness of gradation in the art of drinking which the Irish distinguish with such accuracy, he might be said to have passed the preliminary stages of "taking a morning"—"having a sup"—"a little hearty,"—"hearty"—"more sober than drunk"—"mellow"—more drunk than sober"—"tipsey"—half drunk"—"drunk"—he was, in fact, "three quarters drunk"—and had only a few stages further to go, namely, to be "very drunk"—"stupidly drunk"—and "dead drunk." It was in this happy state he was discovered by the two gossips—they were, like the rest, "treated," by his direction, and, with his imagination unimpeded by the slightest exercise of reason, Tom Russel thus gave an account, to his admiring and wondering auditory, of how he became a fairy man. It should be observed, that his story was frequently interrupted by his potations, and that he was "stupidly drunk" before he reached its conclusion.

"Here, boys!—here's long life to the fairies, and may they live until there's nobody to bury them! And any one that won't drink that toast, may be he'll be yet in a place that will be so hot he can light his pipe with the tip of his finger. Well, there's no use in talking, but it's the fairies that have been the real friends to me. And how do you think that happened? Why, then, I'll tell yees. Though I'm this day a mighty quare looking withered ould man, with no more strength in my arm than a sally-switch, I remember the time when I was the first hand in the county at a hurling match; and as to an alpeen, who was equal to myself in clearing a fair-green, or knocking saucepans out of a market?—but no matter!

"You see, it so happened at one time, that some how or another, I was in such thundering good spirits, that I got into as big a fight as ever a regiment of soldiers was called out to quell, and—that's all I know about it, only that when I wakened the next morning, what was the news, do you think, they had for me?—that I had killed one of the Ryans—by the powers! no less than Mick Ryan, a dacent boy he was—and the very last that I remember drinking with the night before—but then, you know, what would be the use in telling me a lie; as they said it, I suppose I did it—and mighty sorry I am for it, though whether it is true or not, from that day to this, may this whiskey be poison to me if I know.—Howsomdever, as I hard (heard) it was I that knocked the puff out of Mick, and that the police were after me, why, wat could I do, but be *on the run?* And the dicken's own long run it was, for I made off to England. Well, I won't stay to tell you what an unnatural sort of people the English are—may be I'll do that another time—but all I'll say is this, the people where I was, that's Liverpool, call themselves *the English;* but I'm ready to make my affidavy this very minute, that it isn't *the English* they talk at *all* at all, but a most unnatural sort of bog-Latin English, that I couldn't give you an idea of what it is like, unless I was to try to talk with a potato stuck upon one side of my mouth, and a lump of cheese crammed into the other. Now what do you think I did with myself there? My dears, I had always a mighty great *pension* (as the French say) for physics—and I hired myself out to a horse-doctor; and I learned more from him in the way of bleeding, and *dozing*, and blistering, than if I had been seven years in a potter-carrier's shop—indeed, since I began to be a fairy man, I never give for a Christian any other kind of a cure than what I'd order for a horse—and why not? Sure from the care they take of their horses in England, the fine houses to shelter them from the rain, the good food, and plenty of it to fill their stomachs, and the clean straw, and the cozy beds for them to sleep on at night, an English horse must be a far more tender animal than a poor Irishman, and what is good for the one, ought in due raison to be more than good for the other.

"Sure and sartin I am that I'd never have left England (though they have nothing like the real drop in it) to turn fairy man in Ireland, only that I never could stir out of the master's, that I wouldn't see Mick Ryan's name and my own pasted up upon every street. Now, I didn't like that at all; but I kept never minding it, until one day I was busy shoeing a horse, in walked two mighty ordinary, deceitful looking men; and I thought I saw the butt-end of a pair of handcuffs peeping out of one of their pockets. Over straight they walked to me, and says one of them to me,

"'Do you know one Tom Russel honest man?'

"'Well,' says I, 'though it's not in the regard of honesty you're looking after him.'

"'Can you show us to him?'

"Oh! thought I, it's the holy show you want to make of him. 'Then,' says I 'what will you give me?'

"'More than you can carry.'

"Ay, faith, if I wor to tell the truth (thinking of the handcuffs), it's you that would, and more than I'd wish to carry. I'd surely have my hands full, at all events. 'Well,' said I, aloud, to them, 'if you only stop until I shoe this horse, I'll bring Tom Russell to you.'

"'Ay, but we are in a hurry.'

"'Faith,' answers I, 'you must wait then until your hurry is over; for I'll never bring Tom Russel to yees, until I have done shoeing this horse. So, if you like, go and take a drop in that gin-shop over the way; and all I can say is, that if any thing could bring the same man to you, it would be the hope of getting a fine big drink. But mind, you're not to expect me until I shoe this horse.'

"And sure it was only the real fact that I tould them; for I never finished shoeing the poor beast from that day to this. The very instant they turned their backs, I never stopped to ask the master for my week's wages—indeed, to the best of my opinion I had got in my pocket that morning more for him than would pay myself for a month, and I was in too great a hurry to stop and settle the account—but out I cut, and made my way back to poor ould Ireland again, where, after all, one man that hath killed another (by accident) has a far better chance of keeping out of the sight of that migthy unbecoming ornament, a judge's black cap, than he has in England.

"I kept wandering, and meandering, and not knowing where to go, like a dog in a fair, until one day I was passing through the Bothered Glen, that you all know is on the other side of Slievenaman, and lay down there on the other side of the streame, as tired of myself as a tinker of his wallet."

Tom Russel here took a full glass of strong whiskey as if for the purpose of giving a fillip to his imagination, and then proceeded.

"As I had nothing else in the world to do, I kept looking at the clear streame that was brawlin' and brawlin' about my ears, as noisy and as furious as a schoolmaster, in a passion, and gazing down at the little pebbles that the water had made as smooth as marbles, when what should I see lying in the middle of them but a great big white cockle-shell. 'Arrah, then,' says I, putting my hand down in the stream, 'what in the world brought a cockle-shell, may be all the way from Bonmahon, to lie down here in the Bothered Glen?'

"With that I took it, cleaned it in the end of my cravat, and as I had no other means of divartin' myself, I put it down on the strame again, to see if it could swim.

"May be I wasn't surprised when I saw it sail away beautifully rising up and down so iligantly over the waves, just like a boat in a rough sea, and exactly as if there was som
side of it taking a
from the big ston
and that if it hit
leave it fit for a p

at last, by the greatest seamanship it arrived at the other side, and hardly had it got there, when I heard a voice saying,

"'Mightily obliged to you, Mister Russell. It's you that's a dacent man, to take my boat out of the water, clean it for me, and enable me to get over that dirty bit of water. It's five hundred and fifty-five thousand years, nine months, fourteen days, six hours, forty-five minutes, and twenty seconds, that myself and my shell have been lyin' there; and though many a one has seen the distress I was in, there was nobody but yourself ever thought of helpin' me. Beyond money, or the eatin' and the drinkin', ask me for what you like, and I'll give it to you.'

"'Then faith, your honour, these are just the very things I would like to have; but sure you can save me from being cotcht in the regard of Mick Ryan?'

"'Make yourself aisy, Tom,' says the voice, 'for from this day out they might as well try to lay hold of a sunbame, as place their unnatural paws upon you.'

"'And may be,' says I, 'your glory would tell me how to make money yet?'

"'Yes,' says the voice, 'as sure as you've a nose on your face, and how to get it in the lottery, too; and it's this way—'"

"What way?" asked the talkative Mary Walsh.

"Bother!" replied the fairy man, "I'm not so drunk yet, that I'm going to tell you all my secrets. But listen to our discoorse, and if you can't stop talking any other way, put a pewter mug on your countenance, and never cease drinkin'.

"'Then please your magnificence,' said I to the voice, 'how am I to make out my livin' while I am waitin' for my own ticket to be drawn?'

"'Turn fairy-doctor,' said he, 'and I'll stand to you like a brother.'

"'And where will I settle?' says I.

"'Where they'll ask you for no rint,' says he.

"'Ah! then where's that?'

"'On the top of Slievenaman, where you'll be *above* all the landlords in the county.'

"'Thank your honour,' I said; '[illegible] be you'd let me look at you, [illegible] a fairy!'

"'Troth, and Tom,' says he, '[illegible] that same, as I have been so long [illegible] that I am really nothing better than [illegible] bill.'

"'If you arn't [illegible] how,' observed myself, '[illegible] the strame. But [illegible] you, for I'm not the [illegible] either, no more [illegible] your [illegible]

"'Well, here I am for you [illegible]

"'Where [illegible]

"'Here!'

"'Ah! then [illegible]

the [illegible]

despair

breast-

care

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Like a bird pursu'd and weary,
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Even now, in age, a fond regret
Subdues my haughty eyes to tears!
Immitigable sorrows swell
My bosom, when I would forget her;
And yet 'tis true she loved me *well*,—
But then—she loved another *better!*

How oft the quiet lanes along,
At morn, at noon, at gentle eve,
I led her steps, and told in song
The bliss that mutual hearts might weave!

With downcast eyes she trod the dell,
  Complained that doubts and fears beset her,
Then told me that she loved me *well*,—
  But, ah! she loved another *better!*

Her friends combined to urge my suit,
  While I with passionate outpouring
Struck all expostulation mute,
  And soon to heavenly bliss was soaring,
She gave her hand—and need I tell
  How much I thought myself her debtor?
She manifestly loved me *well*,—
  But, ah! she loved another *better!*

A bird returning to his mate,
  And finding mate and nest both gone,
Is not more dreary desolate
  Than I, one evening, left alone,
My faithless spouse had tolled the knell
  Of all my joys,—for in a letter
She left me word she loved me *well*,—
  But that she loved another *better!*

THE CHAINED EAGLE.[*]

The Serpent still intrudes in Eden's bowers!
  Man's moral plague-spot rankles everywhere!
  Least did I deem to see it festering there,
Within that magic dome of founts and flowers,
  And grottoes cool, and scenery so fair—
  All, save that brand which man delights to wear!
  His world becomes one endless scene of strife,
Of anguish, and oppression! Angels weep,
  As they beheld this despot of the earth
Rule with an iron sceptre, those mute things
Who have the most mysterious gift of life,
  And owe to the same common Father birth;
Who, taught by instinct, His commandments keep,
  Whilst their oppressor, drunk with power and pride,
  Thy sacred mandates, Mercy, dares deride,
To ape the monarch;—though the King of kings
  Has placed a light—a law—within his heart,
  From which he every moment turns apart.

* * * * * *

Behold yon Bird! it is a living thing!
  If life it be to sit, and droop, and gaze,
  Without a movement of that sinewy wing,
    Which once sustain'd him to such giddy height,
    He seem'd a speck to man's astonish'd sight:
  If life it be to lose all life's delight,
    And gaze unconsciously, with dim, dull eye,
    On buzzing insects, as they flutter by—
  That eye, which one drank in the solar blaze.
    Yon Bird, so motionless he seems a stone,
  Has yet the breath of life, the spark divine!
    He has not moved a feather or a limb
    For the whole hour that I have gazed on him,
  Indignant at so proud a being's plight,
And thinking only of that poor bird's wo,
Regardless of the gay, delusive show,
Of rocks and waterfalls, above, below,
  And can that be the monarch of the skies,
  Who soar'd toward the sun with unscathed eyes?
The Royal Eagle sits alone,—alone,
  Chain'd to a rock, Prometheus-like, to pine,
  Year after year, in darkness or sunshine!
He utters no complaint; he makes no moan;
  An emblem of Despair! sublime in grief!
  He scorns all pity, asks for no relief.
  Behold those Sparrows, his companions now,
(As insolent as man, in man's distress),
Insulting him with their low happiness!
  Upon his regal head they chirp and mow,
  As if he were some old decaying bough:
He heeds them not—too deep is his despair!
  Quench'd is all anger in that monarch's breast!
On them he deigns not e'en one look, one care;
Nor on the mimic rock and waterfalls so fair—
  Too much his mighty spirit is opprest.
Light sorrows in complaining find relief;
But the sad heart, surcharged with mighty grief,
Finds all the solace life can e'er bestow
In deep abstraction,—silent, hopeless wo.
  How *thinks* that eagle in his hopeless sorrow?
Would that I might his secret feelings know!
  Has he no *inward* comfort? Grants that he
  Ideal rocks and sunny clouds may see,
  His absent mate, his royal progeny;
That blessed visions of the *past* may cheer
His present gloom, his every future year:
  And may they brighter glow, poor bird! to-morrow!
Farewell, thou injured monarch of the sky!
I would not, if I could, attract thine eye,
  Lest I should rouse thee to deep sense of pain
Out of thy wrapt and melancholy dream,
  And make thee feel how galling is thy chain.
Farewell! I will not see thy form again,
  Lest I should send an arrow to thy heart,
In mercy to thy hapless fate I deem;
  Yet ere from this Swiss cottage I depart,
I'll write upon its wall thine Elegy,
That other hearts may pity thee, like me.

EPITAPH ON THE EAGLE.

Tyrannic man! he has escaped thy power;
  The vital spark thou didst not give, is fled:
Thou can'st not torture him another hour—
  The royal captive, thanks to God! is dead.

Upon his lonely bed he closed his eyes,
  Midst mimic scenes of country grand and free,
Midst waterfalls, and rocks, and radiant skies—
  As if to mock him in his misery.

To be an object for a childish toy,
  By thee he had been doom'd to years of pain;
Deprived of natural rights, and every joy:—
  Seek out some other captive for his chain!

Yet pause!—let Mercy's golden voice be heard—
  She pleads—not me—for all who breathe and move:
Since every creature, whether beast or bird,
  Is an effect of all-creative Love.

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[*] On visiting the Colosseum, and seeing an eagle that had been chained to a rock during a period of *six years*, night and day, only that it might be an object for spectators of Swiss scenery, artificial cascades, mountains, &c., from the windows of a Swiss cottage—the great attraction of that ostentatious show-booth.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

SKETCH FROM MEXICO.

It was a fine looking, but deadly broiling noon on the sea coast of Vera Cruz, when the jolly boat of the Mexican frigate "Libertad" pushed off for the ominous island of Sacrificios. What condition this miserable patch of distempered sand may be in now, we cannot say: at the period we allude to, it was a most wretched place, whose only inhabitants were lizards, turkey buzzards, vermin of all classes and grades, a "garrison" of half a score of ragged Mexican soldiers, and several negroes, who kept huts, where fiery *aguadiente* drams and rank Campeachey cigars were vended. It was a glorious place for the orgies of the yellow fever. Human bones were strewn about in all directions.

The boat of the national frigate, that was now pulling for the island, was like anything but a British man-of-war's boat. ' A midshipman in a broad straw hat, with one side of the brim bent down and held between his teeth to keep off the sun's rays that glared upon the sea, was lolling in the stern sheets, puffing a long cigar from the other corner of his mouth. He seemed to be thinking as little of the "sickly season," as of his present duty. His blue jacket was like those worn in our own service, except the Mexican eagle and serpent upon the button; but there was a profusion of gold lace upon his white kerseymere trowsers, whose purity was in a rapid way of defacement from the hot ashes of the cigar which continued to fall as the boat rode over the unequal waves occasioned by a coming "norther." His boat's crew consisted of an English cockswain and three half-naked *costas*. A man-of-wars's boat, with three oars, is a very fine sight indeed! It spoke volumes for the state of the Mexican navy. At the bottom of the boat lay two Mexican marines at full length, and guarded by four others, with loaded muskets, and a serjeant. One of the prisoners was amusing himself with certain small and interesting intruders in the region of his dark matted locks; the other was fast asleep. They had been found guilty of insubordination and mutiny against an officer, and were ordered ashore to be shot.

Their ostensible offence was not, however, the only cause of their present sentence. There was a *secret* cause that had excited the officer's most deadly enmity against them. Availing himself of the very lax morality of the country, the said officer, partly by bribes to her parents, but more by promises that were poetically magnificent and equally fabulous of result, had possessed himself of a pretty coal-eyed *nina* from the interior, who had now been under his fostering wing some six months. Pablo, her lover, who was a young *paysano*, had quickly followed and entered the national marine, in the hope of discovering some day, by watching the movements of his officer, in what quarter of Vera Cruz his lost fair one is secreted. This he was not long in effecting, as the town is small, and at this period was very thinly inhabited, owing to the sickly season, and also to the frequent firing of the Castle of St. Juan Ulloa, which was not then subjugated. The officer not being aware of the previous acquaintance of Pablo with his beautiful Indian, though he was well aware that his bribe to her parents had rendered some young suitor miserable as well as herself, took no measures to keep him out of the town by extra duties on board gun-boats or other vessels, so that frequent meetings between the lovers ensued.

Don José, the captain of marines, was a man very much addicted to falling in love; and though by no means intending to return his first fair one to her parents, had recently become desperately enamoured of the wife of one of his men, named Perez, who had been long in the service, but was descended from some old Castilian "stock" or "blade" in the Spanish armies. Don José finding the object of his new passion impregnable to all his assaults, scornfully refusing his bribes, and laughing at his lies, made an end of the siege one fine dark windy night, and carried her off by force to a distant quarter of the town. Meantime he took especial care to keep her husband continually afloat, "on duty."

Perez, however, with all the acuteness of Argus-eyed jealousy, soon discovered what was transpiring ashore. He meditated sundry schemes of signal revenge; but upon mature reflection, not finding any of them to his mind, he determined, with all the patience of one who has a fixed purpose, to wait till he could effect it entirely to his wish.

Perez and Pablo were shortly after transferred with a few other marines, on board the schooner Tampico; when accidentally becoming acquainted with their mutual wrongs, they agreed to take the next opportunity, when ashore, of waylaying our sea-landsman Lothario. The consequence was, that Don José narrowly escaped with his life from the hand of the justly vindictive Perez; and seeking refuge and consolation a short time after at the abode of his first youthful victim was met at the door by her lover Pablo, who threatened certain death if he attempted to enter, then—or at any future period. Don José drew his sword fiercely; but recollecting that his rank made its use unnecessary in this case, retired to the guard-house, and sending a party of his men to seize Pablo, had him quickly shipped off to the Libertad frigate as a prisoner. Here he was soon joined by Perez, who was in a similar predicament; and a summary court-martial having tried them, without any weight being attached to their half-heard defence, they were ordered the punishment of death, for offering violence to the person of their commanding officer.

In pursuance of this sentence, they were now being conveyed to Sacrificios for execution next morning at day-break. The boat landed them with their guards, and then pulled off again for the frigate.

The crew of the Libertad (though the naval officers were all English) was composed of an ungainly mixture of Portuguese, French, and Mexicans; some *called* "marineros," others in the shape of marines; and British seamen. A party of the latter had been to Sacrificios in the morning with the launch, and having giving their officer "the slip," had congregated in the negro-huts, and there treated themselves and the Mexican raggamuffin soldiers from the dilapidated guard-house, with plentiful potations of aguadiente—to drink King George's health! When the prisoners arrived, the "soldiery" were in a very disorderly state; staggering about proudly, striking their breasts and exclaiming, "Mejicàno! Mejicàno!" and occasionally, by way of gratitude for their exhilarated condition, mingling the name of his Britannic majesty, pronounced "*ad libitum*." The interference of the new comers, who claimed more authority than was due to their rank, upon the impertinent score of being quite sober, gradually induced a disturbance and broil, during which the two prisoners escaped, and made off to a remote part of the island.

Upon such a place as Sacrificios it was scarcely possible that they could remain long undiscovered; and to leave it was equally beyond hope. The two men, however, hid themselves in a hole under the lee of a hot and crumbling sand bank. Here, in hoarse whispers, they spoke of *their* approaching fate, and at sunset they had come to the following determination.

Though sentence of death had been passed, it had nevertheless been left at the option of Don José to pardon either, or both, if he pleased; the offence, though not investigated, being evidently of a private and not a public nature. If, therefore, one of them could kill him when he came to Sacrificios to enforce their sentence, the other taking care previously to surrender himself at the guard-house, so as to prevent his implication, it was very probable that the latter would be pardoned, and the former only suffer. Who should do the deed was settled in a very characteristic manner. The Mexicans are most confirmed gamblers; and as to death, they are as careless about it as can be imagined of any people. Perez drew forth a very small and dirty pack of Spanish cards, and they agreed to play for every thing they possessed; (this may seem "forced and unnatural" to the Great Cockaigne;) when the one who lost all his money, silver buttons, trinkets, cigars, and clothes, though the latter only were not to be taken, should kill Don José by any means he could, either secretly that night, if he came there, or openly the next morning.

And thus in ghastly silence, at the dusk of evening, while the sound of the sea upon the near shore come surging low upon the ear, exchanging nods and looks at each other, indicative of the progress of the game—oft pausing to listen if those who were searching for them were approaching their hiding place,—did these two men sit crouching in the sandy hole, with their knees touching each other, and their eyes bent close down upon the obscure oracular cards, to decipher their fate as they alternately displayed them in the fast fading light.

By the time the moon was an hour high, Perez had won every thing belonging to his comrade. He accordingly rose, and receiving from him his money, consisting of a quarter dollar and sundry medios, his buttons, tobacco, half a pack of cards, three gilt rings, and two rosarios ornamented with tinsel and little green silk tassels, they embraced each other several times, with looks of sensibility and affectionate intelligence—that perhaps had never before been expressed upon their features—and parted.

Perez immediately betook himself, by a short cut, to the guard house, and surrendered himself in all humility to three half drunk dancing soldiers, and a sedate, towering-drunk corporal. The rest, who could stand, were all out in pursuit, headed by Don José, who had subsequently arrived on the island.

Meantime Pablo, after a pause to collect himself for the accomplishment of the deed that had thus devolved upon him, slowly and cautiously moved forth to reconnoitre. He had not proceeded far when he heard the sound of approaching men, forming one of the parties that were in search of him and his comrade. As they came nearer, he clearly distinguished the shrill harsh voice of Don José. The young Mexican made a rapid yet noiseless descent to the sea shore, along which the party were approaching, and heading them before they were well in sight, stole himself into the sea, and swam, or rather floated, as low in the water as possible, till they had passed. He purposed following them, in order to watch his opportunity when Don José might be separated a short distance from his men; but the former manœuvre was rendered unnecessary by Don José seating himself upon a stone to rest, giving orders to the soldiers as to the direction in which they were to search before rejoining him.

They were no sooner out of sight than Pablo issued from the sea and advanced rapidly towards Don José. The latter thought at first that it was a messenger with news of the fugitives; but seeing the glitter of a drawn blade, added to a peculiarity of manner in the approaching figure, he started up and placed himself in a posture of defence. The young Mexican, though new to the service of arms, was most expert, like many of his countrymen from the interior, in the use of the knife; and grasping his bayonet in the same style, it became a dreadful weapon in his hands, which nothing but an equal skill in his antagonist's sword could withstand. Don José had scarcely time to recognize and call upon him to surrender himself, ere Pablo attacked him with a spirit and vigour that precluded all further parley not even giving him breath to call for assistance.

The contest was not of long duration. Don José wounded Pablo slightly several times, but fearing to make a thorough-going lunge, because if it failed his own fate was pretty certain, he continued to retire backward a step at a time, till stumbling, he fell at his length, and his antagonist, striking the sword from his hand, stood over him with his uplifted weapon.

Don José instantly rose upon his knees with his hands elevated to avert the descending point, and begged his life. Pablo paused a moment indecisive; when remembering his faith plighted to his comrade, he exclaimed, "No—you shall die as you deserve; but I will not kill you in that attitude. Rise, and take your sword once more, and be quick about it lest your men return." As he said thus, the young Mexican drew himself up with that degree of abstraction and dignity which generally accompanies the sudden transition of feeling in a magnanimous action; when the wily Don José sprang upon him like a tiger-cat, and snatching the bayonet from his relaxed hand, thrust it deep into his breast, and Pablo, with one long convulsive gasp, reeled and fell lifeless upon the sand.

Don José quickly returned to the guard-house. Finding the other prisoner already in custody, he gave the strictest and most peremptory injunctions as to his safe keeping, and chuckling, with bitter glee at the further satisfaction he should have in the morning, betook himself to rest.

When Perez understood the fate of his comrade, he as readily saw his own, and with one shrug of the shoulders reconciled himself as well as he could to the unlucky disappointment and its consequences. In the course of the night he drew forth his tattered pack of cards, and offered to play with the soldiers who were guarding him for all he had. They thought it would be very easy to win every thing from a man who was to die in the morning, and of course could have no need for, and must be equally careless about losing his money and "valuables." They were deceived. Perez never played with so much skill as upon this occasion, and his luck, by a freak of fortune common enough in *such* cases, was unfailing. He made the most hazardous bets, and won them; he gave any odds upon any card, and still won. Having nearly possessed himself of all the money, ornaments, and other trumpery of the soldiers, he was obliged to desist, as the dawn was breaking; he therefore gave them in charge to one whom he could depend upon, to be conveyed to his wife in Vera Cruz, together with *a short message*, between an adieu and an injunction.

At gun-fire aboard the Libertad—from which "the garrison" of Sacrificios generally took their "time"—Peraz was led forth to execution with a segar in his mouth. We do not say that he was insensible to the end that awaited him; but knowing that it was inevitable, his presence of mind was disturbed by no hopes, and his nerves were not of a kind to be shaken by fears. The only thing that superseded indifference, was a bitter sense of the injustice of his fate. Though a Mexican by birth and parentage, his grandfather had been a soldier of some small rank in Old Spain, and Perez seeing nothing but Mexicans around him, thought he could not show his own contempt of death sufficiently without including the people of the country he was about to "quit," and who were to be his executioners. A feeling of pride also, from a sense of his wrongs, made him ambitious of placing himself above the tools of arbitrary power. As he was being conducted to a convenient distance from the party of marines and soldiers who were to fire at him, he laid his hand upon his breast, with an air of hauteur, as though he had descended from a grandee, exclaiming—"Soy Español! Castellano! y no Mejicano mestizo.*

Don José, with an enraged voice, ordered the foremost party, who were marines, to load. While they were doing so with their usual awkwardness, Perez addressed the officer with scornful composure, holding his cigar between a finger and thumb.

"Don José, you are a coward. I know it by your having killed Pablo. He was far more expert with his weapon than you with yours: his death must have been effected by some foul trick or promise."

With a furious execration, Don José snatched a musket from the hand of the marine nearest to him, and fired at his victim. The ball missed him, and Perez with a grim smile, taking a whiff of his cigar, spoke again:

"Don José, you were a brutal piccaroon to carry off my wife by force, but you were a fool before that, to suppose that she, or any other woman, would have left me, Español! Castillano! for such a lizard-faced, spider-limbed thing as you! As to those noisy barrels pointing at me——"

At this moment a volley from the marines silenced him for ever. The ghastly hue of death overspread his countenance, and the blood issued from several parts of his white dress, trilling down in long branching rills into the sand.—With eyes fixed upon Don José, he stood a moment—tossed his cigar scornfully upon the ground—and folding his arms, fell backward stone dead, without a groan.

Don José returned to his marine corps in Vera Cruz, exulting in the end of his rivals. He did not long enjoy his ill-gotten triumph over his unfortunate men; for a few weeks after, he was found murdered in the streets of Vera Cruz, close by the Santa Fé barrier. The deed was traced without much difficulty, or the lazy "authorities" would never have traced it at all—to the wife of Perez. She was accordingly fined five dollars, and ordered to be imprisoned a fortnight; the triviality of which punishment was not owing to any sense of political or moral justice—that being about the average estimate of the value of a life in Mexico.

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*I am a Spaniard!—a Castillian!—not a mongrel Mexican.

TO COURTESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Hail to thee, Courtesy! Thy smile is bland,
Thy mein attractive, and I love thy voice;
Yea, even in the wave of thy white hand
There is a charm that makes all hearts rejoice.
Sweetly thou canst refuse,
And sweetly beg—
Canst bow, and make a leg—
But when thou givest,—O the heavenly muse!
How beautiful art thou! To me, to me,
Come, gentle spirit, with thy face of glee!
Come with thy hand enclosing a bank-bill,

Sweetest of givers, come! Through good, through ill,
Giving, or not, thou know'st I love thee still!
Thy power is infinite. Blest maiden, say,
Who like thyself,
Can give or take away—
Or ask a man to dangle on a rope,
Just to oblige thee, and yet calmly hope
He will not take it ill, the sorry elf—
As Horace Walpole tells—Horace who pass'd
A long, long life
Without a wife,
Which caus'd that life of his so long to last,

The gaoler walks into the convict's cell
Stroking his chin the while,
All bows, and grace, and smile,
"I hope, my dearest friend, I hope you're well.
How slept you, my sweet sir? Bad dreams? Ah, yes;
A man so delicately plac'd as you
Must find the time most heavily to press.
I have a small request—oblige me, do—
A little trifling thing. A short excursion—
A week or so—we all must have diversion—
My wife and I would take
A trip across the lake—
You would not spoil our trip—your heart is tender:
I cannot go, you know, till you are hung.
To-morrow fortnight into heavenly splendour
Must gently launch you from this world of sorrow"—
Here Courtesy tipp'd with honey goaler's tongue—
"Oblige me, do, and just be—hung to-morrow."

That's Horace Walpole's: listen now to mine—
He shone by wit, so I, by fact, may shine.
Comptroller of the Customs—blest employ!—
Was Mr. Samuel Sims; and his address
Was such as Chesterfield would teach his boy,
Polished with all the grace of courtliness.
Had Sims but knock'd his head against a wall,
Like some I know too well,
He would not swear and bawl,
Damning the bricks and mortar down to hell;
But back, with a bow, *unconsciously* would fall,
Exclaiming, though the knock had been a "hard 'un,"
"Excellent sir, I humbly beg your pardon!"

Sims was seventy-six,
A fine old figure, upright, tall and grand;
Time certainly had long contriv'd to fix
A legible writing, with his bony hand,
On Samuel's features, in a good round text
Of wrinkles—yet the word had charming sense;
To read, the dullest could not be perplex'd.
The word inscrib'd there was—BENEVOLENCE.
Conspicuously neat,
From head to feet,
Sims walk'd t' his office duly every morn.
A head of glistening silvery locks, so white,
It made you look upon him with delight,
Flow'd on his shoulders, waving and unshorn.
He was so striking, that, in fact,
You could not help, sirs, when you met,
Looking full at him, with a stare, deep set.
Then, to complete this very ill-bred act,
When he had pass'd, as one stare would not do,
You'd turn right round, and treat our friend with two.

Didst ever a man-mastiff see?—
A bull-dog-headed brute—a burly hound,
Gross and growling; who must ever be
In a blue coat, with large brass buttons found,
And hands in small-clothes' pockets fixedly—
One who has turn'd his penny to a pound;
Who being well to do, to make an end on't,
Becomes a bear, and thinks he 's independent.
Just such an one had taken up a *post*,
Literally upon the king's highway;
And, as Sims pass'd, each morning he engross'd
The pavement nearly—and not for a day;
But days, and weeks, and months, there stood the bear,
With his terrific stare,
Yet never spoke,
Thrusting his head plump into Sims' face.
"This is no joke,"
Thought the mild elder, "Yet I cannot trace
That monster's features in mine aged brain.
Perhaps the man knows me. It 'svery plain
I 'm growing old; perhaps he thinks me rude.
I cut him!—I cut no man—never could.
I 'll bring this doubt, however, to an end,
And speak to-morrow to my bluff-faced friend."

Well, on the morrow, gentle Mister Sims
Came to the spot to try his courteous plan.
There stood the post as usual—there the man
Propping up with it his enormous limbs;
And his great head, as was his wont, he ran
With open jaws, that breath'd not of the south
With violet odours laden, right in Sims' mouth,
And goggled at him with his wondrous eyes.
Recovering his surprise,
The fine old man fell back a step or two,
Bowing, with smile benignant, "How do you do,
My worthy sir?" said he, with proffer'd hand,
"I hope I see you well?" "*Don't know ye,*" roar'd the brute,
With bull-frog voice. Beyond expression bland,
Was Samuel's voice, as he, with tone of lute,
Most musically said,
"Believe me, when I solemnly aver,
I'm very vastly glad to hear it, sir."
Here with another bow, he backwards slid;
"I was afraid
You DID."

From the Metropolitan.

OF THE CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS WHICH PREVAIL IN WALES.

THE population of the British isles, like that of most other important states, is of a very mixed character—the ancient Britons, as well as their neighbours, the Gauls, were of genuine Celtic race; while their invaders the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, derived their descent from the Goths. The early inhabitants having been deprived of their possesions by the rapacity of the successive hordes of plunderers who deluged their shores, and who nearly exterminated them by their ferocity, were at length compelled to retire to their almost inaccessible fastinesses; and from this feeble remnant of the original population are descended the inhabitants of Wales, Cornwall, the Highlands of Scotland, and some remote districts in Ireland. In Cornwall the Celtic language has long since become extinct, but it is still spoken in great purity by the Welsh and the Scotch Highlanders, the Irish and the Bretons; which last named people are also derived from the same venerable stock. Although the dialects in use among these different branches may in some respects vary, still that circumstance by no means militates against their identity; a separation of twelve centuries is quite sufficient to account for it; nor should it be forgotten that although the inhabitants of the United States of America have separated from the mother country at a period comparatively recent, the language spoken on the eastern and western shores of the Atlantic is by no means the same. The customs which prevail among these kindred people are no less similar than their language; and the same resemblance may be observed in some of their superstitions, derived, no doubt, from ancient legends and traditions which were once common to the whole Celtic tribe. The following remarks, however, are only applicable to the inhabitants of the principality, and may, perhaps, afford some amusement to the English readers, most of whom are much better acquainted with our ancient rivals the French, (now, by the way, become our most faithful allies,) than with our fellow-subjects the ancient Britons. The English and the Welsh nations, indeed, present a remarkable contrast in most essential particulars; the peasantry more especially, who almost invariably preserve the longest the distinctive marks of their origin; and these humble sons of Anglia and Cambria have very little in common, with the exception of a very full measure of majesterial oppression, and clerical domination and rapacity.

The legends and traditions that have so long prevailed in Wales, like those current among all very ancient nations, are adhered to with a tenacity which appears to acquire fresh force with the lapse of time. To those who have attentively considered the structure of the human mind, this will not appear surprising: man, by nature weak and credulous, imbibes with facility erroneous notions, and wanders with delight in the mazes of speculation and superstition—he cherishes, with parental fondness, the offspring of his imagination, and, being the creature of habit and the slave of prejudice, becomes at length unwilling to abandon those chimeras in which he has so long vainly indulged. Nor have unprincipled but sagacious spirits been wanting, who with a view of turning the weakness of their fellow-creatures to their own advantage, have plunged them still more deeply into the gulf of ignorance.

In confirmation of these remarks, it will be found, if the records of history are attentively examined, that almost every political chief who has succeeded in obtaining possession of supreme power, has accomplished his ends by instituting and propagating a system of delusion. And why? Because it was evident that by increasing the mental blindness which was already but too prevalent, and thickening those deceptive mists which on every side encompassed the understanding, the chains forged by tyranny and avarice would become more firmly rivetted. The conduct of that licentious and ambitious man, Mahomet, may serve as an example; who, in order to acquire an unlimited influence over the minds and actions of his countrymen, commenced by deluding them, and, having shrouded himself in mystery, from the inmost recesses of his sanctuary, promulgated a system of specious and attractive absurdity. How well he succeeded it is needless to state, and it is almost superfluous to add, that the spirit of Mahometanism, so far from having been tempered during the course of centuries, has, on the contrary, acquired additional vigour; so prone is human nature to cling without examination to established dogmas merely because they are old. It appears, also, to be natural to man to reverence that most highly which is the least known and the least understood; and the sovereign of China, well aware of this fact, allows his subjects to see him only once in ten months, lest their respect for his august person should be diminished by a more frequent exhibition.

Cæsar and Napoleon, who strongly resembled each other, not only in character but in circumstances, appear to have been less willing than most of those in possession of supreme power, to have recourse to the usual arts of mystery and deception. Of the former, at this distance of time, little can be said with certainty; but of the latter a tolerably competent opinion may be formed. No man ever assumed a greater ascendancy over his cotemporaries by mere force of character and extent of genius; yet even he, who rose to power by the overthrow of ancient and corrupt institutions, deemed it necessary to call to his aid the absurd but imposing ceremonies of the Church of Rome. How far they availed him it is needless to inquire; but it would not be rendering justice to his memory to abstain from stating, that if he re-established some of the external splendour of Catholicism, he recalled into existence but few of its secret abuses.

The philosophers of antiquity are not entitled to be exempted from the general charge; for so far from having been desirous to make their doctrines clear and intelligible, they appear to have been anxious to render them as obscure and incomprehensible as possible—their object, apparently, was to mystify, not to instruct mankind. Neither were they disposed to devote themselves to those pursuits that were most likely to conduce to their own comfort, and the welfare of their fellow-creatures; for neglecting those subjects that were really within the range of the finite intellect of man, they attempted to live into the nature of those that are remote, and which can have no very great influence on human happiness.

Every rule, however, hath its exception, and it would be unjust to include in so severe a censure, the ancient Welsh bards—a body of men who have not only greatly increased the stock of rational enjoyment, but who have proved of eminent use to the community. By those who are not well acquainted with the system of bardism, generally, and very erroneously, styled Druidism, the bards are regarded merely as poets, which was by no means the fact, as they were rather to be considered in the light of public instructors, historians, ambassadors, and heralds. But as it was customary to deliver their maxims through the medium of verse, poetry consequently, became an indispensable qualification, and poet and bard at length became synonymous terms.

Bardism consisted of three distinct orders—*Barrd, Derwydd*, and *Ofzdd*—the Bards, Druids, and Ovates, whose duties were perfectly distinct, but the limits of this paper preclude a detail of them. The primitive and principal objects of this venerable institution appear to have been the reformation of morals and the revision of customs; the promotion of charity and benevolence; the preservation of peace and tranquility; and the celebration of all that is good and excellent. A strict adherence to truth was deemed of such essential importance, that the bards in their compositions, were never known to have recourse to the meretricious aid of fiction; and as truth is the soul of history, their writings should be considered invaluable historical documents. To the public records, which were entrusted to their custody, they made constant additions, by faithfully narrating all memorable occurrences: they were employed to negociate important treaties, and specially appointed to regulate armorial bearings and register pedigrees; a practice of the utmost utility, and even highly necessary in a community in which surnames were not generally adopted until a very late period.

However justly the bards may be entitled to our gratitude, as having been the most efficacious instruments in the dissemination of civilization and learning, they have a still stronger claim to our veneration, since they were also the depositories of truth. In this latter respect they may be advantageously contrasted with most other learned corporations, which, with the view of attaining and securing an undue influence. have commonly misled and deceived those who looked up to them for instruction. When it is recollected how little reliance can be placed on the generality of historical records, it is highly gratifying to reflect that implicit faith may be reposed in all those that have been transmitted down by the bards during many centuries.

The Druids having been at length supplanted by the Catholic priesthood, the same system of deception was by degrees introduced into the principality as had been successfully practised by their brethren in other countries, and the same exclusive privileges were claimed and enjoyed for they were alike intent on checking the diffusion of knowledge and obstructing the light of truth—the most effectual method of keeping their fellow-creatures in a statute of subjection.

It has been already remarked, that the more ancient the tradition the greater is the quantum of faith usually reposed in it—the Jews still continue to expect their Messiah, as the Welsh, for many centuries, indulged in the hope of re-appearance of the renowned Prince Arthur. Since it has also been shown that man is not only prone to deceive himself, but has been constantly misled by those whose duty it was to enlighten and instruct him, it should not excite surprise, however it may excite pity, that superstitious tales, dignified by those who are weak enough to believe in them by the imposing name of "Legends," should so generally have been prevalent. Most of those now current in Wales, may be safely referred to the times of the monks, and many of the remarkable customs still observed by the peasantry are evidently of Druidical origin.

Of those traditions which appear to be derived from Catholic times, is the "*Canwyll Corph*," or the "Corpse Candle," which was, doubtless, one of the many inventions of the monks. This absurd superstition is said to be confined to the diocese of St. David, and the circumstance which is supposed by the credulous to have given rise to it, may be thus concisely related. St. David, desirous of being favourably remembered in his old see after his translation to heaven entreated that his flock might receive some special mark of divine favour. His prayer was granted, and he obtained a promise that no one should die without having previously received an intimation of his approaching dissolution. This was to be a light, which should proceed from the habitation of the individual, whose death was thus foretold, to the churchyard, and by the very same road along which the funeral was afterwards to pass. Of the existence of this supernatural signal the generality of the peasantry, and even many inhabitants of towns, are fully persuaded—they also suppose, that the light is vivid or faint according to the age of the person forewarned; and if the candle should deviate from the path that conducts to the church, they imagine the corpse will do the same.

Another of the superstitions, called the "*Teula*," is a phantasmagoric representation of a funeral: apparently of the same nature as the second sight of the Scotch.* The peasantry (and, strange to say, not only the peasantry,) will seriously affirm, that if they did not move out of the road when they meet with this mournful procession, they would inevitably be overwhelmed by the *pressure* of the *aerial* crowd. They also state—and it is as easy to *state* one thing as another—that the spirits they behold are always those of persons with whom they are perfectly well acquainted, whom they distinctly recognize, and *as distinctly* hear chanting hymns!

The "*Plygain*," which means the "morning twilight," takes place on Christmas morning, an hour or two after midnight, when prayers are read in the churches, and service is performed in the places of worship belonging to the dissenters, where the people remain singing hymns till break of day. They carry with them candles of various colours and those that remain when the service is over are the perquisite of the clerk. This custom it is hardly requisite to observe is also a relic of popery,

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* Qu.—Is not this superstition confined to the inhabitants of the Hebrides?

The "*Ychain Bonawy*, or *Banos*," the "oxen of the summit of the mountains," another wonderful tale that is pretty generally credited, is supposed to be derived from the mythology of the Druids. They are reported to have performed certain wonderful feats of strength, such as pulling enormous mountains asunder with little difficulty, and transferring them from place to place with equal ease. These formidable animals are occasionally heard to bellow with terrific force by true believers.

The "*Cwn Annwn*," "dogs of hell," or, as they are sometimes denominated, with more propriety, "*Cnn Wybir*," "dogs of the sky," are a very extraordinary pack, as they are occasionally heard hunting in the air by those whose sense of hearing is particularly acute, although it has never been ascertained of what game they are in pursuit. They are said to be particularly noisy previous to the dissolution of any wicked person, and are described by some as of a clear shining, white, with red ears; others, however, maintain that they are jet black, ears and all, which triffling difference would lead to the supposition that they are of the true chamelion breed, and may also occasionally be found of a blue or green hue; indeed, as that creature feeds on the very element in which these dogs hunt, it is not at all unlikely that they are of the same genus.

The customs observed previously to and on the celebration of marriage, are clearly relics of Druidism. A week, or more, before the wedding day, a person called the "*Gwahodder*," "the inviter or bidder," is sent round to all the acquaintances of those about to be united, with an invitation to the wedding, which is called a bidding.* This messenger, who carries a long pole, the end of which is decorated with ribands, delivers the invitation, partly in verse, to each family, and also states the helps and benevolence expected from all who may be present at the ceremony. He then enumerates the preparations made to entertain the guests, such as a good supply of provisions and music. If the party are in easy circumstances, they send by the *Gwahodder* circular letters of invitation, in English. As the marriage is always celebrated on Saturday, among that class by whom these customs are observed, on the Friday the "*Ystafell*," or the "furniture of the woman," is carried to her future home, and usually consists of a substantial oak-chest, a feather-bed, bed-clothes, and other household furniture—the man providing a bedstead, a table, dresser, and chairs. Presents are received during the evening in money, butter, and cheese, at the residences both of the man and the woman. This ancient British custom is called "*Pwrs a gwregys*," or "purse and girdle," and a supply is thus provided for a newly married couple by whom it is repaid at some future period on a similar occasion—the presents, with the names of the donors, being recorded by a person styled the clerk of the wedding.

On the wedding morn, the friends of the bridegroom to the number of a hundred, repair to his house on horseback, where they are regaled with bread and cheese and ale, and make their presents, or repay those that have been made by their host at their weddings, which is called "paying *Pwython*." From among these visitors, ten, or sometimes twenty, of the best mounted, are selected to go and demand the bride in marriage. The woman although nothing loath, feigns reluctance, and affects coyness; but after much altercation, which is usually carried on in verse, the deputies are admitted, and invited by the father to partake of cold refreshments. During the continuance of the dispute, the girl makes grievous moans and lamentations, counterfeits tears, and pretends to tear her hair. At length, bewailing her cruel destiny, she consents to yield, and is mounted behind one of her relatives on the best horse in the stud. They then proceed to church, and as a quarrel is generally the result of these poetical contentions, it is settled on the way by bruising and cudgelling. Fresh pranks are now played, and the friends of the bride gallop away with her as if they really wished to carry her off. Accidents, consequently, frequently occur, and she sometimes receives serious injury.

On the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, the bride and bridegroom are accompanied to their residence by their friends, who are regaled with cold meat, but pay for what they drink.—On the first Sunday, the new-married couple remain at home, and receive "Goodwill and pwython," that is to say congratulations and presents, this day being termed "*Neithior*." On Monday morning, as the cellar is usually by that time at a low ebb, the cheese and butter are sold, by which means, and the gifts that are received, more than £50 are sometimes collected. The following Sunday they are attended to church by some of their friends, and thus the affair is terminated.

The ceremonies observed by the middle and lower classes at their funerals, in most parts of the principality, are undoubtedly of popish origin. Candles are lighted every night, and one of the family sits up with the body. On the evening previous to the interment, a crowd of persons repair to the habitation of the deceased, and having gazed on the remains with a sigh, proceed to lend their assistance in demolishing an immense cake, which is placed in a room below. Cold meat and ale are also provided for those of the lowest rank. The minister of the parish (but now more commonly a dissenting preacher) then unites in prayer with those assembled, and this is usually continued till nine o'clock, when the company retire. This night is called "*Onglês*."

The next morning, the ceremony of visiting the corpse is repeated, when a person is stationed at the door of the chamber with cakes and wine, which is presented to the visitors as they enter the room, who seldom require much pressing. A plentiful cold dinner is then spread out on several tables, and as the house is never large enough to accommodate all the guests, the poorer sort are seated without on stools, and supplied with cakes and warm ale, flavoured with spice and sugar. When it is thought that the body has been sufficiently exhibited, the coffin is closed. This is the signal for the commencement of marvellous narrations, for as it is nailed down, one of the bystanders assures his companions, who always lend a willing ear, that he had heard exactly such a noise some time before, and felt certain that a death would soon occur. Other superstitious tales of the same nature are then related, and listened to with earnest attention.

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* For the form of a Welsh bidding, see the end of this article.

The bier is borne by four of the nearest relatives, who appear to be proud of this mark of distinction. The clergyman, having also played his part at table, stations himself in front of the coffin: as it is elevated, the assembled company sing hymns, and continue chanting until it has been removed from the house, when the minister mounts his horse and proceeds to the church.—The singing is repeated whenever the procession passes through a town or village, or even by a house, and when it reaches the gate of the cemetery, the clergyman, arrayed in his surplice, places himself at its head, the singing is resumed, and the bier, being carried into the church, is placed near the altar, all the relatives of the deceased kneeling around, until it is removed to be deposited in the grave. The will, if any has been made, is then read, after which the mourners retire, with the exception of the more intimate connexions of the deceased, who generally stay to partake of tea and *cwrw*.*

Such are the customs still prevalent amongst the descendants from the earliest inhabitants on record, in this island.

W. L. S.

FORM OF A BIDDING.

October 20, 1832.

As we intend entering the matrimonial state, we are encouraged by our friends to make a Bidding on the occasion, on Wednesday, the 7th of November next, the young man, at his father's house, called Ynysan, in the parish of Cayo, and the young woman, at her father's house, called Glan-yr-afon-ddu,† in the parish of Talley; at either of which places the favour of your good and agreeable company is most humbly solicited, and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on either of them, will be thankfully received, warmly acknowledged, and most cheerfully and readily repaid, whenever called for on a similar occasion.

By your most obedient servants,

Thomas Edwards,
Elizabeth Edwards.

The young man, his father and mother, (John and Sarah Edwards,) and brother, (John Edwards, Glanrannell,) desire that all gifts of the above nature, due to them, may be returned on the said day, and will be thankful, with his brothers and sisters, for all favours granted.

Also, the young woman, her father and mother, (Edward and Margaret Edwards,) desire that all gifts of the above nature, due to them, may be returned on the above day, and will be thankful, with her brothers-in-law and sisters, for all additional favours conferred.

From the Metropolitan.

A DEATH-BED SCENE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

BY MRS. GODWIN.

> "Ah! little think the gay, licentious proud,
> Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
> They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth
> And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
> Ah! little think they while they dance along
> How many feel, this very moment, death,
> And all the sad variety of pain."
>
> Thomson.

"One half the world know not how the other half live." This might with equal truth be said of the closing scene of life's drama: one half the world know not how the other half die. We hear of the ravages of a pestilence, we read in public journals the daily bills of mortality, announcing the number of its victims; but the list only affects us in proportion as it awakens apprehensions of danger to ourselves. The idea of individual suffering, especially if it occur principally among the lower classes, seldom presents itself. Death in the chambers of the great, prostrating his prey on the bed of down, swathed in fine linen, carefully curtained by purple and gold, watched by assiduous nurses, surrounded by weeping friends, and snatched from all the luxuries and flattering hopes of life—this calls forth our sympathy, and we pathetically bewail the hard lot of the child of affluence, because he must obey the destiny common to his species. But Death in the squalid abodes of poverty, stretching on the comfortless pallet the infirm and the destitute; Death in all his naked ghastliness, undisguised by any of those arts by which the wealthy seek to veil his terrors—from such a picture we turn disgusted away, and instead of endeavouring to diminish its horrors, strive to forget that they exist.

It is the misfortune, I might say the reproach, of the present age, that so little sympathy subsists between the several classes of society, Whatever bond of union might in former times have linked the poor and the rich together, it is now almost broken. Separate interests, separate enjoyments, separate sorrows, separate everything. The dray-horse is scarcely more distinct from his master, than the lord of the soil from his labouring tenant: from mercenary motives neither would goad the inferior under his command beyond his power of endurance, but this is too often the only restraining motive. No reciprocal duties, no interchange of confidence or of kindly offices, and as little intercourse as the important question of pounds, shillings, and pence, or the intrigues of a county election, admit of. The lives of too many of us insult the poor by a repetition of the galling sentence, "Ye were born to work, we to play." For the children of the rich, ingenuity invents a thousand toys and diversions; they are literally surfeited with a foretaste of the good things in store for them, *their* birthright. Of the children of the poor we only think as of a race of hardy, but inferior beings, destined to furnish us with domestics; drudgery from the cradle to the grave is *their* inheritance; to anything like independence or recreation they have no pretensions, and if occasionally granted them, ought to be regarded as a gracious boon. They must be hoodwinked,* lest they should learn to see: trained to servitude as young oxen are habituated to the yoke. And what is the reward of this life of toil and dependence? what is the solace of their age? A scanty pittance, grudgingly dealt out to them by the overseer of the parish, or an asylum in the workhouse, subject to the power of its superintendent, often an imperious and unfeeling taskmaster, whose iron sway embitters the remnant of their lives.

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* Ale, pronounced cooroo.

† The glen of the black river.

We speak with horror of the prevalence of *caste* in our Indian settlements, and send out missionaries to preach to the besotted natives against abominations that outrage the loveliest ordinances of nature; and in this we do well; but we should do far better if we opened our eyes to abuses and unnatural distinctions at home, almost as contrary to common sense and to the spirit of true Christianity, as the institutes of Brahminical law. Miserable earth-worms that we are! Less than mites in the stupendous scale of existence: doomed to decrepitude, disease, death, and loathsome corruption and only rescued from instant oblivion by qualities wholly independent of birth, rank, or worldly estate, what right have we to treat any one of our fellow-worms with arrogance or contempt? With what an eye of indignant pity must the all-wise, the omnipotent Creator of worlds innumerable, look down upon our ephemeral greatness? Divinely hath Wordsworth sung—

> "Know that pride
> Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
> Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
> For any living thing, hath faculties
> Which he hath never used, that thought with him
> Is in its infancy."

If we sympathise little in the ordinary pursuits of the poor, independent of their influence upon our own comforts, still less do we trouble ourselves about them when sickness or sorrow disables them from ministering to our pleasures. Decked out by the hand of fashion in the most costly attire, we roll along the highways in our elegant and luxurious equipages; but give not a thought to the meanly clad pedestrian, whether he be footsore and weary, fainting beneath the summer sun, or pinched by the winter's cold; it is a matter of indifference to us, who are the *élite* of our species, the royal bees of the hive, fed on daintier aliment. We give sumptuous feasts—is it to the hungry, starving wretches, unto whom the crumbs that fall from our prodigal tables would be the salvation of life?* O no! but to those diseased from re-

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* I have heard it argued, especially by the fair sex, that the daughters of the poor ought not to be taught to read and write, because it unfits them for servitude. In other words, a ray of light might penetrate their minds, showing them the folly and injustice of their mistresses, and their own right to be treated like rational beings. A female acquaintance once complained to me of the *ingratitude* of her servant, who was actually going to marry and leave her! And what was the debt of gratitude this monster of disloyalty owed her mistress? For the enormous stipend of ten pounds per annum, and some of her mistress's cast-off ribbons; she toiled from six o'clock in the morning until eleven, frequently twelve, at night, for she was one of those most luckless of God's creatures, a servant of all work, in London; for this she drudged all day in a cellar, and lay all night in a garret. One example more I will cite of arbitrary authority, trivial in itself, but betraying the same spirit; I record it principally because my fair readers shall not accuse me of partiality, for the offender in question was of the *nobler* sex; an old Bengalee colonel, with a mind jaundiced as his complexion, who had returned from the east to enjoy his rupees, his liver complaint, and his prejudices, in a country that possessed not a single charm for him. Seated one day over his Madeira and champagne, the sounds, the *moderate* sounds of mirth and hilarity ascended from his kitchen even to his aristocratic ears. The wretches had, then, the insolence to laugh and be merry in a state of servitude! Ringing the bell furiously, he commanded silence on pain of their all being instantly turned out of doors. The natural consequence of this is, our servants, finding themselves valued only as beasts of burden for the quantum of work they are able to perform, feel no interest in those they serve. The engagement entered into is on both sides strictly mercenary, one party striving to extort as much labour as possible for the stipulated hire, the other turning to as profitable account as may be, the time spent in so irksome a bondage. In nine cases out of ten we are ourselves instrumental in making the bad servants against whom we so clamorously complain. When our domestics are sick, the law provides that we shall not turn them out of doors; but how do we too often fulfil its humane intentions? I heard a lady deplore the tedious illness of her servant, not on the score of the patient's protracted sufferings, but of the inconvenience to which it subjected herself; estimating the disadvantages by the number of days lost to her of the girl's services. But this is trifling to what might be brought forward. I could tell a tale of horror where life was the sacrifice, and if I am silent, it is not from lenity towards the offenders, which, in such a case, would be a culpable weakness; but because I fear their crime is one that would not fall under the chastisement of the law.

* Since writing the above, the following paragraph, in a newspaper just sent me, has met my eye.

"DEATH FROM STARVATION AND COLD—. Thursday an inquest was held at the Feathers, Dean Street, Westminster, on the body of a young man, name unknown. He resided at one time in Old Pye Street, and tried to pick up a livelihood by cutting pieces of turf in the fields and selling them for sky-larks. The frozen state of the ground interrupted this employment, and he sold the shirt off his back to buy a loaf. The next day he complained of chilliness and trembling of the heart. On Sunday he crawled pletion—those who, upon the omission of a sauce, or the slightest *dérèglement* in the order of the courses, would rise from partaking of our hospitality to make us the laughing stock of our *friends*; who would hear of our lodgment in the King's Bench without so much as interrupting for a moment the routine of their selfish gratifications.

To say that we are ignorant of the existence of wretchedness, that we are sorry for it, and would relieve it if we knew of it, is no excuse, but rather an aggravation. It is our bounden duty to inform ourselves how the less fortunate of our fellow-creatures fare under the heavy burden of poverty which is their portion. If instead of a career of mad ambition we were actuated by the nobler aim of enlightening their minds and ameliorating their lot; if a vain and idle competition in those very luxuries, whose superabundance is a reproach to us, should give place to the laudible design of dispensing the comforts of life to those who stand in need of them; then, in lieu of bitter disappointment, our reward would be that peace which passeth understanding: we should not then hear with fear and trembling, as we must now do, if we believe in the religion we profess, the awful declaration, that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

Can we then wonder, taking as we do so little heed of their condition, moral or physical, that the labouring classes should, in an ignorance we make but feeble efforts to remove, be ever ready to raise a hand against us? I am a lover of order, an advocate for peace foreign and domestic; holding in veneration every thing that is sacred, and in abhorrence every species of violence. A state of anarchy would, of all others, be most inimical to the reform, the *radical* reform, I propose. The abuses I reprobate would be increased rather than diminished by it, and the lawless agitators and levellers who achieved it would usurp the stations of those they had dispossessed, only to graft upon the vices of their predecessors the monstrous one of practice ever at variance with principles. An atmosphere of political tranquility is the only one congenial to the desirable change I contemplate. A far different influence than brute force or factious cabal must eradicate the deeply-rooted canker in the social system. The reformation, which ought to embrace all grades, must begin with those who from their exalted station, and from the power arising out of wealth, give the tone to society. Let them enjoy their honours, wearing them however a little more meekly; instead of insane notions of their own exclusive prerogatives and inherent superiority, let them cultivate sentiments of extensive philanthropy, and that "charity which vaunteth not itself, neither is puffed up," and without which they are as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," vain and unprofitable in the sight of Heaven. Like the thread of gold which a skilful hand insinuates into the web, so intimately intertwined with those of coarser material, that the entire fabric, instead of exhibiting an incongruous effect, or the weaker texture being fretted by the stronger, derives from it a price, a beauty, and solidity, not otherwise attainable, so ought the rank and wealth of a community to be indissolubly interwoven with the interests of its humblest member.

I have been led to these observations, which have carried me further than I intended, by an affecting incident that lately fell under my immediate notice among the mountains of Westmoreland. The scenery of our English lakes is now so well known, that probably the majority of my readers are familiar with the very spot which will be the theatre of my simple narrative.

> "An ordinary sorrow of man's life,
> A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed
> In bodily form."

The beauty of a December morning (it was during the short frost of last winter) induced me to sally forth with the intent of wandering as chance might direct, over the picturesque chain of rocky hills that lie to the westward of the small but romantic Lake of Rydal. The snow upon the low lands lay only thinly sprinkled, while the summits of the higher mountains were entirely covered. The profusion of oak, everywhere showing its livery of rich brown, prevents this charming country, even in the most dreary of the seasons, from appearing cold or denuded; besides which, we have the holly with its shining dark green leaves and scarlet berries, the prickly gorse, the Scotch pine with its straight columnar bole and massy foliage, the birch tossing in the breeze its naked but beautiful purple twigs pendant from a silver stem, the hazel bearing on its pliant branches the promise of autumnal fruit, and last, though not least, the prodigal ivy clinging in clustering wreaths to every old wall and grotesque tree, and weaving a natural drapery over the gigantic rocks, increasing the resemblance they often bear to a line of ancient fortifications. Such is the winter clothing of this favoured district, and which, on the morning I speak of, viewed under the influence of the early sunbeams, burst on my delighted vision as if I had then, for the first time, been fully awakened to a perception of the loveliness reigning around me. And the mosses! and the rich enamelling lichens! what tongue shall tell their magnificence!

> "Mosses it were a sin to tread upon!"

Thus hath one written of them whose soul na-

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to the workhouse, and the next morning was found dead. An old pauper, aged eighty, said no medical man was sent to him, and the groans of the poor fellow during the night were heart-rending. No one came to visit the ward. The nurse explained this by saying, that she thought the deceased either mad or labouring under the influence of liquor. Mr. Ollier, parish surgeon, said the deceased had died from inflammation of lungs, brought on by exposure to the cold and want of food. Verdict—*Died by the Visitation of God.*"——Rather say, by the heartless neglect of his fellow-creatures!

ture hath imbued with some of her finest poetry.[*] Never did the hand of man fashion such jewellery, in colours so brilliant and variagated, and in forms so diversified, from the greenest emerald to the reddest ruby. Volumes might be written about them, and yet the half of their splendour be left untold. I now beheld them intermingled with the diamond frost-work, emulating their most fantastic varieties—here shooting into clusters of stars, there assuming the appearance of wreathes of foliage, or congealed in drops, rivalling in beauty the pearls of Cleopatra's ear-rings. Before me lay the gem of the lakes, converted, by the magic of winter as by the wand of an enchanter, into a sheet of the purest crystal, tracked in every direction, here in lines, there in circles, intersecting each other, by the feet of the skaters, who

> " All shod with steel
> In games confederate, imitative of the chase
> And woodland pleasures,
> Hiss'd along the polish'd ice."

In the centre of the lake, locked, one might without difficulty have fancied, in eternal stillness, arose the two small and graceful islands that distinguish it, calm and solemn, covered with their primeval wood;—

> " Those giant yews that frown o'er Rydal's mere."

Their most striking feature, however, is the group of Scotch firs that adorn the smallest, giving at all times and seasons a grand effect to the prospect. I have seen them in the clear light of morning beautifully reflected in the surface of the water, looking like a sylvan temple erected by no mortal hand; again, beneath the rich and evanescent sunset, their trunks, tinged with the crimson flush everywhere prevalent, resembling pillars of the red granite; but at no hour did they, in my opinion, assume so poetical a character as during the mystic reign of twilight, when gleams of pallid light upon the lake alone contrasted with the general outline of their dark and indistinct masses; when the ancient herons, for centuries perhaps their tenants, used to cover like a dim grey cloud their funereal tops, or wheeling with hoarse screams, hovered about them ere they alighted after the predatory excursions of the day, to roost in their sombre and sheltering branches.

I pursued my way, leaving the lake to the right, along its already mentioned rugged western boundary, until the neighboring dale began to open to view. Before me arose those majestic peaks, those "lusty twins," so peculiar in their formation, visible from so many parts of the district, and always grouping in the happiest combinations with the surrounding mountains. Their bold fronts covered with virgin snow, but still displaying the deep fissures that bear testimony of a sterility that defies cultivation, grandly defined upon the clear cold azure sky, a portion of whose celestial hue was infused into the dreary white of their array, they stood in their unrivalled glory like two Titanic sentinels guarding the entrance of the vale. For a considerable time, as I continued the ascent to the higher ground, I still heard the shouts of children, joyous peals of laughter, and sound of the rapid skate as it sped along the lake below; these were often mingled with abrupt and startling noises of the cracking ice, or the rush of the under current; a crash, like the report of artillery, or the loudest thunder, reverberating among the rocks, and awakening their drowsy echoes. In my progress, I crossed many a mountain runnel, flashing forth in limpid purity from its hidden source in the turf, or welling from some miniature cavern, in summer the nest of the earliest tuft of primroses, and the resort of birds, who love to haunt these solitudes, the stone-chat, and the water-wagtail, or that little bird of unpretending plumage, called by the country people the bessy-donker, and now, even in winter, distinguished by the greenest moss, and beset with pendant icicles, while the impetuous and half-impeded rill, leaped with a tinkling sound over globlules of crystal, its own consolidated spray. I gained the elevated plain lying between the two valleys: its surface is broken into innumerable hills, some formed entirely of masses of shivered rock.

> " By lichens gray and scanty moss o'ergrown
> Where scarce the foxglove peeps or thistles beard."

Others, again, offering to the browsing sheep a delicate and aromatic herbage, thickly interspersed with bushes of the juniper, richly, darkly green, and with the russet plumes of the bracken every where abounding, and now peeping from amidst the snow. The amplitude of nature was spread out before me; it was a scene whose stillness was interrupted but by the occasional bleating of a sheep, that had strayed from its companions, or the short bark of the sagacious dog that was ascending from the opposite dale to herd them. The sky above me was one vast dome of molten sapphire, unbroken from all the four points of the compass save by the crescent line and faint disk of the new moon, and by one singular white cloud, in shape like the back-bone of some antediluvian monster, spanning the sky from east to west, and said by the weather-wise to portend storm. A fleecy vapour, it is true, clung midway around one of the highest of the more distant range of mountains, seeming to cut it in twain, suspending its summit in air like a floating pyramid. The elastic, the ethereal atmosphere I inhaled, that indescribable sense of power and of pleasure experienced equally by him who climbs to the high places of nature's illimitable fane, and by the man who is borne across the deserts of Africa and Arabia on a steed whose fleetness mocks the wind, raised my spirits to a state of unwonted exhilaration, while my mind and heart at every step seemed to expand with the scene. It was one of those moments of rare occurrence in life, at least in mine, when existence is felt as a blessing without alloy; when the thought of death steals over us with additional gloom, as though it were indeed a hard and cruel destiny that decrees our departure from a world replete with glory, beauty, and happiness, whose perfect appreciation above, seems commensurate with eternity.

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[*] The author of the "Isle of Palms."

Such were my thoughts, such my feelings, when gently descending from one of the loftier eminences, I came abruptly in sight of one of those antique farm-houses, whose picturesque irregularity has grown out of the law of necessity, a feature in the rural landscape belonging almost exclusively to Westmoreland and Cumberland, and most graphically described by Wordsworth in his admirable account of the scenery of the North of England. It stood, as such edifices usually do, in a hollow, sheltered by a cluster of old sycamore trees, backed by a slope mapped with fields of the richest verdure, and encroaching, as far as cultivation can encroach, upon the sterility of the mountains beyond. The structure before me included a homestead, barn, and shippen, fenced in by a ruinous stone wall, which seemed as if it had grown up out of the earth, or had fallen from time to time from the solid rock, so entirely did its colour and clothing of moss and lichens harmonize with the cliffs and crags around. The low and irregular roof of the heavy dark grey slate, now almost superseded by the lighter, but far less pleasing blue slate, was deeply weather-stained, and overgrown with patches of velvet moss, brown and green, with the houseleek and the yellow stone-crop, now blossomless, but like all else, garlanded by frost-work, that shone in the sun like cascanets of gems. As I approached it more nearly, I sought in vain for traces of husbandry, or of the dairy-farm. No richly embrowned stack greeted the eye in the yard, no cattle were enjoying their fodder there, kindly dealt out to them in the winter season by the provident farmer; even those usual accompaniments of every rural dwelling, pigs and poultry, were wanting. There was, indeed, a small garden, containing a few frozen cabbage-stalks, and rows of leafless gooseberry bushes, and a bee-cote, with one solitary hive; but this, and a lean cat, seated meditatively upon a projection of the wall, seemed the sum total of the wealth and live stock of the establishment. The gates were shattered off their hinges, the doors of the outhouses mere apologies;—in a word, every thing wore that air of poverty and dilapidation, announcing at a glance that the once flourishing and comfortable farm-house had degenerated into the cottage of a hind.

I was now within a few yards of the premises; the desolate aspect of the place had already struck a sudden chill to my heart, when I heard the piercing sound of infant sorrow issue from that lonesome dwelling, and presently two little mountain children, apparently brothers, nearly of an age, the one not exceeding five years. the other four, their chubby features flushed with weeping, rushed out of the porch. In accents that might have penetrated the rocks around their mournful abode, they cried aloud, "Father's dead—father's dead, and mammy's away!" upon which they redoubled their piteous sobs, as if their little hearts would break. Mine seemed leaping into my throat as I followed into the cottage the poor babes who had just announced to me in so pathetic a manner their orphan state. Alas! the sad spectacle that met my view, confirmed the melancholy tidings.—Never while I live will that moment be obliterated from my memory: perhaps the sudden revolution my own feelings sustained, the abrupt transition from a pure and serene gratification, to the contemplation of a scene of mortality and desolation, heightened its gloom, for never did the aspect of death appear so terrible to me as presented to my eyes in that ruinous and deserted house. Upon a low and miserable bed, placed in an obscure corner of the only habitable room, and but partially covered by a woollen rug all in tatters, lay the body of a man, from which it was evident, for it was still warm, the breath of life had newly departed. And, O God! what a form was that stretched out in utter helplessness before me! Hardly arrived at the prime of life, certainly not exceeding it—that manly form, whose every limb, though now attenuated by sickness, was symmetry, whose entire structure might have furnished the sculptor with a model for the Meleager or the gladiator, lay stiffening into all the frightful rigidity of death. Perhaps the final agony had been endured in the horrors of desertion—uncheered by a human voice, except the infantine wailing of his children, and embittered by the thought that this untimely dissolution was leaving them destitute. The head lay on the extreme edge of the pillow, into which posture it had probably sunk in the act of dying: the collar, of coarsest checked linen, was open, and displayed a finely proportioned throat and muscular breast; one arm hung down by the bed-side, the fingers resting upon the floor. The contour of the head, from which a spotted red and white handerchief that had been tied round it had fallen, was remarkably fine—of that formation we are accustomed to call classical; the forehead expansive, though corrugated, the effect doubtless of pain and anxiety, and surrounded with clustering curls of dark hair slightly intermixed with grey. The nose in perfect proportion with the other features, the lips thin and compressed, but firm, the jaw square, and fringed by the thick and curling coal black beard, which from neglect had also covered the upper lip: but the eyes! the sunken eyes! "those windows of the brain from whence the soul looks out," there had death imprinted his sternest terrors! glassy and meaningless: my hand instinctively pressed down upon those lustreless orbs the clammy lids, and shut the fearful secret from mortal gaze for ever.

My first care had been to ascertain if life had indeed wholly fled; my thoughts then pondered on the probable cause of the mournful scene of which I had become an involuntary spectator. The thin and pallid cheek told me that at least days of suffering had preceded dissolution; the lips too, were streaked with blood, of which there was some upon the bed-clothes, still more upon the floor beside the bed. From these tokens it appeared likely that the rupture of some vessel in the lungs had been the immediate cause; beyond this all was mere conjecture.—When I asked the children if their father had been long sick, one answered "Aye," the other "Nay." It is singular that they should at once have perceived the true state of the case, instead of mistaking that for temporary sleep which was eternal; but a species of instinct seemed to have advertised them of the presence of the king of terrors, or perhaps the sight of the blood had persuaded them that such a sign could not but indicate departing life. The hapless little creatures had crept up into the window-seat, where their gradually subsiding sobs were still audible. The eldest had recommenced cutting a stick with a clumsy knife; the youngest, whose innocent countenance, with its clustering and sunny locks, forcibly reminded me of one of Guido's cherubs, was playing with a splendid butterfly in the window-sill, the languid but gorgeous wings of the insect, crimson, mottled with purple, the warm beams of the mid-day sun had caused to expand.

Reader, if you are familiar with the manners and appearance of mountain children, so different from the precocious and puny offspring of the poor of cities, you will, without my imperfect aid, picture to yourself the demeanor of these orphans. Like the hardy sheep that browzes upon the tall cliff which is their play-ground, they are at once shy and fearless—wild, innocent, and gleeful; untainted by the cunning, the love of mischief, the embryo deceit that is engendered by a contact with other imps of the same age. The flowers of the field are their toys, birds, insects, and the snow-white younglings of the flocks their playmates: the rude folds and pasture that surround their home are to them a world of wonder and delight. The echo of their own shrill voices ringing among the hills is their music, and the stones in the running brooks are their books and tablets. The fleecy clouds of the summer sky, and the rolling vapours and howling storms of winter, to them are perpetual sources of contemplation and instruction, awakening and expanding the first gleams of infant intellect. The day is too short for their simple pleasures, but night wraps them in sleep, that invigorates alike their mental and bodily powers. Their food is of the coarsest kind, and without variety from year's end to year's end; but it is rendered sweet and palatable by an appetite that seldom fails, sharpened by the keen air of their native mountains. Their clothes, as in the example before me, are often of a fashion the most uncouth, a texture the most homely, for here the spirit of competition reaches not. Vanity has no hand in their attire, nor does the heart of the mother burn with envy of the finery with which some wealthier neighbour is enabled to adorn her children, thus early instilling a similar feeling into the little victims themselves. No, the prudent housewife is content to array them in clothes of her own making, formed of the shreds or remnants of her own or husband's habiliments. Were all children like my young ones of the mountains, there would be no need of those admirable and benevolent institutions, Infant Schools, but the lot of their little brothers and sisters in adversity, doomed to inhabit towns, is widely different.—To them such an asylum as the school affords, from the contamination of vice and from personal danger, such an instructress as the kind and steady matron there presiding, are blessings indeed.

I was aroused from the meditations into which the scene of death had plunged me, by the old clock, whose monotonous ticking had hitherto alone broke the solemn silence, striking with a loud and whirring noise, the hour of noon.—The day had all at once, so it seemed to me, become changed; the huge ribbed cloud whose grotesque form had arrested my attention during my morning's walk, had with gigantic strides, expanding as it proceeded, and collecting from all quarters auxiliary vapours, entirely covered the sky, weaving over it a filmy web, through which the sun, instead of shining out as it had early done with unobscured brightness, struggled feebly with wan and uncertain beams.—The wind too was rising, and swept with a moaning sound the leafless branches of the old sycamore trees, and roared fitfully in the wide chimney, where a scanty fire sent up a scarcely perceptible line of blue smoke from the turf embers. The distant mountains were now enveloped in a dense haze, every thing indicated a coming snow-storm. I could not, however, be the risk of personal inconvenience what it might, have found in my heart to leave those helpless orphans alone in that chamber of death. There was not another habitation within sight; the spot was in every sense lone and desolate. Unaccustomed to the sight or the accents of strangers, my language was but imperfectly understood by the children. In reply to my questions relative to the absence of their mother, and the probability of its duration, they could only tell me that she was gone to buy meal at Jane Wilson's shop, and would be back before dinner-time. Poor innocents! they knew not that their accustomed dinner-hour had already sounded: the only token of such a consciousness was their repeated visits to an antique cupboard, where the oat-cake was kept. At length from their station in the window-seat they descried their mother approaching and vociferously announcing the glad news, darted from the cottage to meet her.

Heavily laden with the marketings for her small household, the poor woman entered her home. Large drops of perspiration stood on her forehead, and steeped her dishevelled sandy locks, but whether they were the effect of exhaustion, or of the sudden communication made by the children, it were difficult to decide. Unlike her deceased husband, she, poor thing! had little beauty to boast of. She was hard-featured, and I at first thought her physiognomy repulsive, though I afterwards changed my opinion. It was care-worn, and expressive of an almost Spartan endurance of pain, mental and bodily; the same cold, stoical calmness characterized her manner. Even in that trying moment, when the first sight of her dead husband burst upon her, the anguish of her soul betrayed itself only by a slight quivering of the lip, and tears glistening in her faded eyes. Where other females would have shrieked, fainted, or gone into hysterics, she stood firm and unflinching, silently and steadfastly gazing on the face of the corpse, and when she *did* speak, these few and emphatic word's, "*He's gotten it over then!*" alone gave vent to her thoughts. O what a history is contained in those few words, the usual expression of the poor when one of their community is taken away by death! "He has gotten it over!" the weary pilgrimage of life is at an end—he is at rest from his troubles. Instead of a matter of lamentation and condolence, it is rendered by previous hardship one of congratulation. This beautiful world which I but one short hour before had thought it so sad to be doomed to leave, was to him whose eyes had just closed upon it for ever, a scene of trial and of privation from whence the sooner he was released the better.

She had greeted me with a passing curtsey as she entered her home—such a moment was no time for ceremony; but in the midst of her sorrow she did not forget the respect she considered due to a stranger, and one of a station superior to her own. Thinking her children intrusive, who, since their mother's return, had become more familiar with me, she more than once rebuked them, contrary to my wish. I was desirous to hear from her own lips some account of the deceased, whose fate had so deeply interested me. I regret that I cannot give it in her very words, but the dialects of the northern counties of England, unlike those of Ireland and Scotland, are coarse, inharmonious, and unfit for narrative. I prefer rather to offer, in a more connected form the particulars imparted to me.

They had, I found known better days, and while happier prospects were smiling around them, had looked forward with rational hope, arising from the consciousness of having by their industry and undeviating integrity deserved it, to spend the evening of their age tranquilly and comfortably together. Unlike too many of their degree, Gilbert and Agnes Martindale had not entered imprudently into the married state.—Fellow servants in the house of an opulent farmer, they had early felt a mutual liking, and this, perhaps, was the incentive to their pursuing a system of unusual economy. Their hard-earned wages were carefully laid by to answer, at a fitting time, the expenses consequent on setting up house-keeping. This was a good beginning; they married, took a small farm, and had the satisfaction, after having stocked and furnished it, sparingly at first, to feel themselves free from debt. Every thing went prosperously with them; their crops were heavy, and, owing to Gilbert's judicious management, well got in; their fields in a promising state of cultivation, their cattle thriving and increasing. The butter made by the hand of Agnes bore the highest price in the market, its superior quality causing it to be much sought. The year their little boy was born, the elder of the two introduced to our readers, after having paid their rent, tithe, and taxes, and settled all their accounts, they found the balance in their favour. The necessaries of life, though none of its superfluities, abounded in their humble home, where disease had not as yet showed its meagre visage. Another year of equal prosperity brought another little mouth to feed; their second boy was born, but that welcome event was followed by a calamity that came upon them like the thundering avalanche that overwhelms in a moment the châlet, and with it all the hopes of the hardy Switzer. Allured by an interest somewhat higher than that ordinarily attainable, they had, with a credulity prevalent among their class, placed the whole amount of their savings in the hands of an attorney, resident in a neighbouring town. This man was one of those unprincipled monsters, who, in order to support an inordinate ambition, or a profligate expenditure, prey without the smallest compunction upon the hard-working and unsuspecting, swallowing up, at one fell swoop, all their substance. Is it not a curse that such miscreants infesting a civilized community, and bringing irretrievable ruin on some of its must valuable members, are not amenable to condign punishment? In placing their yearly savings in the power of this degenerate limb of the law, Gilbert and Agnes Martindale believed their little all as safe as if locked in the royal treasury. He was generally thought a man of property and credit, and his dishonesty was only manifest when the exposure was too late. They were fearfully undeceived, having for their only consolation the sorry one of sharing in the misfortune of an infatuated multitude. When the rascal was declared insolvent, it was found that nearly half the county were his dupes, but it was upon small farmers and servants that the grievance pressed the most severely. The earnings of years, were gone as it were in an instant.—They went to sleep at night, rich in their own estimation, and awoke in the morning beggars; and the mockery of a dividend of two or three shillings in the pound was felt rather as an aggravation of the wrong they had sustained.

How was that year's rent to be paid? was the startling question asked of each other by the unhappy Gilbert and Agnes. It had been set apart ready to answer the May-day demand of their landlord, but that too was gone with the rest.—He was not a hard man and did not distress them; but O how galling it was to Gilbert Martindale, for the first time in his life, to look a fellow being in the face, conscious that he owed him a debt, without the power of payment! Still they did not despair—incessant labour, and an economy even more rigorous than before, might, in time, extricate them; but fate had marked them for destruction. The summer drought and the autumnal rains ruined their crops; their cattle died of a prevailing distemper, and numbers of their sheep perished in the winter snow-drifts. May-day came round again, but the rent was not forth-coming. Gilbert yielded to despondency, it seemed vain to struggle any more to keep his station as a farmer: his upright spirit could not brook again to solicit the indulgence of delay. With many bitter regrets he made up his mind to sell his stock, give up his farm, and betake himself to day-labour. It was done. After the sale of their stock and household goods, with a slender remnant of the latter, barely enough to furnish two rooms, a few implements of husbandry, and one solitary cart drawn by an old white golloway, who like themselves had seen his best days, they set forth from their once happy home to take possession of their new abode, the dilapidated farm-house on the moor, which Gilbert had obtained for an almost nominal rent, on condition of putting it into habitable repair. Poor Agnes, as she sat upon the top of the cart with her two little boys, cast lingering and sorrowful looks at the corn-fields, where the tender blade was fast springing, tilled by her husband's hands, and the green pastures, now the possession of another, where her cows, and pigs, and poultry had late roamed, making in her eyes the sweetest of landscapes: but a turn of the road, like that turn of fortune which had wrought their destruction, soon shut out all from her sight.

Three years had passed sorrowfully over their heads in the desolate tenement to which poverty had driven them, when I collected these details from the lipse of the widowed Agnes. She had during that interval, again twice become a mother, but *fortunately* (O how wretched must be the lot of a parent compelled to regard such a bereavement as a blessing!) neither of her infants survived their birth many months. The two eldest were all that remained to her. How she had toiled for them, her care-worn lineaments, and figure stricken with premature age, her own garments, like those of her children, made up of shreds and patches, but clean and tidy as the wretched materials would admit of, sufficiently testified. The catalogue of her husband's exertions was visible in characters still more awfully written upon that couch of death. He had continued to work as a day-labourer, upon the large estate of his new landlord, until the last autumn, when the temptations of higher wages, (his landlord was one of those who think it good policy to neutralize any benefit the poor may derive from parochial relief by giving the lowest possible wages,[*]) induced him to engage himself to work in a stone or slate quarry, I know not precisely which, within a mile from his home. It was a fatal arrangement. One day that he was employed there, a huge mass of stones and mould, which the heavy rains had loosened, fell from the cliff above and crushed him to the earth. He was taken up senseless, but soon after profusely vomited blood, which too plainly proved the nature of his hurt. His fellow-labourers carried him home, and assisted his broken-hearted Agnes to lay him upon that very bed which was destined soon to be to him the bed of death. For several weeks he lay there tortured and disabled; still an uncommonly strong constitution, and a frame of great muscular power, gave hopes of ultimately shaking off the attacks of disease: but, deprived of his exertions, the prop of the family was gone. In these days, now that

"The wheel is silent in the vale."[*]

the female peasant can contribute little or nothing to the common stock; her endeavours are restricted to the maintenance of rigid economy in her household. During the hay-time and harvest, it is true, she may litterly by the sweat of her brow, earn a few pounds in an employment little consonant with her sex, strength or maternal duties, or she may pick stones in the fields, or potatoes—but here closes the limited list of avocations affording a chance of gain.

Gilbert perceived from his bed of sickness that penury was rapidly establishing itself in his family. He strove to cheat himself into a belief of a convalescence that was far distant. With a courage difficult to surpass, and miscalculating his own powers, he arose one wintry morning, swallowed his scanty repast, and set forth once more to the fatal quarry. The result may be easily guessed—a recurrence of the most alarming symptoms ensued. The once muscular frame rapidly wasted away, and a total prostration of strength was experienced. All thought of labour was now at an end. "And was not medical advice called in?" I inquired. Yes, at first, certainly, but Gilbert grew impatient of the long attendance of the doctor, for which he found he had not the means, and but a remote prospect of paying. He rebelled against the prudent injunctions laid upon him—said he was well, and acted as if he had been so. After the relapse, he strictly forbade any further application to the aid of medicine. "I am in the hands of God," he said, "his will be done! Come of it what may, the little we have must not go in this manner."

She dared not oppose; it would have been useless. That morning he had told her he felt better, and himself proposed that she should go, after breakfast, to the market-town, a few miles distant to make some indispensable purchases, promising that he would not attempt to rise from his bed during her absence. An untoward accident had delayed her return; she knew not at the time *how* disastrous, nor that the performance of a charitable act would draw upon herself an affliction that might perhaps have been retarded, not more, alas! than a few weeks longer. On her way to the town, while her mind was occupied with thoughts of home, an object lying in the road side arrested her attention, and awakened all her compassion: it was an aged pauper, who feebly journeying to the next parish, had fallen down in a fit. Agnes ascertaining that life was not extinct, hastened to the town and made the circumstances known to the overseer of the poor; thus she was the means of rescuing a fellow creature from the grave, but the delay occasioned by this act of benevolence, for she was not an inactive spectator, proved, as I have said, fatal to her peace. Gilbert, thinking her long, had, contrary to his promise, got up and partly dressed himself: the children's dinner-hour was approaching, but their mother came not to prepare their potatoes and porridge. On the hearth stood a bowl of the former, nearly all pared, ready for boiling, and a basin of oatmeal beside them, showed that the last efforts of the father had been an act of duty and affection to his offspring. Overcome, it is probable, by an exertion beyond his strength, perhaps relapsing into one of those terrible fits of coughing, which the appearance of so much blood went far to establish as a certainty, he had flung himself upon the bed, never to rise from it again!

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[*] I knew one of these Solomons, wise in their generation, and moreover a magistrate of this county, who, upon one of his day-labourers remonstrating with him on the insufficient wages he offered, declaring that it was impossible out of that to support a family, replied, "Go to the overseer, and let him make it up to you out of the poor's-rates, and tell him that I sent you."—This is the true way to raise the moral character of a people!

[*] "Bowles' Days Departed."

Such was the explanation of the appalling view that met my eye on entering that lonesome cottage among the hills. The future prospects of Agnes and her children may briefly be summed up. She will remove to some small town or village, hire a room in a dwelling already swarming with inmates; there, shut out from the sight of the beloved haunts of their infancy, while their mother tries to eke out the parish bounty by a little charing, my wild birds of the mountain will be reared, until they shall attain the proper age for binding them parish-apprentices, thenceforth to endure the bitter taunts, the hard fare, and unpitying exactions, too often attendant on their hapless condition.

From the Metropolitan.

THE WEDDING GARMENT.

Revenge, when opportunity permits the full indulgence of its energies, in man becomes ferocity, in woman malignity. The former, courage may overcome, patience support, or submission subdue—but death only can relieve us from the virulence of the latter. Relieve us, did I say! No, the breath of that baneful passion settles like a black mist upon the grave of its victim, and blasts the few flowers that may attempt to flourish around it. That person is brave, who can conscientiously say, that he fears the resentment of no man—but he is a fool who dares that of a woman. I only know of three cases in which it may be any thing short of madness to tempt a lady's vengeance: when you find yourself in the last stage of consumption; after you have been condemned to death; or are about to be expatriated either at your own or your country's expense—and, that I am not over cautious, any who will take the trouble to read the following narrative will be ready to confess.

Beauty, thou art a dangerous, but a bright mantle—there is fire too in thy brightness; for sometimes, like the shirt of Deianira, thou art fatal to the wearer—sometimes, like a flower that is withered up by the sun, destructive to the gazer! Of this quality, so important for good or for evil, Ann Wilkins had almost more than a mortal's share. She was the daughter of low, almost vagabond parents; of her father, she knew little—he disappeared when she had attained her tenth year, overwhelmed, no doubt, in some of those gullies of filth and wretchedness that perforate the heart of this metropolis—he was heard of no more. Her mother was a practical political economist: she, in the neighbourhood of Paddington, verified one of its principal dogmas—the turning into the utmost profit the *residuum*, the *caput mortuum* of the raw material—she gained her livelihood by sifting cinders—a dirty, but certainly an honourable employ—and, thanks to the carelessness of our metropolitan menials, not altogether unprofitable—as many a silver spoon and fork rewarded Mrs. Wilkins's inquisatorial researches. Till Ann was fourteen, she shook her elbows on the dusty field, in unison with her mother, and, looking at them, I assure the reader, that she did it with infinitely more grace than ever was possessed by the Marquis of H———, though the ivories fell from under his aristocratic manuel vibrations, and ashes from hers. Yes, she was a beauty—tall, rounded, glowing: with eyes that could madden, and lips that could smile away madness. At fourteen her companions began to treat her as a woman; she no longer sifted, shoe-less and stocking-less—she gave herself airs, and begged people to behave genteelly—had a smart dress, clean white cotton stockings, and prettily sandaled shoes for Sundays—that was a foot——never mind—why should we speak of her foot, when so many, even then, were thinking of her hand.

There is a great affinity between strong contrasts. A young baker, not yet out of his time, not more than eighteen years of age, saw and loved. They both wore powder profusely—there was sympathy in that—the only difference was in the colour. Owing to our excellent poor laws, and the excellent state of morals of our poor, the effect of those excellent poor laws, these two minors committed the great mistake—marriage—and Ann Wilkins as was, and Ann Runt as is—to use the Paddington *patois*, was, at a little more than the age of fifteen, a mother. Start not! This is an unexaggerated fact. The beautiful Cinderella, ere she was out of her infancy, was fast sinking down into the sickly, and the dowdy, dirty mother of low life. Then came the parish medical attendance, and the begrudged parish relief, and the obtained gin when food itself was unattainable; the lowering look, the heavy curse, and the heavier blow of the debased boy-husband. His time was out, and his employment precarious. What God had intended Ann to be it would be impiety to presume, but what she was—what man had made her—even the evil one himself must have felt pity to behold. This was the dark, the dangerous part of her life. She looked at her wailing infant—she saw it press the enfeebled, the flaccid, the milkless bosom, and she wished it dead. How she lived through these four years of rags and wretchedness she never could tell: she was not yet nineteen, when her misery seemed to have attained its horrible climax. Her husband lay ill in the last stage of a rapid decline. Whilst the man was dying, two parishes, each of which was disputing who should *not* be encumbered with his bones, refused relief. Things were in this state when Ann, taking her child in her hand, proceeded through the crowds of the well-fed and the gay to seek redress at the hands of the magistrate against the inhumanity of the overseer. The day was bright and sunny; she was thrust hither and thither by better dressed people; she saw shops overloaded with delicate viands—her child cried for them—that cry irritated her; she was herself very, very hungry. Ye, who have never hungered, be merciful in your condemnation. On that day, at that moment her heart hardened; she, who had, through all her misery, never yet been selfish, now entered into her own soul. She said to herself, "Yes, he will die," and she was glad; "and were I quit too of this whimpering brat. I am not yet twenty—my beauty may return—I can shift for myself were I but quit of him!" It was a diabolical thought. She was in a crowded thoroughfare—she did not attempt to lose him:—no, I will never believe it; I am myself a father;—but she was careless, abstracted, reckless. That night she was a widow and childless.

Then people were kind to her. The overseers took blame to themselves—magnanimous souls! They had no idea that the case was one of extremity. However, they were pious folks; their pews at the parish church were decorated with crimson curtains moving upon bright brass rods, consequently they told the widow that "God willed every thing for the best," and bade her take comfort, but she could not;—her little Alfred!

Whether the parish authorities were very assiduous in their search after the lost little pauper, we know not—he was never found; but this we know, when Mr. Bloater, the overseer, met Mr. Scrimp, the vestry clerk and attorney, that evening, in the well-furnished apartments of the master of the workhouse, they congratulated each other and the parish, over an excellent bottle of port, at the expense of the said parish, at their good luck in getting rid, in one day, of two such encumbrances as the father and the son. God had, no doubt, *taken* them both—so they pronounced it a God *send*.

Let us pass rapidly over the next fifteen years of Ann's life. The housekeeper of Sir Peter Rankles, a middle-aged bachelor, had heard of her story, so he took Ann upon trial as housemaid. Her beauty returned, if possible, with an increased splendour. Sir Peter, after well satisfying himself with her looks, wished next to be satisfied with her story. He then gave her his countenance, because he liked her own so well; afterwards an education, as he said that he intended her to succeed his housekeeper; he was his own steward. So she taught music, dancing, French, and Italian, in order the better to be able to check the bakers' and butchers' bills. The old housekeeper opened her eyes; she however shut them again in quiet satisfaction, upon being pensioned out of office in excellent style. People began to surmise; Sir Peter grew angry, and talked of his disinterestedness. Now it was well known, that every body who knew Sir Peter, and every body who knew Ann, did not want the baronet to marry the widow of the journeyman baker, so they went the very best way about effecting the match. They said, "that it was improper and scandalous," and they dared him to do it: he *did it*—only to prove that it was neither scandalous nor improper.

Sir Peter had his reward—she made him an excellent wife, and he made for her an excellent will.

At the age of thirty-five behold Lady Ann Rankles, just clear of her first year of widowhood, resplendent in beauty, stepping into her well-appointed carriage, in order to make one at a dinner party in Brunswick Square. Her hostess was also a widow, the relict of a Colonel Canderson, of the Honourable East India Company's service, rich, avaricious, fond of play—past forty, and not very remarkable for personal charms. She was one of those of whose intimacy, it is the moral we wish to inculcate, that we should beware. "I never forget my *friends*, and never forgive my enemies," was continually in her mouth, and, at least the latter part, in her heart. For the first clause of her creed, I never knew that her friends were very grateful, *how* she acted upon the second will shortly be *shown*. To apply her aphorism to herself, I *know no one* of whose actions so much forgetfulness ought to have been wished, or of whom, as christians we should have more to forgive.

Let us now suppose Mrs. Colonel Canderson to have filled her two drawing-rooms with her evening party, in addition to her dinner guests; that she has left the task of making them "comfortable"—a word not yet exploded in Brunswick Square—to her toady, and has made herself so at her whist-table, for she has got a shrivelled, adult, roguish lawyer for her partner, and Lady Rankles for an opponent. Mrs. Canderson is all smiles, but they are glittering and false as summer ice. The appearance, the all-beautiful appearance of Lady Rankles was, on that memorable night, not beyond all description, for I could describe it—but I will not. I hold the remembrance of her as a devoted lover does the miniature of his affianced in his bosom, not to be obtruded on the eye of the inquisitive, the cold, or the worldly. There is nothing like training, after all—for who could ever have imagined that those long, white, and delicate fingers, that so agitate the bosoms of the beholders, once agitated the cinder sieve? The expression of her countenance is that of a subdued joyousness.—Once, or perhaps twice, in the course of the day, a little absence of manner, and a swimming of the eyes in tears that she could not repress, yet would not let fall, told, that even the summer of a loveliness sweet as her's was sometimes o'ercast with a passing cloud; yet did it not, on that account, seem the less transcendent.

But she had some dreadful hours of solitude. There, there was the throbbing of the riven heart, the wild tossing of the arms, the agonized wringing of the hands—"My Alfred, my little angel!" And in the darkness of night, and in the world of dreams, sleeping or waking, the icy hand of retribution lay heavy on her heart, and then the childless mother felt the horror of living heightened by the dread of death. How often did she scan over every moment of that fatal morning, how fearfully exact was every face painted to her, that she had met in that walk; and how she strained every nerve that seemed to cut into her tightening heart, to find out some exculpation for what she wished, but could not call, her passive crime! The fact ever came painted to her in pictures of fire upon her brain, that when she missed the little, hungry sobber from her side, she did not look back until she hoped, until she knew, that looking back was fruitless. She would repeat to herself, until it was uttered in screams—"Oh! God, I did not walk faster—I did not walk faster." "The flattering unction" would *not* lie upon her soul—and the horrible word, *infanticide, would* quiver upon her lips. Then when her compunction was of a more tender nature, how would she weep, weep, weep for uncounted hours, uttering only these words, "My poor, poor hungry Alfred." But these paroxysms were not of frequent occurrence, or she would have sunk under them. They were generally brought on by seeing children of about the age of the one she had lost, weep. Miserable as all this was, she had her consolation, and that was in repentance and in prayer. It made her think of heaven oftener than otherwise she would have done, and, had it not been for this, earth would perhaps have held too much sovereignty over her.

This lovely being is now playing whist against her hostess. The stakes are rather high, Mrs. Canderson is notoriously avaricious. It is short whist, a terrible provocative of short tempers.—She and her partner are really playing admirably—yet they recriminate. Mrs. C.'s money and good-humour are fast going—there—the latter is entirely gone—that last hand did the business.

"Mr. Obit," says Mrs. Canderson, flinging down her loss with much asperity, "I think if you cannot handle parchment better than you do pasteboard, you ought not, in conscience, to undertake any man's law business. You will pardon me, sir, but I never saw any one play worse."

"Madam," said the lawyer, bowing sarcastically, "the blame of my loss, this evening, lies between three parties, myself, dame Fortune, and my partner. Of the three, I really can exonerate only myself." Mrs. Canderson was going to reply, but seeing a titter upon the countenances of the standers-by, she felt that to encounter the lawyer at polite vituperative tilting, would be only kicking against the pricks; so she, like all cowardly spirits, turned round with her phial of wrath brim full, to pour it on the head of the humble in mind, and the meek in carriage.

"Lady Rankles," said the hostess, with a most ominous emphasis on the word lady! "I have lost to you just fifty-three sovereigns this evening."

"If it gives you pain, my dear Mrs. Canderson," she replied, mildly, "I am really very sorry for it."

"Gives me pain, indeed! I should not have thought of it—I believe, I have got just as much pain at losing this money as you have sorrow at winning it."

"Never said a truer word, by Japres," said a voice from the crowd that usually surrounded Lady Rankles whenever she went in public.—This was wormwood and bitter aloes to Mrs. C.; she took, however, no notice of it, but continued, "But perhaps her ladyship will have the goodness to give me my revenge at *écarté?*"

"Why really, I had almost made a vow never again to play at that hateful game. You always beat me at it; and it is late; but as I see that you have set your mind upon it, we will have a game or two."

"Then, I assure you, it must be for very high stakes, or I shall hold you craven; come you have won between fifty and sixty pounds of me, and you limit the games to three; you must say twenty pounds a game."

"Oh, no, no!"

"Ten?" and the hostess began to shuffle the cards with eagerness.

"No, indeed; it would go against my conscience."

"Ah! conscience; well some consciences that would walk through fire and water without a muscle quivering, are all over nerve when they come to a card-table. Do not think that I mean to be personal, Lady Rankles."

"I fervently hope not. It really does go against my conscience, and I had already made up my mind to give the sum that I have won to-night to some charity. So you see, if you win this back of me, you are winning from the poor and the unfortunate;—really I am loathe to play."

"Well, as you please, Lady Rankles," said Mrs. Canderson, with a fiendish malignity; "but, in return for your very pleasant and moral refusal to oblige me, permit me to give you a piece of excellent moral advice. Give the money to a charity, but take care, that it be to the FOUNDLING Hospital!"

Had sentence of death been suddenly passed upon Lady Rankles, she could not have been more horror-struck. She knew that none possessed her fatal secret; but this dreadful allusion from this very dreadful woman's lips, accidental as it seemed to be, was like the blast of lightning.—Yet, with a wonderful effort, she prevented herself from fainting; and, though deadly pale, she bowed her head as in submission to a chastisement from Heaven, and with scarcely a thought of her mortal tormentor, said with humility, "Mrs. Canderson, I will play for whatever you please."

The hostess, again mantling her face over with artificial smiles, said, "Well, then, in deference to your scruples, that I really respect, I will meet you with consideration for your acquiescence—let the stakes be but five guineas. I am a plain, honest woman, '*that never forget my friends, or forgive my enemies*,' and if you are going to give so largely to a charity, I sincerely wish you may double your gains." And, in her zeal for the good of the poor, she commenced playing, by placing her large white handkerchief on the table, and dropping two out of the four kings into her lap. Her opponent saw it.

Ladies cheat at cards—sometimes. The young and beautiful—bless their bright eyes!—do it daringly and desperately, with a frankness that is quite charming. Ah! they avow it, and laugh at you. An excellent joke, if it did not cost us poor "masculine humans" such an immortal deal of money. Elderly ladies, who are preparing their souls for heaven, cheat piously and secretly, in order that they may put two shillings into the plate at the door of the chapel or church, when they have a charity sermon, instead of one. These devout ones do it secretly, because they know that they are, speaking of their good deeds, "not to let the right hand know what the left doeth." So praiseworthy an end sanctifies the means. Ladies cheat at cards—sometimes.

Lady Rankles soon lost all that she had won, and a few pounds over. Play had ceased in the other quarters of the room. Many had already left, and almost all who had remained had collected round the two antagonists. The loser rose—the winner grew angry, and again began to be sarcastic. She still kept her seat, and continued shuffling the cards. Lady Rankles' patience and forbearance were fast giving way to the attacks of the other; at length, after one more rude than the rest, she said with great dignity, "Mrs. Canderson, whilst I held any of your money, I permitted you to get it back in your *own manner*, but I can go no farther. I cannot risk my own money with a lady, who, every deal, by *accident* of course, drops one or two cards into her lap.

"Woman," said the tigress, "it is false!"

"It is true!" said her ladyship, and approaching her opponent, endeavoured to remove the handkerchief that lay partly on the edge of the table, and partly on her lap. Something like a scuffle ensued. Mrs. Canderson rose from her chair, and beside it on the ground lay three of the kings. There was a dead silence for half a minute. At length Mrs. Canderson came up to Lady Rankles, and whispering distinctly in her ear, uttered these words—"Card-dropping is not, after all, so bad as *child-dropping!*"

It was then that Lady Rankles appeared to be the guilty party. She staggered to her chair, and seemed ready to faint. Mrs. Canderson was a great general; she knew that her reputation was at stake, and, before surprise had time to give way to indignation, she ran up to her ladyship, wiped the perspiration from her brow, kissed her on the cheek—oh! that hated kiss;—and exclaimed, "Good heavens! I trust that I have not carried the joke too far! My dear, dear Lady Rankles, it has been a jest altogether. Not one farthing of the money that you think that you have lost at *écarté*, was ever intended to be taken. Come here, Mrs. Crump, and tell Lady Rankles if all this was not a planned thing?"

The toady advanced, and exclaimed with ready assurance, "To be sure! it was all a planned thing."

"A planned thing," echoed the guests, who unceremoniously departed. Lady Rankles returned the kiss of peace, took back the money, laughed at it, with a bursting heart, as an excellent joke, walked up and down the room with her hostess, gave her, and two or three who were near, an invitation for a dinner party at her own house, for the next day, again kissed her tormentor, and took her leave.

When they both found themselves alone, one said "Gracious God! does she know my secret! Impossible—impossible! Yet she must not be provoked." The other, "I never forget my friends, or *forgive my enemies*," with a bitter emphasis on the four last words.

It was long before Mrs. Canderson recovered that estimation in her own set, that the transaction of this memorable night had estranged from her. However, the two widows now became inseparable. Nothing that attention, flattery, or zeal could do, was left undone by Mrs. Canderson to win the affection of Lady Rankles. She succeeded. About this time Mrs. Canderson invited to her house a Captain Templetower, a fine, handsome youth of one-and-twenty, gentle in his manners, manly in his bearing, and, with "all good graces that do grace a gentleman.", He was Mrs. C.'s nephew, her only relative, an undoubted favourite, and heir to her very considerable property. Lady Rankles admired from the first moment that she beheld him. Young Ernest was equally struck with the rich and beautiful widow; and though years were certainly not in her favour, in youthful appearance they seemed nearly equal. They were a happy trio. Young Ernest was all gratitude, and love, and devotion—Mrs. Canderson all affection: her nature seemed to have undergone a change—her occasional asperity of manner to be entirely subdued—even whist and *écarté* had lost for her half their attractions. All her energies were concentrated in promoting the happiness of her nephew and her friend. Lady Rankles had accepted him. She now began to taste a happiness at once passionate and pure; dearly she loved that handsome youth, and richly was that generous love deserved.

But no one now appeared so joyous as the aunt. The bridal day was fixed. She had settled an ample allowance upon her nephew; so ample indeed, that she would, to carry it into effect, much straiten her own circumstances; but she would listen to no remonstrances. She *would* do it. Her friend and her nephew happy, was happiness enough for her; let an old woman have her way; but upon one thing she must insist, that she alone should provide the "*wedding dress*." This of course was readily granted; but as the day grew near, no one, not even the bride, was allowed a peep at it. There were several young persons at work at Mrs. Canderson's, but it seemed as if they had been all sworn to secrecy; for not a word respecting this wonderful dress could be extracted from any of them.

We must condense our narrative, or we would gladly expatiate upon the beautiful, the noble character of young Ernest Templetower, of the entrancing felicity of his wooing, and of the many excellencies of heart that this new state of feeling elicited from our old friend Ann. Now, for the first time, at thirty-five, she began to enjoy her youth: the expression is correct, for at no time did she ever feel more youthful.

It is the wedding morning. The ceremony is to take place, with a splendid privacy, in Mrs. Canderson's drawing-room: how anxiously she paces from room to room, examining that every thing has a bridal appearance. Lady Rankles arrives: two coaches and four are at the door —every thing looks brilliant. The bridegroom and Mrs. Canderson receive her. The somewhat agitated hostess hurries the bride through the various apartments, shows her how elaborate have been all the preparations, what care has been bestowed to make the decorations worthy of the occasion and of the parties. She is taken to the windows, and again made to observe the splendour of the equipages, presents from her to her dear nephew, which dear nephew begins to grow a little impatient.

"Why, dear aunt, expatiate so long upon these mere gauds?"

"Boy," said she, "Lady Rankles may never again have such sweet feelings, such unmixed enjoyment—let her drink her fill. O," said she solemnly, "sufficient to the day shall we find the evil thereof."

"That is an unlucky quotation, however, aunt, though from so excellent a book, for my bridal morning."

The bride, struck with something excessively singular in the manner of Mrs. Canderson, said, "God, in his mercy, grant that it may not be appropriate."

"Lady Rankles, I cannot say, Amen."

There appeared now an expression so deeply sorrowful, so almost repentant in the countenance of the hostess, that it was a fearful thing, even to look upon it. She then continued, "Follow me, Lady Rankles, and you, Ernest, come with us. I am about to present to your affianced bride her wedding dress. It may not be so splendid as she expects, but it is one that she will never forget." As they proceeded towards Mrs. Canderson's boudoir, her gaiety had apparently returned. She used some sparkling impertinences that are so common-place on marriage mornings, that both her followers conceived that the dark cloud had passed from her. Here would I pause; but I have imposed a task upon myself, and bitter as it is, that task I will complete. Behold the three in the boudoir, the door of which the owner has carefully closed. She grew very pale, and appeared to be terrified at the act she was about to commit. Twice she strove for utterance, and twice nothing but an indistinct murmur escaped her lips. At length a shrill, unnatural voice burst from her, and producing a common looking old deal box, she spoke thus: "Lady Rankles, this is your wedding day. I have contrived it—I have laboured for it—I have prayed for it—and—I have achieved it—*I never forget my friends*, or FORGIVE MY ENEMIES! This day shall you be wedded, but wedded to misery inexhaustible!"

"My dear aunt!"

"Gracious heavens! what do you mean?" were the simultaneous exclamations of her alarmed auditors.

"That I never forgive my enemies! This, madam, is your wedding day! And that——" throwing at her feet some rags that formed, apparently, the dress of a child in very humble life, "that is your wedding dress; and so sure as God will, must punish meditated infanticide, and so sure as I stand here an avenged woman, so sure is the bridegroom that is trembling there before you, Alfred Runt, the owner of that dress, at once your affianced husband, and your deserted son!"

"Monster!" exclaimed the almost petrified youth.

"Aye, monster, if you will! The curse of God, and of outraged nature, lies between you and your loves; but still she may make you a very decent mother, though she did abandon you to starve in the streets. But beware of the motherly kiss, of the filial embrace, there may be in them an unholy fire. I say, young man, beware!"

Hitherto had the agonized mother preserved a silence, that appeared like stupefaction, yet was not. It was the awful concentration of all direful fancies, of all horrible thoughts; but the frame could no longer bear this intensity of suffering. One long, wild shriek, escaped from her distended mouth, and she fell in a paroxysm on the floor. Alfred rushed to support her: he held her head upon one of his knees, and wiped carefully away the small streams of blood that issued from her nostrils and the corners of her mouth, and once kissed the clammy and insensible forehead of his apparently dying parent; whilst the pale witch, her executioner, stood over the group, and extending her long, skinny fingers towards him, again croaked out her sepulchral "beware!"

Notwithstanding the dangerous symptoms of her fit, Lady Rankles slowly recovered. She rose, she rallied, and with the awful dignity of unutterable misery, she thus addressed her torturer. "Woman! you think that I am going to curse you. God, in his unspeakable goodness, forbid! I am a humbled—a debased—a guilty creature; yet as such, I will pray for you—I will bless you! See me here, in unfeigned humility, kneel at your feet, and reverently kiss the hem of your garment, for showing me this great mercy in thus stopping me short of inexpiable crime. God bless you for it! God bless you for it! and may he turn your wicked heart. Come, my son, my son. My little Alfred! let us leave this wretched woman. Do you know, Alfred, my boy, that I am nearly forty? How could I have been so deceived? You really look very, very young. You have not yet called me—'mother!'"

"My dear mother!" said the distracted youth, kneeling before her.

"Do you see that!" said the triumphant parent, "my boy kneels for my blessing! And what demon shall stand by and say, that I shall not bless him and embrace him?" And then, with uplifted hands she prayed silently over him for a space, blessed him audibly, and placed the maternal kiss upon his cheek. "Now, my son," she continued, "lead me from this wretched place." As Alfred was leading his mother reverently away, Mrs. Canderson called out to him, "Captain Templetower, I wish not to quarrel with you."

"I know you know more," was the brief and stern reply.

We have finished. We detest windings up. The mother became happier than the wife would probabl have been, the son than the husband. Mrs. Canderson could not tell the story to her own credit. How she came with Alfred for a nephew, she would not tell at all: we will in a few words, merely to satisfy the curious. She had had, many years ago, some passages of love with the late Colonel Canderson. He was about to leave her when he was but a lieutenant, and she but a miss in a delicate situation, as she was pleased to say. He was honourable, and her affirmation procured her a hasty marriage immediately before he sailed for India. She duly wrote him tidings of her safe delivery of a fine boy, &c., charges of housekeeping and nursing were heavy, and he as duly made remittances to meet them, and, some four years afterwards he was expected home daily, and the child that he had been so lavish in supporting, had yet to be sought for. Mrs. Canderson *stole from Lady Rankles*, what she then, as Mrs. Runt, would have so willingly given away.

On that unhappy morning for the then miserable Ann, Mrs. Canderson had marked her unquiet eye, her faltering step, her haggard features; she saw the child trailed unwillingly after her, and too willingly allowed to lag behind. She watched her down the long street, and never doubted for a moment, from her whole demeanour, that she intended to leave it to its fate. The child, as we before mentioned, was subsequently cried, and bills were posted, that fully acquainted Mrs. C. who was the parents, and she satisfied herself upon every particular concerning it. The boy was sent into the country to nurse, but Mrs. Canderson remained on the spot, almost a neighbour to the mother, of whom, as all the events of her life passed in the vicinity, she never lost sight. She therefore traced her through all her gradations, and when she removed farther from her, contrived to form her acquaintance. She kept the secret inviolably from all but her husband, intending, no doubt, to act as circumstances might make it necessary.

The colonel loved the child dearly, and believed it to be his own. He quarrelled with his wife one fine day—a thing naturally to be expected, and she, acting up to her rule of always revenging, struck a deadly blow at his peace of mind, by telling him the truth concerning the child he so much loved. As there was entailed property in the family, he was too principled to wish to continue the deception to the injury of the heir-at-law; but he treated him still as a son, though that name was changed into nephew. All the property that could be legally devised to Alfred, the colonel left him. May he long live to enjoy it!

From the Metropolitan.

BEST MOTIVES.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

When people are mystified by the deeds of others, there is generally a great talk about motives. "What *could* be his *motive* for cutting *us?*" "O certainly! I can't say I should like such conduct in my daughters; but then, you know, my dear Miss Backbite, perhaps we don't understand your *motives*." "Pray, sir," said Sir Richard Birnie, "if you were not guilty, why did you effect your escape from the officer the other night?" "Vy, your vorship, I can explain that ere," said the gentleman at the bar, "and you'll think better on me ven you knows my *motives*. You see, your vorship, that it vas a Toosday night, and I vas brought up a Hindependant Vesleyan, and vas always particular about chapel, I vanted to go to a prayer-meeting, and as I know'd the hofficer vould't go along o'me cos he varn't no vays religious like given, vy I vent alone sooner nor miss, and them was my *motives*, your vorship."——But to my tale.

The sun had sunk below the level of the lowest chimney-pot in St. James's Street, and the morning of that meridian was pretty far advanced, when the honourable Berkley Fitzruby, the handsomest *roué* on town, half marched, half sauntered, into the Countess of Lackland's drawing-room, and was graciously received by the Lady Augusta, the youngest and sole unmarried of a blooming family of daughters. The beautiful Blonde sat on a huge ottoman, at a marquetin table, busily engaged with a lithograph of Taglioni, a pile of shaved deals, and a bottle of transfer varnish, "How very *àpropos* you are come, Berkeley," she said; "you *are* such a clever creature—do tell me how to use this transfer composition."

"Upon my honour, Lady Augusta," answered Fitzruby, "if you do me the honour to consult me, I fear I shall be selfish in my instructions."

"Selfish," said Lady Augusta, "how is that possible? it will be a work of charity."

"If," rejoined Berkeley, "you will apply my tuition, *you* may indeed enact a work of charity."

"Why now, Berkeley, I dare say you are getting up a Fancy Fair, for the poor Poles, or the Portuguese patriots, and you are going to ask me to supply you with workboxes and cigar-cases, and to take a stall. But now do tell me how to use this varnish properly."

"Why really, Lady Augusta, unless it is applicable to animate as well as inanimate objects, I almost doubt my capabilities of instruction in its use: but if it can be applied to the living, I would, in all humility, entreat it might be used to transfer the image of a certain silent adorer to the gentle bosom of Nature's fairest creation."

"Ah! ah!" said the lady, affecting to misunderstand him, "I see now it is a play, and not a fair, you are getting up; but what can I do in it?"

"Every thing."

"O, indeed! you want me to rival Fanny Kemble—would my part be a long one?"

"I hope so."

"But I have such a horrid memory; I could never recollect a dozen lines."

"In this case," said Berekely, "one word *by heart* will only be required."

"O, then," said Lady Augusta, "I think I can achieve it; but do you mean me to go through the whole of this long part, with the exception of one word, in dumb show!"

"That were rather too hard," answered Fitzruby, "one word only is necessary, but as many more as Lady Augusta pleases, may be superadded."

"But indeed I can't improvise, Berkeley; so tell me," continued the lady, "exactly what you want me to say and do."

"Why, then, you must suppose that you are sitting in a drawing-room as now, by the side of an adoring lover, who has long sighed and admired in silence. Imagine him

'Unable longer to conceal his pain,'

unfolding with passionate ardour, yet with trembling respect, the tale of his enduring love; then you must receive his declarations with some encouraging show of sympathy, and when he thus takes your hand and swears, as I now do, 'by all my hopes of heaven, thy smile is dearer to me than the breath of life,' and adds, 'O speak! say, dare I believe I am beloved, or hope I may be?' your ladyship must whisper—'Yes.'——The lady blushed, and looked down, and said nothing, and smeared the table over with varnish, and affected a lack of comprehension. "And now, Augusta," said Berkeley, resuming his proper character, "may I believe, or may I hope?—speak—tell me."

"Not now," answered the the lady, turning away her head; "not now, Berkeley—another day—to-morrow."

"To-morrow be it then," he said, "I obey;" and having gracefully kissed the fair hand he still held he withdrew.

Lady Augusta had not recovered from the perturbation which Fitzruby's declaration, although long expected, had created, when the Earl, her father, entered, and introduced to her notice Barnaby Grampus, Esq., of Tokenhouse Yard, in the city of London, bill broker. "Augusta, my dear, my particular friend, Mr. Grampus," said the Earl, as he handed forth the desiccated Scot, "pray sit down, Mr. Grampus. Mr. Grampus, Augusta, my dear, is just returned from Scotland,"—the lady bowed her head—"has been building a seat there," continued the Earl, "on a very superb scale—delightful views, Mr. Grampus, I dare say. Croignaskallan Castle, near Loch Ness, I think. Augusta, you are very fond of Scott's novels, and of his Lady of the Lake, and the descriptions they contain of the mountain scenery of Scotland—how should you like to visit the spots his genius has made sacred!"

"O it would be delightful, papa!" said Lady Augusta.

"I anticipated your answer, my dear. Mr. Grampus, however, was fearful you might view the prospect of a journey, or a residence among the rugged hills of Inverness-shire, with dread."

"Mr. Grampus, papa! Mr. Grampus is very good, but——"

"Ah, yes—I see, my dear," continued her father, "you don't understand me. Well, I'll leave Mr. Grampus, for a few minutes, to explain himself;" and he left the room. This was explanation sufficient; the lady's comprehensive faculties were fully awakened, and she sighed as she mentally compared Fitzruby and Grampus, and with the mind's eye glanced alternately at Croignaskallan Castle, Inverness-shire, and Curzon Street, May Fair.

Grampus was an elderly gentleman—about sixty, say—standing about five feet four inches, of a thin shrivelled frame, with a considerable bend from the hips, confessing to a pair of lank legs, enveloped in a wrinkling pair of drab kerseymere breeches, the vile production of some Gaelic Schneider, and a pair of boots with long brown leather tops, that would have given Hoby the nightmare; the upper part of his person was wrapped in a black coat and waistcoat, of a cut that a professor of geometry would have been puzzled to define, and of dimensions that made it doubtful whether the honourable gentleman, for he was a member, had not, by some mistake, encased him in a garment of the great *rint* receiver of the seven millions; add to this, a thick fat nose, a pair of small light-grey eyes, everhung by red bushy penthouse brows, and a thin sallow hatchet face, crowned with a scanty powdered crop of weak straight hair: and the outward man of Grampus is before you.

"Your leddyship," said the swain, when the Earl had quit the room, "is no doot surprisit at your noble father's words, which I can weel see your intelligence has richthly interpretit intill a declaration of my most respicful wushes for a nearer alliance with the Earl through your leddyship."

"I have certainly," said Lady Augusta, "so understood my father, and I feel sensibly the honour you do me, sir, but——" and here she faltered.

"Ah! weel, weel!" resumed Grampus, interrupting her, "I'll not hurry your leddyship in a matter of sich importance, but I may be allowed to mention that I shall not object to add another thousand to the three thousand a-year, and the castle that the Earl and myself had agreed on, as the settlement." Four thousand a-year and the castle!! Lady Augusta's brain was in a ferment; "but then he's such a horrid creature—poor Berkeley—O no, it's impossible—grace, elegance, taste, and Fitzruby, forbid it." "To-morrow, perhaps, your leddyship will be prepared to give me an answer," said Grampus.—The lady curtsied an affirmative, and the bill broker went forth to do some discounts in a neighbouring square.

* * * * *

"But, my dear mamma," said Lady Augusta, "I *do* love Berkeley, and he promises to give over play; and besides, the old lord, his uncle, who died last week, has left him a provision."

"A mere thousand a-year, my love," said the Countess, "not sufficient to find him in cards and cambric; and his debts are enormous."

"How very unfortunate, mamma, for he's very handsome, now isn't he, and very accomplished!"

"But think my dear child," said her mamma, "of the settlement Mr. Grampus proposes."

"O don't name him, mamma; he looks as if he would take me into the city to live; he's a detetstable creature: how can you expect me to think of him while Berkeley exists?"

"But, my dear Augusta, consult your prudence and good sense in this case; consider, my dear, your father's unfortunate losses will be known next week. We must then go on the Continent to economize, and all chances of marriage will be lost to you; and, what is worse, we cannot for some years support such an establishment as an unmarried daughter requires."

"Well, then, mamma, if I must be married, you must, indeed, let Berkeley have me, for I cannot, indeed, be that monster's," said Lady Augusta, bursting into tears.

"Well, well, my dear," answered the Countess, "don't weep—go to your room and dress; and as I shall not have another opportunity of speaking to you to-night, let me beg of you, once for all, to sacrifice some of your wishes to your prosperity."

The Lady Augusta retired to her room accordingly, and wept till her maid, Jemima Jenkins, assured her she was looking almost unbecomingly pale, when she ceased to abandon herself to her grief, and gave herself up to her tire-woman instead. The Earl and Countess had a dinner-party on that day, and among the guests were Fitzruby and Grampus; the former had been invited because he had ruined himself in so fashionable a manner, that nothing in the world of ton could be deemed complete unless he was in some manner mixed up with it; the latter gentleman had won his invitation three weeks before, by cashing a bill for the Earl, which the humane member of the Humane Society would have shrunk from if the acceptor had been even starving. Lady Augusta was placed, greatly to her mortification, next to old mortality, and consequently had no opportunity of insinuating a syllable concerning her forlorn condition to her beloved Berkeley, or of exchanging a word or look of confidence with him; as soon, therefore, as her withdrawal could be tolerated, she pleaded a violent head-ache, and retired for the evening to ponder on her hard fate; and when at last she slept, to dream that a vampyre in old Grampus' powder and top-boots was keeping his wedding festival in the midst of a snow-storm, on a cairn three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and quaffing her blood out of a Highland quaick—but I grow prolix.

Alas! who can track the zig-zag steps of a woman's will through the mazes of a woman's heart. A short ten days had but elapsed, when a bevy of carriages beset the Earl's door—the servants all befavoured, while ladies, befurbelowed and beflounced, and men in white gloves and waistcoats, "discoursèd sweet music," of a marriage; and as the clock struck two, Barnaby Grampus, Esq., and Lady Augusta Grampus, stepped into a travelling chariot and four, and were whirled along the New North Road, on their way to Croignaskallan Castle, while the Honourable Berkeley Fitzruby, in wayward mood, took wing for Paris, that seat of consolation to disappointed lovers. "Poor thing!" said the ladies to each other, when they meet again at the Dutchess of ———'s *déjeune*, "what a sacrifice! but no doubt she was actuated by the best *motives*."—"O certainly,"—"undoubtedly," "her father's immense losses,"—"the only means to save the family,"—"best possible *motives*,"—"kindest *motives*,"—most affectionate *motives*,"—"most disinterested *motives*,"—"most filial *motives*"—in short, all lamented the match, but agreed that the lady acted from the most exemplary *motives*.

Truly, historians should have hard hearts, but mine is soft and susceptible, and much it grieveth me to rob the Lady Augusta Grampus of her tribute, yet it behoveth me nought to extenuate. Know then, gentle reader, from the few words that follow, how this marriage, which I have immortalized, was so unexpectedly brought about.

When Lady Augusta, in the spirit of filial duty, did as the Countess her mother desired her, consult her prudence and good sense, she plainly perceived that truly there were no more chances of marriage for her, after her father's ill luck should be known; she therefore also plainly saw the necessity that existed for her either taking her powdered Strephon, or going off with Berkeley; and she was about making up her mind to the latter, when her maid entered the room, all in tears. "What is the matter?" inquired Lady Augusta.

"O my lady," answered the handmaid, "I have lost my cousin Joe—he died this morning, my lady, and I've just been to see him laid out."

"How could you think of seeing him laid out? what a horrible idea!" said her mistress.

"O Lord, my lady!" answered the girl; "there was nothing horrible to look at, poor fellow, except that he had the thrush, but I didn't see him till he was dead."

"The thrush—what's that?"

"O law, my lady! don't you know what the thrush is? why we all have the thrush at some time or other; most people have it when they're babies, and they as don't, are sure to have when they're dying."

"Indeed!" said her mistress; "and what is it like?"

"O it's very dreadful, and very shocking, my lady; the most shockingest sight your ladyship ever saw; the tongue swells out of the mouth, and turns all black, and the palate, and the lips, and the gums are all black, and look so horrible, my lady, it's enough to frighten any one; and all they as don't have it when they are babies, are sure to have it when they are dying."

"How very dreadful, Jenkins! but are you quite sure of it?" asked Lady Augusta, turning very pale.

"O quite sure, my lady; every body knows it; and I saw my aunt Wiggins with it, when she died, last Christmas twelvemonth."

"You may go," said Lady Augusta; "I'll ring for you when I you;" and as her maid left the room, she walked up to her cheveil glass, and looked sorrowfully for a moment on her own beautiful face; then hastily quitting it, hurried to the Countess' dressing-room.

"Mamma," she cried, in evident mental agony, as she entered the room hastily, "did I have the thrush in infancy?"

"The thrush!" said her mother in surprise; "no, my dear."

"No!" echoed Lady Augusta. "O what an unfortunate creature I am! And is it really true, my dear mamma, that unless we have it then, it invariably occurs in death."

"What a very strange question, Augusta!"

"Tell me, tell me, my dear mamma, is it so? tell me, and deliver me of this horrid suspence."

"Why, yes, my dear, I believe it is; in fact, such is the case."

"Then," cried Lady Augusta, "my doom is sealed. No, Fitzruby, the expectation of living to blast your sensitive taste with such a sight would embitter my existence! To be seen by you in such a condition—at such an interesting moment—O dreadful! No, no, it's impossible! I renounce my happiness. Mamma, I *will* marry that old brute." And as these words were faintly articulated by the fair creature, she sank senseless and exhausted on the sofa. Reader—the rest is known—my task is complete.

From Fraser's Magazine.

OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF LAFAYETTE.

> "Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
> Yankee doodle dandy;
> Yankee doodle, bow-wow,
> With the girls be handy."
> *National Ode of the New World.*

Let it not be supposed, from the quotation wherewith we introduce this paper to the world, that Cloquet, the biographer, asserts, or we mean to insinuate, the venerable Lafayette was at any period of his life particularly handy with the girls in either hemisphere. The author of *La Parisienne* it is true, styles him queerly enough, "*la liberté de deux mondes;*" but we must conscientiously declare there is no reason to suppose this is a mistake clerical, typographical, or poetical, for "the libertine of two worlds." The only fact relating to the love-passages of his private life, recorded by Cloquet, is, that, "at the age of nineteen, Lafayette quitted the old world, and a young and lovely woman whom he adored, and to whom his destiny had been united," to caper to the tune of the martial melody to which we have alluded on the plains of America.

Having made this explanation, we shall at once proceed with our observations upon "the Recollections" and the object of them; in the course of which, abundant reason will be shewn to justify, not only the propriety, but the felicity of the quotation wherewith we have auspicated our labours. It will be seen that the man's whole life, in either world, new or old (we speak not of the world to come), was a long series of Frenchified Yankeedoodleisms. Almost all the personal memorials of him in this work, written of a French nobleman by a French professional gentleman, bear some reference to America. In France, he would seem to be pretty nearly in the condition in which Nero found himself at the disastrous close of his career: "He had neither friend or enemy." Amongst Frenchmen—*avant-pendant-adrés*—before, during, and after their great revolution, he ever appears as a sort of absract man,—a fellow-being, it is true, but one as little connected with their sympathies, blended with their affections, or associated with their passions, as an abstract principle. He was one of many who caught, as far as his cold temperament would admit, the feverish infection of troublous times. He was, after his lights, an honourable and a virtuous man: he was, at the same time, dull to a degree, and vain to an extent never, perhaps, surpassed, either in the country of his birth, or in that of his adoption. Whether wearing the round hat of the American revolutionists, the uniform of the National Guards, or the costume of the Chamber of Deputies, he was still the same,—an enthusiastic stoic, a bundle of dogmas and axioms run half mad. Youth lent him no fire—age brought him no wisdom. The high station in which he was born—his marriage with a Noailles—the circumstances of his bringing these advantages with him to the popular party, whose cause he espoused against the court—but, above all, the rare purity of his private character in all his personal relations, at a time of general profligacy and corruption, placed him in many situations of great trust and power, and induced the multitude, on more than one occasion, to confide in him. He always failed, always disappointed every body—as even a man of genius who was not a practical man, a man of the world, worldly, must have done: but he always meant well. And thus it comes to pass that Lafayette's story, so far as it connects him with France, is, peradventure, the very saddest of all stories. Mirabeau styled him Grandison-Cromwell. This was well for the multitude—well as against the commander of the National Guard; but the man of genius never did himself believe that a half man like Lafayette ever could, under any circumstances, display a touch of Cromwell's quality. In truth, like all politicians of half measures, like all men raised to a power in evil days, "damned with a fair life," and fixed in virtuous principles, he was more dangerous to those he feebly or doubtingly supported, than those whom he in like sort opposed. He was Virtue's Quixote. And the melancholy lines in which Byron has treated of Cervantes' romance might, with well-nigh equal truth, be applied to this story of one whose name has been associated with events which have convulsed the world, and yet who has left behind him nothing but an embodiment in memory of a sad moral—of the vanity of good dispositions in the bustling world—of a sense of his own weakness—and of the necessity of establishing power upon the basis of capabilities, and of deeds both good and evil. Every thing in this world of ours is of a mixed nature. There are spots upon the Sun, the source of light, the symbol of Divinity, of Power, and of Purity. The verses touching Don Quixote are—

> " Of all tales, 'tis the saddest—and more sad
>   Because it makes us smile. His hero's right,
> And still pursues the right: to curb the bad
>   His only object, and 'gainst odds to fight,
> His guerdon. 'Tis his virtue makes him mad!
>   But his adventures form a sorry sight
> A sorrier still is the great moral taught
> By that real epic unto all who have thought.
>
> Redressing injury, revenging wrong;
>   To aid the damsel and destroy the caitiff;
> Opposing singly the united strong;
>   From foreign yoke to free the helpless native;
> Alas! must noblest views, like an old song,
>   Be for mere fancy's sports a theme creative?
> A jest, a riddle, fame through thin and thick sought?
> And Socrates himself but Wisdom's Quixote?"

It is very melancholy! In France, poor Lafayette wrought, in the event of each affair wherein he busied himself, nothing save unmixed evil.—In America, his proceedings were innocent enough of any consequences. He was nothing but a stalking-horse for greasy republicans, who were delighted to parade a gentleman in their ranks, and to flatter him every now and then with the idea that he held a command, whereas he really never was a moment beyond the control of a dry-nurse. The feelings which actuated the *boyish* mind, that never arrived at the manhood of the intellect, are well expressed by Lafayette himself. Here we see the enthusiasm after the dream of pure Liberty and love of abstract virtue, which never could be brought into beneficial action with reference to the actual world—which he himself, indeed, never possessed sufficient Engergy and Will to attempt thoroughly to put into operation.

> "An irresistible passion" said he, in a letter to the Bailli de Ploen, " that would induce me to believe in innate ideas and the truth of prophecy, has decided my career. I have always loved liberty with the enthusiasm which actuates the religious man, with the passion of a lover, and with the conviction of a geometrician. On leaving college, where nothing had displeased me more than a state of dependence, I viewed the greatness and the littleness of the court with contempt, the frivolities of society with pity, the minute pedantry of the army with disgust, and oppression of every sort with indignation. The attraction of the American revolution drew me suddenly to my proper place. I felt myslf tranquil only when sailing between the continent whose powers I had braved, and the place where, although our arrival and our ultimate success were problematical, I could, at the age of nineteen, take refuge in the alternative of conquering or perishing in the cause to which I had devoted myself."

He was, in a word, and by his own shewing, an incapable man, alike by his good and evil qualities, which rendered every thing in him negative, in any class or caste of society; and *therefore*, in his muddled dream, an apostle to reform all.

But the above is an extract from M. Jules Cloquet's book, and we feel that it will be necessary for us to say something directly about it. The author is a celebrated surgeon, and was a personal friend, as well as professional attendant, of Lafayette. Like his worthy patient, he was something of a twaddler, and much more of a gossip; and to his propensities and powers in the latter character we are indebted for the volume before us, which consists of a series of letters, originally addressed, under the following circumstances, to a Mr. Isaiah Townsend, an American. A few days after the death of General Lafayette, this gentleman, being then at Paris, wrote to Cloquet, begging, in the name of all Yankees, past, present, and to come, that the aforesaid Cloquet "would record the last scene of that glorious existence of which he had been a witness."—Townsend goes on to say, with infinite ingenuousness, and no less *naïveté*, "I need not assure you, that the motive of my request is no idle or vulgar curiosity; you will do me the justice to ascribe it to a feeling worthy of the ties that bound us to our virtuous fellow-citizen and benefactor." Of course there never was, upon either side, the least idea of making a book for publication and for sale. But, nevertheless, by the march of events, it came to pass that one *did* write a volume in French, for the people of France, who troubled not themselves about it in the least, and that the other translated the same, for the gratification of the Yankees who might choose to buy, and who decidedly are furnished with a great deal of money's worth, in the way of the most outrageous laudation; and even we of England, though treated rather scurvily, to do honour to the *American nation* (?), are now favoured with an edition of the work upon our own account. If the publication could be for an instant regarded as a speculation, we should say it had been proceeded in withal in a very cautious and business-like manner. Translations of the letters were first given to the new world (which afforded the best mart) in one of its journals, and the originals afterwards were ushered to the light at Paris. It will be better, however, to let the author explain these matters in his own words. Townsend most truly and felicitously observes, that the Yankees in America will say to the Yankees in France, "Our aged and noble friend breathed his last among you, you know all; leave us not in ignorance whether Nature spared him in the sufferings from which his life merited exemption—whether his pure and beneficent spirit departed without anguish to join that of the friend and father of his youth—whether he preserved to the last that pure and lofty intelligence which was long our guide and our idol! Above all, inform us if, whilst suffering the painful transition from life to immortality, his confidence in our fidelity and our attachment was unshaken? Was he allowed, at his last solemn hour, to cast a parting look upon the great family of America—to bestow on us a benediction and farewell—on us, who loved him so much—on us, whom the recollection of his virtues and the hope of his approbation so often intoxicated with enthusiasm—on us, who are now reduced to the sad necessity of paying a fruitless tribute to his memory? You, sir (meaning Cloquet), can enable us to reply to our countrymen; you will not, I trust, compel us to turn a deaf ear to their legitimate appeal!"

Cloquet, albeit still stupified by the recent calamity of Lafayette's death, could not choose but respond, upon being evoked after so genial a fashion. And thus does he explain the course which he felt it advisable to pursue. Quoth Cloquet, "I should have found some difficulty in refusing to accede to the just and affecting demand of one who could so well appreciate Lafayette's virtues, and who thus addressed me in the name of his fellow-citizens. It was my first intention to write to him but one letter, but, as I reflected on my answer, such a superabundance of ideas presented themselves to my mind, that I was really at a loss to make a selection of my materials. As the vacation of the faculty was approaching, I resolved to profit by the leisure-moments that would thus be left to me to compose a series of letters, which I addressed in succession to Mr. Townsend. In compliance with his request, I authorised him to communicate to his countrymen. He had the patience to translate them, and his version, *which is more correct than the original*, was published in one of the New York journals—the *Evening Star*. The letters found their way back to France, after receiving as it were the rite of baptism in America, the country of Lafayette's adoption." And Cloquet was persuaded to publish them in the Parisian vernacular. There is a beautiful frankness about the whole account, which leaves no doubt as to the singleness of the objects entertained in the mind alike of the American and his correspondent.

We have now to deal with the letters and their pictorial illustrations, for Cloquet has given us proof that he can wield a pencil as well as a scalpel. "Manners make the man," said somebody or other, who was the father of the proverb; "style makes the man"—"*le style c'est l'homme*," quoth Cloquet, in one of his grand bursts of eulogy. Talking of his hero, he observes:

> "The best and the happiest expressions presented themselves naturally to his pen, and his style was distinguished at once by elevation, force, conciseness, and simplicity. '*Le style c'est l'homme*;' for style depicts man's manner of feeling and thinking. Lafayette was more particularly represented by his style because it was noble and pure like his soul."

Now, if Cloquet, the surgeon, is to be judged by his style, we should be bound to declare him a horrible fumbler, and to resist to the death the statement of his having used the catheter so deftly upon the person of his friend, together with all the desirable results that flowed from it. A German lady, of the sentimental school in Love, and transcendental in Philosophy, doubted of the fidelity of her absent lover from the moment that he changed, in his correspondence, from the vigorous snort of the straightforward German to the finical circumlocution of softly nasal French. She felt that the one was to the other as the rough convulsions of the healthy whinny to the half-affected and half-involuntary throes of a cold in the head: she might seem to shudder at the former, but she could not pretend to sympathise with the latter; and, therefore, from the moment her lover adopted the vague phraseology of "that false language" she considered herself abandoned. We believe, according to the story, she was right; and, certainly, there is no language, dead or living, in which nothing can be said after so imposing a fashion. There cannot well be a better exemplar of this than is furnished by the elaborately hasty, or hastily elaborate work, of our friend the surgeon. He decidedly has the faculty of multiplying words, and making them flow on with such a tranquil fulness, that your ears are too full to admit of the slightest pulsation; and, consequently, Memory is permitted to hold her seat, without being pressed to the slightest possible emotion of courtesy. But we have the weapon of criticism in our hand: it is too often used as a dagger; we shall apply it simply with expanded blades—to dissect, however, not to cut short the thread of Cloquet. He confines himself to some passages of the private life of Lafayette—some scraps of correspondence and descriptions of certain baubles, chiefly Yankee, with sketches of the same appended. We select some paragraphs, written in a kindly feeling, and, we believe, a good belief respecting the qualities of the individual on whom he heaps his panegyrics. We must say, that through these a touch of genuine domestic and personal merit, on the part of Lafayette, does force itself upon your perception. You perceive, at the same time, from this partial statement, how utterly unfitted the poor general was for each and every part he, with such mad vanity and honest purpose, undertook to play in the giant struggle of the Revolution. Let any practical man consider the times, and recollecct the style of a man who could alone prevail in them, and read this:

> "Lafayette loved truth above all things, and rejected all that could change or corrupt its nature. Like Epaminondas, he would not have suffered himself, even in joke, to utter the slightest falsehood: he was the mirror of truth, even in the midst of political parties, whose condemnation he pronounced, by presenting to them the hideous image of their passions. He thus offended, without convincing them; and the mirror, being declared deceitful, was destined to be broken. I once heard him say, 'the court would have accepted me, had I been an aristocrat; and the jacobins, had I been a jacobin: but, as I wished to side with neither, they both united against me.'"

They did not *unite* against him; they both found out to their cost his incapacity, and the danger of a conscientious ally. But the party that confided in the chivalrous honour of the gentleman were disappointed. He pleaded for his ruinous temporizing, when neutrality, nay lukewarmness, in any man of mind would have been base treachery—sordid honesty.

Yet we are instructed,—and there is little doubt, so far as Lafayette could understand it,

> "Virtue was so natural to him, that the actions of his private life which were most admired seemed to pass unper-

> ceived. It might have been said that his domestic existence was virtue put into action. Perhaps his candour and frankness might have been termed folly by such as were not acquainted with him, or by those corrupt individuals who rendered the opposite qualities subservient to their interests.
>
> "In his most familiar conversations, and even on occasion of anecdotes, the subject of which admitted of a sort of careless jocularity, I never heard Lafayette employ an unbecoming or trivial expression. A sentiment of natural modesty, strengthened by education and habit, rendered him averse to such a practice; and, in order to understand certain subjects, his hearer was always obliged to pierce, as it were, the veil of delicacy with which he enveloped them. A number of his old friends have assured me that, when in the army, they never heard him swear or use gross language, as sometimes happens to the best educated military men."

After reading these latter passages respecting his *morale*, we shall be able to appreciate the following, touching his *physique*.

> "He dined at home as often as possible, and his frugal meal invariably consisted of a *little fish, and the wing of a fowl; he drank nothing but water*. I have not the least doubt that his sobriety and temperance, and the regularity of his regimen, greatly contributed to exempt him from the infirmities of old age."

In another passage, which has just been excised, we recognizo Lafayette the gentleman.

> "Lafayette religiously kept the secrets entrusted to him —for he looked upon them as the property of others; and I never heard him commit an indiscretion on this score. With regard to matters personal to himself, he had no secrets from his intimate friends; and such was his confidence in them that he never even recommended secrecy to them."

This was a noble feeling, but yet a worldly weakness. He assumed that he was *always* to live amongst gentlemen,—a monstrous supposition for any man who would but think of it. And does not every gentleman's experience bear him out to the very uttermost in this, that none else are in any sort to be trusted? There is much truth, however, and grace of feeling in the following doctrines, which Cloquet puts forth for himself and his hero; and, although the style and form of thought is most villanously Frenchified, it is yet pleasing, because in some degree genial.

> "Real friends are made, not by wit or understanding, but by the qualities of the heart. It is not, therefore, always amongst persons of extreme brilliancy of mind that we must seek friends, who are more frequently to be found amongst those less gifted with intellectual powers. It too frequently happens that the mind receives its developement at the expense of the soul. In such cases it may be said, the powers of life converge towards the head to aid the developement of the intellect, and abandon the heart, which thus stagnates and withers. On the other hand, an excess of goodness, by attracting every thing within its reach, seems occasionally opposed to the developement of the mind. It must not, however, be concluded, from these general observations, that the qualities of the mind and thsoe of the heart are incompatible with each other, or always become developed in an inverse proportion. On the contrary, when found togother in the same individual, they constitute, by their noble harmony, the really superior man,—the man who can best discharge the duties of friendship, who can best feel its charms, and kindle a feeling of them within the breasts of others. Such a man was Lafayette; he sincerely loved his friends, and his demonstrations of kindness were proportionate to the sentiments which he felt for them. According to the degree of his intimacy with a friend he cordially squeezed his hand, or pressed him warmly in his arms, especially when he saw him after an absence, which always appeared to him too long. He was much more occupied with the interests of his friends than with nis own. If they were sick, he incessantly inquired after their situation, and visited, for the purpose of encouraging and consoling them. If their distance from him prevented him from visiting them, he wrote to them, and his interest in their behalf never cooled under any circumstances."

In addition to the passages we have quoted, there is very little indeed that would interest our readers generally in the book, excepting an elaborate and magniloquent account of the horrible dangers incurred by a M. Masclet, who lived somewhere out of London (which is insisted upon with a mysterious importance), from his having ventured to write letters in the *Morning Chronicle* on behalf of Lafayette, then confined at Olmutz. The *bonhommie* with which our worthy Cloquet, writhing under the lash of Louis Phillippe's censorship, enlarges upon the perils incurred by scribbling, under a fictitious signature, in an English newspaper, is curiously ludicrous. No less funny is the effect that he would fain attribute to these chronic discharges against the Austrian government. Take just one piece of eloquent history upon this subject.

> "The undertaking was really perilous; for Austria, exasperated at finding no supporter in the British parliament, and at seeing herself numasked before the eyes of Europe, which was gradually roused to indignation by the scenes of Olmutz, had sent several emissaries to London, to discover the Eleutheros who braved her anger, reiterated his complaints, assumed every form, and multiplied himself, as it were, to obtain the justice which he demanded in the name of the rights of nations and of humanity. But the efforts of the Austrian cabinet were ineffectual to discover Eleutheros. To justify her act, Austria endeavoured to persuade Europe of the kindness with which she treated her victims; and she accordingly published a manifesto, enumerating her humane proceedings towards them. Masclet published a vigorous refutation of the manifesto, and revealed the whole truth, stating the different circumstances, which you will find in General Latour Maubourgh's narrative, transcribed at the end of my letter. The refutation was supported by a letter from M. de Noailles, a relative of Madame Lafayette, and associated in his plans for Lafayette's deliverance the friends in whom he reposed the most confidence. He made the people of England speak out in the reprobation of France, who was indifferent to the unjust captivity of the first of her citizens, and of his noble family."

The liberal correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* and Lafayette afterwards met, and there was, of course, extreme rejoicing, upon the which Cloquet is very sentimental. But we can well agree to pass this over. We have already said that M. Cloquet has in this work exhibited his anxiety to shine as an artist as well as an author; and, on alluding to the former piece of ambition upon his part, he takes occasion to pay a very pretty compliment to the wood-engravers of France generally, and those of his own sketches in particular, which we have not time to copy. Now these are right curious sketches, and they have, in common with the letter-press, the faculty of allowing large scope for the imagination. There is a drawing of Lafayette's gateway at Lagrange—of his château—of all the markworthy plate, or ornaments, or weapons of state, presented to him, with descriptions of the same, that might excite the envy of George Robins,—vases, swords, medals, eye-glasses, rings, parasols, &c. [we give parenthetically the account of the parasol,—"a long-handled parasol, with an ivory top, which the illustrious president of the United States usually attached to his horse's saddle, to protect himself on his travels from the burning rays of a Carolina sun: *the colour of the stuff with which the parasol is covered has almost entirely faded*"]; also a piece of stuff embroidered by Mrs. Washington; also, the medal of the order of Cincinnatus, which had belonged to Washington. [The riband used by Washington is half worn out.] On the morocco-leather box which encloses the decoration are the words, "Washington's Cincinnati badge." How touching! Also, a cane and ring of Franklin's; and a ring which presents the portrait and contains the hair of Jeremy Bentham. That celebrated English writer by will bequeathed it to Lafayette. Round the ring are engraved the words, "*Memento for General Lafayette.*" Behind the medallion may be observed the hair of Bentham, plaited, and around the words, "*Jeremy Bentham's hair and profile.*" These intensely affecting inscriptions are understood to have been written by Jeremy's especial friend, and pupil, and fellow-labourer. We pass on to the death-bed and to the funeral. The following gives a grand idea of French *sentiment*, and of what in that country is "good for a bootless bene."

"In order to perpetuate the features of the illustrious deceased, M. David, member of the Institute, took a cast of them in plaster. M. Scheffer also executed a full-length portrait of the general, which is considered a faultless resemblance. The calm and gentle expression which Lafayette's features preserved after death is represented in this painting with a painfully affecting degree of truth. Madame de Maubourg, Lafayette's eldest daughter, was the first who felt desirous of preserving a likeness of her father's features. Her grief seemed for a moment to have strengthened her feeble and delicate constitution. Motionless, and on her knees before the bed of death, she sketched the features of the general with a hand guided by an unspeakable sentiment of filial piety and love. Filled with the remembrance of the painful scene which I had witnessed, I also took a slight sketch of it. My friend Gudin availed himself of my performance to execute the drawing which I now send you—the last homage paid by him to the memory of one whose friendship he cherished and whose virtues he admired. The drawing, executed with equal truth and feeling, presents a faithful image of the mournful scene which we witnessed."

We shall only add to this description, that nothing can be more melo-dramatic than the grouping generally, and the attitudes individually, of all human beings, dead and alive, presented in this drawing, executed with equal truth and feeling. Sooth to say, it is impossible to contemplate it for an instant without a strong disposition to a burst of laughter. Now for the magniloquent account of Lafayette's funeral; from which we should have supposed that it was a most tranquil ceremony, whereas as is well known, all the troops the government could command were paraded on the occasion, and there was a squabble at every yard of the way.

If it had occurred three weeks sooner, it would have furnished the theme for a right dangerous *émeute*. But Cloquet is quite unconscious of these matters. He even ingeniously observes, "No speeches were pronounced over the General's tomb: the tears and lamentations of those by whom it was surrounded bore sufficient testimony to his virtues, and to the regret which he left behind him. What funeral oration could have been so eloquent—what eulogium could have affected us so deeply?" Cloquet, of course, was not aware that the citizen-king had ordered a bayonet——. Well! well! let us take a kindly leave of Lafayette.

"Lafayette was desirous of emancipating the negroes only by degrees, and in proportion as their moral and intellectual education rendered them worthy of freedom. He foresaw all the inconveniences that might attend the sudden emancipation of a people debased by slavery, and the dangers that must follow their immediate transition from a state of brutal degradation to one of entire liberty—a state that must prove to them nothing more than one of unbridled licentiousness, of which despotism would artfully take advantage, as of a terrible weapon, first to establish, and next to justify its sway. For man, in fact, there are moral as well as physical transitions. The prisoner, enfeebled by a long confinement in dark dungeons, cannot without danger, be suddenly restored to the light of day. The slave, in like manner, is fitted to enjoy liberty only after gradual enlightenment as to the privileges which it confers, the duties which it imposes, and the limits prescribed to it by reason and justice. But in Lafayette's opinion, the greater the difficulties that impeded the abolition of slavery, the more energetic should be the zeal, and the more persevering the efforts of the genuine philanthropist to obtain so honourable a result; and he saw with pain that paltry considerations of interest paralysed the heart of some who might have given a decided impulse to negro emancipation."

THE ARABS AT THE COLOSSEUM.

A PARTY of Bedouin Arabs, three men and a boy, who had been astonishing the Parisians with their feats of muscular strength and activity, are now attracting the fashionable world to the Colosseum. Their performances take place on the stage of the saloon in Albany Street, which is fitted up with appropriate scenery; and commence at three o'clock daily.

These men are literally eel-backed; they twist their bodies in every direction with the litheness of serpents, and toss themselves about like fish disporting in the water. They rival Perrot, the dancer, in the rapidity of their gyrations, and continue them much longer, whirling around on one leg with great velocity. Their leaping and tumbling are extraordinary. They fling summersets backwards and sideways, making their hands and feet revolve like the spokes of a wheel; and, taking a run, fling themselves round in the air, picking up a gun from the ground and firing it off before they reach the ground: they also fling back-summersets without the impetus of a run—"still-vaulting," as it is termed.

Their leaps over two or three men, whose hands are joined above their heads, or who hold a chevaux-de-frise of naked sabres, are more wonderful than Harlequin's jumps; for, instead of falling into a blanket behind the scenes, they alight on their bare feet in the sight of the spectators.

After this whirling and leaping, they form a column of three standing on each other's shoulders; a tall African forming the base of the human pillar, and the boy, with his body bent backwards into a circle by linking his feet and hands together, forms the capital, wreathing himself round the neck or waist of the topmost man, who holds him up on one hand and lifts him about like a bundle: and thus they stalk about the stage—like the Monument taking a walk?

In all this there is nothing revolting or unseemly; for the ease and apparent enjoyment with which these feats are accomplished remove the idea of danger, even when one of them flings a summerset holding the points of two bayonets to his body. Their swarthy complexions, spare forms, and flexible limbs, clad in the native costumes of loose white cotton, and the gibbering cry with which they stimulate each other, aided by the monotonous tattoo of a tambourine, give a characteristic wildness to the scene.

Moral Effeminacy.—There has crept over the refined classes, over the whole class of gentlemen in England, a moral effeminacy, an inaptitude for every kind of struggle. They shrink from all effort, from every thing that is troublesome and disagreeable. When an evil *comes to* them, they can sometimes bear it with tolerable patience (though nobody is less patient when they can entertain the slightest hope that by raising an outcry they may compel somebody else to make an effort to relieve them). But heroism is an active, not a passive quality; and when it is necessary not to bear pain but to seek it, little needs be expected from the men of the present day. They cannot undergo labour, they cannot brave ridicule, they cannot stand evil tongues; they have not hardihood to say an unpleasant thing to any one whom they are in the habit of seeing, or to face, even with a nation at their back, the coldness of some little *coterie* which surrounds them. This torpidity and cowardice, as a general characteristic, is new in the world; but (modified by the different temperaments of different nations) it is a natural consequence of the progress of civilization, and will continue until met by a system of cultivation adapted to counteract it.—*London and Westminster Review.*

The Falls near Ro-limery in Africa.—The river, for some distance confined between barriers of rock, suddenly hurls itself over a precipice, and flings its entire flood downwards to a prodigious depth. Five sturdy points of rock, projecting near the bottom of the fall, meet the hitherto even sheet of water and break it into clouds of mist. Nothing carried over the ledge survives the descent. Trunks of the hardest grained trees never reappear, but are ground to powder; and one of the red camwood dyes the stream below to the colour of blood. Viewed in front, the great breadth of the Rokel diminishes the apparent height, as in the case of Niagara; but the truth is impressed by a side view. This magnificent fall is the most remarkable in this part of Africa: the interest it excites is much increased by the circumstance that probably fewer living white men have reached it, than have ascended Mont Blanc. This difficulty of access, added to the vicinity of the river's source to that of the Niger, both springing from the Kong mountains, towards which the country was already commencing its rise; the intrinsic grandeur too of the falls themselves, pouring down between rocks, and forests so luxuriant that festoons of beautiful creepers hung from the branches even to the tempestuous waters and trifled with the white spray, threw such a charm over the cataract that I felt I could no longer have reason to envy those who had seen Niagara alone. Also, there is something peculiarly friendly in the countenance of a well-fed waterfall when the thermometer stands at 100 degrees in the shade.—*The White Man's Grave: A Visit to Sierra Leone, in* 1834.

Quackery.—It is in a small society, where everybody knows everybody, that public opinion, when well directed, exercises its most salutary influence. Take the case of a tradesman in a small country town; to every one of his customers he is long and intimately known; their opinion of him has been formed after long and repeated trials; if he could deceive them once, he cannot hope to go on deceiving them in the quality of his goods; he has no other customers to look to if he loses these, while, if his goods are really what they pretend to be, he may hope that among so few competitors that this also will be known and recognised, and that he will acquire the character, as a man and as a tradesman, which his conduct entitles him to. Far different is the case of a man setting up in business in the crowded streets of a great city. If he trust solely to the quality of his goods, to the honesty and faithfulness with which he performs what he undertakes, he may remain ten years without a customer: be he ever so honest, he is driven to cry out on the housetops that his wares are the best of wares, past, present, and to come; while if he proclaim this, true or false, with sufficient loudness to excite the curiosity of passers by, and can give his commodities a gloss, a saleable look, not easily to be seen through at a superficial glance, he may drive a thriving trade although no customer ever enter his shop twice. There has been much complant of late years, of the growth, both in the world of trade and in that of intellect, of quackery, and especially of puffing: but nobody seems to have remarked, that these are the inevitable outgrowth of immense competition; of a state of society where any voice, not pitched in an exaggerated key, is lost in the hubbub. Success, in so crowded a field, depends not upon what a person is, but upon what he seems: mere marketable objects become the object instead of substantial ones, and a man's labour and capital are expended less in *doing* anything than in persuading other people that he has done it. Our own age has seen this evil brought to its consummation. Quackery there always was, but it once was a test of the absence of sterling qualities: there was a proverb that good wine needed no bush. It is our own age which has seen the honest dealer driven to quackery, by hard necessity, and the certainty of being undersold by the dishonest. For the first time, arts for attracting public attention form a necessary part of the qualifications even of the deserving; and skill in these goes farther than any other quality towards insuring success. The same intensity of competition drives the trading public more and more to play high for success, to throw for all or nothing; and this together with the difficulty of sure calculations in a field of commerce so widely extended, renders bankruptcy no longer disgraceful, because no longer a presumption either of dishonesty or inprudence; the discredit which it still incurs belongs to it, alas! mainly as an indication of poverty. Thus public opinion loses another of those simple criteria of desert, which, and which alone, it is capable of correctly applying, and the very cause which has rendered it omnipotent in the gross, weakens the precision and force with which its judgment is brought home to individuals.—*London and Westminster Review.*

—Divinity is little worth having, much less paying for, unless she teaches humanity.—*Landor's Letters of a Conservative on the English Church.*

The hoax criminal.—Thanks to intellect, or something else, hoaxes have gone out of fashion. They are the stupidest and the most unpardonable of all jokes invented by our ancestors; and if they are now and then practised in these our wiser if not merrier times, it is pleasant to see them miss their mark. It is very seldom that they contain as much mirth as mischief. A "capital jest" of this soft, just reported, involves a capital offence; for somebody has actually been so full of fun as to commit two forgeries.—Letters have been forwarded to Mr. Hankey, the banker, and formerly the treasurer of the London Missionary Society, the one containing a draught for 100*l.* purporting to be from Mr. D. O'Connell, in token of his liberal feelings as a Roman Catholic towards the Dissenters; and the other a draught for 50*l.* purporting to be from Mr. Thomas Duncombe. The hoaxer designed that his letters should have been received before the separation of the anniversary meeting of the society, that the donations might have been announced with the others. The explosion, however, did not take place in time, and but little sensation was created by it. The "check" was thus retorted upon the forger. His next hoax ought to involve an assassination, to sustain his reputation for wit.

Soap from Flints.—Under this title our readers may have seen the announcement of what appeared to be a very valuable fictitious invention—the conversion of Flint into Soap. But "truth is strange, stranger than fiiction;" and we can testify to the value of the discovery, and the excellence of the result, by declaring that the Soap so prepared by Mr. Hendris, in Tichborne street, is equal to the best that can be used, and boasts many peculiar properties. We write this certificate "with clean hands," having made frequent trials of what we heartily recommend to others.

From Fraser's Magazine.

REVEREND DOCTOR LARDNER.

Lardner, called at his baptism by the name of Dennis, amplified by his own classical taste to that of Dionysius, but by his compatriots generally pronounced as Dinnish, stands before you, gentle reader, cloaked and hatted in his usual guise. His chin is perked up *à l'ordinaire*, and his spectacled eyes beam forth wisdom. In order, we suppose, to illustrate some of the principles of his own treatise on mechanics, as published in the Cab., he generally takes the position of standing toes in, heels out, according to the cavalry regulations; and therefore so is he depicted in the opposite engraving. What bulk it is he carries under his cloak we know not, nor have we any grounds whereon to offer a conjecture.

Bred in the Irish University, which is now so much abused and belaboured by the Whigs and Radicals, as the *silent* sister,—most unjustly, indeed, in one point of view, for a more *spouting* university never existed, as Mr. Shiel can testify,—Lardner early obtained there great fame and eminence as a grinder; and published a work on differential calculus, which he wrote avowedly for the purpose of learning the science,—a pleasant process, which we opine is oftener practised than confessed. Not satisfied with this *modicum* of renown, he migrated, as his countrymen are fond of doing, one fine morning, to London. Perhaps he was annoyed at the superior airs assumed by the fellows of the college—a dignity which, we know not why, he never obtained—over all inferior grades. It is a saying of Tom Browne, that there is no greater man than a fellow in his college, and none smaller out of it; and even Thomas himself never sported a more veritable *dictum*. Certainly, the fellows of Trinity, Dublin, do not lose an inch of their height while parading in courts, presiding in commons, or dealing forth premiums or cautions at examinations; and we are the more confirmed in our opinion, that it was some slight on the part of some of these functionaries that has laid London under the obligation of Dionysius's presence, by the fact, that he has more than once declared, he knew not the most famous among them, yea Charles Boyton himself (whom we mention *honoris causâ*), even by name. "As if," exclaimed an indignant A. B. T. C. D., to whom this fact was communicated, "a risidint Masthur of Thrinity Collidge did not know iviry wan of the fillows aqual to his own toes and fingers." It certainly was a stretch of fancy on the part of our friend opposite, to which the ignorance of Russell Square is but a trifle.

We find him, on arrival, at once a Professor in the University of London, called by its ill-willers Cockney College, or some other name still more unsavoury. Here he, with the true spirit of an Hibernian, threw himself, without delay, into the thick of the thousand-and-one fights with which that most pugnacious, or, to use the old term, hoplomachic of universities immediately on its creation abounded, armed shillela in hand. We take it for granted that his ancient Tory partialities, never wholly eradicated we hope, exacerbated his bile against the Whigs; but whatever was the occasion, the consequence was that Dennis, after giving and taking as much punishment as would have been expected from Jem Ward or Josh Hudson, was fairly floored at last, and obliged to quit the ring. Hereupon he commenced a literary Cab-driver, and has started his Cycloped. with various fortune, good or bad, —the former, we trust, predominating. Of this great work we have had several occasions to speak already, and it is highly probable that many more will occur. We are sorry to learn that the impartiality of our strictures has sometimes ruffled the mind of our philosophical friend; but we assure him that we wish him, and indeed all literary men, well; and if we censure, it is only with a view to his and their improvement in mind or morals. Around him he has gathered a various host, as diversified as those with whom Nonnus, in his thirteenth book, surrounds his hero.

But as our business is not now with the

——προμάχους ἥρωας, ἀγειρομένους, Διονύσῳ

as the epigraph has it, but with the leader himself,—we thus conclude our first Dionysiac.

From the Asiatic Journal.

ASIATIC INTELLIGENCE.

INTELLECTUAL CONDITION OF INDIA.

It is lamentable to observe, that, after having so long held India, we have made no definite impression on native society. Notwithstanding the compliments which pass and repass between Calcutta and Leadenhall-street, it is a fact, which no man acquainted with the country will deny, that the British government in India has neither produced any ameliorating change in the *people*, nor adopted any measures which might lead to the hope, that the foundation of such a change had been laid, and that time only was required to develope it. We have wrought no improvement in India in the remotest degree correspondent with the extent of our own acquirements, or the advantages which we have long enjoyed in the country. We have protected the country from foreign enemies; and this is, we fear, nearly the sum and substance of our achievements. But we owed this to our dignity, peace, and character; other duties, which we owed to the country, we have yet to think of. The benefits which the natives have derived from our own advent, have arisen simply from the *existence* of a powerful and vigorous administration among them; from any exertions of that administration, the intellectual condition of the people has obtained no benefit. Burke, in a strain of bitter invective, said, half a century ago, "Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed, during the inglorious period of our dominion, by any thing better than the orang outang or the tiger." The censure is now* inapplicable; but it may be said, with the strictest truth, that, if we were this day driven out of India, there would not remain any thing to testify that it had been held for seventy years, in undisputed sovereignty, by the most active and civilized people on earth. In fact, the entire structure and complexion of our government appear utterly unadapted for making any permanent, civilizing impression on the mass of the people; for laying deep the foundations of new institutions, calculated to elevate the natives. Every thing about our government is transient and fugitive; there is nothing permanent. The scene flits before the eyes of the natives, and the actors appear and disappear on the stage with all the rapidity of dramatic representation. From the highest to the lowest officer, we see nothing but perpetual change. No sooner do the natives begin to understand the character of a governor general, and the governor general to understand them and their country, than he removes to his native land, and is succeeded by another, who has no sooner completed the term of his "apprenticeship," and become initiated in the craft and mystery of Indian government, than he also disappears. The same principle of change pervades all the subordinate officers. Take the civil stations all round, and it will be found that the functionaries are changed about every three years. In scarcely a single instance, is there time for a judge, magistrate, or collector to become intimately acquainted with the people under him. He seems always in a hurry to be gone, first from one place to another, and eventually from India to England. Is it possible that any permanent institutions for the benefit of India can be founded and matured, in so changing a scene?"

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

The river Soan, which intersects the military road leading from Calcutta to Benares, is famed for its pebbles. In the rainy season, the stream is full three miles across, but, during the remainder of the year, the greater portion of its bed is dry, and abounding in quicksands. It is believed by the credulous, that the *philosopher's stone* lies somewhere in the bed of the river; and the belief is founded on the following *fact*. In the days when Sasseeram and Rotus Ghur were flourishing places, a chief (Shere Shah, I think), with his whole paraphernalia, crossed the Soan in progress to Bengal; and, on arriving at the eastern bank, it was discovered that a chain attached to the leg of one of the elephants, instead of being of iron, was composed of pure gold! The sages, on being summoned to account for such a phenomenon, questioned the mahout, and on his declaring he had not put the chain on the animal's leg, unanimously declared, that a transmutation had taken place by the "*Parus Puthur*" having come in contact whilst the elephant was crossing. Such an opportunity for securing the long-looked and long-wished for talisman was not, of course, to be neglected. An order was instantly issued for each person in the camp to collect a heap of pebbles from the bed of the river. In this occupation patricians and plebeians eagerly joined, gold being the stimulus. The next process was for the people to arrange themselves, with their collections, along the water's edge, every one having a piece of iron, with which they were to touch each pebble. If the desired effect was not produced, the pebble was to be thrown into the water as useless.—Away then to work they went, touching and throwing; and this scene continued for several days. At last, the folks grew tired and careless, and the operation of 'touch-and-go' was carried on at the rate of thirteen miles an hour. Fortune is said to be blind, and unluckily she here stumbled on a poor grass-cutter, who got hold of the desired object of search. His piece of iron no sooner came in contact with it, than the base metal was turned into gold! But he having been so accustomed to the touch-and-throw movement, the real pebble shared the fate of its predecessors; into the water it went. The hue and cry was soon made, that the "*Parus Pathur*" was found, but like Pat's tea-kettle at the bottom of the sea—it was *not lost*—the grass-cutter knew where it was, and that's all! The chief, on finding what had occurred, and vexed at his disappointment, had the unfortunate grass-cutter bound hand and foot and thrown into the river for his stupidity. Many fruitless endeavours were made to fish up the cast-away article; but, as good-luck seldom visits one twice in the twenty-four hours, it was never found again—there the "*Parus*" remains, and will for ever remain, unless the same grass-cutter who first discovered it finds it again!—*Central Free Press, Nov.* 28.

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* And always was.—Ed.

ZOOLOGY OF ASSAM.

Compared with those of most other jungly countries there is scarcely any peculiarity in the animals of Assam. Wild Elephants are plentiful, and move in large herds. Great numbers are caught every year, and transported to other countries; but the speculation is very precarious, as many of them die before they are domesticated. A few are shot in their wild state, merely for their ivory. They are frequently very dangerous, and many of the natives are annually killed by them. The rhinoceros inhabits the densest and the most retired parts of the country. The young ones are a good deal looked after, but so difficult to be found, that a party with two or three elephants don't succeed in catching above one or two in a season, and these, when caught, frequently die in the nursing. The mode of taking them is first to shoot the mother, and then the calf is easily secured. Frequently the mother, in her dying agonies, lays hold of her young one with her teeth, and lacerates it so severely, that it dies of its wounds. In those books of natural history, of which I am in possession, the *rhinocerus indicus* is described as having no canine teeth; but on an inspection of a skull, a few days ago, I found two very stout canines, one on each side of the two incisors of the lower jaw. The upper jaw was so incomplete, that I could determine nothing respecting their existence in it. The old rhinoceroses are frequently killed for the sake of their horns alone, to which the natives attach a great deal of sanctity; so much so, that the general belief is, that there is no more certain way of insuring a place in the celestial regions, than to be tossed to death on the horn of a rhinoceros. These horns are as hard as bone, very stout and broad at the base, and seldom longer than eight or ten inches. They have a slight curvature towards the forehead, and in colour are as black as the buffalo's. The horn is not a process of the bone of the nose, but united to it by a concave surface, so as to admit of being detached by maceration, or by a severe blow. It has no pitch, but the centre is a little more cellular than the rest. Considering the wild and sequestered habit of these animals, it is surprising how very easily they are tamed. With a little training, a young one, a few months after being caught, may be turned loose to feed, and be ridden by children. They contract a strong affection for their keeper, and come at his call, and follow his steps wherever he goes.

Tigers, leopards, and bears, are numerous, but though they occasionally carry off a bullock, accidents to human life are rare. There is a reward of six rupees a head allowed by government for their destruction; certain castes adopt this as a profession, and make a good livelihood by it. They destroy them by means of poisoned arrows. Having found out a recently frequented track, they fix a strong bamboo bow (a modification of the cross bow) horizontally, upon three forked sticks, driven firmly into the ground, and just so high as to be on a level with the tiger's shoulder. The bow being bent, and the poisoned arrow fixed, a string connected with the trigger is carried across the path in the same direction with the arrow, and secured to a peg. The tiger in passing along, comes in contact with this string, the bow is instantly let off, and the arrow is lodged in his breast. So very active is this poison that the animal, though not otherwise mortally wounded, is commonly dead within one hundred yards of the place where he was struck.

Wild buffaloes abound in all parts of Assam. They are not much sought for unless by some classes for eating. They are too fierce and formidable to be robbed of their young with impunity; and as they are seldom found solitary like the rhinoceros, the calves could not be secured even at the expense of the parent's life. It is the common practice to breed from the wild buffalos; no males are kept by the feeders: the tame herd is driven towards the jungle, where they are joined by the wild males, who continue in the flock during the season.

Of all the animals that roam the forest, not even excepting poisonous serpents and beasts of prey, the buffalo is the most formidable, and the most to be dreaded when defenceless; and more inhabitants are destroyed by his gore than by all other animals put together. Scarcely a month passes, without some person being attacked in this district, and gored to death. A man was lately brought in to me, with the whole of his stomach protruding through a small wound in the epigastric region. The horn had entered the stomach, and a small hole existed, like the mouth of a purse, into which I could introduce my finger. He had two other wounds in his body, both of which seemed mere scratches; but one of them entered the thorax, and the other the abdomen. He had been gored the day before I saw him, and been conveyed from a distance on a hurdle; but with all my care, he died next morning. The only thing remarkable in this case was his living so long with wounds in such vital parts.—*India Jour. Med. Science for Nov.*

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA'S EDICT AGAINST FOREIGN BOOKS.

The following is the translation of an edict, issued by the late Governor Loo, and privately obtained by an influential friend. There can be little doubt but the emperor was greatly surprised at the appearance of the *Chinese Magazine*. This singular fact, that a book written by an European in the Chinese language, printed from Chinese blocks by a native, and published by the author, and brought to the notice of the great officers of state, and even of H. I. M. himself, stands alone in the history of literature and of China.

"To Woo-tun-yuen, How-qua, and the rest of the hong merchants, for their full information, from the governor and fooyuen, who, on the 21st day of the 6th moon of the 15th year of Taou-kwang, received and in council opened a despatch from the great officers of the military council, saying that, on the first day of the 6th moon, 15th year of Taou-kwang, they received the imperial edict—as follows:—

"Lo-shen (foo-yuen of Fuh-këen), and the others have forwarded a foreign book to the office of the military council, from English foreigners, which has been presented to me for my inspection. I the emperor, have carefully turned it over, and looked a[illegible]t; the title-page bears the date—Taou-kwang, *Kea-woo* (the name of the 31st year of the Chinese cycle, 1834); it is dated in the summer months, and sealed with a private seal. The book contains questions from the five classics. It is most certain that an outside foreigner did not print the book. The said nation frequents Canton for the purposes of trade; assuredly, in the interior, there must be traitors among the people, who unite together to print and circulate (the book); this is most detestable. If this book was printed in last year, how is it that, this spring, it can be circulated from the said nation as far as Fuh-këen province? —This affair must, most decidedly, be investigated to the bottom, and it will not be difficult to ascertain the real facts. I order the said governor and foo-yuen (of Fuh-këen), and the others, to institute immediate secret inquiries. The shopmen, who printed the foreign book, must be seized and sent before the magistrates, and strictly examined as to what person prepared this foreign book, and who gave it to the said shopmen to print, and the facts and persons concerned must be clearly proved and pointed out, and elicited by examination; there must not be the least tergiversation or glossing over, which will be a most heavy and perverse offence. Let this edict be communicated to Loo and Kee (the governor and foo-yuen of Canton); and also send it to Pang (the hoppo) for his information. And I order the volumes of foreign books to be both sent at once (from the military council to the above officers at Canton). Respect this.'

"The imperial will has been received; and we have written a dispatch, communicating the above circumstances.

"I (Loo, the governor of Canton) have examined, and find, that the governor of Fuh-këen and Che-keang has transmitted a document, stating that foreigners distributed foreign books in Fuh-këen province, &c. We, the governor and fooyuen, fear that the said foreign vessel has entered into Canton province; we have already ordered the *Sze* officers (the treasurer and the judge) to commence inquiries as to whether any foreign books have been distributed in Canton. Afterwards, we received the edict containing the imperial will, ordering the examination of the shopmen who printed the foreign books; and we have already respectfully obeyed the orders, for instituting an enquiry: this is on record.—Now, we have respectfully received the foregoing directions, as well as the two volumes of foreign books; and we, the governor and foo-yuen, with extreme care, have looked them over, and it is clearly the case that they are Chinese-printed books; they are got up, as to appearance, fashion, paper, and title-page, exactly the same as the story-books, song-books, &c. that are sold in the streets. Canton is the place which the English foreigners frequent for the purposes of trading; certainly, there must be native traitors amongst the people, who link themselves on (to the foreigners) and print (their books). We have also communicated to the two *Sze* officers, the treasurer and criminal judge, to immediately direct the Kwang-chow-foo and the two *hëens* of Pwan-yu and Nan-hae, to search about the provincial city, inside and out, as well as Macao and other places; and moreover, to give secret orders to all the hong merchants, secretly and quickly, to ascertain the facts by examination. The shopmen, who printed the foreign books, must be taken, and subjected to the severest examination before the magistrate; that the man who prepared these foreign books, and who delivered them to the said shopmen to be printed, may be discovered; and at what time and place they were printed; all these circumstances must be drawn out by grinding torture; for the real facts must be obtained. If the blocks are still in the country, immediately seize them, and deliver them up, altogether, to await our (the governor and foo-yuen) personal inspection, in order to send them (to the emperor). Thus, we respectfully obey the edict containing the imperial wild, ordering us to examine into this important business.

"It certainly cannot be reported back from Canton, that there are not any cutters (of blocks for the characters.) It is absolutely requisite for the said *foo* and *hëen* officers to deliberate and examine, and obtain the facts. It is expected that they will certainly make a seizure. If the district officers have been guilty of the fault of circumstances in enquiring, yet, if they pursue and seize the printing criminal, they may beg for some indulgence; but, if they shrink from and avoid their duty, or are careless and slur over the business, and the criminals are seized by other persons, the said *foo* and *hëen* officers may fear the difficulty of bearing the consequences of so heavy a crime. It is absolutely necessary that the utmost secrecy and sincerity be used to prevent the matter from being known abroad, so that the traitors may not be able to conceal themselves at a distance, and the guiltless be implicated. It is proper, respectfully to record (the edict) and the documents (connected with it), to be respectfully obeyed.

"These orders for examination having, with secrecy and haste, come before me, the hoppo, on receiving them, besides sending secret messengers to examine, I, with haste, unite with and give secret orders to the said hong merchants to obey accordingly, and, after having examined, to inform me of the facts by petition; thus I respectfully obey the edict containing the imperial will respecting this examination. The said hong merchants must not be guilty of the offence of evading their duty. A special edict.

"Taou-kwang, 15th year, 6th moon, 28th day. (23d July 1835.")—*Canton Reg. Oct.* 6.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The *Grahams-town Journal* gives an account of a great meeting, King William's Town, on the 7th January, of all the Caffree chiefs, now under British jurisdiction, for the purpose of administering the oath of allegiance to the magistrate and people, for initiating the chiefs and other heads of Kraals in the office of magistrates, full commandants, and field cornets; and for explaining to those functionaries the duties they are expected to perform.

The Caffres were bivouacked on the slopes of the hills. The tribes of Macomo and Tyrali presented a very imposing appearance, mounting about 600 men on horseback, besides about 1,000 foot. The other Caffres came up with great order and regularity—some of the tribes singing their war-song. On the ground were the commissioners, some missionaries, several gentlemen from India, &c. The *coup-dœil* was exceedingly interesting; it a had character altogether new, and was rendered highly picturesque by its wildness. In the centre was the tent of the commander-in-chief of the province; on his right hand sat Macomo, on his left Tyrali, each dressed in a suit of blue cloth. Next sat Suta Gaska's queen wife; next Nonube—then came Cobu, Congo, Pato, and William Kama.

The business of the day was opened with an impressive prayer in the Caffre language, by the Rev. Mr. Chalmers. Before reading the address, Col. Smith waving his hat, called out, "Long live our good King William the Fourth," which was responded to by a shout from the Caffres; they raised their hands high in the air, snapping their fingers, as they yelled, with singular effect; they then sat down, and it appeared incredible that 2,000 men could be stowed away in so small a compass. Colonel Smith then read the important document. When it was finished the Colonel said, "Macomo and tyrali, and the other magistrates, I now wait to hear any thing you have to say." After a short pause, Macomo turned round, and said "Although my people are stupid, ignorant, and naked, I and they are perfectly sensible when good words are said to us. I will always tell you if any thing happens among my people, as you are the representative of the king and the governor; and I will obey your instructions." To which the governor replied, "Macomo, you have shewn yourself today the same man I ever found you, and I again urge you to remember these words—you are now British subjects." Tyrali then spoke briefly: he thanked Col. Smith for all he had done for him and his people.

Thus ended this remarkable meeting: the parties quietly dispersed, each tribe of Anglo-Caffres marching off to their places of occupation.

MADAGASCAR.

The queen of Madagascar has by an edict, suppressed the profession of Christianity among her subjects, and strictly prohibited, on the head of religion, any departure from the customs of their ancestors. This princess, the widow and successor of the celebrated Radama, reigns over nearly four millions of people, from whom she has withdrawn, in her folly, the means which were freely offered to them, of raising themselves to a level with the most prosperous and powerful nations.

In her edict she expresses her willingness to receive European arts, and such inventions as tend directly to augment the wealth and power of her kingdom, being ignorant of the fact, that all the useful arts, both in their birth and application, as the supporters of national greatness, are inseparably connected wth the intellectual and moral condition of the human mind. The arts of Christian Europe speedily become unfruitful, and perish utterly, when left in the hands of a heathen and depraved community.—*South Afr. Advertiser, Feb.* 10.

WESTMINSTER AND LONDON REVIEWS.

Our old friend *The Westminster Review* is dead—or, rather, we should say, in the established phrase of the day, is united with *The London*. We are not sorry for it; though fruitful in its time, never was a fair field so utterly exhausted. It was avowedly put forward as the advocate of particular opinions, and having once "said its say," it became merely iterative and wearisome. In *The London*, on the contrary, there is life and virility—it is less exclusive—and, if we do not altogether like the tone and temper of particular papers, it is young enough to leave hopes of amendment. We said heretofore, and repeat, that either a presiding mind, or greater experience and greater resources, are wanted in the conduct of this Review; in proof, there is an article in the present number which clashes absurdly with its avowed political principles: this is nothing less than an apology for that miserable minion Godoy, and might have been written by the author of Doblado's Letters, or any other equivocal politician. Again, there is a review of the literature of the last twelvemonth, in which a writer affects to criticise nearly one hundred volumes! including all subjects, from history, philosophy, and poetry, down to novels and picture books. Now where is the master-mind so comprehensive in its grasp, that it is equally competent to pass judgment on such a variety of subjects, to say nothing of the physical favour of reading the books?—why it is probable that we have called on not less than twenty different persons to report on the merit of the several works here disposed of by one single gentleman at one fell swoop—and yet something of due deliberation might be excused in a weekly journal, for which the dignity of a quarterly has no apology. We shall regret if the spirit in which this comment is made be mistaken: we wish well to *The London Review*, as the organ of a large and increasing class.

Imperial Library at Vienna.—Besides a great General Alphabetical Catalogue of the printed books, about 300,000 in number, so arranged that every new acquisition may be readily inserted, there are nine special Catalogues; viz. of prints and maps, the prints alone amounting to 300,000, and valued at as many pounds sterling; or the collection of *autographs*,* lately commenced, even now 8000 in number (with a separate catalogue for Oriental autographs); of the 12,000 volumes printed before the year 1500; of practical works upon music—these with the theoretical being 6000; of Hebrew works; of Sclavonic books; of all the Bibles; of all Latin Philological MSS.; and of the Oriental MSS. amounting to 1000, besides 793 Chinese and Indian books. There is also a reference Catalogue of all works acquired since 1822, and various other special Catalogues are in progress, but above all the *Great General Scientific or Classed Catalogue* is said to be in a forward state of preparation; while at our own National Museum which contains not much more than two-thirds of the printed books, and about one-third of the prints, the only accessible catalogue of the Printed Books is an *Alphabetical* one in 22 vols.; and as for MSS., the "pressing want" of a General Classed Catalogue or Index is obvious to every one who has occasion to consult them.

Leg Bail in Africa.—Beneath the shelter of the palaver-house sat a debtor, in the miserable bondage due to his poverty or dishonesty. The Timmanee creditor thrusts the debtor's leg through a hole in a heavy log of plum-wood, and secures it with an iron bolt. The foot would be crushed but for a rope tied to the end of the log, and held by the hands. Walking is scarcely possible, and confinement to one spot becomes as complete as if ensured by walls.—*The White Man's Grave: A Visit to Sierra Leone, in* 1834.

Manufacture of Iron.—The Hot Blast.—The introduction into Scotland of the system of smelting iron by heated air, has produced extraordirary changes in the manufacture of that important metal. The reduction in the quantity of fuel required is said to be no less than 300 per cent.; two tons of coals, or a corresponding quantity of coke, now proving to be sufficient for the smelting of one ton of iron, which formerly required upon an average about eight.—This would rank amongst the greatest strides of modern are were no objections to exist in the corresponding deterioration for general purposes of the quality of the iron so produced. The hot blast has not yet been introduced into the iron districts of England, from the supposition that the metal is rendered by it brittle and devoid of that malleability which is one of the finest qualities of iron; that the saving of fuel is not equal to the decreased value of the metal so produced. We cannot offer an opinion on this important subject, but perceiving in the very able account of the origin, operation, and consequences, of the hot blast which has recently been published by a learned gentleman in Scotland, no allusion whatever to the quality of the iron produced, we thing it important towards the English iron-masters, that an explanation of the subject should be afforded by our northern friends.

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* Should the Emperor of Austria hear of Mr. Upcott's Collection of 32,000 letters, illustrated with 3000 portraits, there is no doubt that it would speedily find its way to Vienna. The Emperor seldom, if ever, refuses any Collection proposed to him by the Director of the Imperial Library, whatever may be its price. There is no "driving of bargains" at Vienna, or bidding half, or a third, of the price asked.

From the Examiner.

AMERICAN NOTIONS.

It would be very hard to decide whether the English writers on America or the American writers on England, commit the greater blunders. The exchange of error and misrepresentation appears nearly equal. With such curious nicety, indeed, is the matter balanced, that a mistake on the one side is seldom set right without a mistake of equal magnitude on the other, in the very act of correction. An amusing example of this kind occurs in the *North American Review*. Mrs. Butler having intimated that persons of literary celebrity are excluded from the first circles in the United States, the Reviewer asserts that the charge does not apply to America, but he retorts it, with some enormous additions, upon European society, and states that, in the capitals of England and of most other kingdoms, the distinction between the privileged orders and the other classes is so strictly observed, that the former refuse to associate with the latter on equal terms, and that the line of separation between the nobility and the prominent members of professions is drawn so rigidly as to be nearly as impassable as that between the two colours in the United States. We quote the passage, as a specimen of the manner in which one false notion is turned against another:—

"The truth is, that the fact most strongly characteristic of the state of society in all our principal cities, as compared with those of Europe, is precisely the *absence* of this distinction between the fashionable and the intellectual circles, which our author is pleased to represent as particularly marked in this country. In the capitals of England, and of most of the other kingdoms of Europe, *such a distinction really exists*. The hereditary privileged orders, including the reigning families, constitute a separate class, occupying by general acknowledgment the highest rank, and *refusing to associate on equal terms with any other*. The prominent members of the various professions, who have acquired wealth or competency by the successful exercise of their respective callings, and are able to surround themselves with the elegancies of life, form, in all these cities, another class much superior to the court circle in every intellectual and moral quality, but confessedly below it in rank. *The line of separation between these two classes is drawn in the most rigid manner, and is nearly as impassable as that between the two colours in this country*. In half the novels that have been written, as those of our readers who are familiar with this branch of learning are well aware, the distress is created by building up between the lovers the ideal but impenetrable and impassible wall of separation, resulting from a difference of rank, which is commonly removed at the end of the fourth volume, not by sacrificing the prejudice to good sense and good feeling, but by proving, in some extraordinary way, that the hero is a duke in diguise, or the heroine a princess, who has been changed in her cradle. *The right to be presented at court, determines that of being admitted into the aristocratic circle; and it is a standing rule at most of the courts, that no merchant, no member of the learned professions, as such, and in general no person exercising any useful or profitable calling, can pretend to the honour of a personal introduction to the sovereign.* This is a distinction reserved for professed idlers; and so entirely has habit inverted the natural course of feeling on the subject, that these drones not only exclude all the industrious portion of the community from their society, but affect to look down upon them with contempt. In France, the privileged order invented and applied to the body of the nation an epithet of rather obscure etymology, but in practice significant of utter ignominy and disgrace. Every person not belonging to the three or four hundred families of the nobility, was called a *Roturier*. Now and then a young man of aristocratic origin, but reduced fortune, condescended to improve it by marrying the daughter of a wealthy banker, or a farmer-general, and he was then said, in the polite dialect of the court, to enrich his lands by a draught upon the *dung-hill* of the commonality,—*le fumier de la rôture*. The English language, thanks to the manly virtues of our puritan forefathers, has no term of reproach, corresponding to the French *roturier*. In England, a commoner was always an honourable title; but *even in England, the line of distinction between the privileged and the professional circles is strictly drawn:* In this country no such distinction exists, and this is the great and only real difference between the state of society here and in Europe."

The Reviewer potently believes that an English nobleman would refuse to associate on equal terms with a lawyer, a merchant, a physician, a clergyman, or officer—that he would not sit at the same table with Mr. Bickersteth before he was made a Peer, Sir Henry Halford, Southey, and the like, but would recoil from them almost as Americans do from men whose skins are as black as the illiberality and injustice that hold them in degradation.

Such ignorance of English society as appears in the passage we have quoted may appear marvellous, but we have not a doubt that it is fully matched or exceeded by our commentators on American manners.

Some remarks which follow are more correctly aimed—they hit us in a weak place, and with considerable force:—

"Our fair censor has described as a leading feature in the state of society in this country, the precise distinction of which the *absence* constitutes the great and only real difference between our social constitution and that of Europe. It is also remarkable, as a proof how little she has matured her opinions on the subject, that while she condemns, in strong terms, this distinction, as she incorrectly represents it to exist here, she looks back to it as it really does exist in Europe, with a sort of longing regret; and, what is even more curious, she seems to suppose that every body she sees here, is infected with the same feeling. 'A republic is a natural anomaly.' What the world be fit for six hundred years hence, she cannot exactly say; but in the mean time, 'it is my conviction that America will be a monarchy *before I am a skeleton.*' At an interview with the Recorder of New York, and some other gentlemen, she had opportunity of perceiving how thorough a chimera the equality is, that we talk of as Americans: 'here they were talking of their aristocracy and their democracy, and if nothing else bore testimony to the inherent love of *higher things*, which, I believe, exists in every human creature, the way in which the lawyer dwelt upon the duke of Montrose, to whom, in Scotch kindred, he is allied at the distance of some miles, and Lady Loughborough; whom, heaven knows how he got hold of, would have satisfied me that my Lord or my Lady are just as precious in the eyes of these levellers, as in those of Lord and Lady-loving John Bull himself.' All this is pleasant enough, and it would be curious, if there were room, to examine the nature of these *higher things*, of which Mrs. Butler, and, in her opinion, every body else, is naturally so much enamoured. Take, for instance, the Duke of Montrose. The real *higher thing* called a duke, is a general,—*dux*,—a leader of armies. These are *things* that we have in this country in abundance, wherever they are wanted, as our author's countrymen know to their cost. Our Washingtons, Lincolns, Greenes, Lees, and Jacksons, were, or are, all real dukes. But what is the Duke of Montrose? A person who is called, by courtesy, duke or general, because one of his ancestors was a general some centuries ago. Now, supposing even that this kind of *misnomer* may, for certain purposes, have its use, we cannot think that there can be, in human nature, any 'inherent love' for an object so entirely artificial; or that mere names, thus falsely applied, can be described with propriety as the *higher things* that naturally excite the enthusiasm of the generous and aspiring mind. If the son of Sir Walter Scott were called, by courtesy, *the Author of Waverley*, should we have a better chance for the further continuation of the Waverley novels, than we have now? The *high things*, connected with that appellation, were the novels, and the power of producing them. When these, in the course of nature, came to an end, the day of high things was over, and that of small things commenced, and it would make no difference to the lover of high things whether some person were complimented, by courtesy, with a title indicating the power of producing these works, or not. The case is the same with political and military distinctions. If titular dukes should continue to exist in England half a century longer, which may be looked upon as somewhat doubtful, the next generation will have its Duke of Wellington, like the present; but the *high thing* now represented by this title will be gone, and the one which takes its place will resemble it about as much as one of the gilt paper crowns, worn by 'my father,' upon the stage, resembles the real symbol of royalty. Why Mrs. Butler should feel so much enthusiasm about this composition jewelry of conventional rank and titles, we do not exactly see. Perhaps it may be owing to a secret consciousness that there is some analogy between her late profession and the existence of a titled nobility, which is, in fact, from first to last, a sort of theatrical representation. *N'ai-je pas bien joué mon rôle?* was a question put by the Empress Catharine of Russia, to the French Embassador, Ségur. More probably, however, the feeling of our author is the common illusion, by the effect of which things unknown pass for magnificent. As an actress, she had no access on equal and familiar terms to the Aristocratic circles of her country; but in consequence of the distinction of her family in their profession, and their private respectability, was occasionally permitted to come and contemplate at a respectful distance, the splendour with which the nobility are surrounded. This is precisely the view of high life which is best fitted to make a favourable impression upon a susceptible observer; and when, with this wholly ideal impression of the state of society in Europe fresh in her mind, Mrs. Butler came to this country, she was naturally enough, though not very reasonably, disappointed, to find that the ordinary sayings and doings of our working-day world did not quite realize all the glorious dreams of her poetical and theatrical imagination."

It is certainly a monstrous perversion of opinion that assigns honour to a title in proportion to the remoteness from the desert which is supposed to have won it. A Wellington or a Nelson has been sneered at by many a Noodleman of ancient descent as a *new man*, the Duke of yesterday. The present merit seems really to detract from the honour of the title. This mode of rating the advance in honour is like that of measuring a ship's progress. The desert of the first founder is the log thrown overboard, and every knot run from it extends the honour of the line.

In Australia a similar rule will doubtless prevail, with a more sensible application; and the honour of families will be reckoned from the date of the penal sentence. To boast of being the fourteenth or fifteenth descendant of a horse-stealer or house-breaker will, one of these days, be a proud thing in New South Wales. In these cases the pride of a long descent, of a far distant root to the pedigree, will be quite intelligible.

From the Spectator.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF DIGESTION.

The Physiology of Digestion, considered with Relation to the Principles of Dietetics. By Andrew Combe, M. D. &c. &c.

Dr. Combe must be placed in the first rank of the popular expounders of science. He may want the sprightly elegance with which some few writers have been able to animate dry or difficult subjects,—although their airiness often degenerates into levity; several authors may have equalled him in the clearness requisite to explain abtruse or complex principles; but he seems to us to stand alone in the power which he possesses of imparting interest to the matters that employ his pen, without deviating from the sobriety and gravity proper to philosophic exposition.

For some of the attention he excites in the mind of the reader, Dr. Combe is unquestionably indebted to his subjects: which, addressing the corporeal feelings and sympathies of every one, come more directly home to the bosoms of the generality, than even the most attractive kind of fictions. As experience, however, shows that popular medical treatises may be written, and well written, without approaching the effect produced by Dr. Combe, it is worth while to analyze the combination of qualities which gives to his writings their peculiar character. And the first of these, it is almost needless to say, is a perfect mastery of his subject, by which he is able to reject every thing not essential to its full exposition. The next is the distinct and lucid manner in which the essentials are presented to the mind. To excite and sustain attention, more than these, however, are necessary; and in the case of Dr. Combe, they will be found to consist in the skill with which he selects the most striking facts connected with his subject to *illustrate* or enforce its principles—the directness with which every thing is made to bear upon that practical matter, our own wellbeing—the reflecting penetration that enables the author to deduce new truths from well-known facts, which others have passed over without perceiving their relations, and the faculty he possesses of putting old things in a new light. In addition to all this, Dr. Combe possesses great ease and clearness of style; its very diffuseness being in one sense a merit, because of the novel and abstruse nature of some of the subjects the author has to expound. It is acutely observed by Coleridge, that a sententious style is a defect if it requires more time and pains to understand it than would have been necessary with a fuller diction.

The volume which has occasioned and which illustrates these remarks, is intended as a companion to the author's *Pinciples of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health.* It may be remembered that one distinct feature of that work was an account of some of the excretions by which superfluous and effete matter was thrown off the system. The object of the present is to describe the operations by which the foreign substances taken into it are prepared for becoming bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh, as well as to derive from this description some practical rules for the attainment of that grand essential to happiness a good stomach. With this view, the book is divided into two parts; the first embracing the physiology of digestion, the second containing the general principles of dietetics deducible from the natural laws of digestion. Of these two divisions, the first is the most satisfactory and interesting, from the nature of its subject and the popular novelty of much of the information it imparts, or the force and freshness with which obvious truths are presented. We have most of us, for instance, heard that some loss of matter, even in inanimate substance, is consequent upon action, however trifling the action may be: but how clearly is the principle impressed upon the mind by instancing "the great-toe of the bronze statue of St. Peter at Rome, which in the course of centuries has been worn down to less than half its original size, by the successive kisses of the faithful!" The loss of substance which living things undergo, and the power they possess of replacing this loss by continual fresh supplies, is familiar to all: but how few have thought upon the wise provision of appetite!—for, universal as is now the practice of eating and drinking, it would never have done to have made those actions a matter of duty. "If man," says Dr. Combe, "had no motive more imperative than reason to oblige him to take food, he would be constantly liable, from indolence and thoughtlessness, or the pressure of other occupations, to incur the penalty of starvation without previously being aware of his danger."

To prevent this is the task of hunger and thirst: and, before expounding the principles of nutrition which necessarily spring from them, Dr. Combe investigates their nature at considerable length; attributing their origin to the waste which the body has undergone, and showing that their seat, though supposed to be the stomach, is in reality the brain. He next, in a chapter of remarkable clearness, explains the character of the teeth both in man and other animals, as well as the uses of mastication, saliva, and deglution. The act of swallowing naturally leads him to the stomach, where all that we swallow is subjected to its first transmutation; being converted into a uniform substance called *chyme*, by the power of the gastric juice, aided by heat, motion, and a flow of blood to the stomach. And this section of the book is enriched, not only by the soundest views and most striking facts already known to the medical world, but by the extraordinary experiments the American physician, Dr. Beaumont, was enabled to make on a Canadian named St. Martin. This person—luckily for science—had a portion of a couple of his ribs carried away by a gun shot wound, and a peep-hole made into his stomach, which remains even till this day; Nature, failing in her attempts to make him whole, having doubled up the coat of the stomach and formed a valve removeable at pleasure. Of this interesting circumstance Dr. Beaumont took advantage; engaging St. Martin, at considerable expense, to live with him, and submit to innumerable experiments, the pith of which is embodied in two chapters of Dr. Combe's book. There the curious may read how the votary of science inserted an indigestible substance into the orifice, and decided that the gastric juice was secreted by *contact* alone, although its secretion ceased as soon as it ascertained its incpability of acting on the strange visiter. He will there ascertain the different foods on which Dr. Beaumont fed St. Martin, and the various states in which he found them at various times as he peeped through the loophole into Nature's laboratory. He will learn how the muscular action of the stomach keeps substances within it in constant motion towards the entrance to the bowels, (whence, if not reduced to chyme, they are rejected and return,)—as the indefatigable experimenter discovered when he inserted his thermometer, which was gradually drawn downwards; one use of this constant movement being to remove the chyme from the exterior of the food, and enable the gastric juice to continue its action on the yet undigested parts. He will learn, too, the experiments made on various eatables with pure gastric juice in phials kept at different temperatures,—proving that *heat* is necessary to digestion; or with gastric juice and half digested food extracted from the stomach,—showing that this juice alone is sufficient to digest, though not so quickly; or minced meat put into the stomach without swallowing, and the digestive operations which followed its insertion,—whence Dr. Beaumont infers that saliva is not a very essential element in digestion: besides a variety of other experiments both curious and useful.

But to return. When the food has been reduced to chyme in the stomach, it passes into the bowels, where it meets the bile from the liver and the pancreatic juice from the pancreas,—a junction from which *chyle* is produced. On the internal surface of the bowels an immense number of minute vessels are ramified, which absorb or suck up, sponge-fashion, the chyle after it is formed. These lacteal vessels gradually coalesce into larger trunks; which, after passing through the mesenteric glands, terminate in the thoracic duct, by which the chyle is conveyed into the vein that brings back the venous blood to the lungs. There, as was shown in Dr. Combe's *Principles of Physiology*, it is, by contact with the atmospheric air, converted into arterial blood, and is fitted to supply the place of the old particles sensibly or insensibly thrown off from the system. When this supply of chyle fails, the system, by appetite, *gives signs* of its wants: if they be not attended to, faintness ensues, then wasting, and at last death. If materials for more than this just supply is given, the stomach is overtasked; the food, after frequent rejections, is passed into the bowels undigested; general uneasiness follows; and if the plan of overeating be persisted on, dyspepsia with its train of evils is induced, or, where the stomach is capable of bearing such over-tasking, the patient becomes plethoric, and liable to be carried off by apoplexy or the first attack of an acute disease.

The section on chylification, absorption, and the mysterious processes which complete the function of nutrition, is equally clear and instructive with that on chymification; and the results described are equally wonderful. But, as the organs concerned in these processes lie deeper than the stomach, and are not so easily seen or reached, experiments either by inspection or vivisection of animals are proportionably difficult or impossible. Practically, however, this is of small consequence, as whatever conduces to chymification seems equally conducive to chylification or intestinal digestion.

Having thus finished Nutrition, Dr. Combe proceeds to the second part; which, as we have said already, is less effective,—not, however, from any falling-off in the author, but from the sheer necessities of his subject. The exposition of Digestion is specific and complete; the rules we must follow to procure a good one are general, and appear somewhat vague. Nor was it possible that they should be otherwise. The use of the stomach and bowels is to repair the waste of the system; and the supplies should be proportionate to the expenditure. Yet who can lay down one or several rules of diet that shall be applicable to individual cases? The growing youth requires more than the mature man; the active than the sedentary; the healthy than the invalid. Much, too, depends on the state of mind, and the potent influences of the nervous system. The prosperous person, who sits down to table with a cheerful soul, disposed to please and be pleased even with trifles, will bear more, and extract more nourishment from it, than the harassed, anxious, or thoughtful man, whose mind is revolving matters of a distressing or exhausting nature. The diet adapted for a bilious temperament would be unfitted for the sanguine, the nervous, or the lymphatic, and *vice versa*. Abstractedly, noon is the best hour for dining; and the farmer, who leads a natural life, rising early and passing his time actively in the open air, generally dines about mid-day. The man of fashion, who gets up after the other has dined, prudently defers his principal repast till eight or nine o'clock at night, and perhaps takes a supper at two or three in the morning: not that these hours are good in themselves, but that they are well enough fitted to the life he leads. A similar uncertainty prevails with regard to the intervals between meals, though the extreme points are much more limited: the strong and active will be ready for a fresh supply in four and a half or five hours; the weakly and sedentary may go as long as six; or these periods may be extended if a slight intermediate repast be taken to prevent faintness. In short, whilst disease is absent, the stomach is a very accommodating organ, provided it be *managed;* and the only rule that we can glean of universal application is that which Milton put into the mouth of Michael—

> "The rule of *not too much.*"

Of course, what we have said is to be considered as mere *indicia* of the leading points of the volume,—a skeleton, without flesh, blood, feature, or roundness. Nor will any specimen that we could offer convey any idea of the work, unless we could extract an entire section. We will, however, take two or three short passages, as samples of the author's manner.

HUNGER AND THIRST.

The sensation of hunger is commonly referred to the stomach, and that of thirst to the upper part of the throat and back of the mouth,—and correctly enough to this extent, that a certain condition of the stomach and throat tends to produce them. But, in reality, the sensations themselves, like all other mental affections and emotions, have their seat in the brain; to which a sense of the condition of the stomach is conveyed through the medium of the nerves. In this respect, appetite resembles the senses of seeing, hearing, and feeling; and no greater difficulty attends the explanation of the one than of the others. Thus, the cause which excites the sensation of colour, is certain rays of light striking upon the nerve of the eye; and the cause which excites the perception of sound, is the atmospherical vibrations striking upon the nerve of the ear: but the sensations themselves take place in the brain, to which, as the organ of the mind, the respective impressions are conveyed. In like manner, the cause which excites appetite is an impression made on the nerves of the stomach; but the feeling itself is experienced in the brain, to which that impression is conveyed. Accordingly, just as in health no sound is ever heard except when the external vibrating atmosphere has actually impressed the ear, and no colour is perceived unless an object be presented to the eye, so is appetite never felt, except where, from want of food, the stomach is in that state which forms the proper stimulus to its nerves, and where the communication between it and the brain is left free and unobstructed.

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Thirst is generally said to have its seat in the back of the mouth and throat; but the condition of these parts is merely a local accompaniment of a want experienced by the whole frame, and perceived by the nervous system. Local applications, accordingly, go but a short way in giving relief, while the introduction of fluids by any other channel—by immersion in a bath, by injection into the veins, or through an external opening into the stomach—is sufficient to quench thirst without the liquid ever touching the throat. The affection of that part, therefore, is merely a result of the state of the system, and not itself the cause of thirst.

SURPRISING POWER OF DIGESTION.

If, in the whole animal economy, where all is admirable, there be one operation which on reflection appears more wonderful than another, and which evinces in a higher degree the prodigious recources and power of the Creator in fashioning every thing to his own will, it is perhaps that by which the same kind of nutriment is extracted from the most opposite varieties of food consumed by living beings. For, singular as it may appear, recent researches tend to establish the fact, that, even in animals differing so widely in their aliment as the herbiverous and carniverous quadrupeds, the ultimate products of digestion in both—the chyle and the blood—are *identical* in composition, in so far at least as can be determined by their chemical analysis.

Remarkable, however, as this uniformity of result undoubtedly is, it becomes still more striking when we contemplate the variety of sources from which food is derived for the support of animal life. To use the words of an able writer already quoted, "There is no part of the organized structure of an animal or vegetable, however dense its texture or acrid its qualities, that may not, under certain circumstances, become the food of some species of insect, or contribute in some mode to the support of animal life. The more succulant parts of plants, such as the leaves or softer stems, are the principal sources of nourishment to the greater number of larger quadrupeds, to multitudes of insects; as well as to numerous tribes of other animals. Some plants are more particularly assigned as the appropriate nutriment of particular species, which would perish if these ceased to grow: thus the silk worm subsists almost exclusively upon the leaves of the mulberry tree; and many species of catterpillars are attached each to a particular plant, which they prefer to all others. There are at least fifty different species of insects that feed upon the common nettle; and plants of which the juices are most acrid and poisonous to the generality of animals, such as uphorbium, henbane, and nightshade, afford a wholesome and delicious food to others." Nor are the precision and accuracy with which the same fluid, the blood, affords to every structure of the body the precise species of nourishment or secretion which its elementary composition requires, however different each may be from the rest in chemical qualities, less admirable and extraordinary than its own original formation from such a variety of materials. To bone, the blood furnishes the elements of bone with unerring accuracy; to muscle the same blood furnishes the elements of muscle, to nerves the elements of nerve, to skin the elements of skin, and to vessels the elements of vessels; and yet, while each of these differs somewhat in composition from the others, the constituent elements of the blood by which they are furnished are everywhere the same.

Similar phenomena, indeed, occur in the vegetable world; but this, instead of diminishing our wonder, rather tends to augment it. The same elements, extracted from the same soil, are converted into every variety of vegetable product, into leaves of every shade

> of green, flowers of every form and tint, and juices of every quality, from the deadly poison up to bland and life-supporting milk. Nay, even in the same plant, as in the poppy, we sometimes find the seeds and the capsule which covers them endowed with the most opposite properties.
>
> It would be very interesting to discover by what resources Nature thus effects the production of the same kind of nutritive fluid or *chyle* from so great a variety of substances, and apportions to every part the precise elements of which it stands in need: but it is doubtful whether the human faculties were ever designed to penetrate so far into the modes of vital action; and, in the meantime, it will be better for us to confine our attention to that branch of the inquiry which bears a direct reference to our own welfare.

The end which Dr. Combe proposed to himself in this volume, was not to bring forward any new discoveries, or to lay down rules for indigestion, but popularly to unfold the laws by which digestion was carried on. This, we conceive, he has completely achieved. Whether this knowledge only was necessary, as he seems to think, for the introduction of a more general adherence to the principles of Dietetics, may be questioned. As regards third parties, some improvement may be expected. The mother and the nurse, who have thoroughly studied the volume before us, may no longer persist in cramming the child or the invalid with food, when the stomach is not in a state, for instance, even to secrete the gastric juice. With respect to the direct effects upon eaters, we anticipate slender results. The world will read, admire, and applaud Dr. Combe on Digestion and Dieteties, and then go on in its usual way, eating what it it likes, and digesting what it can.

From The Spectator.

LOOK FORWARD.

Lord Melbourne's has been a most fortunate Ministry. Appointed at a time when the masses had recently obtained a vast accession of power, and holding offices on the condition of working out important changes in the political and social state of the empire,—compelled by their position to do many things which were calculated to displease powerful interests and to agitate the public mind,—the present Ministers have been favoured with an unusual degree of national prosperity which they had no share in creating. It has been remarked, that the chief cause of Reform in Parliament was, not any abstract desire of the People for organic change, nor even a popular sense of evils, resulting from rotten boroughs, but that state of political economy which is called "distress." During six years previous to the 1st of March 1831, the House of Commons received scarcely any petitions for Reform of Parliament, whilst its table was loaded with petitions complaining of low wages and low profits,—want of employment for labour, and want of employment for capital. These, indeed, are not the words in which the distressed classes complained; for they did not perceive that the cause of their distress was a great increase of population and national wealth, which, the field of employment for capital and labour being limited by the Corn-laws, led to harassing *competition* amongst all but the spending class. But seeing that this country has been growing richer every day since the peace, competition was the true matter of complaint from those who prayed Parliament to relieve their "distress." The distressed agricultural interest, the distressed shipping interest, the distressed manufacturing interest, the distressed commercial interest, meant so many interests possessing each in the aggregate, and the whole of them of course in the aggregate, more wealth than ever, but irritated by the competition of more capital and greater numbers in a limited field of employment. This, it cannot be repeated too often, was the true cause of that feeling which upset the Tories and reformed the House of Commons. If the cause had lasted, the feeling would not have died away. The nation is contented now, not because it has got rid of the Tories and obtained Reform of Parliament, but because wages and profits are comparatively high—because the field of employment for capital and labour has been enlarged. This enlargement has not been universal. For one class there has been no decrease of harassing competition. A succession of fine harvests, with great improvements of agriculture, and especially in Ireland, have so augmented the quantity of food in this country, and especially of bread, the common food of the people, that the effect has been the same for all the industrious classes, as if the Corn-laws had been suspended some years ago. We say suspended,—for if the Corn-laws had been wholly repealed some years ago, there would now be little corn in British ground, and the farmers would by this time have been almost wholly occupied in producing things subject to a continually increasing demand; they would by this time have been in the same situation as those other industrious classes whose present prosperity is owing to the plenty and cheapness of common food. It is because the effect of seasons and improvements has been the same, not as a repeal, but only as a suspension of the Corn-laws, that the farmers, continuing to grow corn, have not shared in the prosperity of the other classes. But this shows that the actual prosperity of the other classes is not likely to last. In order that the present effect should continue, the increase of common food must be progressive. Agricultural improvements may go on for a long while; but there can be no improvement on such seasons as we have had lately; and two bad harvests, nay one, perhaps would counteract the influence of improved cultivation. The uncommon national prosperity, therefore, with which Lord MELBOURNE's Ministry has been favoured, seems to depend upon the weather.

May-day this year was as cold as Christmas. In consequence of the extreme wetness of last autumn, a great breadth of corn-land in Ireland has been left unsown. The potato-crop threatens to be very deficient; and this, along with English subscriptions for the Irish poor, will increase the demand for corn. The farmers of England, after selling wheat for some time at the ordinary price of barley, have discovered that what punishes them as growers of wheat, is the great quantity of wheat at market. In England, a wide breadth of land which was used for growing wheat, has been turned to other purposes. Good and bad harvests do not come singly, but in periods of several consecutive years: because so much corn has been grown lately, less wil be grown in future for some time to come. But, with the recent increase of food, there has occurred, by means of early marriages and the healthiness of a well-fed people, an unusual increase of population. Through the increase of food, too, large masses of money-capital, have found life and employment, not to mention the further accumulation which has resulted from the seeming prospect of employment for any quantity that might be saved. The money of the new Joint Stock Banks represents the new quantity of food, which is capital. If the present prospect should be realized, though the nation will be richer than ever in all but common food, a period of general "distress" is approaching.

What all considered the most difficult task of reforming the English Poor-laws, has been accomplished with a facility which surprises all. The Poor-law Commissioners have been wonderfully favoured. While they have been engaged in putting an end to the system of out-door allowance, there has occurred, independently of them, a general scarcity of hands. A great increase of food having given activity to large masses of capital in almost every branch of industry, they have found it easy to refuse out-door allowance. From spots where labour was in excess, migrations have taken place to spots where it was deficient. The new Poor-law was a very good one; but the facile execution of it is due to fine seasons and a greater production of corn. We do not detract from Mr. SENIOR's merits in telling him, that his Act of Parliament would have been most difficult of execution, if he had not been helped by the sun, and by the disfranchisement of forty-shilling freeholders in Ireland, which has led Irish landlords to grow corn instead of voters. The past, however, is past, and is worth a look back only as it shows the prospect.

"Distress"—that is, severe competition amongst capitalists as well as labourers—produced Parliamentary Reform. What will competition, that is, distress, produce, now that the masses have obtained a great accession of power, not only in the Legislature but in the towns? The body composed of Parliamentary and Municipal electors in Great Britain, and of Parliamentary electors in Ireland, are now, indeed, the sovereign people. So long as the sovereign people remains prosperous, it is a quiet animal enough; but democracy and distress explode like a mixture of water and fire. With dear bread and a scarcity of employment for labourers, and with ruinous competition amongst capitalists, the Corn-laws will be very quickly repealed. And that will be a bright day for this country; since thenceforth the field of employment for capital and labour may be *continually* increased for generations to come in due proportion to the increase of wealth and population. But that bright day must be preceded by a storm fearful to contemplate. A wise Government would prepare for it.

From the Spectator.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

National Education; its present state and prospects. By Frederick Hill. In 2 vols.

THE contents of Mr. HILL's volumes on this important subject may be divided into two distinct heads,—one consisting of a valuable collection of specific facts connected with education as at present furnished by public institutions to the masses of the people; the other a view of the education of the middle and higher classes, with suggestions, or speculations rather, on what it ought to be. The first part of the work is by far the most valuable. Mr. HILL has the industry and observation necessary to collect individual facts: he seems to want the comprehension which is indispensable to extract a general view from an induction of minute and various p lars. Still less is he capable of laying down a scheme of education for the more leisured classes, or settling that *quæstio vexata*. Are languages or natural philosophy—the science of words or such knowledge of things as children can be taught—best fitted to train the mind and assist in forming the character?

The sources are threefold from which the very interesting accounts of the existing schools in England are drawn,—Parliamentary or other public documents, the reports of various educational societies, and the personal inquiries of the author and his friends. The various classes of schools which Mr. Hill passes under review are seven. (1) Schools of Industry; in which the acquisition of some mechanical trade is made of even greater importance than *education* in the usual meaning of the word. (2.) Day Schools on the plan of Bell and Lancaster, either in connexion with the institution called the British and Foreign School Society, whose basis is perfect equality amongst all sects of Christians, or the National Society which requires compliance with the formulas of the Established Church. (3.) Sunday Schools. (4.) Factory Schools; meaning those which have been spontaneously established by the proprietors, and not those set up in compliance with the Factory Bill, which are represented as having turned out failures. (5.) Schools for Paupers, of which a most deplorable picture is given. (6.) Infant Schools, whose use seems rather to keep the infant out of mischief and prevent its mind from running to seed, than beneficial either in teaching any thing or so disciplining the mind as to fit it for being taught hereafter. (7.) Adult Schools. And throughout this extended examination, M. Hill's mode of proceeding is the same, although considerably modified by the fulness or scantiness of his information. He describes the nature of the schools; the objects they profess to have in view, and whether their fundamental principles are catholic or sectarian: the probable or actual number of pupils is estimated; we are told what is taught or attempted, as well as the modes of teaching; the amount of the funds is stated, whence they are derived, and the average cost of education per head. And finally, an endeavour is made in several cases, roughly to trace the effects produced upon the future conduct of the pupil; the tests of ill-doing ranging from application for parish relief to conviction for felony.

Except in the case of single schools, much of all this is only approximate; for the impression derived from what Mr. Hill tells us is, that educational statistics are very defective, if indeed they can be said to exist at all. There is no organized system for collecting and registering facts connected with the subject; the special returns to Parliament are collected by slovenly indifference; and those which are made either to the Legislature or to educational societies, are drawn up by parties whose vanity and whose interests are alike operative in exaggerating the number and acquirements of the pupils. The number of persons in Great Britain who can read or write, it is of course impossible to ascertain; the number of children who are now in the course of teaching is also unknown. Speaking generally, Mr. Hill conceives that the rural inhabitants of Scotland receive the best education in the island. He inclines to consider the population of towns as not better educated than the same class in England, if they are so well. Wales is supposed to be in a backward state; and there is no supposition at all about the deplorable ignorance of the Irish people. The amount of crime corresponds with the extent of education; being less in Scotland than in England; and if greater in England than in Wales, this proves but little,—for before theft can be committed, says Mr. Hill, "there must be something to steal;" and as the facilities for committing crime or escaping with impunity are far less in Wales than in England, we must not too readily decide in favour of Welsh morality.

But in addition to the difficulties of procuring specific information on the question, it seems that any return as to the numbers capable of reading and writing must often be received with considerable caution. In the few searching examinations that have been made, many have been found who once had the power of reading but who had lost it; and the same remark holds good as to writing,—though the parties, rather than confess their deficiency, claim one or both accomplishments. Persons intimately connected with education, too, continually draw a proper distinction between the mere capability of reading by an effort, and the power of reading with fluency so as readily to understand what they peruse. It may be noted as a singular fact, that where an individual is unable to write at all, he is not able to read with sufficient ease to enjoy the occupation. It is also a circumstance worthy of notice, that adults prefer writing to reading, and are never weary of plodding through copies. The most gratifying impression of the book, however, is the universality and hardihood of virtue. It will flourish anywhere, requiring only the opportunity of growth. We are not zealots enough to assert that individuals can in all cases be reformed; but the statements in the volumes before us will bear out the opinion, that if a number of the ignorant and vicious be instructed and given some slender means of reformation, steady persistance in reform will be the rule, and relapse the exception.

Of the different classes of schools which Mr. Hill describes, the most complete, and therefore the most interesting account, is the section relating to Schools of Industry. This arises from their smaller number, which admitting of each being visited, has given more circumstantiality to the description. Of these, Gower's Walk School, in Whitechapel, and the Asylum at Hackney Wick, are the best done. We will extract the former; not, however, shutting our eyes to the tendency of the training—which is to foster a love of money: so mingled are good and evil.

GOWER'S WALK SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY.

Placed in the heart of a district densely peopled with the poorer classes, the school owes but little to situation for the contentment and cheerfulness observable in the scholars, whose lively appearance cannot fail to strike every visiter; while the value of the acquirements they are making is amply manifested in the eagerness shown on the one hand to procure admission to the school, and on the other to obtain the departing pupils as apprentices. When we visited the school (in July last year,) there were two long lists of applicants, the one of masters waiting for children, the other of parents wishing to send their sons and daughters as scholars.

The industrial occupation of the boys is printing; that of the girls needlework. There are altogether about two hundred children in the school, rather more than one half of whom are boys. Both boys and girls are in attendance during seven hours each day. Four hours of this time are given to the usual business of a school,—namely, reading, writing, and arithmetic; the remaining three hours are employed by the girls in needlework, and the boys in printing; with this restriction, however, that no boy is allowed to join the class of printers (a privilege much coveted) until he can read, write, and cipher, with a certain degree of facility. This regulation is found to act very beneficially in furnishing a motive for increased diligence in the school-room. The printers, in number about sixty, are divided into three classes; some one class being always in the printing office, and the others in the school room: Thus the boys are refreshed and relieved by an alternation of manual and mental labour; and both the school room and the printing office are constantly occupied.

We were much pleased with the sense of life and bustle among the little printers. No lolling and yawning, no wistful looks at the slow moving hands of the clock; the signs of cheerful industry were visible in every face, were apparent in the quick motion of every limb. The last time we called at the school happened to be on a holyday afternoon; but no stillness of the printing office notified the term of relaxation. The busy hand of the compositor was moving to and fro as usual, and the pressman was tugging at his screw-bar with as much energy as ever. On inquiry, we found that the boys engaged were a class of volunteers, who, incredible as it may appear at Eton or Winchester, preferred passing their holyday at work to spending it at play.

We particularly inquired whether the little printers entered fairly into competition with their elders in the same profession; or whether, in point of fact, there was not some protection, some favour of friends conceding better terms than are allowed elsewhere. We were, however, assured that the school depends on no partiality of the kind; that, on the contrary, a prevailing prejudice against work done by boys depresses their prices below those usually given for work executed in the same style. It is of course necessary that the little fellows should work many more hours than an adult printer in order to obtain an equal remuneration; what the latter would get through in a day may occupy one of them a week, a fortnight, or even a month; but as the work is paid for by the piece, it is evident that the increased time is followed by no additional recompense.

As evidence of the neatness of the work, it is sufficient to refer to the Reports of the National Society, which are always printed by these children. So far as appears to us, the typography of these books bears no mark of inferiority, and we believe it furnishes no clue to the age of those by whom it was executed save what is found in the imprint—"School Press, Gower's Walk, Whitechapel." It is proper to remark, that the boys receive a good deal of instruction and assistance in the practice of their art; but the cost of this aid is taken out of the proceeds of the printing; which, even after this deduction, furnish a considerable sum towards the general expenses of the school, and finally give a handsome surplus to be divided among the boys.

With these and many other interesting particulars we were furnished by Mr. French (the very intelligent master,) who now gives an example of the value of the institution, by the ability with which he conducts the school from which he derived his own education.

It appears that the school has existed on its present footing for nearly thirty years. The building which was formerly a sugar bakehouse, was applied to its present use by the benevolent and enlightened founder of the school, Mr. Davies, who also endowed the school with the sum of 2000*l*. in the Three per Cent. Consuls. The income of 60*l*. a year arising from this sum, and the use of the building rent free, are all that interfere with the self supporting character of the establishment. Yet with this moderate help is a school carried on, in which two hundred children receive a comparatively good education, being trained in habits of cheerful industry, taught a useful art, and moreover instructed in the ordinary branches of a school education. And not only is all this effected, but a sum of money averaging more than 100*l*. a year is divided among the children according to their respective savings, one half being immediately distributed in the form of pocket money, and the remainder set aside to meet the expenses of outfit, apprentices' premium, &c. at the time of departure. A boy will in this way accumulate 4*l*., 5*l*., or 6*l*., or even 10*l*. before leaving the school,—no inconsiderable sum for a lad in this rank of life to start with in the world.

The monthly gains of the little printers average about three shillings per boy, though sometimes an individual will have to receive as much as six shillings. A savings bank has lately been opened in the school, as an additional encouragement to thrifty habits; and the smallest sums, down to a single half-penny, are received. Most of the children have become dep
though they are quite at liberty to keep their

in their own possession. The bank was opened last February; and when we visited the school in July the deposits amounted to 23*l.*

One boy, a lad of thirteen years of age, was pointed out, who alone had deposited 1*l.* in this short time. This little fellow was of course one of the volunteer workers on the holyday afternoon; and we learnt that, not satisfied with the labour of the printing office, he was in the habit of carrying out milk before he came to school in the morning, and of helping his father, a gunmaker, in the evening.

From time to time the money collected in the school savings bank is placed in the public savings bank of the district, and the interest received is distributed in just shares among the boys. Each one is periodically furnished with a full statement of his account; and it is needless to say that, on passing into his hands, the document is certain to be subjected forthwith to a most rigorous audit.

The points that will be most strongly impressed upon the reader of these volumes are, the zeal displayed by *individuals* in the cause of education, the amount of good that may be accomplished by scanty means, and the very trifling assistance that is given by Government for the instruction of the People,—so trifling, indeed, that it is scarcely worthy of the name. The two first points are indicated in the following hearty description of Spitalfields Infant School; supported by the liberality of one individual, a Mr. JOSEPH WILSON.

When the bell rang, all the children (apparently with the greatest good will) ran into school. Having ranged themselves in order round the room, the master and mistress went in different directions to examine them, and see that every one had clean hands. Some were taken out to wash their hands, while those who were particularly clean and neat were honoured by being allowed to accompany their master or mistress in their procession. This business being ended, the school exercises began. The first was called a lesson in spelling. Had it been so in fact, the task would probably have proved as irksome as it must necessarily have been useless. In truth, however, it was an exercise in general knowledge. A little fellow, with a list of words in his hand, mounted a box, dignified with the name of rostrum, and spelled one of the words aloud, as *baker*. This was followed by a number of questions, as—What does the baker do? what is the placed called where the bread is baked? what is bread made of? &c. Any child, or any number together, being allowed to answer, the interest of all was kept alive. When a number of words had been taken in this way, a new exercise was called for. This, like several others that followed it, was very properly arranged, rather for the agreeable occupation of the children and the development of their physical powers, than with any view to the communication of what is ordinarily called knowledge: the latter was at least made quite a secondary object. The proceeding would have sadly scandalized a governess of the old school; many a time, when the children and ourselves were in the highest glee, her fingers would have itched to grasp the rod. One of the most popular of these divertisements consisted in rudely imitating the motions of the different tribes of the brute creation; the birds flew, the beasts ran, the *insects crawled;* the performance elicited much arch humour, and the merriment was quite *infectious*: the last manœuvre of the game brought the little creatures into one joyous group, in the middle of the room, and in the roar of laughter which burst forth, we confess we heartily joined.

But the use of all this?—Much, if it only produced the enjoyment we witnessed; more, if it aided in preserving the temper from the cankering effect of sloth, or the evils that follow contention. But there were other ends to be answered, which probably would not suggest themselves to our readers, and of which the bare idea never crossed our mind until we visited the school in the winter: we found, then, that the *vital warmth* had to be maintained. The school room is lofty and without ceiling; and the funds of the institution are not sufficient to provide either for an adequate supply of fuel or a complete repair of the windows; and though the visiters' seat, which we occupied, is one of the warmest, and though in our thermometer the comfort point is not marked very high, yet, after a stay of two or three hours, our thoughts began to turn towards Captain Ross and the North-west Passage. We heard no complaint from the children; and we hope that their activity preserves them, at least in a great measure, from the extreme of a sensation which to infancy is so full of present pain and danger for the future. And yet, when we contrasted our own warm clothing with the half-nakedness of some of the little pupils—and when we heard, as we did with a shudder, that certain of their number, whose parents were gin-drinkers, not unfrequently came to school without having had a morsel for breakfast—and when we gazed at the shrunken limbs and hollow cheeks of two little brothers whose case the master had lamented as particularly distressing—we could not but consider the absence of complaint as a wonderful instance either of patience or of the benumbing effect of continued suffering, and we looked with increased admiratoin on plans which had thus reared up cheerfulness in the midst of misery.

After a variety of other exercises, singing began, and was carried on with great spirit; the very least of the infantile group singing occasionally for a bar or two, and imitating, as well as he could, the motions of the arms and body by which the words are sometimes accompanied.

Our descriptions and remarks upon the work thus far relate only to the first volume. Into the contents of the second we have not left ourselves room to enter. It consists of a brief view of the present state of education in the United States, Prussia, and Spain. The first is chiefly drawn up from American statistical works, and the accounts of travellers in that country. The description of Prussia is taken from COUSIN'S Report; that of Spain, from the works of JACOB, INGLIS, COOKE, and MOREAU DE JONNE'S *Statistique de l' Espagne.* There is also a mingled summary of the facts and conclusions which are the results of Mr. HILL'S labours, and an appendix containing some information on Mechanics' Institutions, which circumstances prevented the author from embodying in the book itself.

From the Spectator.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

Ireland, rising in her hopes, has at last a National Review, which is to be the political and religous organ of the Irish people: it appears under the avowed editorship of O'Connell himself, assisted by Mr, Quin, the Danubian traveller, and Dr. Wiseman, a learned priest. The leading objects of this new Quarterly are of course, Irish and Roman Catholic: and so far as regards the selection and handling of the topics, these objects are very well maintained. The article called "Earl Mulgrave in Ireland," is a distinct account of the political acts of that nobleman's government, and of the effects they have produced. "The Railroad System in Ireland," contains a popular view of the rationale of railways, and a plan for introducing them into Ireland upon a grand scale, under the control of Government; the great object in view being to effect much shorter passages to and from America, and to enrich Ireland by rendering her the grand depot and starting-point between the old world and the new. The paper on the Irish and English Universities, is an able and temperate exposition of the present defects in these establishments,—Dublin Trinity College, however, being the amplest and most original; the suggestions for improvement are neither very distinct nor far-reaching—in truth they are contracted by a sectarian spirit. Besides these articles, directly treating of Ireland, those on Raumer's *England*, and Bulwer's *Rienzi*, are made to bear on the subject—the latter, by the by, in a somewhat forced fashion.

The interests of Roman Catholicism, and here and there of Catholic Christianity, are advocated in a painstaking review of Laborde's "Journey to the Edom of the Prophecies;" as well as in notices of Gerbet's truly -Frenchified "Considérations sur le Dogme générateur de la Piété Catholique." and of the Hampden Controversy,—quite as much of harm being done in the last named paper to the principle of requiring implicit obedience to dogmas, in a church which is founded upon freedom of private judgement, as of good to the peculiar tenets of the Roman Church. The "Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk" are completely demolished, not only by an elaborate drawing out of the points indicated in our own notice of the book, but by the production of various Canadian evidence, which proves that the lies and licence of that wretched woman are to be attributed to profligate insanity. As a whole, the purely religious section of the Number is the most able in a literary point of view; but its arguments are somewhat jesuitical, and its tone strongly sectarian—smacking of the shop. There is also a latent hankering after the things of Cæsar. *Endowment* is evidently regarded "nothing loth."

Besides these articles, distincly bearing upon the purposes of the Review, there is sufficient variety in literature, art, and science. "Economy of the Earth," is an irregular but popular and striking description of some of the more curious wonders brought to light by the scientific study of natural history; and in point of workmanship, is perhaps the best paper in the Review. "Ecclesiastical Music" makes Mr. Hogarth's History the vehicle of a very able paper on an interesting subject. Lastly, there are both criticism and character in *Rienzi* and in Raumer's *England*, although their literary points are made in a measure subordinate to the leading purposes of the work.

As regards the tact and judgment displayed in the choice of subjects, this first number of the Review in emerald green is superior to any debut of late years. Its matter perhaps, and its literary execution certainly, is not equal to the skill with which its contents have been chosen. Provided the general impression of the writer is conveyed, the manner how, appears to have been disregarded. The thoughts often seem to have been the first that came; and frequently too little care is displayed in the choice of expressions. Nor has sufficient attention been paid to that condensation of matter which not only saves the reader's pains, but gives weight to style. This is of course applied generally. The work contains many passages of ability even as regards expression; and in the following character of Sir Robert Peel—a little overrated in the commencement—we find at once a good specimen of its composition and of its political tone.

> Sir Robert Peel must be admitted upon all hands to be a ready and accurate man of buisness in office; a clear, often an eloquent, and always a plausible debater in the House of Commons; perfectly skilled in parliamentary tactics; a fair and even a generous opponent; gifted with great talents; indefatigable in his attention to public affairs; and a perfect master of every subject on which he delivers his sentiments. But it will be the disagreeable duty of history to add, that he never appears to have had the slightest consciousness of principle. He is wholly destitute of the faculty which enables the accomplished statesman to see, even though dimly, before as well as around and behind him. One should have thought, that while he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, he must have

become acquainted with a great variety of circumstances which have demonstrated to him the utter impossibility of preventing us Catholics from speedily spurning the yoke of the penal laws. Had he even an ordinary degree of sagacity, he must have seen with his own eyes, that our accumulating numbers, our growing wealth, our hourly-increasing intelligence would, by the mere force of moral action, have dissipated every distinction between us and our fellow subjects of the protestant denomination. But to the palable operation of these active agents of revolution, Mr. Peel was incurably blind. Session after session served only to exibit his ignorance of our condition, until at length we sent forth a simultaneous shout for liberty, which was not to be resisted.

How happened it that the same man who had won his way to power by the energy which he displayed in opposing our claims, subsequently took his station among those who were the first to yield to them? He had no *principle*. He was the advocate of party. He was the champion of an ascendancy which had no foundation in the natural order of things. He was an instrument of passion, not the child of wisdom. He saw through a glass which caused the rays of light to diverge from objects upon which they should have been concentrated; and the consequence was, that from the moment he presented to the House of Commons the bill for our emancipation, he fell into a train of inconsistencies from which he shall never escape, even were his life extended over fifty generations.

The same want of foresight, the same subservience to passion, the same narrow zeal for party interests, precluded him from the knowledge that Reform was the immediate corollary of the Catholic Bill; and that from the momentum which the force of public opinion had acquired in the career of revision and reparation, the one became even less possible to be resisted than the other. Nevertheless Sir Robert Peel waited to the last on the beach, and it was not till the tempest blackened the air, and the surges flung their foam upon his head, that he acknowledged the necessity of retiring. And yet a few short years after this,—short in the history of a nation,—the man who fought with his utmost strength against every measure of reform, no matter how trivial, had the courage once more to assume office, which he knew he could not hold for six months, unless he became a Reformer. Accordingly a Reformer he promised to become; but nobody believed him sincere, and he fell from the pinnacle of power never to ascend it again.

From the Spectator.

WILLIS' INKLINGS OF ADVENTURE.

The proper title of this book would have been "Passages of My Life Manufactured for Sale;" for it chiefly consists of scenes and commonplace incidents that fell, or might have fallen, under the writer's observation. An excursion to Niagara is turned into a sort of story; its incidents shaped, connected, and patched together for effect; the scenery described with animation, but interlarded with long accounts of the impressions it produced upon the writer's mind; and the whole spun out to the required length by any jokes or remarks the author can bring to the muster. A passage across Lake Ontario in a *steamer with* a part of a British regiment, affords opportunities for making up some scenes that might have occurred, though scarcely in the way Mr. Willis represents them. The characters and love adventures of his sojourn at college, furnish matter for some half-dozen papers; nearly the space of a volume is filled with a snow storm, and a flirtation of the author's, in which it is difficult to tell whether silliness or improbability predominates: when these fail, he dresses up some "Scenes of Fear"—where the terror of the reality, if it ever had any, is lost in the monstrous exaggeration of the littérateur; or he elaborates an incident which occured at some American Star and Garter or White Conduit House; and by way of varying his subjects, presses into his service stories which he has picked up in his travels, adding a *Quantum sufficit* and something more of romance. All these *articles* are set in the well worn framework of papers left by a friend and arranged by the editor; the person upon whom the onus of the matter lies being a Mr. Paul Slingsby, whilst the merit of the "literary composition" is carefully claimed by Mr. Willis himself.

The general faults of the book are its flimsiness and artificial character, and the undue pretensions and coxcomical obtrusiveness of the writer. Its general merits are lightness and readibleness. With respect to more specific points of criticism, it may be said that there is facility, vivacity, and point in the author's style; a kind of poetical elegance in his manner; and he seems to possess a natural tenderness of sentiment, which he spoils by affectation. His great aim is evidently to be thought familiar with English fashion and English fashionables; his great weakness is a use and misuse of cant phrases and scraps of Italian; his tone is that of an under-bred, self-sufficient, good-natured dandy. He has taken his ideas of romantic feeling from Byron; the incidents of romance he invents for himself; his notions of manners and "irresistible" behaviour are borrowed from Mr. Edward Bulwer: and he has infused into the whole production the spirit of a refined man-milliner.

If the object of the *Spectator* were to notice minute faults, or so specify absurdities in taste and composition, *Inklings of Adventure* would furnish plenty of materials. But as we prefer occupying the space we can devote to extracts with tidbits rather than garbage, we will take from the volume a sample or two of the best. And these bettermost points are twofold,—descriptions of landscapes, and indirect pictures of American manners; each of which have more freshness and reality than any other parts of the volumes, though we often see that they are dashed by an affectation of smartness, and may likely enough be altered and cooked-up for effect.

THE THOUSAND ISLES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

I think there is not, within the knowledge of the "all beholding sun," a spot so singulary and exquisitely beautiful. Between the Mississippi and the Cimmerian Bosphorus, I *know* there is not, for I have picnicked from the Symplegades westward. The thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence are as imprinted on my mind as the stars of heaven: I could forget them as soon.

The river here is as wide as a lake, while the channel just permits the passage of a steamer. The islands, more than a thousand in number, are a singular formation of flat, rectangular rock, split, as it were, *by* regular mathematical fissures, and overflowed nearly to the tops, which are loaded with a most luxuriant vegitation. They vary in size, but the generality of them would about accommodate a tea-party of six. The water is deep enough to float a large steamer directly at the edge, and an active deer would leap across from one to the other in any direction. What is very singular, these little rocky platforms are covered with a rich loam, and carpeted with moss and flowers, while immense trees take root in the clefts, and interlace their branches with those of the neighbouring islets, shadowing the water with the unsunned dimness of the wilderness. It is a very odd thing to glide through in a steamer. The luxuriant leaves sweep the deck, and the black funnel parts the dropping sprays as it keeps its way, and you may pluck the blossoms of the acacia, or the rich chesnut flowers, sitting on the taffrail; and really, a magic passage in a witch's steamer, beneath the tree-tops of an untrodden forest, could not be more novel and startling. Then the solitude and silence of the dim and still waters are continually broken by the plunge and leap of the wild deer springing or swimming from one island to another; and the swift and shadowy canoe of the Indian glides out from some unseen channel, and with a single stroke of his broad paddle he vanishes and is lost again, even to the ear.

COMPANY IN A STEAM-BOAT.

Near me sat a Kentuckian on three chairs. He had been to the metropolis, evidently for the first time and had "looked round sharp." In a fist of no very delicate proportions was crushed a pair of French kid gloves, which if they fulfilled to him a glove's destiny would flatter "the rich man" that "the camel" might yet give him the required precedent.— His hair had still the traces of having been astonished with curling-tongs; and across his Atlantean breast was looped, in a complicated zigzag, a chain that must have cost him a wilderness of racoon skins. His coat was evidently the production of a Mississippi tailor, though of the finest English material, his shirt bosom was ruffled like a swan with her feathers full spread; and a black silk cravat, tied in a kind of a curse-me-if-I-care-sort-of-a-not, flung out its ends like the arms of an Italian *improvisatore*. With all this he was a man to look upon with respect. His under-jaw was set up to its fellow with an habitual determination that would throw a hickory tree into a shiver; but frank good-nature, and the most absolute freedom from suspicion, lay at large on his Ajacean features, mixed with an earnestness that commended itself at once to your liking.

In a retired corner near the wheel, stood a group of Indians, as motionless by the hour together as figures carved in *rosso antico*. They had been on their melancholy annual visit to the now-cultivated shores of Connecticut, the burial-place, but unforgotten and once wild home of their fathers. With the money given them by the romantic persons whose sympathies are yearly moved by these stern and poetical pilgrims, they had taken a passage in the "fire canoe," which would set them two hundred miles on their weary journey back to the prairies. Their Apollo-like forms loosely dressed in blankets, their gaudy wampum-belts and feathers, their muscular arm and close clutch upon the rifle, the total absence of surprise at the unaccustomed wonders about them, and the lowering and settled scorn and dislike expressed in their copper faces, would have powerfully impressed a European. The only person on whom they deigned to cast a glance was the Kentuckian; and at him they occasionally stole a look, as if through all his metropoliton finery, they recognized metal with whose ring they were familiar.

There were three foreigners on board, two of them companions, and one apparently alone. With their coats too small for them, their thick-soled boots and sturdy figures, collarless cravats and assumed unconsiousness of the presence of another living soul, they were recognizable at once as Englishmen. To most of the people on board they probably appeared equally well-dressed, and of equal pretentions to the character of gentlemen; but any one who had made observations between Temple Bar and the steps of Crockford's, would easily resolve them into Birmingham bagmen, "sinking the shop," and a quiet gentleman on a tour of information.

Inklings of Adventure contain verse as well as prose. The poems are mostly connected with the papers in which they are introduced; and, in spirit, have similar characteristics; possessing fluency of diction, harmony of verse, and mechanical elegance of sentiment. But they want pith and originality.

From The Spectator.

JOINT STOCK BANKS.

A Discussion in the House of Commons.

Mr. Clay, on Thursday, called the attention of the House to the system of Joint Stock Banking; which, he said, had grown up already into great magnitude, was daily extending its ramifications, and promised shortly to comprehend every portion of the kingdom and every class of the population within its sphere of action. His object was to inquire whether this system had received the best legal development of which it was susceptible. Had all the means in the power of the Legislature been used to secure the benefits and obviate the calamities that might arise from it? He thought not: but before entering on the question of how far the imperfections of the present system might be remedied, he would call the attention of the House to the circumstances under which it originated—

"The history of the year 1825 must be familiar to every honourable gentleman who hears me; the mad excitement, the idle dreams of unbounded prosperity, the wild projects at the commencement of that memorable year, the wide-spread distress, the still more widely-spread alarm which attended its close, are not, I am sure, forgotten by this House, and will not be, I trust, forgotten by the public. On the assembling of Parliament in 1826, his Majesty having called its attention to the calamities which had signalized the period then recently elapsed, and to the consideration of the best means of obviating the risk of their recurrence, two measures for their accomplishment were submitted by the Government of that day to both Houses. The first was for a suppression, at an early period, of all notes under 5*l.* issued by private banking establishments, the Bank of England having already discontinued the issue of such notes. On this measure—in my opinion a most salutary one—it is not necessary that I should at present comment. The second was intended to create a sounder system of banking. In the panic, a great number of country bankers stopped payment: fifty-nine commissions of bankruptcy were issued against Country Banks from October 1825 to February 1826, and many suspended their payments whose affairs did not proceed to bankruptcy. An opinion in consequence became prevalent, that one of the causes most operative in producing the crisis just then past, was to be found in the law, which, by restricting partnerships consisting of more than six persons from issuing notes, and, indeed, as was supposed (although, as it subsequently appeared, erroneously,) from carrying on the trade of banking altogether, greatly enhanced the difficulty of forming solid establishments for that purpose. To the relaxation of that law, originally enacted in 1708, to confer on the Bank of England a monopoly of the power of issuing notes, it was necessary to obtain the consent of the Bank, as its re-enactment was part of the last as of previous bargains with that Corporation. Accordingly, the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the late Lord Liverpool and Lord Goderich, had on the 3d of February written a letter to the Directors, urging such consent. It is not necessary that I should trouble the House with reading either that letter, or any portion of the correspondence between the Government and the Bank Directors, consequent on the application it contained. The result of the negociation was, that the Bank consented to waive its exclusive privileges in that particular, provided that the banking copartnerships under the new law were not to be established at a less distance than sixty-five miles from London, and that every member should be individually liable for the whole debts of the firm. In the course of the session, an Act was passed, the 7th George Fourth, c. 46, embodying these conditions."

This law, Mr. Clay said, was confessedly imperfect; and the opportunity of amending it, and of putting the banking system of the country on a sure foundation, which occurred at the period of the renewal of the Bank Charter, was, unhappily, not improved—

"Lord Althorp did, indeed, propose conferring charters of limited liability on such Joint Stock Banks as would issue only Bank of England notes; but subsequently abandoned that intention; and the only change then made in the law relating to those establishments, was permitting them to make their notes payable in London. The laws regulating the trade of banking by partnerships of more than six persons in England and Wales are briefly as follow,—they must not be established at a less distance than sixty-five miles from the Metropolis; they may issue notes payable on demand where issued, or in London, and where issued; they may discount in London bills of exchange; they must before issuing notes enter at the Stamp-office in London the name of the co-partnership, the names and residences of the partners, and the names of two or more officers of the copartnership through whom they may sue or be sued; a like return must be made every year, and also whenever a change takes place in the officers, the members, or the places where notes are to be issued; execution on judgments and decrees obtained against the officers may be sued out against any member of the copartnership; this responsibility attaches to persons retiring from the company for three years, as far as relates to transactions occurring whilst they were members. Under these laws, a system of joint stock banking has grown up already, as I have said, of vast extent, and day by day enlarging the sphere of its action. By a return to an order of this House of the 21st of March last, it appears that there were at that time 61 Joint Stock Banks established with their branches at 472 places, and consisting in all of 15,673 partners or shareholders: of these, 3 were established in 1826, 4 in 1827, 6 in 1829, 1 in 1830, 8 in 1831, 7 in 1832, 10 in 1833, 10 in 1834, 8 in 1835, and 4 in this year to the 21st; and since the date of the return 5 have been entered at the Stamp-office, one of them having 24 branches, and 2052 partners. More companies I know to be in a course of formation, and there are probably others of which I have not heard."

An element of tremendous power had been introduced into the monetary system, and no efficient precaution had been taken to control its operation; for the unlimited responsibility provided for by the 7th George Fourth was attended with grave inconveniences, but afforded no protection to the community—

"The dangers to which our present system is exposed arise mainly from these causes: by permitting an unlimited number of persons to combine for the purpose of carrying on the trade of banking, you confer on them an enormous power of creating an extensive business; by rendering all the shareholders responsible, you afford the most dangerous facility in obtaining credit, whilst you take not the smallest precaution that such banks shall possess capital commensurate with the engagements into which the powers and facilities you bestow will tempt them to enter. I can conceive no state more dangerous for any commercial community, than one in which a system composed of such elements should be in full activity, in which the country should be covered with joint stock banking companies, enabled to extend their operations through the thousand channels open to them by means of their shareholders, and feeling no necessity to limit the accommodation they afford from want of funds, the place of which, for a certain length of time at least, their credit will supply. I can conceive no state more directly tending to produce that excitement, that overtrading, that apparent prosperity, so pleasant in its advent, so bitter in its consequences. If there be one case in which legislative interference with the intercourse of individuals could be justified equally by reasoning and experience, beyond all doubt it would be an interference to obviate the dangers which an abuse of the powers and facilities of joint stock banking inevitably tends to produce."

Mr. Clay then referred to the past history of banking in this country, and to the vast number of failures of banking establishments, as proof of the insufficient protection afforded by the system of unlimited responsibility, which had been the banking system of England. It might be said, that if the banks were ultimately solvent through their partners, that was all the Legislature had to look to, as the losses of the banks were no concern of the public. But the failures of banks produced distrust and alarm, shocked public credit, and lessened the demand for labour. Did the system of unlimited responsibility afford security against the stopping payment of such establishments? On the contrary, it tends to increase the risk of such occurrences. The credit they obtained was in proportion to the presumed extent of their ultimate solvency, not to their paid-up capital. It was visionary to suppose that the shareholders would be able to pay up their subscribed capital in times of commercial difficulty, when they would need all their funds for their individual engagements. The ultimate solvency of all the Joint Stock Banks was probably certain; but by how frightful a process would that solvency be tested?—

> "In the case of a suspension of payment by one of these establishments, the most opulent shareholders would of course be selected for attack; and respectable and wealthy persons might, if the engagements of the bank were large, be reduced at once to beggary, and left to recover their lost fortunes by suits in Chancery against their partners for their proportion of the debts of the concern. It is also by no means clear that every partner in a joint stock bank is not subject to the operation of the bankrupt laws, with all their train of formidable consequences. But the mere misery thus created is but a small portion of the evil to be dreaded. If a period should ever arrive in which several of these establishments should become embarrassed, and legal proceedings be had against individual shareholders, it is certain that suspicion would arise generally with regard to shareholders in all such concerns. The creditors of persons thus circumstanced would feel the inclination to secure what was due to them before the property of their debtors became liable for the engagements of the bank; and a state of distrust, discredit, and alarm would occur, far more widely spread and more disastrous, I firmly believe, than any we have yet witnessed. If a private bank fail, its immediate connexions are alone liable to suspicion: the distrust created by the stoppage of a joint stock bank will extend more widely in proportion as a greater number of persons are implicated in responsibility. The House will not think that I have overrated the importance of this consideration, when it bears in mind that nearly sixteen thousand persons, many of them commercial men of considerable eminence in the great towns of England, are partners in these companies."

The existing state of the law afforded extreme facility for the getting up of these banks. A company might be formed on a nominal capital of a million—10,000 shares of 100*l.* each; 40*s.* or 20*s.* only paid on each share, for the Act required no payment; and if the projectors could raise the funds for the purchase of a brass plate and mahogany counters, they might establish branch banks in every town in England—declare a fictitious dividend, for there was no provision for publicity; and all the original shareholders might withdraw from the concern, without the knowledge of their creditors, as few would examine the Stamp-office records to ascertain the real partners: and they who did might be deceived, as the transfers of shares were not regularly entered—indeed, if they were, new and extensive arrangements must be made at the Stamp-office for that purpose.

He then proceeded to notice the actual working of the joint stock system; admitting that many of the banks were prudently managed, and that much of the imprudence was owing to faulty legislation. By a table furnished to him by the directors of several banks, he found that there were now 55 Joint Stock Banks in operation, from 46 of which there were returns. These 46 banks had 821,050 shares; 529,397 of which had been issued, being 63 per cent. of the whole: their nominal capital 30,930,000*l.* their paid up capital 5,922,505*l.*, or 19 per cent. Four of the above 46 banks, having a nominal capital of 9,500,000*l.* and a paid up capital of 1,474,600*l.*, did not issue their own notes. The total of notes issued by all the Joint Stock Banks, which in December 1831 was 1,315,301*l.*, was now 3,094,025*l.*—no great increase when the increase in the number of banks was considered, as well as the fact that the private bank circulation was less by 500,000*l.* But the operations of these banks were by no means to be measured by the extent of their note circulation. Their means of affording accommodation consist of their paid up capital, their deposits, (the latter, in new establishments, could not be large,) and where notes were issued, their circulation. He believed that the accommodation afforded by some banks exceeded their paid up capital, deposits, and circulation—

> "They are enabled to give this accommodation by rediscounting in the London market. Large amounts

of bills are discounted by these establishments in the country at one rate of interest, and negociated in the London market at another; the profit of the bank, of course, consisting in the difference between the discount they charge and that which they pay on the transaction. In the case of banks not issuing paper, this is done through the Bank of England, which, up to a certain extent, will discount for such banks at 3 per cent.; in the case of banks issuing their own paper, through bill-brokers in London. Now, I believe I am justified in saying, that this practice of rediscounting is not considered by the most skilful and prudent among private bankers as a very creditable or business-like proceeding, nor one which could be carried to any considerable extent by a private banking establishment, without exposing it to suspicion and discredit, as showing conclusively that it was in want of disposable funds, and getting into engagements beyond its strength to manage. But this practice, thus repudiated by private bankers, is freely resorted to by some at least of the joint stock banks. The House will at once see how strong an illustration this fact affords of the principle which I have ventured to lay down—viz. that the very facility of credit which unlimited liability affords tends directly to abuse, and consequently to danger. The endorsement of a bank known to contain, among 500 and 600 members, many individuals of great wealth, will give currency to any bill. 'Do you not observe,' said a broker to a person who expressed a doubt of the character of a bill offered to him for discount, 'that it has a thousand endorsers?' I by no means intend to assert, that under the sanction of these establishments, many accommodation bills have been negotiated, although perhaps they may have been the means of introducing some paper of a questional character into circulation; but can no injury be done to the community, no danger be incurred even by an unlimited discounting of good bills, bills that are in payment of real mercantile transactions? I am far from thinking so; and I believe that if at this moment the system of joint stock banking be working ill for the community, it is more through the facility it affords of a dangerous extension of bill accommodation, than by any indiscretion in the issue of their own promisory notes on the part of those establishments. It is well known, that in periods of rising prices, and consequent excitement in the commercial world, persons will always be found ready to speculate in matters not within their usual trade, or to extend the operations of this legitimate business to the full extent to which they can obtain capital for the purpose. It is quite clear, therefore, that any joint stock bank possessing from the estimated liability of its many partners, an almost unbounded credit, may give a fearful stimulus to overtrading, without discounting or procuring to be rediscounted one single bill not drawn in discharge of a *bona fide* mercantile transaction."

Now, suppose a change in the London market should occur, and the rediscounts be refused, of course the accommodation afforded by the joint stock banks would be withdrawn, and the greatest embarrassment would be felt by those banks and the persons connected with them. It was a matter of conjecture only how far the operations of these banks had contributed to the commercial excitement now so remarkable; but it was a fact, that this excitement was greatest where the *operations of* the banks had been most extensive. He held in his hand a list of 75 companies which had been started in Liverpool and Manchester for every species of undertaking during the last three months. He suspected that the increase of 20, 50, and even 100 per cent. in many articles of produce, consumption, raw materials, and manufactures, had been caused in a great degree by the facility of obtaining bank accommodation. He was aware that the consumption had got beyond the supply, and that goods were manufactured to order, not on speculation; but he recollected that the excitement of 1825 commenced legitimately; and when he observed so very large an amount of paper currency resting on the rather narrow basis of the bullion in the vaults of the Bank of England, he could not avoid feeling apprehensive of approaching difficulty. The circulation and deposits of the Bank of England and the private and joint stock banks, together with the probable amount of the Scotch and Irish currency, was 54,261,919*l.*; but the specie and bullion at the Bank only 7,801,000*l.* Here he would remark, that he disapproved of the facilities given by the Bank to such joint stock establishments as issued Bank of England notes. Such was not the best mode of keeping the operations of joint stock banks under control. He mentioned with disapprobation the practice resorted to even by respectable joint stock companies of promising advances on the paid up capital, and reserving shares to be afterwards reissued at a premium. This jobbing and speculating in shares came not within the legitimate province of banking.

He then came to the statement of remedies. They were limited liability, paid-up capital, and perfect publicity. He relied principally upon the first, without which the two latter were of little value. Limited liability would crush the spurious credit of banks, and confine it to the exact extent of the paid-up resources—

> "To encourage the intervention in the monetary system of the country of a circulating credit grounded upon the supposed aggregate fortunes of the shareholders, is to attempt to coin into money the lands, the houses, the factories, the fixed capital of the country. It is to fall again into the famous error of Law's Mississippi scheme; and whatever form the credit thus created may assume—whether of bill circulation, cash credits, or issue of notes—most certain is it, if there be truth in reasoning or experience, that the credit so created is altogether hollow and illusory, and must sooner or later issue in deep distress to the individuals concerned, and great calamities to the community."

He would grant charters only upon the conditions of paid-up capital and perfect publicity, and by these means put an end to the traffic in shares and the establishment of bubble banks. Limited liability and paid-up capital were the sources of the stability of the Bank of England; but great calamities would have been avoided if perfect publicity had always been required from that establishment. In Scotland, it should be remembered that limited liability and paid-up capital were the principles on which the leading banks, which gave the tone to the whole system, were conducted. The same rules were adopted in the United States, with others more stringent. To these authorities might be added those of Lord Liverpool, Mr. Alexander Baring, and Mr. Huskisson, all in favour of limited liability. Mr. Clay concluded by moving for a Select Committee,

> ....."to inquire into the operation of the Act of the 7th George IV. c. 46, permitting the establishment of Joint Stock Banks; and whether it be expedient to make any, and what, alteration in the provisions of that Act."

Mr. Spring Rice consented to the appointment of the Committee. The line taken by Mr. Clay was not calculated to excite alarm for the commercial credit of the country: had such been the scope of his speech, he should have called upon him to make out a stronger case before he assented to his motion. He admitted that there were grounds for a Parliamentary inquiry whether the joint stock system answered its purpose or required amendment. Joint stock banks were a valuable discovery, and might be so regulated as to produce extensive public good; but the House had a right to see that bubble schemes were not extended under cover of the joint stock system. He declined discussing the remedies proposed by Mr. Clay; from many of whose doctrines, however, he dissented. He thought that Government ought to assume the responsibility of managing this question; and would be prepared in a few days to nominate a perfectly impartial Committee, whose proceedings ought to be secret. He hoped that the Joint Stock Banks would not look upon the inquiry as a hostile one: it was not intended to call in question their prudence or their solvency. A period of commercial prosperity was the fittest time for an investigation of the kind proposed; and if the appointment of the Committee should have the effect of inducing persons to act with more caution, much benefit would result from it.

Mr. O'Connell said, that if the motion had merely rested on Mr. Clay's speech, he should have divided the House against it: he had never heard so many principles laid down diametrically opposed to the end in view, as in Mr. Clay's speech. But he approved of the course taken by Mr. Spring Rice,—except that he was opposed to secrecy. Mr. Clay had not produced a shadow of an argument to prove that inquiry was necessary. The banks which stopped payment in 1795 and 1826 were private banks; and the cause of their failure was sufficiently obvious. Mr. Clay had been cautious about speaking of the Scotch Banks, only one of which stopped in 1826, and that only for a short time, during which it paid 20*s.* in the pound. How did this happen? The systems in the two countries were different. As to limited responsibility, it was as much as saying that a man who risked 10*l.* in a speculation was better security than he who risked his whole property. The question of paid-up capital was a fit subject of discussion, though he would not then enter into it. As to publicity, he was in favour of it. The public had a right to know every thing. No man should embark in a business of that kind who was not prepared to disclose his assets and liabilities—

> "He was glad to learn from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the Committee was not to be composed exclusively of gentlemen who took any one particular view upon the subject of banking or of the currency. He trusted that they would ponder well before they suggested any alterations that might involve an extensive change in the medium of circulation; for he had seen more families ruined, more persons reduced from happiness and comfort to a state of misery and starvation, more social mischief produced in Ireland, than almost ever occurred in France at any period of the Revolution, and all from a sudden change in the medium of circulation. The very reports which showed that the English labourers were better off after the change of the currency than they were before, at the same time proved that the Irish peasantry were reduced by it to an infinitely worse condition. Whatever the effect of the change in England might be, in Ireland it worked nothing but mischief. But from the establishment of the Provincial Bank in that country up to the present moment there had been an improvement. The present year was the best that the Irish agriculturists had known for a long time past."

Mr. Hume approved of the course taken by Government; but would hold himself free from the opinions expressed by Mr. Clay. He did not believe that the joint stock banks had produced any surplus of paper money whatever—

> "He was prepared to show that the increased production of this country in manufactures alone was upwards of 10,000,000*l.*, while the increase of paper circulation was only 1,000,000*l.*; and this was effected by the present system of banking, which allowed discounts to such an extent as enabled the country, with the same quantity of circulation, to transact a great deal more business than under the old system. What he wished to see changed, or at all events inquired

into, as to the present system of the currency, was the working of the clause which was inserted by Lord Althorp in the Bank charter, which enabled Country Banks to pay their notes in Bank of England paper instead of gold."

He wished bank-notes to be convertible into gold on demand; and moved as an addition to Mr. Clay's motion, that the Committee be instructed to inquire into the effect of that clause in the charter of the Bank of England by which Country Banks were held to have satisfied their engagements by paying them in Bank of England paper.

Mr. **Spring Rice** objected to this proposition; as tending to overlay the inquiry with a subject which did not necessarily belong to it.

Mr. **Forster** bore testimony to the extensive information, accurate statements, and spirit of candour by which Mr. Clay's speech was distinguished. He thought the appointment of the Committee would do good. The best corrective of the evils arising from banking, public or private, was a strict adherence to the laws now regulating our currency—the maintenance of the standard, the principle of convertibility with regard to all issues, and the prohibition of notes under *50l.*

"He could not refrain from observing, that should any money crisis arrive—and it was always possible in a great commercial nation like this to happen—he foresaw that the Minister of the Crown would be subject to a pressure, arising from the present state of the banking in this country, to which no Minister had ever hitherto been subjected. It would not be confined to the arrangement between the Government and the Bank of England; but the Minister would be assailed by joint stock banks from all parts of the country, backed by the most powerful part of the constituency of the towns in which these banks were established. Such a pressure would require great firmness on the part of the Minister to resist what he anticipated would be their request. But he trusted the Finance Minister of this country would always have that firmness. It was reported of Mr. Huskisson, when the Bank of England asked him for advice at a moment when they were in a predicament for want of gold, that he advised them to put a notice on their doors to this effect—"Closed, waiting a supply of gold." That was just such an answer as a Minister of England ought to have given. Had Mr. Pitt given that answer in 1797—*(Loud cheers)*—most of those evils which had arisen from the paper system, and the non-convertibility of paper into gold, would have been prevented. But Mr. Pitt was under the influence of circumstances too powerful for him to control or to resist. The present Minister had no such circumstances to contend with; and he trusted that whenever he should be assailed his answer would be—"You gentlemen paper-makers, if you have brought yourselves into a scrape by the undue issuing of paper money, you must trust to your own resources to extricate you from it; for I cannot give you relief."

Mr. **Poulett Thomson** said, it was not proposed to inquire into the fluctuating amount of the circulating medium of the country; and he opposed the introduction of the question involved in Mr. Hume's motion.

Mr. **Warburton** said, it would be taking a partial view of the subject to exclude the inquiry suggested by Mr. Hume.

Mr. M. **Attwood** expected no good either from the motion or the amendment.

Mr. **Clay**, in reply, denied that he was hostile to joint stock banks: he was a decided friend to them, believing that, under proper management, they would confer great benefit on the country.

Mr. Hume's amendment was then rejected, by 98 to 12; and the motion for the Committee was agreed to.

From The Spectator.

The Life of the First Earl of Shaftesbury, from Original Documents in the Possession of the Family. By Mr. B. Martyn and Dr. Kippis. *Now first published. Edited by G. Wingrove Cooke, Esq. Author of "Memoirs of Lord Bolingbroke." In 2 vols.* Bentley.

Lord Shaftesbury was unquestionably one of the most extraordinary men in English history. To the character of a good man he had no pretentions, and slender claim to that of a great one. Although living in times when the first struggles between despotism and freedom produced a religious and political fermentation such as the world had never yet seen, he appears to have derived no *principle* of government from the mingled mass of facts and theories which thrust themselves upon his observation, but to have continued to the last a man of expedients. Although engaged from his boyhood in public affairs, and mixing in and influencing great events, he seems never to have considered the future consequences of his actions and his measures, or to have been able to look far beyond the ignorant present. His indifference to religion induced, indeed, a theoretical love of toleration,—which he never respected if it opposed his interests; his experience of arbitrary imprisonment led him to assist materially in the passing of the Habeas Corpus Act,—being, however, at the time in opposition; and his keen perception of the character of the future **James** the Second, and of the popular horror of Popery, led him to oppose the Duke of **York** systematically,—unless (which is not improbable) **James** might have taken some disgust to **Shaftesbury**. The only comprehensive plan he ever appears to have conceived, was his boyish scheme for composing the differences between **Charles** the First and the Parliament. The necessary failure of this impracticable theory, seems to have rendered him henceforth a practical man who looks a very little further than his nose. Survey him afterwards in any period of his life, the *immediate* seems to be the only object of his care. Whether as a commander under the Long Parliament, a plotter against the Interregnum upon Cromwell's death, an intriguer against the Republicans in favour of the Restoration, a subservient minister of Charles the Second for thirteen years, or an active opponent of the Court, his end was still limited, as his means were unscrupulous. And after every allowance for the imputation of motives and the exaggeration of satire, it cannot be denied that his conduct gave some colour to Dryden's lampoon—

"*Power* was his aim;[*] but, thrown from that pretence,
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence,
And malice reconciled him to his Prince.
Him in the anguish of his soul he serv'd.
Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
Behold him now exalted into trust;
His counsels oft convenient, seldom just;
E'en in the most sincere advice he gave,
He had a grudging still to be a knave:
The frauds he learnt in his fanatic years,
Made him uneasy in his lawful gears;
At least, as little honest as he could;
And, like white witches, mischievously good."

Much of this restless versatility is to be attributed to the peculiar character of the man—a good deal, perhaps, to the circumstances in which he was placed. When he first appeared in life, the Monarchal politicians were extinct with the times that had formed them. When he rose to power, the statesmen who had excited and directed the first English Revolution were dead; and, whilst the intellectual condition of the gentry and the people rendered it impossible to promote good government systematically, their growing power made it necessary to corrupt one or cajole both. The mere favouritism of the Crown might still perhaps raise a man to power; but it required some qualities of his own to keep him there. He had to comply with the Court, to influence the Parliament, within certain limits to coerce or to humour the People as best he might, and to break or resist an opposition which not merely aimed at his place but his life; for such men lived in the days of impeachments, and a displaced Minister, instead of seeing his sympathizing opponents cross over the House to shake hands with him, had Traitor's Gate and Tower Hill in perspective. The proposal to apply philosophical principles to the more executive branches of government might have saved a man's life by the odious ridicule they would have drawn upon him; their theoretical advocacy to government itself, brought Algernon Sidney to the block. The examples of Clarendon and Temple prove how little honest ability availed a man, even when accompanied with what we must term an unreasoning and servile loyalty. And the instance of Sunderland (and many others might easily be added) shows how little unprincipled tergiversation and treachery injured a politician, if he had only the power of "doing good service" to those who might find it convenient to employ him. Such a conjuncture of circumstances almost necessarily gave rise to what may not unaptly be called the class of empirical politicians. Like a mountebank ascending a sloping tight rope, their grand object was to keep themselves from falling as they rose; and this could only be effected by qualifications more serviceable than respectable. A dauntless confidence—or, more properly speaking, impudence which nothing could abash or discompose—was a prime essential; as were, singly or in conjunction, great readiness of speech, great flexibility in conduct, and boundless fertility in expedients: for, living from hand to mouth, it was requisite that as fast as one nostrum was out of vogue, another should be ready to supply its place. Most of them were adepts in negotiation and intrigue; all of them had a rat-like instinct in foreseeing and providing for impending change. But, of all the band of political quacks who have flourished from 1660 to 1836, Shaftesbury alone had that presaging sagacity which enabled him to mark the shadow of coming events, and turn *before* the tide. It is true, that Fortune and the Court were too strong for him, and he lost his last game: but the "Glorious Revolution" proved his prophetic powers, and, had he lived a few years longer, would have rewarded them.

Of this class—not yet extinct, although, with one exception, sadly degenerated—Shaftesbury was the first and the greatest. He was personally less indecorous than Bolingbroke, with more excuse for licentiousness; and chance or inclination prevented him from becoming an open traitor to his country: as disinterested in money matters as Brougham, he had more penetration and sagacity, and, as a consequence, less gratuitous trick: in the more striking qualities of the craft he equalled or excelled them both. Left at ten years old (1631) heir to a baronetcy and 8000*l.* a year, and shortly involved by the rapacity of his relations in a suit in the Court of Wards, which he in a measure managed himself; not preceeding to the University till sixteen years old; shortly after entering at Lincoln's Inn as a law student: marrying at eighteen; and elected a Member of Parliament at nineteen,—it was not to be expected that his scholar-like acquirements could be considerable. They were, however, sufficient for his purposes; furnishing him with illustrations; impressing the world with an opinion of his learning; and adapted to the fashion of the times,—from the more erudite books of which he probably gleaned much that he knew, as he had the faculty of reading rapidly and judging truly of what he quickly skimmed. Of his penetration it is scarcely necessary to remind the reader; for it was perhaps his most striking quality, shown equally in his detection of the marriage of Mistress Anne Hyde to "one of the brothers," by "the concealed respect, however suppressed, in the looks, voice, and manner wherewith her mother carved to her or offered her of every dish," as in his withdrawal from every party,—Charles the First, the Parliament, the Republicans, and even Charles the Second just at the height of the flood. Of his eloquence no really authentic specimens have come down to us; and if they had, as Mr. Cooke truly observes, we should miss the presence and energy of the speaker: but, if we rate them by their effects, both upon friends and foes, they must have had the two great qualities of aptness and distinctness, for they stung enemies to rage and stimulated followers to rebellion. In caution, temper, and courtesy, he equalled if he did not excel every statesman of his class. According to Lord Dartmouth, it was a maxim with him never to fall out with anybody, let the provocation be ever so great; and his reason for it was, that he did not know how soon it might be necessary to have them again for friends. The reader who would appreciate his skill in personal conduct and political intrigue, must take upon himself the office of his biographer; for Shaftesbury's life was passed in the exercise of these, and his life has yet to be written. Of his wit and readiness, a few specimens, badly as they are told, will be better than any general remark. It will be seen that, in compliance with his maxim, they are merely defensive.

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[*] This seems an allusion to some half-unknown or merely suspected scheme Shaftesbury might have indulged in previous to the Restoration. It is possible that he dreamed of "vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires," under the Protectorate. According to Burnet, he used to tell a story of Cromwell's having "offered to make him King." His admirers throw doubt upon the truth of this statement, or consider the offer was made as a joke. If it were a jest, there might be more fearful meaning in the manner and circumstances than met the ear. If Shaftesbury were suspected of any plot, it was the most humane way of checking it; for even his genius must have felt rebuked under the sarcasm of the Protector.

> The King being at dinner at Lord Shaftesbury's, the Duke of Lauderdale, going out of his Sphere, attempted to play upon Lord Shaftesbury, and in a manner which did no great honour to his wit or politeness. "I think, Sir," said he to the King, "there is a very good saying, 'that fools makes feasts, and wise men eat them.'" "There is another," said Lord Shatesbury, "as good, 'Wits make jests, and fools repeat them;'" upon which the King, turning to the Duke, said, "Take my advice; know your men before you endeavour to be witty on them." * * *
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> Two or three days after he was committed to the Tower, one of the Popish lords, pretending surprise at seeing him there, asked him what had brought his Lordship thither? He answered, "That he had been lately indisposed with an ague, and was come to take some Jesuits' powder. * *
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> The people were so unruly in their joy [on Monk's declaration], that, as Sir Anthony and Colonel Popham were going through the streets, the mob surrounded the coach, and knowing them to be Members, cried out with some rudeness, "Down with the Rumps!" Sir Anthony looked out, and smiling, said to them, "What, gentlemen, not one good piece in a rump?" The mob, with their usual fickleness, were taken with the jest, and attended him and the Colonel with loud acclamations.
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> Shaftesbury was one day conversing in a wisper with a friend, while a lady related to him was in another part of the room. As the conversation proceeded, the Earl became less conscious of the lady's presence; and at last observed, loud enough to be heard, "Men of sense are all of one religion." "And what religion is that?" unexpectedly inquired the lady. The Earl turning round and bowing, replied, "That, Madam, men of sense never tell."

There is humorous revenge and equanimity in this—

> On Sunday morning, the 9th of November, when Lord Shaftesbury went to Court, he judged from several circumstances that the Seals were then to be taken from him. He presently attended the King in his closet, while the Attorney-General and others were in expectation of his returning without the purse. Being alone with the King, he said, "Sir, I know you intend to give the Seals to the Attorney-General; but I am sure your Majesty never designed to dismiss me with contempt." The King replied, "'Od's fish, my Lord, I will not do it with any circumstance that may look like an affront." "Then," said he, "your Majesty will permit me to carry the Seals before you to chapel, and send for them afterwards from my own house?" The King, who had still a regard for him, and probably was not displeased with the humour of his design, readily complied, and told him he would send for the Seals at four o'clock in the afternoon.
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> Lord Shaftesbury entertained his Majesty in conversation, purposely to amuse the courtiers and the Attorney-General, who, he believed, was in the greatest anxiety for fear the King should be prevailed on to change his mind. The King and the Chancellor came out of the closet smiling and talking together, as they went to the chapel; which was so contrary to the expectation of those who were present, that some went immediately and told the Duke of York that all their measures were broken.

The following relates to a dispute about a claim of James to sit on the right-hand side of the throne in the seat of the Prince of Wales—

> Some years afterwards, upon the Queen's apparent barrenness, the Duke of York being looked on as the certain successor to the Crown, and his power increasing at Court, he took the chair on the right-hand of the throne. Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury, the first day he sat as Speaker, resolved to replace the Duke in his proper seat. He informed him that he was in the wrong chair, and that his place was on the other side of the throne, as only heir presumptive. The Duke being unwilling to quit his seat, Lord Shaftesbury told him that he could not proceed upon business till the House was in form. At length the Duke was obliged to submit, but said, in a passion, "My Lord, you are a rascal and a villain." He, with great composure, immediately replied, "I am much obliged to your Royal Highness for not calling me likewise a coward and a Papist."

The allusion to courage leads us to remark, that his personal spirit throughout life was of a stronger kind than sometimes distinguishes wits and politicians. Here is an anecdote of his boldness at College, which includes a picture of ancestral University practices—

> His courage making him the leader of all the young men of his college, he showed several instances of that spirit which he so remarkably maintained throughout the whole course of his life. Among others, one was in opposing and breaking a custom extremely absurd, but of great antiquity in the College, which was called tucking the Fresh-men. On a particular day, the Senior Under-Graduates, in the evening, called the Fresh-men to the fire, and made them hold out their chins; whilst one of the Seniors, with the nail of his thumb (which was left long for that purpose) grated off all the skin from the lip to the chin, and then obliged him to drink a beer-glass of water and salt. The time approaching when Sir Anthony was to be used thus, he, finding the Fresh-men a numerous body, engaged them to stand stoutly in defence of their chins. Accordingly, they all appearing at the fire in the hall, one of the Seniors (who was the tyrant of that day) called Sir Anthony; when he, according to agreement, gave the signal to the Juniors by striking the Senior a box on the ear, and immediately a skirmish ensued, in which some of the Seniors were severely beaten; nor was an end put to the combat till Sir Anthony had made proper terms for the Juniors.

It is the fashion to exalt the politicians of the present century at the expense of those of former ages, especially in the matter of personal corruption and political fidelity. But if the question be examined with a searching and unbiassed mind, it will be discovered that the difference is chiefly one of mode. A Member of Parliament would now, indeed, be insulted by the naked bribe of a hundred or two of hard guineas; but are our Senators inaccessible to the offers of commissions or clerkships or secretaryships?—which things, if they take a more delicate shape than the ready cash of our plain-spoken ancestors, are much more permanent and profitable to the apostate, and very much more expensive to the nation. Is the difference between Anthony Ashley Cooper, commandant of Parliamentary Forces against Charles the First, and Lord Ashley, the accommodating minister of Charles the Second, very much greater in effect than the change from Jacobin Copley to Ultra-Tory Lyndhurst? Look at the Orange Peel of 1816; track him through his manifold eel-like evolutions, till you see him transmuted into the Reforming Premier of 1834; and match him if you can, so far as political tergiversation is concerned, among the most profligate politicians of the later Stuarts. But how much milder is our political warfare! True—and how much more timorous! Courtiers as we call our ancestors, and formally submissive as they doubtless were, they were not, when they took it in their heads, deterred by the frowns of a court, much less by the whispers of a club or a coterie, from couching harsh truths in bitter terms, although speaking face to face. To say that our modern politicians are superior to those of former times in acquired knowledge and liberal views, is not suggesting the true point of comparison. The question is, are they up to or beyond their age: and, judged by this test, they fall below the standard. The "mimic statesmen and their merry king" did not merely acquire the dry husk of what they aimed at—no one can deny them the accomplishments of wits and gentlemen. If they did not instruct their hearers, they did not weary or disgust them.

It will have been seen by the titlepage, that Mr. Wingrove Cooke is only the editor of the volumes which have given rise to this notice. The biography itself was projected upwards of a century ago, under the patronage of the fourth Earl of Shaftesbury. The greater part of it, or perhaps the whole, was drawn up by Mr. Martyn; a protégé of his Lordship's, from papers in the possession of the family; Dr. Birch assisting by his criticism and his touches. On the death of the fourth Earl, his successor consigned the manuscript to Dr. Kippis, the editor of the *Biographia Britannica;* who corrected, revised, and enlarged a considerable part of it: but circumstances having prevented the conclusion of the design, he seems to have infused the knowledge he possessed into the life written for the work he edited. Soon after this period (1789), a private edition of the production of Martyn and his successors was printed; but it is said that the whole impression, except two copies, was immediately destroyed. "One of the copies is in the library of the present Earl; from the other copy this edition is printed;" the task of Mr. Cooke having been confined to seeing it through the press, occasionally adding some explanatory notes, interweaving some passages in the text to supply deficiencies or omissions, and winding up the whole with a final chapter on Shaftesbury's character.

Looking at the sources whence the original biography was derived, and the auspices under which it was written, no one can expect a very high degree of spirit and impartiality. Shaftesbury was not very likely to accuse himself in his private papers; nor was a person writing under the eye and patronage of his great-grandson very likely to scan his conduct with a judge-like eye. Hence the work is, in spirit, rather an apology than a life. Shaftesbury appears a greater and a better man than he was hitherto divined; for his exploits and his merits are heightened, his failings suppressed, glossed over, or explained away; and he stands forth as the sole originator and contriver of the Restoration, in whose hands Monk was but a puppet. In a literary point of view, the volumes exhibit the accurate and orderly disposition of a scholar of a more formal time, and are agreeably but somewhat feebly written. The part of Mr. Cooke has been executed with sense and moderation, but with an obvious leaning to Shaftesbury. To suppose him a believer in the Popish plot, would be a justification of his virtue at the expense of his understanding; and when Mr. Cooke defends the reputed gallantries of his hero under the plea of a reputation for debauchery being advantageous in a debauched court, he is merely using an argument of Rochester's, who replied to some friendly representations of Shaftesbury on his injurious course of life, "My Lord, it is true, and I am obliged to you; but I have really no other way of making my interest at court."

From the United Service Journal.

A comparison between the Duke of Wellington and some commanders of ancient and modern times.

In estimating the character of a great general, it is not sufficient that he has overcome such and such people, or overrun such and such countries,—it is not enough for us merely to observe that he has been able to write with Cæsar, "Veni, vidi, vici!"—that boast may be often an empty claim to distinction,—we must also examine the difficulties and opposition with which he has had to contend in his progress to ultimate victory. We must consider whether he had a powerful enemy to cope with, or whether, on the other hand, he had only to overcome a foe inferior in all respects and incapable of a well-organized and effectual resistance;—whether, in fact, he has been the mere devastator of the lives and country of a rude and unwarlike people, or the conqueror of an enemy as much inured to danger and fatigue as his own troops, and as much practised in the science of war; and if we examine all ancient and modern engagements in this manner, we shall not be quite so much disposed to think so very highly of the heroes of antiquity, while on the contrary, our admiration of the Duke of Wellington and his brave companions in arms will be proportionably increased.

Julius Cæsar was one of the greatest and most accomplished men of antiquity. We are told that had he devoted himself to the study of rhetoric he would have been capable of rivalling even Cicero in eloquence. In fact, no name of antiquity has been handed down to us encircled by a brighter halo than that of Cæsar; and disposed as we are in all respects to admit the greatness of his claims, we must, looking at him merely in his military capacity, consider him inferior to the Duke of Wellington as a commander. Cæsar certainly was a great and very successful general; but his foreign victories, with few exceptions, were over enemies that in no respect whatever could be compared with his own troops. The Roman legions had discipline; they had every advantage which could render their attacks against a tumultuary and unorganized foe, though far superior in numbers, certain of success. The nations over whom Cæsar triumphed, were barbarians in the strictest sense: they were as ignorant of war as of every other art; personal intrepidity they possessed, but that was all; their efforts were desultory, and a regular combined attack or resistance they had no conception of forming; and what could their isolated and individual courage, with their exposed persons, avail against the Roman legions, well disciplined, and protected as they were by their bucklers and other defensive armour. There is little question but that a few thousand British soldiers, under an experienced general, would soon drive the Hottentots and Caffres into the sea or the recesses of their country; but would such an achievement entitle a man at the present day to be looked on as a great commander? and yet very much on a par with this were, for the most part, the triumphs of Cæsar. The Gauls and Britons of Cæsar's time were as little able to contend against, and were as inferior in all respects to the Roman legions, as the Caffres at the present day are to British soldiers; and surely it is not to victories over enemies such as these that any one would for a moment compare the hard-gained laurels of the Peninsula.

That Cæsar would have been a great general in any age or country we admit; and that he would have been equal to the greatest undertakings, appears likely from the genius he displayed; but who will maintain that he encountered difficulties and resistance on a par with those overcome by the British Commander in the late war?—The Roman had under his command brave, experienced, and steady troops,—soldiers inured to danger, and, as we have already said, well practised in the most-approved system of discipline and warfare then known. Indeed, were we inclined to raise a question as to the steadiness and experience of his troops, Cæsar himself would not leave us in doubt upon the subject. In his Commentaries various passages occur in which he shows a solicitude to do justice to them in these respects; and even in his account of the battle of Pharsalia, he takes occasion to extol the superior discipline and steadiness which they exhibited: he tells us that in this engagement, "upon sounding the charge, the men, as was usual, rushed forward, but observing the enemy, contrary to custom, not to stir from their ground, they of their own accord stopped, lest they should be fatigued before closing with the enemy, and likewise to be satisfied that the ranks were not in disorder; after a sufficient pause they made their attack." this was a proof of great discipline and coolness, and Cæsar takes notice of it as such. Pompey is said to have been alarmed upon observing it.

Cæsar next remarks on the readiness of his men to obey his commands, and mentions the alacrity with which they complied with his orders to force the enemy's camp, even though it was mid-day, and they were already exhausted with fatigue and heat. In short, in every page of his Commentaries we have evidence of the highly-effective state of the soldiers he commanded, and how inferior to them, in all respects, were the different people they opposed. But, in addition to this, we have good authority, of comparatively recent date, regarding the superiority of the Romans over their enemies; Count Algarotti, in his military and political letters, characterises them as a nation that had more experience in the art of war than any other people in the known world.

As for the personal conduct of Cæsar, there is in some of his actions a striking similarity between him and the Duke of Wellington, in regard to the promptitude and intrepidity he displayed in hurrying to the post of danger when occasion required it, and by his presence animating the exertions of his soldiers. In the battle with the Nervii, for instance, which the historian designates as a *tumultuary* action, thereby evidencing, as we consider, the irregular and undisciplined manner in which that people made their attack,—in that battle, we are told that some of the Roman legions lost the greater part of their officers, and would have been completely overpowered had not Cæsar came up, and seizing a shield from one of his men, joined the ranks, and by his presence and example animated his soldiers to keep the enemy at bay until they were relieved by the arrival of assistance. This changed the fortune of the day, and the confusion which the Nervii had caused now became fatal to themselves. The conduct of Cæsar on this trying occasion, in thus throwing himself into the hottest part of the action, and by his presence animating his men in the moment of greatest difficulty and danger, reminds us of that of the Duke of Wellington in the midst of his soldiers at Waterloo, but more particularly when, at the moment of receiving the last onset of the French, he gave the ever-memorable command of "Up, Guards, and at them!" What an idea of mutual confidence between the general and his men does not that simple order convey?—No haranguing, which, if it excites the soldiers, also expresses a doubt of their exertions; nothing of that kind was considered necessary; but a command which, from its very simplicity, shows the entire conviction in the mind of him that gave it, that it would be effectually obeyed.

Of a very different description, however, were the enemies of Cæsar and the Duke of Wellington. In the engagement with the Nervii, already alluded to, Cæsar goes on to inform us, that of sixty thousand of that people that entered the field of battle, only five hundred escaped, a fact which would of itself go to prove that the Romans must have been opposed to nothing more than a tumultuary and undisciplined rabble. Indeed, notwithstanding the inclination Cæsar must have felt to raise as much as possible the character of his enemies, and thereby add a greater degree of eclat to his own victories over them, there is throughout his Commentaries, as we have before remarked, undoubted evidence that they were for the most part rude and barbarous, incapable of an organized defence; but, on the contrary, trusting to desultory and individual exertions, and unskilled in any regular system of warfare. But of what description were the enemies that the Duke of Wellington had to contend against? Were they not veteran soldiers, flushed with years of victory, and as yet strangers to defeat? It is true that the British Commander, as well as the Roman, had brave and steady troops under him; but all his army was not composed of such: the Spanish and Portuguese auxiliaries were at first neither brave nor steady; they had not only to be disciplined, but inspired with courage; and yet on such inferior materials was the Duke of Wellington in a great measure obliged to depend in order to swell his ranks to an equal number with those of the enemy.

Thus looking at every circumstance, we cannot fail to perceive that all the advantages were on the side of the Roman, and that the Duke of Wellington, in his campaigns, laboured under infinitely more difficulties, and had, in a far greater degree, those obstacles to contend with which call forth the highest exercise of the genius and resources of a great commander. But though it may be said that in Cæsar's time the science of war was confined to the Romans alone, all other people being comparatively ignorant of any connected system of warfare, yet even amongst the single nation thus excelling in the art, his fame did not stand unrivalled. Up to the last action in which he commanded, Pompey's character as a commander was equal, nay even superior, to Cæsar's. But Pharsalia was the crowning of Cæsar's triumphs, and the last shock to the liberties of Rome. Previous to this there were three parties in the State—one devoted to Pompey, another to Cæsar, and a third that meant to uphold the Republic against the violence of either. In the battle of Pharsalia, however, the latter party coalesced with Pompey; for being considered less dangerous than his rival, he was supported on that occasion by the Senate, and all who did not desire the total subversion of existing institutions. Cæsar was avowedly the leader of the movement party. He rejected the orders of the Senate to lay down his command, and determined either to fall or raise himself to power on the liberties of his country.

But though this sufficiently evinces his ambition, it does not add any additional lustre to his genius. His assumption of despotic sway was the natural consequence of his victory, which left him without any opponent; and so tottering at this period was the Roman republic, which, from the time of the plebeian sedition of Tiberius Gracchus, had been fast hastening to ruin, that if Cæsar had not seized the sceptre, it must have fallen into the hands of some other ambitious and more mischievous leader.

But we have seen that Cæsar was equalled, if not surpassed, as a commander, by another of his own time, and in this, as well as other respects, our own great chief stands pre-eminent over the Roman. For at a period when, perhaps, the number of military men of genius that appeared together in the field was unexampled, and in an age when the science of war is not confined to one country, but is common to every nation in Europe, at such a time the Duke of Wellington stands unequalled. As for Cæsar, if his fame rested merely on his military exploits, he would not occupy so prominent a position amongst the worthies of antiquity. It is his having usurped the regal power that has allotted him so eminent a place in history, and caused all his actions to be set forth in bold relief, and many of them to be dwelt on which were otherwise unimportant. For, setting the moderns out of the question, he is not only equalled, but far surpassed in a military point of view by one who preceded him in point of time, and who is, indeed, worthy of being ranked with the greatest commander that ever led troops on to victory. We allude to Hannibal the Carthaginian, and the more we contemplate that man's career, the more unbounded must be our admiration of his courage, his enterprise, his perseverance, and the greatness of his genius. We dwell with wonder on Bonaparte's crossing the Alps, but we ought not for a moment to compare that exploit of the Corsican, not half a century since, with the same enterprise performed at the time it was by Hannibal. Nay, it is probable that had it not been for the great example before him, Napoleon never would have seriously thought of putting such a design into execution. But however we may feel surprise at the achievement on the part of Bonaparte, in leading any army across the Alps at the end of the eighteenth century, when the human mind had made such unbounded strides in every kind of enterprise and science, how much greater ought to be our admiration of that individual who conceived and executed the same undertaking some two thousand years back, when the human energies and resources were yet in their infancy. In fact, in an age when man had obtained so little the mastery over nature, that they dared hardly venture out of sight of land, and a voyage of two or three hundred miles was considered a greater affair than is now thought of going round the world, how lofty must have been his genius and courage, who braved and overcame every difficulty, and led his army in triumph across such an unexplored and savage region as the Alps?

Nor was Hannibal's success as a general inferior to his enterprise. His enemies were not rude or barbarous; on the contrary, they were the very people who claimed pre-eminence over all others, and in nothing more than in the art of war: they were the Romans themselves, and for fifteen years did he maintain his ground in the heart of their country, in defiance of all their efforts, and conquering successively their ablest commanders. No wonder, then, that he shed tears on receiving orders from home which compelled him to abandon a country that he looked upon as conquered, and which had been to him the theatre of so much glory. We have often thought that there was a similarity between the situations of Hannibal in Italy, and the Duke of Wellington on the Peninsula. Both of them landed on a foreign soil, which they were obliged to gain possession of by hard-fought victories. Both had frequently to contend against superior numbers, when to either of them defeat would have been closely allied to utter destruction. Both had for enemies the most warlike people known, and were successively opposed by the most celebrated generals of their age, over all of whom (we speak of Hannibal's Italian campain) they were both alike successful.

At the very close, however, of his career, the Carthaginian's good fortune deserted him, and in this respect he more resembles Napoleon than our own great chief, who certainly stands unrivalled for success, uniform and consistent, and crowned by the last and greatest of his victories. But in considering the campains of Hannibal in Italy, and those of the Duke of Wellington on the Peninsula, we must admit that the former had to encounter greater difficulties, and was aided by none of those extraneous advantages which the latter certainly possessed. The Duke of Wellington, for instance, had the natives of the country on his side, and though, perhaps generally speaking, they were but lukewarm allies, yet still, on the whole, they were instrumental in forwarding his success. His enemies, on the other hand, were hated by the inhabitants, and were, like his own troops, strangers to the soil they trod; they could have had none of that patriotism, none of that enthusiasm and reckless courage which we may suppose the Roman's manifested when they had everything at stake, and contended against Hannibal, not merely for victory, but for all that men hold most dear—"pro aris et focis"—their homes and their altars. The Duke of Wellington united with the people of a country to expel a common enemy; Hannibal invaded a country where the inhabitants themselves were opposed to him, where every hand was against him, and every bush contained a foe. The Duke of Wellington on the Peninsula derived great resources from his communications with home, which were both frequent and uninterrupted, and in this respect he experienced every advantage; but in the time of Hannibal, intercourse between distant nations was of no ordinary occurrence, and when he descended from the Alps into Italy, he may be truly said to have stood alone, with no resources but those of his own genius and the swords of his soldiers. Certainly we look on these two great men, Hannibal and the Duke of Wellington, as the first commanders of ancient or modern times; and in estimating their respective characters, we find it difficult to allot the palm of superiority.

If Hannibal had greater merit in some instances, he is less to be admired in others; and while the Duke of Wellington's fame has never been for a moment dimmed, that of the Carthaginian, in the closing scenes of his life, became darkened by defeat. As for Napoleon, there are those who consider him as the greatest military leader; but with all due deference to that extraordinary man's admirers, we look on him as, in more than one respect, inferior to the Duke of Wellington, for instance, in firmness of character and soundness of judgment, in both of which qualities the former was as deficient as the latter is conspicuous. Some, however, suppose that a lofty genius and a sound judgment are never united; but, setting the Duke of Wellington out of the question, Julius Cæsar, of whom we have before spoken, proves the error of this opinion.

Cæsar was a man of the highest genius, and yet his judgment was equally displayed—but particularly after the battle of Pharsalia, when, having prostrated all opposition, he pursued a line of conduct at once firm and conciliating, and such as, had he lived, must have rendered him popular, and was the most likely to ensure the continuance of his power. But with Napoleon's assumption of regal dignity all his good judgment seemed to have forsaken him, and his brain appeared to have turned giddy in looking from the height to which he had become elevated. He used his power as some men who are suddenly enriched use their money, which they squander away until not a farthing remains, and they have reduced themselves to their original condition. On the contrary, in the whole of the Duke of Wellington's career, his judgment and firmness are as manifest as his genius, and the proof is the unvarying success which attended all his measures, however unpromising at the outset. He not only conceived the greatest designs, but he was equally happy in the discretion and firmness with which he carried those designs into execution—and this was evinced not merely by the gaining of a few victories, which might have been the result of fortuitous circumstances, but by the judgment and energy displayed in every successive campain, until at last he consummated his glory by the greatest of his triumphs—against Napoleon in person. From the commencement of his fame up to the present moment, the Duke of Wellington's character has been consistent with itself—on every occasion, whether civil or military, his deci sion and firmness have been alike displayed: while Napoleon, if far from being the greatest, was perhaps the most extraordinary man that ever lived—for the conduct of no other individual has ever presented so many inconsistencies. His actions were ever at variance with each other—at one time evincing the utmost energy and promptitude, when at another they manifested equal weakness and indecision. In some of his earlier engagements he exhibited the most reckless daring—while at Waterloo, if he did not play the coward, he most assuredly rendered his courage on that occasion liable to be questioned.

Never was a battle fought on which more depended—and certainly never did hero fly from the field so ingloriously. Had Napoleon succeeded at Waterloo, it would have prostrated all the energies of the other Continental Powers—and it would have made him once again the idol of France, and have enabled him to command such resources as might have carried him once more in triumph to the gates of Vienna. On the other hand, he must have known that the French nation, in general, longed for repose, and that nothing but the most splendid victory could secure to him his kingdom and his crown. In fact, every thing on earth that ought to have made life valuable in his eyes was at stake on that eventful day; and knowing this, and seeing the field going against him, should he not in person have headed the last onset of his brave and devoted guards, and when he found that he could not conquer, at least to die a soldier's death? It is said that his brother Jerome urged him to pursue such a course; but no—he abandoned the post of honour to Ney, and became a fugitive from the field.

Certainly Napoleon's conduct on this occasion is at variance with all our conceptions of the hero. That an ordinary individual should prize existence on its own account is natural; but such is not the opinion we form of the man who has conquered in a hundred battles, and who has played the game of life with kingdoms for his stake. From such a one we look for something heroic—something great in the closing scene of his existence—something, in short, in accordance with his past fame and character. Had Napoleon bravely fallen at Waterloo, how differently would he have been estimated; but as it is, a feeling of contempt unavoidably mingles with our sentiments of admiration. Neither was his conduct on his return to Paris, after his flight from Waterloo, such as to command either our sympathy or respect. In that moment, which would have called forth the firm energies of a truly great mind, he displayed both weakness and irresolution; and he that had been wont, when in the zenith of his power, to play the swaggerer, sunk, in the hour of adversity, beneath those who had been used to tremble at his frown, and became almost a passive instrument in the hands of his own creatures. But if Waterloo might be termed the grave of Napoleon's fame—it was, on the other hand, the theatre where the Duke of Wellington's glory shone forth with its greatest splendour. He was equally well aware as his antagonist of all that depended on that battle—and he resolved that he and his brave companions should either conquer, or leave their bodies on the ground they held.

In that resolution there was none of the fiery and momentary excitement in which Napoleon indulged; but it manifested that firm and enduring courage that so eminently characterizes the Duke of Wellington, and in which we have already remarked that we consider the French Emperor to have been greatly deficient; and yet the Duke of Wellington had no personal interests at stake at Waterloo—everything valuable in life did not hang in the ballance to arouse his energies—he fought for the crowns and kingdoms of others, but not for his own—nay, he might, under the circumstances, have retreated without any diminution to his fame; and does he not, therefore, merit the greater renown for the conduct and heroism he displayed? Most undoubtedly: and, in fact, while Napoleon has been estimated too highly, complete justice never as yet has been rendered to the character of the Duke of Wellington. There is no question but that Napoleon as well as Cæsar, owes a great deal of his celebrity to his having borne imperial sway. It has been a thing of such rare occurrence for a soldier of fortune to reach the summit of human power, that when such an event does happen we are completely dazzled by the success of the fortunate individual; and in estimating his character we are too apt to consider as the result of genius and design what in reality was in a much greater degree the effect of circumstances. No man, no matter how great or exalted his genius, can overturn the institutions of his country, unless, from some source of corruption, they are of themselves fast crumbling to decay—and those who become raised to power amidst political convulsions are more indebted to the times in which they live than to their own individual exertions. They may take advantage of, but they never can create, the tide that leads on to fortune. France must have sunk under a military despotism though Napoleon had never existed. It is not on having been Emperor of the French that his fame properly depends; but it is on those victories which placed him, an obscure individual, in that station from whence it was but a step to the throne; but still—if previous circumstances had not rendered that throne vacant, and humbled those who ought to have held it in the dust—Napoleon might have become a Marshal and Peer of France—he might have become the most exalted subject in that kingdom, as the Duke of Wellington has in this—but he never would have swayed a sceptre.

On the other hand, if we suppose that the Duke of Wellington had held a command in the French Army at the close of the last century, when military genius was sure to force its possessor into notice, what reason is there for doubting that he might have reached just as great an elevation as did the Corsican, with this wide distinction—that his firmness and judgment would, in all human probability, have enabled him to retain his power, or, at least, would have saved him from so sad a reverse as befell his military rival.

On the whole, we cannot avoid thinking that all who impartially consider Napoleon's life and character must come to the conclusion that he has, in many respects, been over-rated, and that he was deficient in that native greatness of mind which would have enabled him to fill with firmness, consistency, and dignity the lofty station which he at one time occupied.

On the other hand, if courage the most enduring and undaunted—if years of warfare, conducted with unvaried success, which could only have been achieved by great genius, accompanied with consummate decision and judgment—if these entitle a man to the first place as a Commander—that place must be assigned to the Duke of Wellington.

From The Examiner.

Pericles and Aspasia. By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. in 2 Vols.

MR. LANDOR has written nothing finer than this work, and we know of no higher praise to offer it. In strength and sweetness of style, and in perfect originality of though, we could look to match it only in his own former writings, and we find it unsurpassed, if equalled, even there. Mr. Landor is the greatest man we have among us with his understanding; on the side of his scholarship and genius he is truly and essentially Greek; and, we will not scruple to add, that in respect of his will also he would pass for an excellent Athenian. All these characteristics have their development in the masterly book before us. Its object is a very lofty one—no less than to present to us the scene in which Pericles and Aspasia exerted so marked an influence, vividly and immediately in action. That was a scene, which, though compassed in a single life, included the greater portion of the poets, the philosophers, the historians, and men of action, whose efforts have exalted the human race. We will interpose before Mr. Landor a word or two of the old impressions of our reading respecting his hero and heroine, which we have never been able to divest ourselves of.

Pericles, who became a more than king in Athens, by his oratory and popular qualities, and is certainly to be looked upon as the most Greek of Greeks in his encouragement of the fine arts and public monuments, was emphatically one of those men of whom people are inclined to think well or ill, according as they think nations ought to be governed. That he was a great man, none will deny; still less that he obtained great and unusual power among a jealous people, whether he did it chiefly by pure genius or a masterly watchfulness and prudence:—but opinions must, we think, always be divided, as to whether he did the very best he could for the nation or for himself. Aristocrats have a grudge against him for flattering the people; and Republicans dislike his retaining the power too visibly in his own hands. Philosophers love his admiration of literature, but condemn his propensity to a spirit of personal ambition and national aggrandizement; and moralists are at a loss how to reconcile the gravity of his character as a ruler, with the divorce of his wife in order to marry the "courtezan" Aspasia. It is of course very difficult, impossible rather, to come to any certain conclusion respecting any disputed character in history; but the most likely thing is, taking the nature of the times, the country, and the man, into consideration,—that he was the mixed character which most men are found to be; that he really loved the immediate well-being and the elegancies, if he did not speculate very deeply on the final happiness, of his countrymen; that he had the fine nature of all very great understandings; and partook of the weaknesses of passionate and (if we may so speak) rhetorical temperaments; and that he probably reconciled himself to whatever doubts might have arisen in his conscience as to the nature and results of his unusual authority, by thinking that he did the best that could be done for his country "under the circumstances," and by leaving the rest to the gods.

As to the "courtezan" Aspasia, the term is a modern one not strictly applicable, and is a prejudgment of the question. The women of Greece were very badly and insipidly brought up, secluded almost like Turkish woman, and thought as little of; so that if any one of them, even by a far nobler impulse than the love of pleasure or notoriety, was led to burst the trammels of her education, and procure one for herself, she was thrown almost inevitably into a state of life, which, though not a legitimate one then, any more than now, *might* have included so much more reasonableness, and enabled her to show qualities so respectable as well as delightful, that she would be comparatively a privileged person among the most virtuous. And such Aspasia is understood to have been. Socrates himself treated her with respect, and is said to have attributed to her some of his best lessons in philosophy. The lively Greeks saw in this only a subject for banter; but the sage may have been justly in earnest; and when we know how much remains to be settled for some of the greatest moral questions, even in these "enlightened times of the world," it is a pretty safe course for impartial *thinkers to conclude*, that the wisest men in all ages have some real grounds for what they admired, and that the world has still to gather lesson from all times, if it would render those that are to come superior to any.

But whatever the doubts that hang around the real characters of these extraordinary persons, and we have thought it right on the threshold of Mr. Landor's work to venture thus to intimate them, there can be no question of their noble fitness for the imaginative treatment. And in so deep a spirit of philosophy, and with such a mastery of profound learning, has Mr. Landor applied this. that in his presence we will gladly surrender our doubts, and accept for the exactest truth all that he has here written of Pericles and of Aspasia.

The work is in the shape of letters (interspersed with occasional speeches and fragments of exquisitely classical verse), and its effect is to present, in a series of scenes, the great events in the lives of the hero and heroine—standing forth from the midst of the intellectual glories of their age. It opens, so to speak, in the Athenian theatre, during a representation of 'Prometheus.' Through the crowd of youths, philosophers, magistrates, and generals, who sit there, Aspasia has made her way alone, in the dress of an Athenian boy;—and with such painful force are her sympathies wrought upon alternately by the actors in the scene, by the champion of the human race, by his antagonist Jove, and his creator Eschylus, that she sinks at last from her seat, fainting and exhausted. As many eyes had been directed towards her, meanwhile, as to the competitor of the gods, and the purpose for which she seems to have suddenly left her native Miletus for Athens is soon afterwards accomplished. She is conducted to the presence of Pericles. These things are told, and the course of the love which ensues is exquisitely traced, in letters to her friend and countrywoman Cleone, with whom she is connected by many ties of affection and genius, who is scarcely less beautiful and intellectual than herself, and whose fate is also more darkly linked with hers, by an unhappy love she bears to a Milesian youth, Xeniades, who is mad with the love of Aspasia. He has followed her to Athens, and as he sees her surrender herself to Pericles, is struck with a fatal disease. She visits, and consoles him, but he dies. Pericles soothes her grief—

> "Tears, O Aspasia, do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that one only which hath lived its day."

—and poor Cleone casts broken thoughts and subdued affliction before her friend. Nothing can exceed the depth of delicacy and truth with which all this is expressed.

Pericles and Aspasia vie with each other in their knowledge of the genius that surrounds them, and in their appreciation of the glories that have past. This it is which draws them so firmly and so fast towards each other. Beautiful is the rapture with which she describes (to her friend) the great orator and general repeating to her the literature of her own Ionia, dwelling upon their historians, leaning with his whole soul upon Herodotus!—

> "And now he brought me into the presence of Homer. 'We claim him,' said he; 'but he is yours.' Observe with what partiality he always dwells on Asia! How infinitely more civilized are Glaucus and Sarpedon than any of the Grecians he was called upon to celebrate! Priam, Paris, Hector, what polished men! Civilization has never made a step in advance, and never will, in these countries; she had gone so far in the days of Homer. He keeps Helen pretty rigorously out of sight, but he opens his heart to the virtues of Andromache. 'What a barbarian is the son of a goddess! Minerva must seize him by the hair to avert the murder of his leader; but at the eloquence of the Phrygian king the storm of the intractable homicide bursts in tears.'"

In this way the greatest writers pass in review before us, more subtilely praised and examined than they have ever been since! The criticisms of the work are invaluable. The philosophers pass next, and Aspasia, who has just risen from a survey of an enormous load of treatises which Pericles had sent her, suggests, as the first step to the reconcilement of their differences, that "as many as are now at Athens should meet together, and agree upon a nomenclature of term."

> "He smiled at me. 'Ah, my Aspasia!' said he, 'Philosophy does not bring her sons together; she portions them off early, gives them a scanty stock of worm-eaten furniture, a chair or two on which it is dangerous to sit down, and at least as many arms as standing; then leaves them: they seldom meet afterwards.'"

Meanwhile, independent of the vivid scene which is presented to us in Athens, the friends exchange with each other most delightful researches into the minor poetry of Ionia and Attica, and revive many perfect literary gems that, but for these letters, had been lost wholly. So is their admiration and zeal amply vindicated—

> "If we are capable of showing what is good in another, and neglect to do it, we omit a duty: we omit to give rational pleasure, and to conciliate right good-will; nay more, we are abettors, if not aiders, in the vilest fraud, the fraud of purloining from respect. We are entrusted with letters of great interest; what a baseness not to deliver them!"

—No scrap that has an original air about it is thought too trfling to pass between Aspasia and Cleone:—

> "Here is another in the same hand, a very clear and elegant one. Men may be negligent in their handwriting, for men may be in a hurry about the business of life; but I never knew either a sensible woman or an estimable one whose writing was disorderly.
>
> "Well, the verses are prettier than my reflection, and equally true.
>
> *I will not love!*
> . . . These sounds have often
> Burst from a troubled breast;
> Rarely from one no sighs could soften,
> Rarely from one at rest."

What a wealth of original and fine remark is contained in these volumes! How happy the following illustration—in that age more widely applicable than now, though, even now, the world is little given to tolerate all the discoveries which burst open before the strenuous inquirer:—

> "'In the intellectual,' said he, 'as in the physical, men grasp you firmly and tenaciously by the hand, creeping close at your side, step for step, while you lead them into darkness; but when you conduct them into sudden light, they start and quit you.'"

—How pregnant with instruction to governments is this:—

> "The wiser men in Athens tell us that the vulgar have their prejudices. Where indeed is the person who never has repeated this observation? Yet believe me, Cleone, it is utterly untrue. The vulgar have not *their* prejudices: they have the prejudices of those who ought to remove them if they had any."

—Worthy of attention is the profound spirit of Cleone's advice to Aspasia, after hearing "there is such a concourse of philosophers, all anxious to show Alcibiades the way to virtue, that I am afraid they will completely block it up before him":—

> "Alcibiades ought not to have captious or inquisitive men about him. I know not what the sophists are good for; I only know they are the very worst instructors. Logic, however unperverted, is not for boys; argumentation is among the most dangerous of early practices, and sends away both fancy and modesty. The young mind should be nourished with simple and grateful food, and not too copious. It should be little exercised until its nerves and muscles show themselves, and even then rather for air than anything else. Study is the bane of boyhood, the aliment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of age."

—And what freshness Pericles gives to that worn-out discussion of advantage between sculpture and painting:—

> "The difference is that of a lake confined by mountains, and a river running on through all the varities of scenery, perpetual and unimpeded. Sculpture and Painting are moments of life; Poetry is life itself, and every thing around it and above it."

Meanwhile the course of the romance (if we may so call it, for its interest as a romance even enhances the value of its philosophy and learning), is carried steadily on. Aspasia strives to wean Cleone from the memory of Xeniades, but in vain. "Happy the man who, when every thought else is dismissed, comes last and alone into the warm and secret foldings of a letter?" No answer is returned. Again she rallies her—"Ay, ay, Cleone! . . Take him, take him: we must not all be cruel . . . to ourselves." With deep tenderness Cleone answers,—"Laodamia saw with gladness, not with passion, a God, conductor of her sole beloved. The shade of Xeniades follows the steps of Xanthus." Cleone not less earnestly watches in turn over the fortunes of her friend. "At last, Aspasia, you love indeed. The perfections of your beloved interest you less than the imperfections, which you no sooner take up for reprehension, than you admire, embrace, and defend." Enthusiastic is Aspasia's answer:—

> "At last I have heard him speak in public.
>
> "Apollo may shake the rocks of Delphi, and may turn the pious pale; my Pericles rises with serenity; his voice hath at once left his lips and entered the heart of Athens. The violent and desperate tremble in every hostile city; a thunderbolt seems to have split in the centre, and to have scattered its sacred fire unto the whole circumference of Greece.
>
> "The greatest of prodigies are the prodigies of a mortal; they are, indeed, the only ones: with the gods there are none.
>
> "Alas! alas! the eloquence and the wisdom, the courage and the constancy of my Pericles, must have their end; and the glorious shrine, wherein they stand pre-eminent, must one day drop into the deformity of death!
>
> "O Aspasia! of the tears thou art shedding, tears of pride, tears of fondness, are there none (in those many) for thyself? Yes; whatever was attributed to thee of grace or beauty, so valuable for his sake whose partiality assigned them to thee, must go first, and all that he loses is a loss to thee! weep then on."

The house of Pericles, ever the resort of the wise and the good in Athens, and ever open to those especially who were eminent for their genius in philosophy and letters, is now more crowded than ever, to confess the influence of the wonderful Aspasia. Socrates borrows thought from her, and Aristophanes wit! Pericles avails himself in public of her eloquence, and Phidias copies the beauty of her person! Mr. Landor is not unequal to a scene where even such actors as these appear. We have a vision of Herodotus also, and of the opening youth of Thucydides; Pericles teaches him the art of history—

> "We might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes, and listen to the dialogue there, as in a history push valiant men back, and protude ourselves with husky disputations. Shew me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Shew me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence; tell me their names, that I may repeat them to my children. Teach me whence laws were introduced, upon what foundation laid, by what custody guarded, in what inner keep preserved. Let the books of the Treasury lie closed as religiously as the Sybil's; leave weights and measures in the market-place, Commerce in the harbour, the Arts in the light they love; Philosophy in the shade: place History on her rightful throne, and, at the sides of her, Eloquence and War."

Eschylus had hoisted sail for Syracuse before the letters begin, but we are permitted to glance back to Pericles hanging upon the neck of the proud and soldierly tragedian, as he was about to abandon his ungrateful country. Sophocles is with us. Aspasia desires him to explain for her the meaning of a chorus in *King Edipus*, which she does not quite comprehend. "Here it is; what is the meaning of these words about the *Laws?*"

> "He looked over them, first without opening his lips; then he read them in a low voice to himself; and then, placing the palm of his left hand against his forehead,
>
> "'Well I certainly did think I understood it at the time I wrote it.'
>
> "Cleone! if you could see him you would fall in love with him. Fifteen olympiads have not quite run away with all his youth. What a noble presence! what an open countenance! what a brow! what a mouth! what a rich harmonious voice! what a heart, full of passion and of poetry!"

Yet Sophocles passes! The fickle Athenians desire change; they wish the despot overthrown, who has so often made them weep and beat their breasts; and so, above him, after his reign of a quarter of a century, they raise Euripides. Sophocles is defeated in the theatre by the author of the *Medea*—

> "He came to visit us on the day of his defeat; Euripides was with us at the time.
>
> "'Euripides,' said he, 'we are here alone, excepting our friends Aspasia and Pericles. I must embrace you now it cannot seem an act of ostentation.'
>
> "He did so, and most cordially.
>
> "'I should be glad to have conquered you,' continued he; 'it would have been very glorious.'
>
> "I never saw Pericles more moved. These are actions that shake his whole frame, and make his eyes glisten. Euripides was less affected. He writes tenderly, but is not tender. There are hearts that call for imagination; there are others that create it."

As the Peloponesian war, with its train of sad disasters, darkens upon the page, the character of Aspasia rises, and with it the interest with which we follow her and her husband's fortune. Desperate are his attempts to sustain, by a grand flattery, the flagging energies of Athens.

> "Impelled by the breath of Xerxes, the locusts of Asia consumed your harvests, your habitations crumbled away as they swarmed along: the temples of the Gods lay prostrate: the Gods themselves bowed and fell: the men of Athens rose higher than ever. They had turned their faces in grief from the scene of devastation and impiety; but they listened to a provident valour, and the myriads of insects that had plagued them were consumed.

> "There is affront in exhortation . . I have spoken."

His friend and tutor Anaxagorus is banished, and by his tears alone he saves Aspasia. The old philosopher in his banishment becomes an object of profound regard—in the calm majesty with which he surmounts misfortunes, and ascends, as it were, to death. He writes to Aspasia:—

> "Imagination is little less strong in our later years than in our earlier. True, it alights on fewer objects, but it rests longer on them, and sees them better. Pericles first, and then you, and then Meton, occupy my thoughts. I am with you still; I study with you, just as before, although nobody talks aloud in the schoolroom.
>
> "This is the pleasantest part of life. Oblivion throws her light coverlet over our infancy; and, soon after we are out of the cradle, we forget how soundly we have been slumbering, and how delightful were our dreams. Toil and pleasure contend for us almost the instant we rise from it: and weariness follows whichever has carried us away. We stop awhile, look around us, wonder to find we have completed the circle of existence, fold our arms, and fall asleep again."

Aspasia answers him in a tone quite worthy of this, and exhorts him to lay the presents he has received from philosophy at the feet of history:—

> "The deeds of past ages are signally reflected on the advancing clouds of the future: here insurrections and wrecks and conflagrations; here the ascending, there the drooping diadem; the mighty host, the mightier man before it; and, in the serener line on the horizon, the emersion of cities and citadels over far-off seas. There are those who know in what quarter to look for them: but it is rarely to their hands the power of promoting the good, or averting the evil, is entrusted. Yet, Anaxagoras! all is not hideous in the past, all is not gloomy in the future. There are communities where the best and wisest are not utterly cast aside, and where the robe of Philosophy is no impediment to the steps of men. Idly do our sages cry out against the poets for mistuning the heart and misgoverning the intellect. Meanwhile they themselves are occupied in selfish vanities on the side of the affections; and, on the side of the understanding, in fruitless, frivolous, indefinite, interminable disquisitions. If our thoughts are to be reduced to powder, I would rather it were for an ingredient in a love-portion, to soften with sympathies the human heart, than a charm for raising up a spectre, to contract and coerce it."

The last scenes are deeply affecting. The fierce horrors of the plague are presented to us, and, beside rising of the passionate star of Alcibiades, the sober and sublime grandeur of the setting of the sun of Pericles. He has great consolations to the close, for under the very portico of Death, he meets Acron and Hippocrates! He has scarcely ceased to live, when Cleone enters Athens in search of Aspasia, and the pestilence strikes her at the tomb of Xeniades. "Aspasia," writes Alcibiades, "she will gladden your memory no more: never more will she heave your bosom with fond expectancy. There is none to whom, in the pride of your soul, you will run with her letters in your hand. He upon whose shoulder you have read them in my presence, lies also in the grave: the last of them is written."

With this exquisite picture Pericles and Aspasia closes. Limited as our space is, we believe that our extracts quite vindicate the opinion we have desired to express of the work, as the production of a man of first-rate powers. Yet we have given so little of what we had marked for notice that we purpose to return to it next week. We cannot conclude at present, however, without quoting a passage from the dedication to Lord Mulgrave, who has reason to be proud of this honour, no less than of the terms which convey it.

> "When an author is desirous of prefixing an illustrious name to his title-page, it has usually been thought proper, of late, to solicit the permission. I, who never ask anything of any man, would least of all ask this; and, were it peradventure in my hands, I should be apt to let it drop out of them. Long before you were in possession of power (you will remember) I prognosticated it from the aspect of the times. I clearly saw the necessity of your becoming more than a man of rank, or even of genius. Your Excellency will correct the faults, and inasmuch as sagacity, integrity, firmness, and moderation can do it, will compensate for the iniquities and atrocities of six centuries: you will unite Great Britain and Ireland; which our princes and parliaments, until now, have never wisely planned nor honestly intended."

Though we reserve till next week any further allusion to *Pericles and Aspasia*, we consider ourselves bound to give publicity to the following extract from a postscript to Mr. Landor's volumes. We feel too much interest in the recovery of one of our most favourite books, to hesitate for an instant in what may possibly contribute to it, however slightly. We hope we do not subject ourselves to the duty on advertizements:—

> "I had much extended my remarks on this subject, in that volume of the 'Imaginary Conversations' which contains the dialogue between Tooke and Johnson, and I thought of detaching its materials from the body of the work, and publishing it apart. At this time an American traveller passed through Tuscany, and favoured me with a visit at my country seat. He expressed a wish to reprint in America a large selection of my 'Imaginary Conversations,' omitting the political. He assured me they were the most *thumbed* books on his table. With a smile at so energetic an expression of perhaps an undesirable distinction, I offered him unreservedly and unconditionally my only copy of the five printed volumes, interlined and interleaved in most places, which I had employed several years in improving and enlarging, together with my manuscript of the sixth unpublished. He wrote to me on his arrival in England, telling me that they were already on their voyage to their destination. Again he wrote, informing me that a friend, a nameless one, had left them at an American merchant's in Florence. I inquired there, and found the man indignant at such a charge

against his punctuality: he declared he never had seen or heard of them. Without a question in regard to the anonymous friend, I told the American traveller, in few words, that they were lost, and requested him to take no more trouble on the occasion than I myself should do. I never look for anything, lest I should add disappointment, and something of inquietude, to the loss. I regret the appearance of his book more than the disappearance of mine. My letter of introduction to Mr. R. (whom he simply and unceremoniously calls a barrister) procured him, at my request, admittance to C. L. and his sister, both of whom he seems to have *fidgetted*. My letter of presentation to Lady B. threw open (I am afraid) too many folding-doors, some of which have been left rather uncomfortably ajar. No doubt his celebrity as a poet, and his dignity as a diplomatist, would have procured him all those distinctions in society, which he allowed so humble a person as myself the instrumentality of conferring. Here and there are persons, great and small, who interest me little: yet I wish the traveller had spoken in a slight degree more respectfully of my friend R., the most courageous man in existance, who determined to resign his profession when he had acquired by it ten thousand pounds, and who did then resign it, when he was gaining ground daily. We should raise a statue to every lawyer of such integrity: we might do it without fear of indictment for obstructing the streets. Another wish is, that the ingenious and good-natured traveller had represented somewhat less ludicrously, C. L. and his sister; not knowing or not minding that *he* is the most exhilarating and cordial of our writers, and *she* the purest. If, amid the accidents of human life, the anonymous friend be living; and if it hath pleased God, by the sea-voyage or any other means, to have restored to him the blessing of memory, so that he may recollect where he deposited the volumes and manuscripts; and if he will consign them to my publishers, I shall be happy to remunerate him handsomely for the salvage."

From The Asiatic Journal.

ANGLO-INDIAN SOCIETY IN FORMER DAYS.

Persons acquainted with British India only as it now exists, the high degree of integrity and probity which characterizes the majority of its Christian inhabitants, and the (generally speaking) just administration of the laws, can scarcely form an idea of the state of affairs among the early visitors and traffickers. Yet, notwithstanding the great and manifest improvements, few, who have looked upon Anglo-Indian Society with an observant eye, will deny that much still remains to be done, in order to render justice as easily attainable in India as in England. Occasionally, even at the present period, we see such "fantastic tricks" played before "high heaven" as may be supposed to "make the angels weep;" but this is nothing compared with the doings of other days.

Hitherto, the main obstacle to the redress of grievances in India has been the almost total absence of puplic opinion. In so *comparatively narrow* a circle, the press has not afforded a sufficient medium for the exposure of private wrongs. Editors have observed a degree of delicacy towards persons in high places utterly unknown at home, with respect to acts unconnected with the government, and in which, before the emancipation of the press, they might have interfered without incurring any danger except that of giving private offence. Not many years have elapsed since a widow, desirous to institute an action at law against one of the great mercantile houses of Calcutta, could not get an attorney to conduct the cause, for the more nefarious the transaction to be exposed, the more unwilling did these gentlemen feel to embroil themselves with persons with whom they were constantly associated. As it was not easy to induce editors of newspapers to incur the odium attendant on the publication of any flagrant case, recourse has been had to a medium liable to much abuse; anonymous letters, containing the foulest slanders, have been published, with little scruple, and no enquiry, on the part of those who have printed them in their columns, respecting the truth of their statements. Hence a double mischief has been produced, resulting from the dissemination of private scandal, and the suspicion too often attached to innocent persons, supposed to be the authors. The proceedings of the Supreme Court have been exempted from discussion, even when it has unjustly refused its interference, or disdained to reply to the legal claims of its suiters in matters of the most serious import. If, however, civil law has not been always open to those who have made appeals to it, the condition of military litigants has been infinitely worse; they have had only a misnamed court of honour to apply to, and it is sufficient to pursue the remarks made by judicious commanders-in-chief (when the army happened to have been blessed with such a personage,) to shew the mistakes into which ignorant and prejudiced men have fallen. Though there is even yet scarcely such a thing as public opinion in India, party spirit prevails, especially in the Upper Provinces, to a serious extent. Any accusation privately circulated against an officer who has not the support of powerful friends, is apt to be instantly believed; molehills swell into mountains; he is driven to demand a court-martial, and, in consequence of the merest act of imprudence, often finds a formidable list of charges arrayed against him, and a host of enemies anxious for his downfal. He may know that half the members of the court are personly inimical to him; but to challenge these jurors would be to insinuate doubts of their honour: they have taken an oath to judge according to the evidence, and it must not be supposed that they can be biassed by private feelings. The prosecutor may be upon the most intimate terms with the president, the deputy judge-advocate, and all the most influential persons, who are sitting in judgment, dining with them, and talking of the affair over the bottle, while the other party is in arrest; but if he were, in the course of a trial,—generally lasting many days, and often protracted during weeks,—to protest against conduct so highly indecorous, the whole court would be up in arms against him. As men of honour, they claim an exemption from the infirmities of human nature, and, with their minds laden with representations, perhaps false, or probably distorted, they pretend to be able to divest themselves of all prejudice, and to give a fair and dispassionate judgment.

An officer brought to a court-martial in India cannot have the benefit of legal advice, but at an expense which few are able to encounter; the utmost they can do is to get the assistance of a friend better versed than themselves in a difficult branch of jurisprudence. The deputy judge-advocate is not always well-informed and well-instructed in his peculiar functions, and if there should be no bias or prejudice at head-quarters, the injured party is not always able to procure justice at their hands. Authenticated documents essential to the case have not been forthcoming on demand, though required for the purpose of being brought before the Court of Directors at home; and persons proceeding to England, under the persuasion that every paper relative to their case has been scrupulously forwarded, have found some dreadful omission, which has been ruinous to their interests. It is necessary, in any defence made before officers and gentlemen, in order to avoid a reprimand for contempt of court, or an additional charge tacked on to the original, to adopt the device of Mark Antony, and to designate the members of the tribunal as "honourable men." The defendant must not insinuate that any of them have been actuated by improper motives in their proceedings, and in consequence, upon seeking redress in England, he is told that he has no remedy in a court of law, since on account of the tenor of his defence, he cannot impute malice to any one of the parties. It is true that the commander-in-chief and the governor-general have it in their power to redress these wrongs, and some have gained immortal honour by reversing an unjust sentence, and exposing the irregularities and misconduct of a court-martial; but, in too many instances, tardy and often insufficient justice has been left to the Court of Directors at home, who, without having half the means possessed by the local government at their disposal, to enable them to judge of the merits of the case, have either restored the injured party to the service, or granted a pension as an imperfect compensation for his wrongs.

Perhaps no colony or dependency can be perfectly exempt from evils of this nature, and most certainly the conduct of public men in India has much improved, and is still improving. It is instructive as well as amusing to look back to an earlier period of history, and to mark the great changes since the era when English settlers were not only at war with the natives, the Dutch, and the Portuguese, but frequently with each other, and rival adventurers from the same port met in warfare upon the high seas. Before the final adjustment of the charter granted to the potentates of Leadenhall street, various private persons obtained letters patent from the King, which enabled them to trade to India upon their own account, greatly it was supposed, to the prejudice of the regular company; this led to much ill-will, both abroad and at home, and as persons attached to the same factory treated each other in the most unjustifiable manner, it would scarcely be expected that they should be more considerate to those who openly crossed their interests. The government, if such it might be called, established at the different settlements upon the coast of India, was often carried on with flagrant disregard of reason or justice. The strong oppressed the weak, and unprincipled men "decked in a little brief authority," outraged every law, in the furtherance of their pursuits and the indulgence of their passions. Some very curious features of the state of society in India, as far back as the reign of Charles I, are to be found amid the pamphlets of the day, consisting chiefly of statements of wrongs, printed for the purpose of being laid before the King or the Parliament. One, bearing date of 1644, being not unjustly entitled "unparalleled and extraordinary," is the narrative of one Richard Boothby, merchant, a man of family and substance, who went out to Surat as a member of council, with a fair prospect of succeeding in time to the office of president. He appears (by his own account) to have been a worthy and pious gentleman, very unfit to deal with the revellers and runagates whom he found in absolute rule at the seat of government. The puritanical nature of his principles may be inferred from his recomendation to the directors of the Company at home, that, before they proceeded to the election of a servant to manage their affairs in India, they should engage "some pious divine to spende an hour or lesse in godly exhortations, in a sermon, to perswade to upright dealing between all parties, as well in differences between the Court and their servants, one against another, as for their fidelity and industry in managing the main affairs or joynt stock of the company; for surely," he adds, "the partiality, injustice, and ingratitude of those courts, have wrought much wrong to their best servants, being blinded with the hopes of ill-gotten goods, by bribery, and hopes to match ill-deserving men in marriage to their daughters." Dreams of conquest had not, at this period, entered into the imagination of the merchants trading to India; their intercourse with native powers was purely commercial, and the ill-gotten wealth, here mentioned, was not acquired by the spoilation of the country in which they were settled, but by the not accounting to their employers for all the monies which passed through their hands. Persons engaging in the service of the company were obliged to enter into a covenant, by which they bound themselves to abstain from private trade; but as their salaries were exceedingly small, this covenant was always broken, a consequence so inevitable, as to be connived at by the very framers of the bond. Not contented; however, with what might be entitled fair transactions of this nature, lawless and profligate men engaged in all decriptions of fraud and knavery, enriching themselves at the expense of their employers, and being cheated in turn by their executors or agents, since they were obliged to keep their accounts so loosely, that in case of death or absence, they were wholly in the power of those who might have their money or goods in their hands.

Our adventurer informs us, on his arrival at Surat, he endeavoured to discharge his duty with a good conscience, and therefore could not avoid being scandalized by the profligate lives of his associates. The president, Richard Wylde, who appears to have been a dare-devil of the first order, carried every thing before him; one of the members of the council, George Page, being his creature, and another, one Skibbowe, so continually in a state of intoxication as to be of no account whatever. Their time appears to have been spent in devising iniquitous schemes, and in drinking to their success. Boothby characterizes their conduct as marked "with deep juglings and impostures, to the defraudment of their honourable employers," and his refusal to join in these excesses brought upon him the imputation of being "a puritan, a spie, and an informer." Anxious to rid themselves of so rigid an observer of their actions, they commenced a series of persecutions of the most galling and intolerable nature. Their first step was to degrade him in the eyes of the people around, by compelling him to discharge inferior offices, such, as he observes, "would be almost scornful to an apprentice." He was obliged, against his conscience, to attend at the custom-house on Sabbath days, a thing the more grievous to him, as he perceived that the "heathenish idolaters" would not so desecrate their religious festivals. The native merchants, it appears, who were always very kind to him, took notice of these indignities, and condoled with him upon them: they are a quick-sighted race, and easily discerned the merits and demerits of the strangers with whom they trafficked. Their subsequent conduct, and the confidence which they seem to have placed in our friend Boothby, form strong testimonials in his favour, and the desire they manifested to serve him in his utmost distress is equally creditable to their characters. In the present instance, the respectful attentions they paid to Mr. Boothby increased the enmity of the president, which was perhaps rather imprudently augmented by some ill-timed remonstrances upon his part. Wylde and his colleagues spent their time in feasting and drinking with a promiscuous throng of Dutch, French, Italian, and Armenian adventurers, who joined readily in the sabbath-breaking orgies of their entertainers. Boothby, on the contrary, stood aloof, yielding, as he says, "mild reproof to their bacchanalian counsels," and their licentious life and conversation, which he stigmatizes as little inferior to that of the Earl of Castlehavens, a nobleman in bad repute at the time. Unwilling to have so severe a censor always at hand, the confederates devised a plan to exile him to a place which he designates as the most "uncouth, forlorn, and contemptible factory in India," and thither,—though protesting that he had covenanted for a residence at Surat, and being a member of council, was bound to remain on the spot,—"*nolens volens*," he was banished. When thus removed, few pretexts were needed to involve him in ruin. They sent him two commissions so contrary in their purport, that he could not fulfil the one without transgressing the other; the first containing the orders of the government at home, the second being of their own framing. In his reply, he chose to abide by the former; and this act of contumacy, together with a visit of curiosity which he made to the city of Amadabad, afforded a plea for the execution of a scheme which was but too successful in the end, though failing in some of its objects. Their first attempt was to make him a bankrupt; and, commanding him to return to Surat in the most inclement season of the year (the rains), they seized upon his goods and papers, and obliged his native creditors to send in their accounts, though only of a few weeks' standing.[*] Upon his arrival at the factory, he was not allowed to occupy his former apartments, but was compelled to take up his quarters in a meaner place. He could gain no admission excepting to the second table, where he sate amidst pursers' mates, inferior clerks, and cabin-boys promoted to officers on shore:—an indignity which struck him deeply, as he was a man of good family, accustomed to great respect at home, while the president and his abettors were low-born adventurers, who came to India without capital, and were always in danger of losing their credit. Soon after Boothby's arrival, Wylde sold off all his goods (which he seized, upon a false pretext of money being due to the Company), below their original cost, in the hope of reducing the owner to insolvency; but in this he failed, there being a surplus left after the payment of every demand. Having authority in his hands, he was not, however, to be deterred from further aggression; he contrived to draw up "seven foolish and malicious charges," and caused his victim to be arraigned before a senate composed of the European riff-raff collected out of merchant-vessels and count-houses. Richard Wylde, with Page and Skibbowe at his elbows, seated himself at the head of two long tables, joined together by way of state, while the culprit was obliged to stand bare-headed at the lower end. Of course, in such an assembly, so conducted, neither law nor justice could be obtained. Boothby at first protested against the right of this tribunal to try him at all, and had he been firm in his refusal to recognize its power, he might have defeated the malice of his enemies; for Wylde, though pretending he possessed a secret commission, which gave him the power he had usurped, was unable to prove his assertion. Aware, perhaps, of the character of the person with whom he had to deal, he tried the art of intimidation, threatening him with torture and death if he refused to plead. The menace of instant execution upon an "extraordinary high gallows, at the sea-port, before the Christian ships lying there at anchor," so wrought upon Boothby's fears, that he consented to make answer upon oath. It seems scarcely possible that Wylde could have proceeded to such an extremity, even though permitted by his mean-spirited colleagues to use the threat; but Boothby evidently stood in bodily fear of the result of further resistance; and submitted. Finding, upon his examination, that he was acquainted with secrets which the president and his colleagues supposed to be only known to themselves, they hastily dissolved the court; but this discovery, in all probability, strengthened their determination to compass the ruin of one of whom they had made a formidable enemy, and they subsequently brought him again before them, and found him guilty. Judgment followed, and he was sentenced to be mulcted of the arrears of his salary, dismissed from his employment, and confined in irons in a dungeon, until the departure of the fleet, in which he should be shipped as a prisoner to England. Upon this decision, Boothby was removed to the place assigned to him, a dungeon six feet square, for which a set of iron stocks, or bilboes, ten or twelve feet long, of extraordinary size (like the gallows), had been unadvisedly provided. The size of the apartment precluded their admittance, so they were set up at the door, and fetters substituted in their place. A gaoler of the most stony-hearted character being appointed to keep guard, with orders to prevent all intercourse with Christian or heathen friends, the condition of the prisoner would have been desperate, but for the conduct of two faithful native servants, peons, who insisted upon sharing their master's captivity, and clung to him with unconquerable fidelity to the last. As the president had retained his unfortunate victim's money and effects in his own hands, the poor man had not wherewithal to requite the services of his two attendants, nor to provide the means for his own subsistence. No funds had been allotted for that purpose; but at length a sum, amounting to about tenpence English money, was wrung from the public purse for the daily maintenance of the prisoner and his servants. This boon was rendered as ungracious as possible, by an order forbidding the issue of more than one day's pension at a time, and that only at the humblest solicitation. The system pursued by the president had the desired effect. Boothby found his imprisonment too intolerable for endurance, and at length, the native merchants being permitted to visit him, he suffered himself to be persuaded to write submissive letters to his adversary, and was in consequence freed from his fetters, removed to a more commodious apartment, and admitted to a seat at the second table. The native banians, or merchants, more than ever compassionating the situation of a gentleman whom they had reason to esteem, were charitably desirous to bring about a reconciliation between him and the president. Wylde spoke them fairly, and, deceived by his declarations, they represented to their persecuted friend the policy of submission, and assured him it would obtain restoration to his former appointment. Boothby lent an ear to these suggestions, for experience had taught him that the natives were sincere in their desire to befriend him. He was convinced that, in the attempt to make him a bankrupt, they had been constrained to call in their advances against their inclination; for, in order to shew the sincerity of their friendship, they made a proposal, which, had his European friends been equally staunch, would have retrieved his broken fortunes. It appeared that cloves, which, a very short time previous, had been a drug in the market, were suddenly in great demand, and that the ship *Jonah*, commanded by a captain Swanly, had arrived laden with a full freight. Having stated these circumstances, they offered to advance the money for the purchase of the whole cargo, at the current price, and to sell it again at a large profit for the benefit of a person whom they desired to serve. It was computed that a sum amounting to several thousand pounds might be gained without risk, and in the course of a very few days, by this speculation. Boothby, being under durance, could not appear as a principal, but this objection the native merchants removed, by suggesting that he should write to Captain Swanly, to effect the purchase, in his own name, upon condition of sharing the profits. The affair looked promising; Boothby, however, hesitated, intelligence having been brought that George Page, the president's profligate favourite, had started three hours before, for the purpose of going down to the ship, and effecting the business for himself. The native merchants, well-acquainted with the character and habits of this gentleman, were not disposed to dread his interference; they represented the great probability of his being drunk at the half-way tree, a noted waiting-place upon the road, and gave it as their opinion, that he was at that moment sleeping off the effects of the liquor. *They were right;* George Page was drunk at the half-way tree, and the prisoner's trusty peons got on board, with their master's letter, three hours before him. Thus the affair would have proceeded prosperously, but for the ungenerous conduct of Captain Swanly, who was "so much daunted by the sudden downfal" of a person whom he had left high in office, that he refused to engage in the adventure. This transaction coming to the ear of the president, enraged him still further against Boothby, whose credit with the natives, notwithstanding the condition to which he had been reduced, he perceived to be greater than his own. He dissembled, however, for the present, and continued his assurances of good intentions with such apparent sincerity, that the merchants, in reporting the matter to Boothby, swore "by their heathen gods" that he meant fairly, declaring that he must be "a devill, and no man," if he failed in the performance of the promises made to them in his behalf. Thus wrought upon, Boothby made overtures for a reconciliation, in the shape of a submissive letter, the fourth he had been persuaded to write. Richard Wylde gained the end he had in view, that of possessing documents which he might shew in his own justification, should a long series of hardships and privations bring the object of his persecution to the grave. Never for an instant contemplating any cessation of hostilities, upon the receipt of this letter he ordered Boothby, who had at this time experienced six months' captivity on shore, to repair, as a prisoner, on board the *Jonah*, then upon the eve of its departure for Persia,—a voyage which it was to make previous to the return of the fleet to England. It was reported that the Portuguese had despatched several ships, in order to intercept this vessel, and the president was willing that the prisoner should run the risk of encounter with the enemy, or any other disaster which the sea might afford. In the event of Boothby's safe arrival at the place of destination, Wylde endeavoured to provide against the chance of his situation being compassionated by the English residents in Persia; he, therefore wrote letters to the captains and merchants, calumniating his character, and directing that some money, which was due to him in that country, should be placed to the Company's credit, a body to which he was falsely stated to be in debt. Fortunately, the power of this despot did not extend so far; Boothby, continuing his narrative, tells us, that he met with much kindness from his countrymen, who never went to visit or feast with the native sultans, or the Dutch, without inviting him to bear them company. Upon these occasions, he was mounted upon "a brave Persian horse," and attended by Persian servants, in addition to his two faithful peons, who accompanied him on board ship, never quitting him as long as he remained in the East.

Upon our author's return to Surat, he was informed that George Page, on account of various misdemeanours, which had reached the ears of the people at home, had been ordered to england, and that Richard Wylde, the president, having great reason to expect his recal in the course of another year, had determined to accompany him. It was but natural to conjecture that George Page, deep in the secrets of his bosom friend and patron, would not scruple at an attempt to exonerate himself by throwing all the odium on the absent sharer in his iniquities; it would, therefore, be advisable to proceed to the spot, in order to parry accusations which threatened to end in disgrace. It began now to be rumoured that Wylde would gladly endeavour to atone for his former conduct, by a reconciliation with the man whom he had so deeply injured, and who, upon proper submission, would stand a good chance of being appointed president instead of Skibbowe, who in consequence of continual intoxication, was very unfit for a situation of such credit and responsibility. Suspecting a snare, and moreover naturally desirous to obtain some signal act of justice from the Company at home, Boothby, who had had great reason to repent his former facility, refused to humble himself again. To avoid further provocation and dispute, he consented to deliver up the money and goods he had brought with him from Persia, and which, contrary to the president's "imperial command," had been consigned to his own care. The poor man was thus left perfectly destitute, and, though hitherto we have been somewhat sparing of quotation, we cannot refrain from transcribing his own account of his situation. "By this meanes," he observes, "I was deprived of all helps to furnish myself with private comforts or provisions for a full yeare's voyage; but praised be God therefore, though the chief of my fare in that voyage was the ordinary ship allowance of beef and pork of three yeare's powthering, and scraps of mouldy bisket, too well-replenished with mites and maggots, and stinking water smelt before it came near a man's head, I was not sick a day, nor ever refused one meale's meat, though I have often wished to be set on the score (*i. e.* have credit), for money or meanes I had none, five shillings or ten shillings a meale, for such fresh provisions, bread, and beere as my servants enjoyed at home. And though I did comply so fairly with him (for my own misery), yet had this jugling president the conscience to defraud and cheat me of part of those goods befitting his ambitious magnificency, and that was in two large Persia carpets, usuall in Persia and India for men of quality to floor their rooms they lie or sit in, or the princes of Christendome in their chaires of state, which carpets in Persia cost me about forty pound English, and would have covered the floor of a room about eighteen or twenty feet square. For excuse of his defraudments, he pleads that he left them in the custom-house for the Company's use, and so puts me upon them for satisfaction, and they foisted me off to him, alledging they were never brought to their account, and therefore they were not liable. The time being now come to put to sea for England, the day before he (Richard Wylde) delivered up his commission to Mr. Skibbowe, and a warrant was directed by Skibbowe, as president, annexed with his hand, and other new councillors, to the admiral of the fleet, for my strict imprisonment at sea, to be lodged in a very mean cabbin, and to take my diet with the common men, and not to be permitted to go ashore in any country or island where we should arrive, for refreshments or otherwise. Soe I was now bound for England, a prisoner, to my adversarie's grate hopefull expectation that I should perish at sea for want of necessaries in so long a voyage, and so make an end of the troubles which they feared would happen to them for their intollerable oppressions towards me, they having provided themselves out of the abundance of their ill-gotten goods (twenty or thirty thousand pounds, or near, by report) three hundred pounds in excellent provisions of all sorts comfortable for necessity and superfluous to ryotous gluttony and ebriety."

The first portion of our author's voyage was exceedingly dismal, the part of the ship allotted for his berth being drenched in rainy weather, and so situated that he never could be an instant alone, either day or night. At length, Captain Swanly, who seems to have been incapable of any generous action, was shamed into better treatment, and permitted his prisoner to share the round-house with the mate, a drunken sot, who proved to be a most disagreeable companion. In this condition he arrived at Muritius, where a great feast being made by the admiral of the fleet, Captain Weddell, he was the only person of any note who did not receive an invitation; some of the guests, compassionating his situation, expressed their regret that he should sit alone in his cabin, wanting the common necessaries of life, while so much "superfluous gormandizing" was going on at a neighbouring table. Mr. Wylde attempted to excuse his conduct by attributing it to the suggestions of his satellite, George Page, who, retorting furiously, from words they came to blows, upsetting the dishes and trampling the dainties under foot," to the prey and great derision of the common men."

The convoy then proceeded to Madagascar, where it met with the fleet from England, consisting of four ships, the commodore being a man of great worth and integrity, named Morton. He brought out with him a gentleman, Mr. Rastelle, who had been appointed to the supreme command,—in fact the governor-generalship,—of all the Company's settlements in India. Rastelle had been directed to send Wylde and Page home, and to bestow the office of president of Surat upon Richard Boothby! His surprise was, therefore, very great, when he saw the abject condition to which his person was reduced by the machinations of men whose characters had preceded them to England. Both he and Captain Morton gave an attentive hearing to the relation of Mr. Boothby's misfortunes and wrongs, and the opinion they expressed seems to have wrought a considerable change in the sentiments of those who had hitherto tamely acquiesced in the persecution going on against him. Wylde now began to perceive that the period of absolute authority was at an end, and, protesting, with more sincerity than formely, that there was nothing he so much desired as a reconciliation, a hollow sort of peace, or rather armistice, was patched up, which enabled him and Mr. Boothby to meet at the same table. Upon this occasion, a feast given by the admiral, Wylde publicly acknowledged that he had been to blame, assuring the assembly that he heartily repented the conduct which he had pursued. Mr. Rastelle, who appears to have been a true and judicious friend, now seriously recommended the emancipated prisoner to return with him to India, offering to confer upon him the office of president at Surat: had Boothby listened to this advice, he would in all probability have retrieved his broken fortunes; but, naturally languishing for redress, and not imagining that such crying wrongs as those he had endured could by any possibility be lightly treated, he determined to go home, his object being not only to punish Wylde for his aggressions, but also to clear his own character from the aspersions so unjustly cast upon it. Mr. Rastelle was less sanguine, being better acquainted with the people who had the management of affairs at home, and knowing that Wylde possessed a powerful friend in Sir Morris Abbott, an influential person, not of the strictest probity.

Mr. Rastelle had lost no time in formally releasing Boothby from his imprisonment; he now attended to his comfort and accommodation on board ship. Having applied for a cabin to himself, Captain Swanly was directed to relinquish that which he had occupied jointly with a passenger, Mr. George Clement, merchant. Expressing his willingness to yield to this demand, Captain Swanly requested, "for the sake of his reputation," to be allowed to retain possession while the two fleets remained together in harbour, and permission was given to this effect; "but," continues the narrator, "I, knowing the ambitious spirit of sea-commanders, lent my opinion that, Mr. Rastelle having gone, his words and commands by word of mouth would be accounted but wind, and therefore desired his warrant or command under his hand-writing, to which he condescended, and went presently to his closet to frame the warrant to my accommodation in all things before-mentioned, and in especiall for the great cabbin for myself, and precedence being given me; adding also thereunto, that no act of consultation in fleet should passe without my consent and approbation in chiefe. The English fleet shortly after departed for India; but, before it sailed, Mr. Rastelle commanded the foure captains each to send me aboord the ship *Jonah* a barico of sack, about six or eight gallons, a-piece, for my private expense and comfort in the voyage. About six or eight dayes after their departure, I demanded of Captain Swanly possession of the great cabbin, which he denied, slighting Mr. Rastelle's command, as before fore-imagined; whereat some distast befell and crosse words found vent; and the captain, taking in ill part my forcible demands, made complaint to the admiral, Captain Weddell, who stuck hard to his vice-admiral, and in conclusion called a consultation, aboord the *Jonah*, to question me about words that I had spoken, but misconstrued by Captain Swanly. At which consultation, I made demand againe to the Admiral to fulfil Mr. Rastelle's command, as he promised faithfully to perform; but the same was slighted by him as before by the vice-admiral. Then, finding it fit time, I took out of my pocket my warrant, telling him to peruse that, which, having performed, their stomachs were abated, the warrant being strengthened with words of vehemency and authority from his Majesty King Charles, substituting Mr. Rastelle chief commander of

English, both by sea and land, in the l parts of the world. Then they both o persuade and entreat me to let the miral and Mr. Clement to enjoy the abbin still, being in possession, and I have the round-house solely to myself. ch I yielded, for quietnesse and unity, r after lived peaceably, contentedly, endly together, the captain denying hing; yea, tendering me more courte- n I could desire, or would accept of."

n his arrival in England, Mr. Boothby upon the chief persons composing the f Directors in London, and stated to he causes of his complaint; but the re- he met with augured anything rather ccess. Sir Morris Abbott did not ly rebuke him for coming forward sations against his superior, but ed a better hearing in open court. ital of such heavy grievances pro- powerful impression at first; the as- listened with indignation to the de- ondoled with the narrator on his suf- and, promising restitution of the y so wrongfully appropriated, assured should receive a handsome remunera- his past services, and be appointed to some honourable employment in This fair prospect, however, did not ter a time, the subject matter lost its counter representations obtained a , and, when the business had been t for three whole months, Sir Morris declared openly in favour of Wylde, e plea that it was not advisable for the ny at home to question the acts of per- hom it placed in authority. The re- n, that Wylde had obtained this by a bribe to the party who volunteer- "a porter's load of silver plate." The ident of Surat appears to have been a llow; after cheating his employers in e comes home with a large fortune, throwing a little gold dust in their hich he had gathered together in the raudulent manner, bribes them with wn money to bear him harmless h his iniquitous proceedings. Boothby, d been a witness of the shocking pro- which marked the lives of Wylde and leagues at Surat, had the mortification g these mendacious caitiffs in the en- t of the highest degree of credit and amongst men of good reputation and who were dazzled by the appearance ade, and the report of their riches. ere courted as suitors for the hands of young ladies, whose parents regard- th rather than character, and thought nothing of the licentious career pursued amongst dancing girls in the East, in comparison with the splendid advantages attached to a liberal income. Every day increased the credit obtained by Wylde and Page in England, and, greatly to their luckless victim's discomfiture, a re-action occurred in the court to which he had appealed. The members took upon themselves to pass a vote of censure upon his conduct, and refused to make good his losses, or to pay up the arrears of his salary. Wylde, in the interim, had been called to account for his peculations, and fined to the amount of £2.500; but, by his influence with people in power, he contrived to get the whole remitted: thus triumphing over every difficulty, and sitting down to the enjoyment of his ill-gotten gains. Denied justice by his employers, there was nothing left for Richard Boothby but to petition the King; the matter was referred to arbitration, and, after much vexation and delay, this ill-used person obtained something in the way of compensation, though exceedingly inadequate to the losses he had sustained. Two hundred marks were allotted for this purpose, and on accepting it he was compelled to sign a release, comprehending every party with whom he was at issue, not even reserving, as it had been previously stipulated, the right to prosecute Wylde and Page in a court of law. It was not, however, in the nature of things, that he could sit down contentedly with so unsatisfactory a conclusion, and, not being destitute of literary talents, Boothby occupied himself in the composition of a pamphlet, which, though somewhat prolix, and weakened by digressions, forms a valuable addition to our stock of information relative to the character and conduct of the early settlers in India. One passage acquaints us, that a custom, which Shakspeare declared to be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," even at the court of Horwendillus, still prevailed in the time of Charles I. Some property belonging to Mr. Boothby was burned in a ship, "set on fire by shooting guns at drunken healths, a detestable abuse and dammage," continues the narrator, "to the Honourable Company."

The document which has supplied the chief contents of the present paper is to be found amongst the scarce tracts in the library of the British Museum, and, as comparatively few persons are likely to peruse the original, the abstract now given may prove acceptable to the readers of the *Asiatic Journal*.

From The United Service Journal.

HEAD QUARTERS OF DON CARLOS.

A few days at the Head Quarters of Don Carlos, with a Voyageur's Notes by the Way.

> "The man nerved to a spirit, and the maid
> Waiving her more than Amazonian blade."

The engrossing subject of conversation at the present moment in France is the progress of the war in Spain: the contest is watched by all parties with intense interest; it forms the topic of discussion and dispute wherever you may chance to be—in the cabaret, at the table-d'hote, in private society, or on the public promenade, you hear mention of little else than the war in Spain; and it is to this circumstance that my recent visit to the Cuartel Real of Don Carlos may be attributed. During a residence at Bordeaux, in the early part of the year, I became (from hearing it so continually discussed) interested in a question which, up to that period, I had cared little for, and reflected little upon; and availing myself of an interval of leisure, I determined, towards the close of the month of February, to make an attempt to pass into the northern provinces of Spain,—although this was no easy matter, as no stranger, whatever his pursuits or views may be, particularly if he be an Englishman, could then (or can at present) obtain permission to cross the frontier for the theatre of war; however, my determination had been taken to make the attempt.

Being furnished with two or three introductions to gentlemen in the suite of Don Carlos, and provided with a private passport that would ensure me permission to traverse her roads on entering Spain, I quitted Bordeaux early in March by the Bayonne diligence and from thence passed onward through St. Jean de Luz to Behobia, the frontier village of France,—the two countries being separated here by the Bidassoa, over which at this place there is a bridge, and at the opposite extremity a post of Christino troops. Here the difficulty arose as to passing to the Carlist lines,—a difficulty of no ordinary description, as the entire frontier swarms with spies and employés, keeping the strictest look out, day and night. How I got across need not here be related; it will suffice to say, that early on the morning of the 6th of March, "perils were o'er, and dangers past;"—I had eluded alike gendarmerie, police, and douanier, passed the cordon, entered Guipuscoa, and was parleying with the outposts in front of the little town of Yrun, held by the Carlist *troops*, and over which waved the banner of Charles the Fifth. Having had occasional opportunities of conversing with, and listening to the descriptions of several of the officers of the English Legion, who had passed through Bordeaux,—despite the popular feeling in favour of the cause of Don Carlos, which is general throughout the south of France, and in Bordeaux, in particular,—I must confess that on entering Spain it was with a feeling hostile to the cause myself, and with a strong impression of the utter hopelessness of the chivalrous attempt of their gallant Prince.

Personal observation has, however, since induced me to abandon these opinions; and I am afraid my thorough-going Liberal friends will have to proclaim me an apostate on this point. The Carlist troops had been represented to me as a force utterly without discipline,—mere banditti, cowardly and cruel,—their generals had been depicted as so many butchers,—the people portrayed as priest-ridden, indolent, inhospitable, treacherous,—and I was prepared to find Don Carlos surrounded by a legion of monks and friars. My English friends had strongly dissuaded me from my intended trip—had pointed out dangers innumerable that of necessity must be encountered—and generally wound up the picture by prophesying some sad termination to my rash adventure, if I entered these inhospitable wilds, and sojourned amongst this savage race: yet, strange though it be, I am still alive, and enabled to present, for the advantage and guidance of other voyageurs, my inklings of adventure, and pencillings by the way.

On presenting myself to the Alcalde de Sacas (the Civil Governor of Yrun), he received me with the greatest civility, and furnished me with passports for Durango, at that time the royal quarters. Being somewhat fatigued by the past night's scramble through the mountains, I agreed to remain at Yrun for that day. Nothing could exceed the politeness of the Alcalde; he directed my observation towards all that appeared likely to interest the stranger. I was here struck with the appearance of the troops composing this little garrison, so different from what they had been described—their clothing excellent—all had a good coat of grey cloth, with red trowsers, of the same description and quality as the French troops; instead, however, of a cumbersome chaco, they wore a cap, resembling in fashion the Lowland bonnet of the Scottish peasantry, called in Spanish a *boyna* or *berret*, and in lieu of shoes they had a description of sandal, similar to that worn by the religious orders, and admirably adapted for the mountain warfare they were engaged in. They were certainly but indifferently armed, as the best guns and *matériel* of every description always is in requisition for the army of operations; but even this disadvantage may be considered as counterbalanced by an enthusiasm of which it is impossible to convey an idea, and which at the time occurred to me as auguring well for the ultimate triumph of the arms of Don Carlos. One thing is certain,—that on whichever side God may bestow the victory, the mercenary invader, will meet with a most determined resistance from the children of the soil. In the afternoon, I attended parade in the Plaza, where, in addition to the regular troops, there were assembled for military instruction the male inhabitants of the town capable of bearing arms. It was striking to observe the contrast, in many instances, of the aged man who would not be left out of the muster, and the laughing gallant boy, scarcely emerged past childhood, who pressed forward into the ranks, sternly grasping some weapon of rude contrivance, endeavouring to assist with his tiny voice the echoing shouts that from time to time were prolonged with vivas for Don Carlos, and success to his cause. This motley group of hardy mountaineers were put through two or three easy manœuvres; and occasionally, as any movement seemed to be got through with increased facility, the entire of the assembled people would burst forth simultaneously with an encouraging cheer. But little wonder at this: they were the husbands, the betrothed, fathers, sons, brothers, of those around; and, strange to say, what is here described was no assemblage of conscripts, but a voluntary service—the banding together of brave men to assert their just rights,—all of whom were prepared to die in defence of them: even the officer intrusted with the organization, and the sergeants employed in the drill, received their remuneration at the hands of the people. It must be borne in mind, too, that this description is not of an isolated instance, but an epitome of the state of things in every town through which I passed on route or on return,—so intensely popular is the cause of Don Carlos with the people, and so universal the detestation of the hireling stranger. At the conclusion of the parade, the cannon foundry next claimed attention: a piece of ordnance, a twelve-pounder, had just been completed and mounted, and was about to be transported to head-quarters; several old guns lay about; from the metal of these others were to be cast; and they told me that in a few days two cannon of smaller calibre would be ready. The state of the town and its defences next attracted my observation; trenches had been cut, and embankments thrown up in different directions; and the houses at various points were loop-holed for musketry; the principal streets were barricadoed, and traversed by elevated arches of masonry, supporting a covered communication to the dwellings on either side, from which a destructive fire could be poured upon an advancing foe; and the state of the place generally indicated security against anything like an attempt by surprise. The following day I quitted for Ernani, three leagues distant.

Ernani, although a small place in itself, yet is important from its being one of the towns upon the great line of road traversing these provinces, which runs from St. Jean de Luz (France) to Burgos, intersecting the provinces of Guipuscoa and Alava, a distance of nearly forty leagues. Ernani is not quite three leagues from St. Sebastian, and, it will be remembered, is the place where General Evans with his Legion made his *début* some months back. The views on the way were magnificent; and my guide would halt from time to time to beg attention while he pointed out one more than ordinarily grand, or attempted to explain some interesting event that had occurred in past times on the spot we were then traversing—for in no part of the world is there more of chivalry and romance than is associated with the legends of the Vascongades. The surpassing beauty of the country seemed to increase at every step, and the distant view from the mountain top of the mouldering city of Fuentarabia, with its time-worn walls and crumbling towers, was picturesque in the extreme. Occasionally, too, might be discerned, in situations seemingly inaccessible, perched amidst crags like the eagle's eyrie, the romantic remains of the castles of the chieftains of other days; but these homes of ancient state have long since been stripped of all their glory,—and the halls that were wont to ring with festive revelry are now tenantless, or inhabited only by bat and owl, and the paths to them seldom trode save by pilgrim feet.

Before reaching Ernani the rain fell in torrents, and not having yet received my baggage from the other side, I had the prospect before me of rather an unpleasant evening. On arrival, my first visit was to the military commander, the gallant Sagastibelza: the General received me with politeness, and introduced me to two young officers of his Staff, the one a son of the late Christino ambassador in England, the Chevalier Vial, the other a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, who had greatly distinguished himself during the war. These gentlemen invited me to a ration-dinner at their quarters; I found the dinner so good, and the quarters so comfortable, that, as the weather still continued adverse, they easily persuaded me to remain with them until the following day: both my hosts were singularly intelligent men—enthusiasts in their profession, and in the cause they were embarked in. We passed the evening around a blazing fire of pine logs, talking over the *on dits* of the camp, and the progress of the war. The participation of English mercenaries in this domestic struggle naturally afforded a fertile subject for discussion, and I was particularly struck with the delicacy with which my new friends abstained from any remark that might, in the slightest degree, be painful to me as an Englishman to hear.

I had, however, the gratification of finding that the British Army was in no way confounded with the "Auxiliary Legion," which has been permitted for a while to masquerade in a uniform that hitherto, in every country in the world, has been a passport to confidence and a claim to respect. The next day I had the opportunity of going over the ground where the English had advanced; and some curious circumstances were detailed to me with regard to that interesting event.

* * * *

I had heard so much of the dreadful treatment the prisoners taken by the Carlists were subjected to, that I begged permission to enter the jail; the authorities granted my request. On entering, two Englishmen immediately advanced to me, they had been taken the preceding day, and were in terrible apprehension of being shot: I felt a little nervous myself, and, turning to the officer who accompanied me, expressed my fears. Hearing where the men had been captured, it suggested itself to me boldly to declare they were contemplating desertion at the very moment of their misfortune; my object was palpable enough, and at once seen through; but the officer smiled and replied perhaps this might be the case, and our discussion terminated in my procuring a passport for the poor fellows to Segura, where a regiment is forming from deserters from the different foreign corps; this regiment numbered at that time nearly three hundred men, a great portion of them English. The men were transported with gratitude, they told me "that if it had not been for fear of being shot, *they would* have preferred remaining prisoners to permission to return to the Legion," and they averred "that the allowance of food to them since their capture exceeded their rations for two days while with the Legion!"

Let no one talk of Carlist cruelty after this. The other prisoners were in no way subject to ill treatment, they were miserably off for clothing,—nothing else of course could be expected, but their food was both wholesome and abundant. I parted with my friends here with regret, with a promise on my part of returning by the same route: General Sagastibelza lent me a horse of his own, and permitted a mounted lancer to accompany me as guide as far as Tolosa. The soldier, although a Basque, conversed fluently in Spanish, so, dispensing with etiquette, I begged him to ride alongside, and opened a conversation with him upon the subject of the war, and the state of the provinces: he was a sharp, shrewd fellow, and seemed thoroughly well informed upon everything passing around. In alluding to the foreigners who added to the horrors of this unfortunate war, he spoke of them with bitter hate, and made many observations upon the Legion, so just, that I blushed at the truths told, and for my country's disgrace; for disgraced England is by this bastard interference.

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My lancer friend said, "All Don Carlos wants is money, give him that and we will soon be in Madrid."—This man first gave me a glimpse at the true state of affairs—subsequent observation and inquiry confirmed his remarks. The true reason Don Carlos does not march forward is his want of arms and ammunition: with an army nominally exceeding sixty thousand men, he has not muskets and bayonets to arm one fourth that number: this is the true state of the case, and the only impediment in the way of Don Carlos: Catalonia is up to a man for him, Aragon awaits only arms and a leader to render formidable her scattered bands; and if he had means, neither converting British men-of-war into convict ships, nor quadrupling the Legion, could arrest his progress, or save from perdition the tottering cause of the Madrid government,—of that government which, at a period when enacting atrocities without a parallel in the history of nations, was eulogised as "prudent and vigorous" in the Speech from the English throne.

In speaking of the rations, my guide told me they were abundant and excellent, wine only being scarce; he was seven months in arrear of pay. "But," said this fine fellow, "it is not money *we* fight for, and we only wish the king had funds, that we might get arms." It is a remarkable circumstance that while disease has thinned the ranks of their opponents, and of the English in particular, the troops of Don Carlos have been free from its ravages: this may be accounted for by the fact of Don Carlos having no crowded public hospitals; if a man falls sick, or when wounded, he is conveyed to the nearest cottage, every door is open to receive him, each house is a home, there attention is paid him, he is amidst anxious friends, who watch him with affectionate solicitude, his wishes are anticipated, all his wants supplied, and *his* only anxiety is to be restored to health, and to be returned his musket. The "Auxiliaries," too, as they march through the country, find only deserted homes, or tenanted alone by the aged and the young.—all fly before them; if their Commissariat fail, everything they require is to be extorted, and is wrung by force from the indignant peasantry: to them the fertile valley is an inhospitable desert, while the same line of road traversed by the Carlists teems only with familiar faces and succouring hands. The harrassing nature of the warfare to the invaders must also prove distressing: in the day false information meets them at every turn, at each winding of the road they apprehend danger, and the night brings with it anxiety and doubt: the movement of their enemies is concealed from observation, while they cannot take a step but a hundred channels of secret communication betray their march. Don Carlos's telegraph is sure: it is the child at the cottage porch, the peasant in his fields, the shepherd on the mountain—a line of living intelligence. Add to this an intemperance most deplorable, and we may then arrive at the cause of the mortality amongst the British.

Before quitting this unpleasant topic, let me place before the reader the opinions of M. Mendizabel upon the subject, expressed through his organ. the "Phare de Bayonne," a paper of which he is part proprietor. It must be remembered that this is the frontier journal employed in fabricating Christino victories, to the editor of which Mendizabel's intercepted letter was addressed, wherein he told him "he must kill men on paper, if they were unable to do it in the field." The following is the extract alluded to. In speaking of the English Legion, Mendizabel states—

"Que ce corps, porté peu de tems après son débarquement en Espagne à un effectif de près de 10,000 hommes, tous valides, bien armés et surtout bien équipés, se trouve réduit maintenant à 3000 hommes environ qui peuvent à peine faire face à l'ennemi. La ruine presque totale de ce corps doit être attribuée, d'abord au moral des recrues, que l'on a prises indifféremment sur les quais de Dublin et dans les rues de Manchester; ensuite à une absence complète de discipline et à une intempérance qui se traduit par les plus déplorables excès de liqueurs fortes, dans un pays qui exige une sobriété exemplaire."

And what morals did M. Mendizabel expect men would be found to possess, who were picked up indifferently from the quays of Dublin and the streets of Manchester? What a confession of the character of a *liberal* levy! To return to my wanderings.

The country around Tolosa is fertile in the extreme. The situation is a beautiful vale, gigantic mountains, towering one above another, environing it on every side. The valley is studded with villages, the landscape presenting an endless variety of hill and dale: here the sides of the mountains, unlike the Alps, being clothed with tiny forests of flowering shrubs, or profitably planted with productive fruit trees; these plantations, reaching sometimes to the very summits, affording evidence of the industry of the Basques. The country round about is intersected by a rapid, though shallow river, receiving in its course the contributions of a hundred tributary streams, fertilizing, in their fantastic descent, the mountain sides, and creating a luxuriant vegetation. Although early in the year, cultivation was far advanced; the trees and hedgerows were renewing their leafy livery. The weather was delightful, and nature appeared in her most captivating garb, fully realizing the Greek poet's description of

"The blithely-smiling purple hours of flower-producing Spring;"

and no one a stranger to passing events could imagine himself in the immediate vicinity of a wasting civil war: the crests of the mountain were crowded with sheep, the peasants were in their fields, labour unimpeded, activity and industry every where prevailing.

Arrived at Tolosa, my guide took his leave, not without my bestowing upon him, at parting, reasons for remembering *El Cabbalero Inglez*. The present population of Tolosa is estimated at rather more than 5000; it is a neat town, the plaza and public buildings remarkably good. The posadas are excellent: to one of these I repaired, where, in a brief space, an invitation arrived from the Military Governor of the town, expressing a desire to see me. I had also two or three visits from officers quartered there—fine fellows, full of inquiries as to what we were doing in England, and wishing to know how many more strangers were recruiting by the *liberal* party to put down popular feeling, and to war against them. My opinions had undergone a change; the Basques had won my warmest sympathies.

It was market day at Toloso; the streets were thronged with peasantry, attired in their gay-looking holiday suits, and busily pursuing their various avocations. The shops were well supplied, the goods exposed for sale principally consisting of cloth, cottons of various colours, black sheep-skin jackets, cutlery, ornaments, and provisions, with here and there a few guns: these latter found eager purchasers. Of the entire multitude I do not believe a single individual could be seen without, in some way or the other, being armed. An antiquary would have been in ecstacies at the sight; he might, in the hands of the motley group of hardy peasantry, have observed weapons of so rude a form, and of so great antiquity, as to suggest to him the probability of their having been wielded by the Basques of other days against Charlemagne, at the battle of Roncesvalles. In the evening I attended a ball, dancing right merrily the livelong night with sundry of the dark-eyed beauties of Biscay.

From Tolosa the road wound round the base of a snow-capped mountain, and through the little villas of Villa Franca and Villa Real. Here there is not a yard of ground on either mountain or valley that teems not with fanciful legends and romantic traditions of the early ages. Every pathway has its peculiar story, and each turn of the road affords the guide an opportunity of relating some striking tale of the past. On this road I had the opportunity of witnessing the peasant groups assembled in every direction for military drill during the intervals from labour, *a task voluntarily imposed!* Between Villa Franca and Villa Real I fell in with two Irish, passing on to Segura to the deserters' depot; they gave me their names, John M'Cormick and Francis Burns. These men had deserted, they told me, from Colonel Tupper's regiment. Their appearance indicated the extreme of misery; they were in rags, shirtless and shoeless, wretched, half-starved, attenuated-looking objects. I could not wonder at their desertion; they had passed over four days before;. each man had received thirty pesettas (about 1*l.* 10*s.*), the amount Don Carlos gives to each foreigner presenting himself with arms in his hands. I scarcely parted from this miserable specimen of "the finest pisintry in the world," ere I met two other deserters from the Legion; but these men were from the cavalry, and were in somewhat better condition, and in high spirits, as, in addition to the royal bounty, they had been allowed to dispose of their horses and arms for their own advantage, and were therefore rejoicing in well lined pockets.

Late in the afternoon I reach Vergara, a fine place, with more than 5000 inhabitants, and, by the advice of my guide, halted at a very excellent posada, a musket-shot in advance of the town. The maitre d'hotel had lived long in France, and spoke French with fluency. Being excessively fatigued, I retired to my room early, but had not fallen asleep, when the host disturbed me by entering to say that Monsieur le Curé, hearing an Englishman had arrived, had called at the posada, and begged permission to see me. On entering, to my very great surprise, he addressed me in excellent English, apologised for the intrusion, and begged I would consider the strong interest with which he naturally looked for news from England as an excuse. In the course of a wandering life, it has been my lot to be thrown much in society, yet I have never met with a better informed man, or a person of more varied talents than the Basque Curé. I am indebted to him for much information that is valuable and curious. He had never been in England, he told me, but learning our language in early life, from associating with the students of an Irish College, he had acquired a taste for English literature, and boasted to me that he possessed a well-selected English library.

This venerable man spoke with much feeling of the civil war; and he seemed, while deploring the excesses this unnatural contest had given rise to, to be totally devoid of that narrow spirit of partizanship that might naturally have been expected from his secluded position. Only when alluding to the hated stranger, who for hire had added to the horrors of civil contention, did he speak with bitterness. This I particularly remarked to be the case when the Irish were mentioned. He told me that in Spain there still lingered a tradition that the races claimed a common descent;—he urged that in the bygone days of proscription and persecution, when the Irish, from religious disqualification, were debarred service in their own country, and from time to time fled into Spain,—that they had been received with open arms—they were looked upon as kindred long estranged—the aged men, he said, had received them as fathers, and the young men regarded them as brothers: with these facts before him, he could not but deem the position of the Irish contingent to the Legion as peculiarly revolting—and Catholics too! He quitted, with an offer of whatever services he might be deemed capable of rendering.

I called upon him the following day; he received me in his study, and pointed with pleasure to his collection of English books; these embraced many of the standard works of England—history, poetry, classics, and travels. The Curé interested me much. I never before met with a man of such rare endowments.

I had now arrived within four leagues of Durango. The road forward, I learned, was through difficult mountain passes, and must be travelled slowly. The grandeur of the scenery, as I penetrated more deeply into the "bowels of the land," increased,—mountains covered with snow and wreathed in mist arose on either side; traversing their steeps, I at times caught a glimpse of the "vulture-plumed guerrilla," and once or twice the dark form of the capuchin arrested attention; both seemed in keeping with the landscape. The peasantry were everywhere under arms; for whether on the high road, cultivating their gardens, or tending their sheep on the mountain, the gun seemed a part of their equipment. On passing a group who were just separating with a cheer from their half hour drill, I could not resist adding my vivas to the rest. It had a talismanic effect: they surrounded me on all sides; the viva had escaped me, it was a passport to confidence —the "Open sesame" to the hearts of the Biscayan people: they regarded me no longer as a stranger; I found myself amidst a crowd of inquiring friends.

Passing through many pretty villages, I reached Llorio, the present royal quarters, and halted for a while. This gave me an opportunity of visiting the manufactory for arms; for Llorio and Eybar are the Birmingham and Sheffield of the Basques: they told me here that they could turn out five hundred muskets in a month (with money); but, alas! *sans argent*, the enterprise of the Llorio Manton was terribly crippled. Guipuscoa is rich in mineral productions; but the absence of coal, and the necessity of looking to the hill-side for fuel, must ever limit the operation of her forges. Independent of Llorio and Eybar, arms are also manufactured at Placencia, Ernani, and Toloso. The muskets and swords that I inspected were of the best, and the powder good.

Proceeding on my journey, three more English deserters accosted me, passing also to Segura. These men were from Colonel Churchill's regiment, and it would be difficult indeed to portray their appearance: the unfortunate wretches were in a filthy condition, nearly naked, the very pictures of famine; chimney-sweepers would be libelled by comparison with this specimen of Colonel Churchill's battalion. Subsequently I had opportunities of conversing with many of the Legion, and however they might differ in detailing their motive for desertion, all agreed in picturing the abuse of the lash as excessive. This is not surprising.

If one-half the evidence I have now before me be true, then the unfortunate men have been treated with a ferocity unparalleled. One fact, and it is a pretty strong one, I offer here in proof of my assertion. After re-entering France, I met by accident with two members of the Legion, one a field-officer on leave, the other a subaltern, both returning to England; in talking with them of the state of affairs, and of the management (or rather mismanagement) of the English Auxiliaries, one of them told me (it was no confidential communication) that the men were subjected to dreadful punishment; he said that "Every officer in the Legion possessed the discretionary power of ordering a soldier four dozen lashes, if he saw him misconducting himself!" Hear this, ye liberals, who in England would starve the good soldier, and whose sympathies are alive only for the bad! This, too, without any form of trial, but simply at the caprice of any fuddled haberdasher's apprentice or aspiring shop-lad, who has been enabled to scramble together sufficient cash to buy a uniform, and now by radical legerdemain is metamorphosed into a "British Officer." My informant also told me that the soldiers, to a man, were so addicted to drink, that it was impossible to keep them under: they would sell their clothing to the last rag; and that good shoes, charged six pesettas to them, would be disposed of to the Spanish troops, within an hour of being served out, for one pesetta, and frequently for less. Lest this statement should be impugned, I leave with the Editor of this Journal the names of these officers.

The immediate entry into Durango is by an excellent road. It is a large village, occupying, in its irregular construction, a considerable space. There are many portions of plain around capable of being made available to the manœuvring of troops in large bodies; and here, upon entry, I had an opportunity of witnessing and afterwards of inspecting a part of that army which has so repeatedly been *utterly routed, dispersed, annihilated, and cut to pieces.* Fortunate indeed is it for Don Carlos that his men possess that extraordinary resurrectionary quality that will not permit them for any length of time to remain "quietly inurned."

The first introduction I availed myself of was one to M. Cruz Mayor, the Prime Minister of Don Carlos; he resided at the palace, a handsome house, the country-seat of a Biscayan hidalgo; and upon presenting myself at the gates I received instant admission. I found M. Cruz Mayor busily occupied, his bureau and ante-chamber being thronged with people; my introduction ensured attention. M. Cruz Mayor passed some years in England, attached to the Spanish Embassy; he speaks English fluently, but prefers conversing in French: he asked me if I would like to be introduced to the King; on replying in the affirmative, he begged me to follow him; and before I hardly knew where we were, I found myself in the Presence Chamber, alone with Don Carlos.

In appearance Charles the Fifth is below the middle height, fair-complexioned, with light hair, wearing an enormous moustache: he was attired in plain clothes, without any distinguishing mark indicating Royalty; but I thought afterwards, that had I not known who was addressing me I must have glanced at his rank, from his princely air, and the polished elegance of his address. Don Carlos permitted me rather a lengthy interview, made many inquiries, few of which I fear were answered satisfactorily: altogether the manners of the King are of the most winning description: this, combined with the justice of his cause, and his chivalrous attempt to possess himself of the throne of his ancestors, will account in some measure for the popularity he enjoys. In the ante-room there were several of the nobility and officers of the royal suite, variously amusing themselves, but not one without a cigar in his mouth; indeed, awake or asleep, they seem never to be without this. Amongst those present I recognized the Infante Don Sebastian, the nephew of Don Carlos, and son of the Princess of Beira: this Prince is wedded to a sister of Christine; he is a handsome, military-looking man, with rather a haughty expression of countenance, but I believe his manners are quite free from hauteur. M. Cruz Mayor is a gentleman of considerable diplomatic experience, combining talents of a high order; he is one of the most devoted of Don Carlos's adherents, as well as most able man in his councils; he is spoken highly of on all sides: during my stay I saw much of and conversed frequently with him upon the subject of the English mercenaries; he seemed perfectly well aware of the character of the expedition, and told me, there were few in the Carlist camp who did not justly discriminate between the British soldier and those who were disguised in British uniform; as well as that they were aware of the fact that the true soldier in England repudiated connection with the adventurer in the liberal ranks. There came over to Durango, during my stay there, eleven other English deserters from different points, pictures of misery and destitution; all of them received Don Carlos's bounty, and were sent on to Segura.

The habits of Don Carlos are plain in the extreme: no attempt at paltry state surrounds him, he is in camp, and fares as a soldier; there are from fifteen to twenty covers at his table, his Staff dining with him daily, with such officers of distinction as may chance to be at the Royal Quarters at the time: in his walks about, accompanied by one or two gentlemen, no guards attend him; if on horseback, a single orderly is all the escort he requires. Don Carlos has, upon several occasions, directed in person military operations in the field, and once or twice has been placed in considerable danger by the rash exposure of his person during the fire. He has a regiment of Guards; finer fellows could not be found: these do duty at the Palace. The market at Durango is well supplied, provisions are abundant and remarkably cheap; so much so that, even under present disadvantages, I found the expense of living at Durango to be considerably less than in the villages of France.

A considerable traffic is here carried on in woollen goods, and French cloth, both grey and red, might be purchased in quantities at fifty stores; in short, Durango, on a market day, presented the appearance of a large fair: every description of merchandise might be met with, and all sorts of traffic carrying on. I went to the stores to see the rations issued; each soldier receives per day one pound of beef, a pound and a half of bread, a measure of beans (this is an important article with the men), and a pint of wine; but of wine there is a scarcity, he is not always sure of that, but in lieu receives rather more than a penny in money: therefore the soldier with Don Carlos is well off. Several supplies of arms arrived during my stay here, from the manufactories at Placencia, Eybar, and Llodio: those shown to me were of excellent quality.

I now occupied myself in passing about to the different divisions of the Army of Operations: the troops were in excellent order, amenable to discipline, enthusiastic, and confident, rough, hardy-looking fellows, capable of undergoing any fatigue; the greatest harmony seemed to exist amongst the officers, and their distinguished General in Chief, the Count Casa Eguia, seemed generally beloved. The soldier carries his ammunition not in a cartouche box behind, as with us, but in a leather belt around his waist—the belt is capable of containing sixty rounds: it appeared to me a much more convenient method, less cumbersome to carry, and more immediate of access; the bayonet is stuck in the girdle, more frequently without a sheath than with one. Their cavalry is good, but it is in this arm as well as in artillery that Don Carlos is weak; he has but few horse, and the artillery is of the worst description: a very clever artillery Officer is in command of that branch, a General Montenegro, and he is doing all he can to render the artillery effective. The Lancers I particularly admired: the dexterity the men have acquired in the use of the weapon is truly astonishing.

The bulk of the Carlist troops, under the leading of Casa Eguia, occupy a line extending from the defiles of Arlaban to the little village of Llodio, this latter place being situated so as to enable the Carlists to cut off communication with Valmaceda from Orduña; the Carlists are strongly posted in front of Ochandiano and Villa Real, and cantoned in the villages along the line designated. The Christinos are in their front: Cordova, with the English "auxiliaries," is at Vittoria, while by far the most effective force of Espartero's divisions, including the Algerine Legion, are at Orduña: these are the relative positions of the two opposing armies. The Christino division approaching the French frontier is commanded by Baron de Meer, and the Carlist battalions occupied in watching their movements are led by Garcia and Tarragual. In Aragon the troops of the King are about 12,000 infantry and some few horse: they are divided into three divisions, acting each independently of the other, but enabled to unite at any moment for their mutual support. The first division is called "The Division of Aragon," commanded by Quelez and Portuels; the second is called "The Division of Valencia," under the leading of Serrador and Forcadel; and the third "The Division of the Frontiers of Catalonia," is under the orders of the enterprising Cabrera. In Catalonia, too, it is with difficulty the Christino Generals can hold their ground, and it is expected that the moment Don Carlos is enabled to send an expedition into that province, Catalonia will be entirely in his possession: arrangements were making for the expedition, which is to be commanded by the Count de Villemur, the present Minister of War, a most popular nobleman, and an able officer.

After quitting Durango, I preferred returning by way of Mondragon and Onate, by far the two finest towns, in my opinion, on the route: in each of these places a similar animated scene of activity and exertion in the common cause presented itself. At Onate I remained a short time residing in the house of the Portuguese General Raymundo Pinheiro; he had two Aides-de-camp, Portuguese also, young men, named Lopes and Moreiro, and from these I derived much information. The Portuguese contingent having been brought up by the despairing Generals of the Queen, there is little doubt but that immediate desertion to a great extent will take place from that force, a great portion of the men having been in the Miguelite ranks, and the presence of General Pinheiro in the camp of Don Carlos will tend materially to this end. I remained some few days longer in Spain, returning by way of my old quarters, Ernani, where all were busily occupied in preparations for renewing the siege of Saint Sebastian, at which it was said Don Carlos would himself be present.

Thus, during my brief sojourn at the seat of war, I had seen every thing of interest; passed through the principal towns and villages on the route, visited their manufactories, entered their stores, and been in their prisons; I had inspected the troops, witnessed the voluntary service tendered Don Carlos on every side, the unanimity of sentiment amongst the people, and the enthusiastic spirit of the soldiery. I had criticised with severity; I had conversed with all classes, from the first Minister to the peasant on the road side. Everywhere I had been treated with kindness; ample facilities had been afforded me of observation, and opportunity of forming opinions upon every thing around, and I quitted the Northern Provinces of Spain with a firm conviction that Don Carlos must triumph. He has much to struggle against, but I look upon the issue as certain.

Lord Palmerston's support of the tottering cause of Isabella, the lavish expenditure of the British Treasury, the cruel external combination, the participation of the British naval force on the coast in the struggle, and fresh recruiting in England, may protract the contest for a while, but despite all these obstacles, justice, be assured, will triumph, and Charles the Fifth be Monarch *de facto*, as he is King *de jure*, of the Spanish people.

At the foot of this will be found a statistical table of recent arrangement, by order of Don Carlos; I have one remark to make upon it, in reference to the class entitled *Nobles*. The Hidalgos of the mountain have neither wealth like the English Aristocracy, nor hereditary jurisdiction like the German Grafs or Seigneurs. Traditional ancestry, the immemorial possession of the soil, are the only titles of the Biscayan Chief, and place in his hands a power and dignity which neither feudal tenures nor any positive institution could equal. The highlands of Biscay are not, like the Asturias, engrossed by a few grandees, whose wide domains surround them with feudal state. They are possessed, for the most part, by freeholders of moderate fortune; yeomen, in a condition of happy mediocrity, who have nothing to depend on but those ancestral honours, from which, in a rude state of society, a natural influence and authority irresistibly flow. But, here, descent and the pride of family are superior to all other distinctions; antiquity constitutes a stable and deeply-rooted nobility. This is the animating principle of Society in Biscay. Few emerge from the mediocrity of their circumstances, but their possessions are rarely diminished by alienation. Nor, if the line of inheritance remain unbroken, and the immemorial transmission be continued, does poverty, or the necessity of tilling the land with his own hands, either impair the dignity or tarnish the lustre of the Hidalgo, who is sustained in his place by the pride of family and the spirit of antiquity. The sides of the Biscayan and Alavese hills are covered with mouldering towers, the ruins of castles, and mountain fortresses, from the walls of which the Lords of Biscay once defied both Goth and Saracen. These monuments rural tradition invests with a thousand associations; on these walls memory hangs the tale of other days. These Castles are the heraldry of Biscay. To be the possessor of a *Casa Sola*, as these remains are called (few of them are now habitable), is considered as a patent of nobility more illustrious than Monarch can confer. A species of Sovereignty is attached to it. Their possessors are the Lochiels of the Spanish Highlands, the Pariate Major, or Chief of the name. To them their distant kindred look with clannish devotion, and studiously deduce their lineage from the same stock through collateral branches.

This state of society, and the vein which runs through it, is more simple and primeval than feudal Monarchy. The mixed ties of blood and ancient association are, perhaps, the firmest bonds by which men can be united in society. Nor has the influence of commerce, which we have seen is active in this province, defaced the simple picture of pastoral manners, disturbed the system of rural economy, or weakened the ties by which the peasantry are combined in one firm and compact mass. In brief. although riches are unknown, poverty is alike a stranger to all.

STATISTICAL TABLE.

	Basque Provinces.			Navarre...... ...	
	Biscay	Alava	Guipuscoa		
Cities.	1	1	3	8	13
Towns.	21	90	64	154	329
Villages and Hamlets.	102	300	44	630	1076
Parishes.	165	435	120	753	1473
Convents.	42	18	41	70	171
Hospitals and Charitable Foundations.	14	15	25	14	68
Bishoprics.	..	..	..	2	2
Curates.	271	455	127	800	1653
Secular Clergy.	339	379	513	1160	2391
Monks.	348	238	316	1120	2022
Nuns.	400	218	520	510	1648
Nobles.	54000	12000	50000	13000	129000
Domestics.	4200	2500	5000	10000	21700
Deputies to the Cortes.	1	1	..	3	5
Manufactories.	140	25	20	15	200
Population.	116800	77400	110000	196000	500200
Extent in square leagues.	105	140	70	320	635

From the Monthly Repository.

STATE OF THE CANADAS—RECENT EVENTS.

We have more than once deemed it necessary to call the attention of our readers to the critical state of the Canadas. Our February number contained a sketch of the early proceedings of the Canadian Commissioners, of the opening of the provincial parliament, of the hopes, expectations, and views of the people, and generally of the relations subsisting between the representatives of the people and the executive at the date of the latest intelligence then received; namely the latter end of December. We are now reminded by the receipt of a pamphlet[*] on the subject by Mr. Roebuck, that the three months succeeding our last notice have been productive of events, altering very materially the position in which Lord Gosford stood with relation to the Canadian people.

It will be remembered that previous to the departure of the Commission, Mr. Roebuck, speaking the sentiments of the Canadian Assembly, demanded of the colonial minister "certain preliminaries in order to create a feeling of perfect confidence as to the real objects intended by the Commission," as the Assembly was desirous of meeting the Commission "in a spirit of wise conciliation."[†] These preliminaries are detailed in our February number.

With Mr. Roebuck's communication before him "the minister could not plead ignorance of the circumstances, respecting which he was about to give instructions to the Commissioners."[‡] With full information relative to the demand of the people of Canada, the Instructions to the Commissioners were framed, but they were carefully kept from the eye of the public, until "let out" in the manner to be presently related.

In the conduct of the colonial office towards the people of Canada and towards their agent Mr. Roebuck, we have a specimen of the most disgraceful disingenuousness. First it was stated by Sir George Grey in the House of Commons,

> "That as it would be more respectful to the House of Assembly to communicate these Instructions in the first place to them, he proposed not to lay them on the Table of the House of Commons until the Commissioners had arrived in Canada, and the Governor had communicated with the provincial legislature. So soon as it should be the case, he promised to publish the Instructions given to the Commissioners.—*Pamphlet*, p. 35.

Of course when Lord Gosford's speech was delivered to the Canadian Assembly and Council, it was inferred that his Instructions were embodied therein. It is true that the speech was extremely vague and indefinite on all those points which the Canadians held to be of vital importance, but as Lord Gosford had spoken of his "liberal instructions;" had called himself the friend of Mr. O'Connell, who had declared his opinions to be in favour of the changes desired by the people of Canada, and as he had stated, that at the opening of the Legislature he should "*speak all he knew—without reserve*," it is not at all surprising that the Canadians believed him to be possessed of discretionary powers to redress such of their grievances as admitted of it, and to report on such as might require the authority of an imperial statute to redress.

> "It was, in short, believed that the Instructions said little more in substance than this—" go and inquire into the state of the province; learn what is the decided wish of the people at large; tell them that we have every desire to yield to their requests, and that we have sent you out an unbiassed person, to learn accurately what those requests are. Tell the people, also, that we have as yet formed no opinions on this difficult subject, but that our minds are open to receive evidence, and listen with patience and candour to the exposition of their grievances. In the meantime, while you are making your inquiries, treat the Canadians with courtesy and kindness, and set an example in your own conduct, of honesty and justice."—*Pamphlet*, p. 36.

Early in the month of March Mr. Roebuck asked Sir Charles Grey for a copy of the instructions. "I did so," says Mr. Roebuck, "expecting that the Government would willingly fulfil their promise of last year." But no, Sir George Grey entreated Mr. Roebuck not to persist in his demand, and gave as a reason that the publication of the Instructions might interfere with the good understanding which he was happy to say prevailed in Canada between the Assembly and the Executive—a good understanding, be it remembered, produced by trickery and fraud, and which, therefore, could not be permanent.

Not many days after, the Morning Papers contained the greater part of the Instructions in question. They had been communicated to the Assembly of Upper Canada by the new Governor, Sir Francis Head, along with his own Instructions. Of the publications of these Instructions—

> "The immediate consequence was the annihilation of all confidence hitherto felt by the House of Assembly in the intentions and character of the Governor. Measures were instantly adopted by the house to mark their sense of the disingenuous conduct pursued by the Ministry and his excellency the Governor-General; and again to lay before the people of England, as the ultimate tribunal of appeal, a statement of the many wrongs to which the province has for so many years been subjected.—*Pamphlet*, p. 37.

We have already stated in former articles, that the chief means adopted by the Assembly to enforce the reforms they demand, is the stoppage of supplies. The great object of the Executive is, of course, to obtain the said supplies. Before the "untoward" disclosure of Sir Francis Head, the town Canadian Governor had made some progress in effecting this object. It was stated to one of the most powerful members of the Assembly by one of the Executive authorities—

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[*] Existing difficulties in the government of the Canadas—by J. A. Roebuck, April 26, 1836—p. 68.

[†] Existing difficulties—Appendix, p. 61.

[‡] Mr. Roebuck's Pamphlet, p. 34.

> "That if the money were given, the Commissioners *could recommend with some chance of success, all the plans of reform proposed by the liberals of the Assembly;* that the Commissions had already sent their first report upon the finances of Canada to England; *and that this report was in everything favourable to the demands of the Assembly.*"—p. 38.

A Supply Bill was accordingly proposed, such as the Executive would accept, but which was still not likely to satisfy the Legislative Council.

> "It was then asked by the members of the House of Assembly, "How will you get the Legislative Council to accede to this Bill?" Mark well the answer of this high functionary, "Oh, if they will not pass it we will do without them, and will receive your money, upon your Address. Vote by Address that which you would have voted by Bill, you pass by the Council, and we will receive and distribute the money cheerfully."—p. 39.

This determination on the part of the Executive "marks in a significant manner the exact estimation in which the Legislative Council is held by the existing authorities."

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> "When the House, after the discovery of the Instructions, voted only supplies for six months, inquiries were made to know whether this diminished supply would be received according to the former agreement, on the Address of the House; and intimation was given, that the Governor would rather that the question should not be put to him. It consequently was not put.
>
> "Thus it appears that the present Executive would, for the three years' arrears and a years' supply, have annihilated the privileges of the Legislative Council, but that they thought six months' supply a price insufficient for such a concession.
>
> "The House of Assembly having discovered the real nature of the Instructions given to Lord Gosford, determined at once to refuse all the arrears due, and to vote only a six months' supply, attaching to that vote the conditions I have above mentioned. This Bill was lost in the Legislative Council.
>
> "The Legislative Council, on this determination of the House, resolved to do all the mischief they were able. They refused to pass the elementary school bill, thus putting a stop to education all over the country. The party of the Legislative Council are usually uncommonly pathetic in their lamentations over the ignorance of the Canadian population. The true worth of their hypocritical whining is here made manifest. They talk of ignorance, and deprecate it, so long as such talk forwards, or seems to forward, their paltry purposes. They willingly do all they can to foster and continue ignorance, the moment that by so doing the same vile ends may be served."—p. 38.

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> "The moment the Instructions were published, every body including the Ministry and their friends, seemed at once to conclude that something like this would be the result. When they sent their Commission out, being well aware of what instructions they had given to them, they must have expected this same event from the commencement. Lord Gosford while speaking of his liberal instructions, while endeavouring by his personal behaviour to gain over the members of the Assembly, must all along have been conscious that if his instructions had been published all his hopes of success would have been destroyed. I leave it to casuists more acute and learned than myself to determine whether this conduct was honest; it is easy for any one of common understanding to determine whether it was prudent. To one who professes not to be instructed in diplomatic scheming, such artifice appears wholly unjustifiable; and the keeping back the Instructions little better than an attempt at deception. It was, however, a deception evidently destined to fail. The folly then of the proceeding quite equalled its dishonesty.
>
> "The mission of the Commissioners, together with that of Lord Gosford, is in my judgment ended. The sooner they leave Canada the better for all parties. They are now merely a useless expense, and their labours will of necessity be thrown away. Lord Gosford will not be able to regain public confidence by anything but a very explicit declaration in favour of an Elective Council; and this, I am inclined to believe, he will not be willing to make."—pp. 39-40.

The Assembly also agreed to a petition to the King and to both Houses of Parliament, reiterating their demands for an elective second chamber, for full control of their lands and revenues, and for a recognition of the principle of non-interferance in their internal affairs by the Home Government.

Not content with thus demanding an Elective Council of the Imperial Parliament, the last Act of the Assembly[*] was to introduce a Bill to Abolish the present irresponsible Council and to substitute one in accordance with the wishes and opinions of the people. In adopting this course, it appears to us the Canadian Assembly has done wisely. The Act conferring an Assembly and Council on each of the two Canadas has been repeatedly modified by Provincial Statutes, and there is no reason why the desired change should not be carried through the local legislature without the intervention of the British Parliament. The Council, of course, stands in the way, but as a remedy for their obstructiveness we have the old "Constitutional" remedy of a 'creation.' The Council consists of about thirty-one members, of these some five or six are in favour of the elective principle; hence it would merely be necessary to provide the Governor with some twenty-five blank mandamuses, when he might call to the Council a batch of mimic peers for the express purpose of passing the Bill.

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[*] The Assembly had not been prorogued, but the members, finding nothing more to do, had absented themselves so as to leave no quorum. This is not dangerous to the population party, inasmuch as the official party are too insignificant to make a quorum.

It is becoming every day more apparent that we cannot maintain our dominion over the Canadians but by means of a popular form of government. If the people become seriously discontented, Canada from that moment is lost to us as a colony. Some people affect to believe, and are at great pains to make others believe, that a change in the constitution of the Council would endanger the connexion between the Colony and the mother country. Mr. Roebuck, by a chain of luminous reasoning, destroys this fallacy most completely. No one, in fact, can have watched the State of Canada for the last twelve-months without being convinced that by acceding to the demands of the people we secure a firm and attached alley; jealous, it is true, of any—the slightest—interference on our parts with their internal affairs; but willing, nay proud, to form a part of the British empire, and therefore to acknowledge our right to legislate on all questions of external policy.

Since Mr. Roebuck's Pamphlet went to press, intelligence has reached this country from Upper Canada. Increased difficulties had arisen in the government of that Colony. Sir Francis Head, on assuming the government, had called to the Executive Council some new members in whom the mass of people had confidence. In his measures, however, he had rendered this concession a mere nullity by acting uniformly without their advice. Hereupon, the Executive Council remonstrates, arguing that, as an impression is abroad that they are the advisers of the King's representative, they suffer in their reputation with their fellow-citizens by every unpopular and obnoxious measure. They, therefore, pray permission to lay a correct statement of their condition before the public, and to withdraw from his Excellency's Councils.

Sir Francis Head tells them, in reply, that he alone is responsible, and that they have really no voice in the business. That power and responsibility are indissolubly united, and that, if he give them the latter, they will speedily pretend to the former, which he has no intention that they should possess. Here is a specimen of what one of the liberal papers calls his "Algerine" ideas of government.

> "The Lieutenant Governor maintains, that the responsibility to the people (who are already represented in the House of Assembly) which the Council assume, is unconstitutional—that it is the duty of the Council to serve *him*, not *them;* and that if on so vital a principle they persist in a contrary opinion, he foresees embarrassments of a most serious nature—for as power and responsibility must, in common justice, be inseparably connected with each other, it is evident to the Lieutenant Governor, that if the council were once permitted to assume the *latter*, they would immediately, as their right, demand the *former;* in which case, if the interests of the people were neglected, to whom could they look for redress? For in the confusion between the Governor and an oligarchy, composed of a *few dominant families*, shielded by secrecy, would not all tangible responsibility have vanished?" —*Sir F. Head's Reply.*

The Executive Councillors then resigned *en masse*, whereupon Sir Francis, who is certainly a very high-handed gentleman, called to his councils a more subservient crew, composed of the most obnoxious men in the province—all ultra Tories!

This excited the indignation of the Assembly, indeed of the whole province, and the following was the manly course pursued by the representatives of the people:—

> "On Tuesday last, the House of Assembly, at the suggestion of the hon. member for Lennox and Adlington, Peter Perry, Esq. took an independent stand on this all-important subject. He proposed that the Speaker should leave the chair and not resume it, until his Excellency had sent down answers to the addresses founded on the resolutions copied into this paper.—The hon. the Speaker repeated that he could not do so, if there were even one person that would object to the proposition. But there was not even one. Tories and Reformers were equally unanimous on this important subject.—And from 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, till 12 o'clock on Wednesday (yesterday) the business of the country was at a complete stand. Never did we witness such a period of excitement. Never did the duplicity of Sir John Colborne, or the intrigues and bronzed infamy of his advisers create such a powerful sensation. The whole House were anxious for a dissolution, that the country at large may have an opportunity of expressing their opinion on the policy of a new HEAD. But he declined an appeal to that tribunal, and thinks that he can still conduct the government of the country as if we were a parcel of slaves, and he our taskmaster. But he must be undeceived.
>
> "Tories and Reformers forgetting their past prejudices, will combine to effect this necessary object."

From the Retrospective Review.

Memoirs of Captain John Creichton, from his own Materials, drawn up and digested by Dean J. Swift. 1731.

The disastrous and disgraceful period of the Anglo-Scottish history, of which these *Memoirs* principally treat, has been recently rendered familiar to the generality of readers by the admiral novel of *Old Mortality*, which has transported us back into the administration of Lauderdale and his worthless colleagues—placing before our eyes the wild and fanatic devotions of the pursecuted whigs; proscribed, outlawed, hunted down like wild beasts; lurking in dens and caves, and lifting up their voices in enthusiastic devotion on the hill side or the desert, beneath the inclement skies, or amidst the roar of the waterfall; clinging, amidst want, and famine, and torture, to their covenant, with a constancy and single-mindedness which almost tried the malice of their enemies, and which commands our sympathy and admiration, while we detest their fanaticism and the sanguinary spirit which it engendered. Balfour of Burley, Macbriar, Mucklewrath, and Kettle-drumle, are portraits which have all the freshness and verisimilitude of life; and which, having been once contemplated, never fade from the mind's eye. A page of *Old Mortality* is more instructive than a folio of history. Drumclog and Bothwell Brig are become classic spots; and the dissonant names which offended the ear of Milton, have been naturalized in our common discourse.

—— Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

The memoirs before us are the productions of an active and enterprising officer, written in the 83d year of his age, (assisted by an eminent literary character, as we shall afterwards have occasion to mention), detailing his personal adventures in a round, unvarnished manner. Captain Creichton chiefly distinguished himself in Scotland by his zeal and sagacity in hunting the out-lawed preachers; and was a worthy imitator and follower of the "bloody Claverse." No one, among the subaltern agents of tyranny, appears to have acted his part with a more unaffected love of the pursuit, or to have a greater respect for the honourable employment of hunting and murdering his misguided fellow-men. He relates his exploits in this way with the greatest possible complacency, and exaults in the terror and detestation with which his name was pronounced by a considerable part of the Scottish nation. Without any appearance of religious feeling himself, he was a bigot to church and state; and did, from hate, what more ignoble persecutors did for hire. Yet his feelings as a man appear to have been warm and kindly; and where his spirit of military subordination did not interfere, not devoid of liberality.

Captain Creichton was introduced to Dean Swift, then on a visit to Sir Arthur Acheson, as a cavalier who had distinguished himself by his loyalty and bravery in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. but who was now closing an active and honourable life in indigence and obscurity. The Dean made him a handsome present; and, understanding that his adventures were numerous and extraordinary, and that he had preserved a written account of them, suggested the publication of his memoirs as a means of rendering him comfortable for life. The Captain said that he had memoranda of the incidents of his life, but that no one could understand them but himself. Swift desired him to bring his papers to him, and he would prepare his memoirs for the press; which he accordingly did, arranging them in a regular narrative, and correcting the style. By the Dean's interest and recommendation, the subscription for the work exceeded two hundred pounds, and made the veteran comfortable for the remainder of his life.

Creichton was of a Scotish family, which had settled in Ireland. His father was an officer in the army, and distinguished himself as a brave and zealous soldier for Charles I. against the parliament. The following account is given of his rescuing his relation, Captain Irvin, and Mr. Stuart, who had been taken prisoners and lodged in the gaol in Derry.

"My father having received information that Sir Charles Coote, governor of Derry, had publicly declared that Captain Irvin and his companion should be put to death within two or three days, communicated this intelligence to seven trusty friends; who all engaged to assist him, with the hazard of their lives, in delivering the two gentlemen from the danger that threatened them. They all agreed that my father and three more, at the hour of six in the morning, when the west gate stood open, and the drawbridge was let down for the governor's horses to go out to water, should ride in, one by one, after a manner as if they belonged to the town, and there conceal themselves in a friend's house till night; at which time my father was to acquaint Captain Irvin and his fellow-prisoner with their design, which was to this purpose: that after concerting measures at the prison, my father should repair to a certain place on the city wall, and give instructions to the four without, at twelve at night; accordingly, next morning, as soon as the gate was open, my father, with his three comrades, got into the town; and the same night, having settled matters with the two gentlemen that they should be ready at six next morning, at which hour he and his three friends should call upon them; he then went to the wall, and directed the four; who were without, that as soon as they should see the gate open, and the bridge drawn, one of them should walk up to the sentry, and secure him from making any roise, by holding a pistol to his breast; after which, the other three should ride up, and secure the room where the by-guard lay, to prevent them from coming out: most of the garrison were in their beds, which encouraged my father and his friends, and much facilitated the enterprise; therefore, precisely at six o'clock, when the by-guard and sentry at the western gate were secured by the four without, my father, and the other three within, being mounted on horseback, with one spare horse, in the hahit of town's people, with cudgels in their hands, called at the gaol door, on pretence to speak to Captain Irvin and Mr. Stuart. They were both walking in a large room in the gaol, with the gaoler, and three soldiers attending them; but these not suspecting the persons on horseback before the door, whom they took to be inhabitants of the town, my father asked Captain Irvin whether he had any commands to a certain place, where he pretended to be going; the captain made some answer, but said they should not go before they had drank with him; then giving a piece of money to one of the soldiers to buy a bottle of sack at a tavern a good way off, and pretending likewise some errand for another soldier, sent him also out of the way. There being now none left to guard the prisoners but the gaoler and the third soldier, Captain Irvin leaped over the hatch-door, and as the gaoler leaped after, my father knocked him down with his cudgel. While this was doing, Mr. Stuart tripped up the soldier's heels, and immediately leaped over the hatch. They both mounted, Stuart on the horse behind my father, and Irvin on the spare one, and in a few minutes came up with their companions at the gate, before the main guard could arrive, although it were kept within twenty yards of the gaol door.

"I should have observed, that as soon as Captain Irvin and his friend got over the hatch, my father, and his comrades, put a couple of broad swords into their hands, which they had concealed under their cloaks, and at the same time drawing their own, were all six determined to force their way against any one who offered to obstruct them in their passage; but the dispatch was so sudden that they got clear out of the gate before the least opposition could be made. They were no sooner gone than the town was alarmed; Coote, the govenor, got out of his bed, and ran into the streets in his shirt, to know what the hubbub meant, and was in a great rage at the accident. The adventurers met the govenor's groom coming back with his master's horses from watering; they seized the horses, and got safe to Sir Robert Stuart's about four miles off, without loosing one drop of blood in this hazardous enterprise."

John, who was the eldest of twenty children, of whom only three other sons and two daughters came to maturity, was born in 1648, at Castle Fin, in the county of Donegal. He went to school at Dungannon; but, when only eighteen, he imprudently married his schoolmaster's daughter, and this engagement compelling him to have immediate recourse to some employment, he determined to embrace the profession of arms. He got admitted into the horse guards, a troop composed chiefly of gentlemen, who were sent to Scotland to assist in putting down the conventicles, and in pursuing the seditious preachers. In this service Creichton particularly distinguished himself, and displayed great zeal, courage, and address in discovering the hiding places of this persecuted race.

We shall extract an account of one of his expeditions in search of conventicles. Creichton and a comrade, disguised in grey coats, travel into the mountains, and observing three men on the top of a hill, whom they conjecture to stand there as spies, to give intelligence to a conventicle, they attack and take them prisoners. The relation then proceeds thus:—

"We then led our prisoners down the hill, at the foot of which there was a bog, and on the other side a man sitting on a rock; when we advanced near him, leaving our prisoners in the keeping of my friend, I ran up toward the man, who fled down on the other side. As soon as I had reached the top of the rock, there appeared a great number of people assembled in a glen, to hear the preaching of mas John King, as I understood afterward; whose voice was so loud that it reached the ears of those who were at the greatest distance, which could not, I think, be less than a quarter of a mile; they all standing before him, and the wind favouring the strength of his lungs. When my friend had brought the three prisoners to the top of the rock, where I waited for him, they all broke loose, and ran down to the conventicle; but my friend advancing within about forty yards of that rabble, commanded them, in his majesty's name, to depart to their own homes. Whereupon about forty of their number, with poles in their hands, drew out from the rest, and advanced against us two, who had the courage, or rather the temerity, to face so great a company, which could not be fewer than a thousand. As this party of theirs was preparing with their long poles to attack me and my friend, it happened, very luckily, that a fine gelding, saddled and bridled, with a pillion likewise upon him, came up near us in search of better grass. I caught the horse, and immediately mounted him, which the rest of the conventiclers observing, they broke up, and followed as fast as they could, some on horseback, and the rest on foot, to prevent me from going off with the horse; but I put him to the gallop, and suffering him to choose his own way through the mountain, which was full of bogs and hags, got out of reach. My friend kept up with me as long as he could, but having run a mile through such difficult places, he was quite spent, and the conventiclers hard at his heels; whereupon he called to me for assistance, and I alighting put him upon the horse, bidding him to make the best of his way to the laird of Poddishaw's, about two miles off. By this time we saw twelve covenanters on horseback, who advanced toward us by a shorter cut, and blocked up a gap, through which we were of necessity to pass. I undertook to clear the gap for my friend, and running toward the rogues, with my broad-sword and pistol, soon forced them to open to the right and left: my comrade got throngh, and was pursued a good way; but he so laid about him with his broad-sword, that the pursuers, being unarmed, durst not seize him. In the mean time, I, who was left on foot, kept the covenanters, who followed me, at a proper distance; but they pelted me with clods, which I sometimes returned, till, at last, after chasing me above a mile, they saw a party of troopers in red passing by at some distance: and then gave over their pursuit.

"The troopers observing my friend galloping and pursued, imagined he was some frantic preacher, till they came to an old woman on a hill, whom my friend had desired to deny his being gone that way; upon which they went off to their quarters, and he got safe to Poddishaw's, whither I soon after arrived. The laird of Poddishaw had been that day to church, from whence, returning with the laird of Pocammock, who lived about a mile off, they both wondered how the horse got thither: for Pocammock was the owner of the horse, and his lady had rode on it that day to the conventicle, without her husband's knowledge, having been seduced thither by some fanatic neighbours, for she had never been at their meetings before. My friend and I acquainted the two lairds of the whole adventure of that day; and, after dinner, Pocammock requested to let him have the horse home; thereby to stifle any reflection his lady might bring upon him, or herself, by going to a conventicle; he likewise invited us to dine next day at his house, where the horse should be again delivered to me, as justly forfeited by the folly of his wife. We went accordingly, with the laird of Poddishaw, and dined at Pocammock's; where the horse was ordered to be led out into the court, in the same accoutrements as I found him the day before: but observing the lady in tears, I told her, that, if she would give me her promise never to go to a conventicle again, I would bestow her the horse, and conceal what had passed: she readily complied, and so the matter was made up. However, the laird, her husband, assured me that no horse in Scotland should be better paid for; and being a leading man in the country, and his lady discovering the names of those who had been at the conventicle, he sent for them, and persuaded them, as they valued their quiet, to make up a purse for me and my friend, which they accordingly did; and we both lived plentifully a twelvemonth after on the price of that horse."

Among the characters to which we are introduced, are Francis Stuart, (the Serjeant Bothwell of the novelist,) and the redoubted Balfour of Burley.

"For, the seditious humours in the west still increasing, it was thought proper that three independent troops of horse, and as many of dragoons, should be raised to suppress the rebels. Whereupon Mr. Francis Stuart, grandson to the Earl of Bothwell, a private gentleman in the horse guards like myself, and my intimate acquaintance, was sent for, in haste, by the general; because the council of Scotland was then writing to the king, that his majesty would please to grant commissions to those persons whose names were to be sent up to London that very night. Mr. Stuart gave me notice of this: whereupon, although I was not sent for, I resolved to go up with him to Edinburgh, and solicit for myself. When I arrived there, and attended the general, his first question was, in a humourous manner, "Wha the deel sent for you up?" I answered, that I hoped his excellency would now make good his promise of preferring me, since so fair an opportunity offered at present. On this occasion the general stood my firm friend; and although the sons and brothers of lords and baronets, and other persons of quality, solicited to be made lieutenants and cornets in these new-raised troops, yet the general, in regard to my services, prevailed with the council that I might be appointed lieutenant to Mr. Stuart, who was then made captain of dragoons.

"Soon after this, the archbishop of St. Andrew's was murdered by the laird of Hackston and Balfour, assisted by four poor weavers.* Hackston, before this horrid action, was reputed an honest and gallant man, but his friendship for his brother-in-law, Balfour, drew him in to commit this inhuman murder. Balfour, who had been the archbishop's chamberlain, (for so in Scotland we call a great man's steward), whether by negligence or dishonesty, was short in his payments to his lord; and the fear of being called to an account was a principal motive to assassinate his master: however, he pretended likewise a great zeal for the kirk, whereof he looked upon the archbishop as the greatest oppressor. It is certain that the lower people mortally hated the archbishop, on pretence that his grace had deserted their communion: and the weavers, who were accomplices of Balfour, believed they did God service in destroying an enemy of the kirk; and accordingly all the murderers were esteemed and styled saints by that rebellious faction."

Creichton accompanies Graham of Claverhouse in his expedition against some straggling parties who were making head against the government.

"The rebels at Drumclog were eight or nine thousand strong: their leader, as I have said before, was Robert Hamilton, second brother to the royal house of Preston, but a profligate who had spent all his patrimony. There were likewise among them the lairds of Knockgray and Fruah, with many other gentlemen of fortune, whose names I have forgot. Clavers' men, with the addition of some few that came in to him, did not exceed one hundred and eighty; yet, pursuant to his orders, he was forced to fight the enemy; but being so vastly outnumbered, was soon defeated, with the loss of cornet Robert Graham, and about eight or ten private troopers. The rebels finding the cornet's body, and supposing it to be that of Clavers, because the name of Graham was wrought in the shirt neck, treated it with the utmost inhumanity, cutting off the nose, picking out the eyes, and stabbing it through in a hundred places.

"Clavers, in his flight toward Hamilton and Glasgow, rode a horse that trailed his guts for two miles from the place where the engagement happened; but overtaking his groom with some led horses, he mounted one of them, and with the remains of his small army escaped to Glasgow. The rebels, pursuing as far as Hamilton, advanced that evening within a mile of Glasgow, where they encamped all night. As Clavers was marching after his men up the hill, where he had left mas John King under the guard of a dragoon (who ran off with the first that fled), King, in a sneering way, desired him to stay and take his prisoner with him."

The insurgents make a desperate attack on Clavers, in Glasgow, but are beaten off with great loss; but continuing to increase in numbers, the Duke of Monmouth was sent, to take the command, with a reinforcement. General Dalziel refused to serve under him, and remained at Edinburgh until the Duke was superseded.

The affair of Bothwell Bridge followed, when the rebels having neither "the grace to submit, nor the sense to run away, nor the courage to fight it out," presented a cheap conquest to the royal army.

"The pursuers were no sooner returned, and the whole action over, than General Dalziel arrived at the

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[*] "One of them fired a pistol at him, which burnt his coat and gown, but did not go into his body: upon this, they fancied he had a magical secret to secure him against a shot, and they drew him out of his coach, and murdered him barbarously, repeating their strokes till they were sure he was quite dead."—*Burnet's History*, vol. ii. 8vo, p. 102.

camp from Edinburgh, with a commission renewed, to be commander in chief, which he received that very morning by an express. This commander having learned how the duke had conducted the war, told him publicly, and with great plainness, that he had betrayed the king; that he heartily wished his commission had come a day sooner, 'for then,' said he, 'these rogues should never have troubled his majesty or the kingdom any more.' "

We shall here introduce Creichton's characteristic portrait of this singular veteran:

"Thomas Dalziel, among many other officers, was taken prisoner at the unfortunate defeat at Worcester, and sent to the Tower; from whence, I know not by what means, he made his escape, and went to Muscovy; where the czar then reigning made him his general:* but some time after the restoration of the royal family, he gave up his commission, and repairing to King Charles the Second, was, in consideration of his eminent services, constituted commander in chief of his majesty's forces in Scotland; in which post he continued till his death, excepting only one fortnight, when he was superseded by the Duke of Monmouth, some days before the action of Bothwell Bridge, as I have already related. He was bred up very hardy from his youth, both in diet and clothing. He never wore boots, nor above one coat, which was close to his body, with close sleeves, like those we call jockey coats. He never wore a peruke; nor did he shave his beard, since the murder of King Charles the First. In my time, his head was bald, which he covered only with a beaver hat, the brim of which was not above three inches broad. His beard was white and bushy, and yet reached down to his girdle. He usually went to London once or twice in a year, and then only to kiss the king's hand, who had a great esteem for his worth and valour. His unusual dress and figure, when he was in London, never failed to draw after him a great crowd of boys, and other young people, who constantly attended at his lodgings, and followed him with huzzas, as he went to court, or returned from it. As a man of humour, he would always thank them for their civilities, when he left them at the door, to go in to the king; and would let them know exactly at what hour he intended to come out again, and return to his lodgings. When the king walked in the park, attended by some of his courtiers, and Dalziel in his company, the same crowds would always be after him, showing their admiration at his beard and dress, so that the king could hardly pass on for the crowd; upon which his majesty bid the Devil take Dalziel, for bringing such a rabble of boys together, to have their guts squeezed out, while they gaped at his long beard and antique habit; requesting him, at the same time, (as Dalziel used to express it), to shave and dress like other Christians, to keep the poor bairns out of danger. All this could never prevail with him to part with his beard; but yet, in compliance to his majesty, he went once to court in the very height of the fashion; but as soon as the king, and those about him, had laughed sufficiently at the strange figure he made, he reassumed his usual habit, to the great joy of the boys, who had not discovered him in his fashionable dress."

Creichton, immediately after the affair of Bothwell, is eager to return to his old amusement of preacher-hunting.

"On Sunday morning, when the army was to march for Glasgow, I desired the General's leave to go with twelve dragoons, in search of some of the rebels, who might probably pass the Clyde, about Dunbarton, to shelter themselves in the Highlands. With these dragoons, clad in grey coats and bonnets, I made haste down the side of the river; and about midnight, after travelling twenty-four miles, I came to a church, and while the soldiers stayed to refresh their horses in the church yard, I spied a country fellow going by, and asked him in his own dialect, 'Whither gang ye this time of night?' He answered, 'Wha are ye that speers?' I replied, 'We are your ane fo'ke.' Upon this the man came up, and told me, there were eighteen friends with horses, at an old castle, waiting for a boat to pass over into the isle of Arran. I mounted the man behind one of the dragoons, and went toward the place: but the rebels, not finding a boat, were gone off, and the guide dismissed. There was a great dew on the grass, which directed me and my party to follow the track of their horses, for three or four miles, till the dew was gone off; I then inquired of a cow-herd on a hill, whether he saw any of our 'poor fo'ke' travelling that way? he answered, that they had separated on that hill, and gone three several ways, six in a party; adding, that in one party there was 'a braw muckle kerl, with a white hat on him, and a great bob of ribands on the cock o't.' Whereupon I sent four of my dragoons after one party, four more after another; and myself, with the remaining four, went in pursuit of him with the white hat. As I went forward, I met another cow-herd, who told me that the fellow with the hat, and one more (for as the rogues advanced farther into the west, they still divided into smaller parties) were just gone down the hill, to his master's house. The good man of the house returning from putting the horses to grass in the garden, was going to shut the door: whereupon myself and two of the dragoons commanded him, with our pistols at his breast, to lead us to the room where the man lay who wore a white hat. We entered the room, and before he awaked, I took away his arms, and commanded him to dress immediately: then finding his companion asleep in the barn, I forced him likewise to arise, and mounting them both on their own horses, came at nine o'clock in the morning, with my two prisoners, to the other dragoons, at the place where we appointed to meet. From thence we rode straight to Glasgow, and arrived there about eight in the evening, after a journey of fifty miles since we left the army at Bothwell the day before."

Our author had a strange faculty of dreaming where he should find certain proscribed preachers, and his dreams were usually verified in the sequel. He thinks proper, however, to apologize for having put faith in such illusions, and endeavours to explain the association of ideas which produced them.

About a month after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, he was sent with eighty horsemen under his command, in pursuit of one hundred and fifty of the Covenanters, who still kept in a body; and after a pursuit of several days, brought them to action, and succeeded in killing, capturing, or dispersing them. In pursuing some stragglers into a morass, he received several severe wounds, and narrowly escaped with his life. One of his wounds, owing to the carelessness of his surgeon, in allowing the tent to slip into it, remaining unhealed for seven months, he returned to Ireland for the benefit of his native air, and there, by as great an accident as when it got in, he was relieved from the tent, and soon perfectly recovered. He accordingly returned to Scotland, and resumed his dreaming of rebels, and displayed his accustomed dexterity in catching them.

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* "He served the emperor of Russia, as one of the generals of his forces against the Polanders and Tartars, till the year 1665, when he was recalled by King Charles the Second; and thereafter did command his majesty's forces at the defeat of the rebels, at Pentland hills in Scotland; and continued lieutenant-general in Scotland, when his majesty had any standing forces in that kingdom, till the year of his death, 1685." *Granger*, iii. 380.

One of his enterprises is related in the ensuing extract:

> "I shall here occasionally relate an unfortunate accident, which happened this summer in Scotland.
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> "M'Donnel, laird of Cappagh in the Highlands, within eight miles of Inverlochy, was unjustly possessed, as most men believed, for many years of an estate, which in right belonged to the laird of Mackintosh. Both these gentlemen were well affected to the king. The laird of Cappagh, after sowing-time was over, had gone that summer, as it was his custom, to make merry with his clans, on the mountains, till the time of harvest should call him home. But in his absence, Mackintosh, and his clans, assisted with a party of the army, by order of the Government, possessed himself of Cappagh's estate: whereupon M'Donnel, and his clans, returning from the mountains, set upon the enemy, killed several gentlemen among them, and took Mackintosh himself prisoner. M'Donnel had given strict orders to his men, not to kill any of the army; but Captain M'Kenzie, who commanded on the other side, making a shot at one of M'Donnel's men, who was pursuing his adversary, the man, discharging his pistol at the captain, shot him in the knee, who, after having been carried fifty miles to Inverness, to a surgeon, died of his wound.
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> "Soon after, the Government ordered me to detach sixty dragoons, with a lieutenant, cornet, and standard, and to march with Captain Streighton, and two hundred of the foot guards, against the M'Donnels; to destroy man, woman, and child, pertaining to the laird of Cappagh, and to burn his houses and corn. Upon the approach of our party, M'Donnel, laird of Cappagh, dismissing his prisoners, retired farther into the mountains; whereupon we who were sent against him continued to destroy all the houses and corn, from the time of Lammas to the 10th of September: and then we advanced toward the borders, to join the Scotch army, which at that time was marching toward England, against the Prince of Orange, who then intended an invasion."

What must we think of the Government which could issue such an order!

On the expected invasion of the Prince of Orange, the forces were recalled to England, whither Creichton accompanied Claverhouse, now Viscount Dundee, who was one of the few who stood by James, even after he had deserted himself; and, had his advice been followed, the Revolution might have cost a severe struggle. After James' flight, Dundee waited on William; but, meeting with a cool reception, he speedily retired into Scotland. His regiment was given to Sir Thomas Livingston, who, however, was as much devoted to James as his predecessor; and when Dundee appeared in arms, these dragoons were sent, among others, to attack him, under the command of General M'Kay. The officers of this corps were almost all jacobites, and intended, with their men, to go over to Dundee the first opportunity. Creichton was their agent in this treachery, and found means to inform Lady Dundee of their intention.——The General, however, got some intimation of their design, and sent Creichton and several of his companions prisoners to Edinburgh. He was committed to a dungeon in the Talbooth, and was examined before the Council, in the hope of getting him to inform against his more important colleagues; but Creichton stoutly denied *all* knowledge of the plot. Finding him obstinate, it was given out that he was to be hanged; but Dundee hearing of it, sent them word, "that if they hanged Captain Creichton, or touched a hair of his tail, he would cut the laird of Blair and the laird of Pollock joint by joint, and would send their limbs in hampers to the Council." The Council knew Dundee would be as good as his word, and Creichton was reprieved for the present. After the death of Dundee, and the dispersion of his forces, a more lenient system was adopted; but Creichton's character as a desperate jacobite was so well known, that it was deemed prudent to keep him in confinement. After remaining three years in the Talbooth, he was allowed, through the solicitation of his friends, to remove to a private lodging, on giving bail for one hundred pounds, and having a sentry to attend him. Some of his quondam companions being soon after arrested, he became alarmed, and, with the privity and consent of his bail, escaped to Ireland. He settled in the County of Tyrone, with his wife, two daughters, and his father (who died two years afterwards), and made a shift to maintain them, by industry and manual labour, for twelve years, till his wife died, and his daughters were married, when he made over to them what little property he had, and resided with them.

From the Asiatic Journal.

MISSIONARY VOYAGE TO THE NORTH-EAST COAST OF CHINA.

The London Missionary Society, having determined to make an effort to diffuse a knowledge of Christianity and of the Scriptures on the coast of China, employed on this expedition the Rev. W. H. Medhurst, who has devoted the last eighteen years of his life to the Chinese mission in Batavia and other places in the Indian Archipelago, and acquired a knowledge of several dialects of the Chinese language. This gentleman accordingly arrived at Canton in June last, but could meet with no vessel suited to his purpose till August, when he engaged the American brig *Huron* for three months. The vessel was of the burthen of 211 tons, manned with twelve men, and armed with two guns and some swivels. A few bags of rice were taken on board, to be sold or not; but the cargo consisted of 20,000 volumes of books on theological subjects, including some copies of the Scriptures. Mr. Medhurst took with him an American (a missionary, we believe,) named Stevens, who has furnished to the *Chinese Repository* a copy of his journal of this voyage, of which the following is a *resumé:*—

The vessel sailed from the Cum-sing-moon on the 26 August, and in about a fortnight after getting out of the Lema passage, rounded the eastern point of Shan-tung promontory, situated in lat. 37° 25′ N., long. 122° 45′ E., and anchored in the excellent harbour of Wei-hae-wei, in lat. 37° 50′ N., long. 122° 12′ E., which was the place proposed for commencing their work. Not a sail was seen, nor any movement, but that of sending off from the island of Lew-kung-taou (which shelters the harbour on the north and north-east) several loaded boats towards the town of Wei-hae. In order to remove all apprehensions which might be excited at the appearance of a foreign ship, the missionaries landed at a village on the island. Most of the people fled from the beach, but a few of the oldest or boldest remained, who, when they heard Mr. Medhurst address them in their own language, invited him and his companion, into a house as the rain was falling heavily. When told the object of the visit, they accepted, cautiously, one or two copies of the books, alleging that few of the poor people could read. The house, like others, was built of granite, and covered with thatch-work; it had neither floor nor seats, except the bed, beneath which was the fire-place! It was soon filled with people, who were in no wise uncivil.

In the afternoon of the next day (September 12th,) a boat came alongside the brig, with three naval officers and a train of followers, who inquired of Mr. Medhurst his name, country, and object. He informed them he had come to distribute books teaching the religion of Jesus, to communicate oral instruction respecting Christianity, and to give medicines to the sick. They inquired for the books, and took away a plentiful supply, stating that the superior officer of Wei-hae would have come off to pay his respects, but for the inclement weather.

On the ensuing day, the weather being fine, the party prepared for another visit ashore. They put a number of books and the medicine-chest into the boat, and proceeded westward to a distant village, which they supposed to be Wei-hae. They gave books on board the junks they passed, and landed amidst a crowd of people, amongst whom they began immediately distributing books. An officer, who had hailed them when in the boat, now endeavoured to prevent their advancing, first by entreaties, then by taking Mr. Medhurst by the arms. They, however, pressed on till they came to the village, where the chief officer (who had gone to visit the brig,) having landed from his junk, received them. He wore a blue button, and was a *tsan-tseang*, or sub-colonel. One of his lieutenants, who was the chief speaker, assuming a stern countenance and angry manner, asked whence they came and their business. Mr. Medhurst replied, that he was an Englishman came to do good by distributing books and medicines. The officer then desired them to go on board a junk, that they might confer on the subject. Mr. M. insisted upon first taking a walk in the town. The officers, thereupon, placed themselves before the party, stating that the laws of the celestial empire forbade foreigners from setting foot in it. Mr. Medhurst observed that these laws could refer only to enemies, not to him and his companions who came only to do good; and he proposed that they should discuss the matter in some house over a cup of tea. The chief officer (contrary to the advice of the lieutenant) proposed entering a temple hard by, whither the whole assemblage proceeded. Upon reaching the temple, Mr. Medhurst and his companion, "finding none to hinder them, determined not to stop at present, but went forward, over hill and dale, till they reached a high summit, which commanded an extensive view of the country and of the Gulf of Chih-le." They returned to the temple, where the officers were awaiting them. It was a neat building, dedicated to the Queen of Heaven. The officers received the party standing, and offered Mr. M. the highest place. Tea was brought in, and the object of the visitors was again stated, and accompanied by a short exposition of the principal doctrines of the Gospel. The officers appear to have acted with urbanity; they said they were well assured of their visitors' friendly intentions, but their orders left them no discretion to permit their intercourse with the people; that they saw no other objection to the distribution of the books, which they had read, and which, though they differed in some respects from their own classics, yet contained many good things. They offered supplies of provisions, but these were declined. Mr. Medhurst declared that they did not come to trade, which, he knew, was confined to Canton; and that, "if the government is really so absurd as to design to prevent good men from speaking to their fellow-men, and doing them any offices of kindness and good-will in their power, we felt it to be our duty, notwithstanding any such prohibitions, to obey God rather than man." After some complimentary expressions in answer, the conference broke up.

The crowd had now greatly increased, and, on reaching the beach, the party determined to distribute some books amongst the people. A basket-full was accordingly brought out of the boat, but an officer ordered it back again. As soon as it was opened, however, the crowd rushed suddenly forward, and, in spite of the police, seized the books.

In the afternoon of the same day, they landed, with a fresh supply of books, on the island of Lew-kung-taou, where they met with no impediment. They then crossed the bay again, re-landed on the main, and entered a village, passing from house to house, giving books and conversing familiarly with the inhabitants. The females were shy and withdrew. In other places they were ordered in-doors or into the fields.

The villages in Shan-tung are marked by clumps of trees. Many of the hills were cultivated, and nearly all were covered with a green sward. The villages are situated in the temperate and fertile vallies between the hills of this most hilly country. The houses never stand alone, but are built in clusters of from 25 to 500.

Encouraged by the favourable disposition of the people, the missionaries resolved to visit the south side of the harbour, where they could discern numerous villages, and to coast it round to the western side. They landed on a small eminence, mounted as usual with a watch-tower, attended by one sailor to carry the books, and proceeded directly towards the nearest village. At a public threshing-floor at the entrance, they were met by a large number of persons, with the school-master at their head, to whom they announced their errand, proceeding to distribute books, which were readily received. As they proceeded over the hills to other villages, the peasantry, who were diligently employed in cultivation, greeted them with cheerful words, and directed them on their way. Their stock of books was soon exhausted, and they sent down to the boat for more. In these two days, the number of books distributed was 1,000 volumes of 100 pages each. In some places they were received suspiciously; at others the applicants were clamorous, and too eager to wait for the regular distribution. "Sometimes," says the Journal, "we found them more ravenous for books, and sometimes also afraid to take any at all; but this is nearly a fair sample of the way in which we were ever treated by the people, when free from the influence of the officers of government." In one of the villages, it is remarked, the urgency of the people for the books did not raise from a just value for them, inasmuch as the choice was determined by the colour of the cover.

During their absence, two junks, with a large party of soldiers, visited the brig; but, learning from a card, which Mr. Medhurst had left on board, that he had gone on shore, the officers, who acted in a very friendly way, contented themselves with examining every thing in the vessel, and taking away some books.

On the 15th they weighed anchor, and after two days came into the spacious bay of Ke-shan-so, about forty-seven miles west of Wei-hae. This bay is formed on the north-west by the high and bold cape of Zeu-oo-taou, and by the Kung-kung-taou group of islands on the north-east, extending also several miles southward into the main land. It derives its name from the village of the same name, which stands on the west side, and which is a place of considerable business, being an open port, where many junks touch on their way to the north. The chart of the harbour by Ross is well executed, except that the eastern sand-bank, as laid down by him, does not extend sufficiently far from the island. This bank was found to be very bold, having seven fathoms at a few yards' distance, and a safe channel between it and the island from which it appears to put off. The whole coast of the extensive bay appeared dotted with villages of white-walled houses in clusters of trees; whilst the skirts of the town of Ke-shan-so appeared at the bottom of another bay further to the west.

In attempting to make a tour of the villages as in other parts they were opposed by the people, who gladly received the books, but refused to admit the missionaries into their villages. One man said it was against the law for foreigners to enter their country; another man, an elder of one of the villages, impressed his fellow-villagers with the belief that the foreigners had come to take possession of the country, and few ventured to receive any books. Upon this, the party determined to push on to Ke-shan-so. Taking to their boat, they passed a white tower, where a few men were on the lookout, and landed amidst a crowd, who on hearing the object of the visit, and seeing the books, were so rude and outrageous, that they overturned the sailor who carried them, and bore off the volumes by violence. The magistrates interfered, and, in great wrath at the tumult, were proceeding to bastinado those who had been engaged in it; two or three poor fellows had been seized by the queue, preparatory to the infliction, when Mr. Medhurst came up and entreated, in a courteous manner, that they might be pardoned. The officer coldly desired Mr. M. to mind his own business; the latter replied that it was his business to interfere as he had been the innocent occasion of the tumult, and he should consider the punishment of these men a premeditated insult offered to him. The officers, at length, promised to release the men when he departed; but, upon Mr. Medhurst assuming a bolder tone, and saying he would not stir till he saw the men released, the officers yielded in an instant, and became more civil. These concessions, which are commonly imputed to fear, are more probably the effect of courtesy.

Next day they landed on the west side of the bay, and passed through all the villages in that quarter, being "every where treated with suspicion, yet not with distinct unfriendliness." At the entrance of one village, two elders addressed them: "we have seen your books," said they, "and neither desire nor approve of them; in the instructions of our sage we have sufficient, and they are far superior to any foreign doctrines you can bring; we do not want your books: there is the road—go." On their return to the boats this day, they observed, for the first time, a war-junk, which came from the westward round Cape Zeu-oo-taou.

The next day, whilst the missionaries were on shore, visiting the villages which lined the bay (where the books were received "neither too eagerly nor too indifferently,") the brig was visited by several officers, with a large train, who conducted themselves with politeness, and left a card, importing that they had come to pay their respects to the "supercargo," and inviting him to meet the general of the district at Ke-shan-so, the ensuing day, "that he may suitably arrange matters." Accordingly, on the 21st September, the missionaries complied with this invitation. On landing, it was easy to see, by the crowds and the bustle, that it was no common day. An attempt was made to keep them waiting in the rain, on the pretext that some officers had not arrived; but, on Mr. Medhurst's objecting to this incivility towards guests, they were conducted to the custom-house, where two state-chairs were placed for them. During the long time they were detained here, waiting the arrival of the great general, Mr. Medhurst observing some Fuh-keen people amongst the immense crowd of curious spectators, addressed them in their own language, which pleased them as much as it displeased the officers, who did not understand it. Several hours elapsed before the audience was duly arranged, during part of which time, the missionaries were allowed to walk about the town. The discussions about the ceremonies were brief. When they were told that it was the custom to "knock head" on coming into the presence of such exalted personages, Mr. Medhurst cut the matter short by saying that he reserved prostrations for the Superior Being alone, and that they should pay respect in their national mode, as was customary to persons of rank. They were then conducted to the hall of audience, preceded by heralds and horsemen, and introduced by two fine looking officers. We now quote the Journal.

"No one entered with us, but the paved way to the temple was lined with twenty-five unarmed soldiers on each side, drawn up in the form of a semi-circle. These were beyond all comparison the finest soldiers I have ever seen in China; of a size fit for grenadiers, and, for a wonder, clad in clean uniform. Behind the altar, and in front of the gods, sat two officers, preserving, as we approached, the most immoveable rigidity of limb, and muscle, and eye, looking neither to the right nor left. When we came to the threshold, in front of them, we took off our hats and saluted them with a respectful bow. They returned it in succession, by slowly raising their united hands to a level with their chin, and slightly inclining the head. One of the attendants, of whom there were six or eight on each side, then motioned us to take seats arranged lower on the left hand. The inferior officer held the right seat; he was the *che-foo* of Tang-chow-foo, and wore a blue chrystal button. His attendants were well-dressed. The officer who was seated on the left hand was named Chow, and a *tsung-chin*, or general; he wore a red button of the highest rank, and was adorned with a peacock's feather, and a string of court-beads. His attendants never spoke to him but with bended knee. The *che-foo* was the chief speaker and a lawyer-like examiner. His inquiries were directed entirely to Mr. M., and, as usual, regarded his country and object in coming hither. But he proceeded much further, and extended his questions to many other topics, making minute and judicious inquiries. His enunciation was rapid and guttural, and had not only the peculiarities of the Shantung dialect, but partook also of the court dialect. Hence it was sometimes exceedingly difficult to catch his meaning, while one of his attendants, who also spoke the court dialect, was perfectly and easily understood. I give the following notes of this interview in the words of Mr. Medhurst: 'He asked who this Jesus was, and what was the meaning of the word *Christ*, which he found in our books; which gave me an opportunity to explain the Gospel of our Saviour. Here the general interposed, with his gruff voice: "How! do you come to China to exhort people to be good? Did you suppose there were no good people in China?" "No doubt," I replied, they are good to some extent, but they are not all so; and they are all ignorant of the salvation of Jesus." "We have Confucius," said the *che-foo*, "and his doctrines, which have sufficed for so many ages; why need we any further sage?" "Confucius," I replied, "taught, indeed, moral and social duties, but he revealed nothing respecting divine and eternal things, and did nothing for the salvation of the human race: wherefore it was by no means superfluous to have another teacher and a Saviour, such as was proposed to them." "In your opinion it may be good, but in ours it is evil, and these doctrines tend only to corrupt the people, and their dissemination therefore cannot be permitted. We neither want nor will we have your books, and you ought not to go from place to place distributing them. contrary to law." "What law, if you please?" I replied; "I have read the laws of the present dynasty, but do not recollect any against distributing good books." "That against the dissemination of corrupt doctrines." Here they spoke so rapidly, and so close upon each other, as to leave me no chance to thrust in a word, unless by violent interruption. When I thought of doing so, at last, "listen," said the attendants, "to the words of the great men;" so that, when I perceived they would have all the conversation to themselves, I was not sorry to let the topic be changed. The *che-foo* then asked whether the vessel was mine, what was the price of chartering her, whether the money was my own, or furnished by government. I informed him that the money was raised by a society of private Christians at home; that the same society was sending the Gospel not only to China, but to many other parts of the world, according to the command of the Saviour. They then asked where the books were made, and where I learned the language. I answered that many of them were made, under my own inspection, at Batavia, where I had picked up the language among the Chinese emigrants. He then inquired the numbers of these emigrants, and from what provinces they came, and whether they all became Roman Catholics in foreign lands. I replied, that they generally retained their religion, but that I knew little of the Roman Catholics, as we had no connection whatever. Here the old general interrupted the conversation, and gave me his *ultimatum:* "he would advise me to return to my own country as soon as possible, and tell *those that* sent me, it was all labour in vain, and money thrown away, to attempt to introduce books into China, for none except a few vagrants on the coast either would or could receive them; that the orders from court were to treat foreigners with kindness and liberality, whenever they came, but by no means to allow them to stay and propagate their opinions. Accordingly, they had provided for us a liberal present, with which they hoped we would be content to depart, but by no means to touch at any other part of the coast, lest we might not be so well treated, and disagreeable consequences should ensue; that, as they had treated us politely, in return we ought to treat them with politeness by touching at no place in Shantung, all of which was under his jurisdiction." I thanked him for their liberality, but, perceiving they meant to assume the air of benefactors, told them I could not think of receiving anything without making some return. This they said could never be allowed.

"Among other inquiries they asked of what country Mr. Stevens was, and when I told them from New England, the *che-foo* again struck off with a whole new series of interrogatories. "What," said he, "is there a new as well as an Old England?" "Yes, as also a new and an old world." I then related the discovery of America by Columbus, and the colonizing a part of it by the subjects of England. "Under what government is this new country, and who is the king?" This gave me an opportunity to astonish them by declaring that the country had no king, but two great elective assemblies, and a president, all chosen by the people, whose wishes were consulted in every thing that regarded government; that, after four years, the president is re-elected, or another is chosen in his place, and he returns to private life again. They asked what became of the old president, and whether, on going out of office, he did not use his power to excite rebellion, and create a party in his favour. At all this news they could scarcely cease wondering. They inquired how I, an Old Englander, could so readily agree with Mr. Stevens, a New Englander; which gave occasion to describe the points of similarity between the two nations, as well as our own coincidence of views and feelings. Besides these and other topics, the *che-foo* described the reception or rather rejection of Lord Amherst's embassy, in order to show the small value attached to foreign intercourse by the emperor. He also alluded to and inquired after Messrs. Lindsay, Gutzlaff, and Gordon, and seemed well acquainted with all those expeditions, so far as the Chinese account could make him informed. It was now dark, while yet the conference was scarce closed. The same style of ceremony was observed on retiring as on entering, and we departed on friendly but not cordial terms."

The party now deliberated upon their ulterior proceedings,—whether to proceed further to the west, or to return round the promontory of Shan-tung. Several considerations induced them to adopt the latter course, amongst which were the danger of exposure to a north-east gale, and the certainty that their further operations in the neighbourhood must be much impeded, if not prevented, by the interference of the government. They, therefore, relinquished their first intention of going to Tang-chow-foo, and returned to Wei-hae. On the 23d, they ran round the cape, and coasted the eastern side of the province a short distance from land. Several capacious bays were observed, whose distant shores were sprinkled with numerous villages. There are several instances in which the coast is inaccurately laid down in the charts. They landed at Tsing-hae-wei, a walled place of some consideration. The town, as well as the defences, is, however, going to decay. This is the case all along the coast of Shan-tung. "Everywhere there are look-out towers, on the hills, fallen to ruins; forts dismantled, or nearly so; and long lines of mud fortifications inclosing many acres of land, some of which are now turned to cultivated fields without a building within the walls, and others still inclose a small hamlet, the miserable remnant of a fortress, where perhaps the enemies of their country were once withstood." Here they distributed books, and commenced an excursion into the interior, but were annoyed by an attendant officer on horseback, who warned the people against holding intercourse with them. By taking to the boat, and sailing around into a deep bay, farther inland, they escaped pursuit, and enjoyed the whole day among the villagers. Though they were cautious and reserved, yet they were ever friendly; but they did not receive many books. Having never seen foreigners before, some of them being quite ignorant of the name of England, they knew not what to make of being presented with books by such strange looking men. As in all other places, the people appeared to be very industriously engaged, some in ploughing, others in reaping, some carrying out manure, and others bringing home produce; numbers were collected on the threshing-floors, winnowing, sifting and packing wheat, rice, millet, pease, and in drying maize or Indian corn. Sometimes they scarcely turned aside from their work to gaze at the strangers. Their teams for ploughing exhibited ludicrous combinations. Sometimes a cow and an ass, or a cow, an ox, and an ass, or a cow and two asses, or four asses, were yoked abreast. The women had all small feet, and throughout Shan-tung were of a pale and sallow aspect, much unlike the healthy and robust look of the men. They were not always shy, but generally ill-clad and ugly, labouring in the fields apparently little less than the men. But, on several occasions, young ladies were seen clothed in gay silks and satins, riding on asses, sitting astride on the top of a bag that almost covered up the donkey on which they rode; the ass was always led by the hand of a man.

The two following days were spent at anchor and in beating twenty miles to the westward along the coast towards Hae-yang-heen. The 29th was spent on shore among the villages. There was nothing to remark except an increasing fear manifest among the people of having intercourse with and receiving books from them. One or two policemen in disguise were observed following them, and alarming the people by words and signs, so that they often refused books. In one or two villages they received none at all. The next day they sailed westward, about fifteen miles, and came to anchor in a fine land-locked harbour, in four fathoms, which they supposed must lead to the town, and the appearance of a fort on a hill confirmed this opinion. In the afternoon, therefore, leaving the vessel, they stood into a shoal bay which runs up far into the land. Here was no town, however, but several large villages, where they left books to a small extent, and experienced some opposition. In one of the best-looking villages, a crowd as usual gathered, when a well-dressed young man came up, and began to interfere with a loud voice. Mr. M. asked him if he would receive a book. "No," cried he, "I cannot read." "Well, if you cannot read, I cannot help you, but others can read; if you are so ignorant or foolish, it is not right that others should suffer for your doltishness." The people enjoyed his confusion, and received books the more readily. Mr. M. was now invited into a school-house, where their young opponent was only a pupil. They wished to know how many ships were on the coast, as they had heard of a very large one on the north side, with 200 men on board. The party proceeded through several villages, but found no town, and learned that Hae-yang-heen was still thirty miles distant.

> "On returning to the boat, we found her high and dry, the water having left nearly all the bay. While waiting for the return of the tide, we visited the fort. It is of brick, fifty feet square, but quite dismantled, without soldier, or gun, or door, or any article of furniture whatever, and its naked walls are fast crumbling to ruins. Descending to the sea, we examined the rocks at the base of the hill. Never have I seen so manifest marks of a violent convulsion of nature as are here exhibited. The original strata are broken up and turned at all angles, contorted into all shapes, and the fissures filled with a dark species of rock, apparently basalt, which some mighty effort seems to have protruded from beneath in a liquid state, and opened a tortuous passage through the superincumbent mass of primitive stone. After leaving the hill and descending to the boat, we observed an officer riding fiercely towards us, and were informed by an old Chinese who was with us, that it was the commander of the fort and his garrison coming forward to meet us. He rode a small but not ill-looking horse, led by a servant, and followed by one soldier, and an-

other straggler, which composed the whole garrison! He alighted, and entered into earnest conversation, expatiating on the insecurity of the harbour on account of the strong southerly wind, that raised the waves which sometimes dashed terribly on the naked shore, and the sandy bottom which would not hold the anchor. The latter half of the information we already knew to be totally false, having well ascertained that the ground was soft mud, and the anchorage very eligible; and while it afforded shelter, allowed also a passage to sea either westward or southward and perhaps eastward.

"This was the last of our excursions on the inhospitable shores of Shan-tung: inhospitable, as previous accounts had led us to expect, and in which we were but partially disappointed. The inhabitants of the villages were indeed suspicious and reserved, but cannot be accused of hostility or treachery towards us. Many times have we been surrounded by large crowds of them, ourselves but two in number, totally unarmed and far beyond the sight of our vessel. Thus in security have we passed from village to village, giving a friendly salute to those whom we met, or saw at their labours, from whom in return we usually received a friendly salutation. They are indeed far different in their manners towards foreigners from the ready cordiality of their more southern and more roguish countrymen. This province is the native place of their revered sage, Confucius; and the people of all classes speak the pure court-dialect, the poorest beggar there excelling in elegance of pronunciation the scholar of the south. The number of readers appeared to be much less than I had anticipated; not one female have we seen who could read, and a small proportion of the poor countrymen in the villages could read a page intelligibly: but, in cities and wealthier places, the proportion of readers may be greater. The towns, and even the villages, which are noted on the old maps, we found as delineated, unchanged except by decay, and unimproved in any respect. Few of the comforts of life can be found among them; their houses consisted in general of substantial granite, and thatch-roofs, but neither table, nor chair, nor floor, nor any article of furniture cou'd be seen in the houses of the poorer classes. Every man, however, had his pipe; and tea of some kind was found in most of the families. But the miserable, squalid, and sallow aspect of all the females excited in our minds an indelible feeling of compassion for their helpless lot."

Having spent about three weeks on the coast of Shan-tung, they put to sea on the 1st October, intending to visit Shang-hae. The southern coast of Shan-tung is no ways different from the northern, both presenting a constant succession of hill and dale. "We found no place of importance on this side, though, had we proceeded some ninety miles further westward, we should have seen Keaou-chow, which is described as a chief commercial city in this province. The coast to the southward for several degrees is quite unknown to foreigners, and in order to avoid the uncertain limits of the sands off the great Yellow River and the Yang-tsze-keäng, we kept eastward at the distance of 100 miles from land."

On the morning of the 8th, standing over to the north, they ran up a channel, in a N. E. storm, and came into the mouth of the Woo-sung river, and at noon anchored between two forts. "They immediately gave us a salute, though such was the dilapidated state of that on the western bank, that I thought every discharge must shake the crazy walls quite down. This fort had been undermined by the heavy rains of the sixth moon, and nearly half of it had fallen to the ground. The waters of the river, and indeed of the whole channel, were very turbid, quite as much so as those of the Mississippi, but of a yellower hue. They tinged the copper of our vessel so that all the dashing of the waves against it till our return to Lintin did not wholly remove the colour. A tumbler of the water soon deposited a sediment of soft yellow mud, the twelfth of an inch in depth." The Journal gives the following account of their visit here:

"The contrast between the province we had just left, and the level and rich fields of Keäng-soo, was most striking. Trees and foliage here were abundant, and the soil seemed to be profuse of her gifts. But, owing to the extremely unfavourable weather during our stay, and to other events beyond our control, we saw comparatively little of this celebrated emporium of native commerce. Owing to the violence of the storm, no vessels were seen passing out or in, and the river about a mile above us was filled with a numerous fleet waiting for fair weather to go to sea. The tides were strong, and the rise and fall two fathoms. In the afternoon, we determined to land, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, in order to enjoy the advantage of some intercourse with the people, before the news of our arrival should awaken any opposition. A number of people awaited our landing at the town of Woo-sung, among whom were the magistrates of the place, who invited us into a house. But our chief object being intercourse with the people, we delayed to accept the invitation till Mr. M. had established a good understanding with the crowd, by means of some Fŭh-këen men, who are ever ready to welcome strangers, as well as by giving some books. We afterwards met the officers in a temple, where the usual questions were proposed and answered, and no opposition or dislike expressed. Finding the streets of this naturally dirty town rendered altogether impassable by the rain, we prepared to return. The crowd had now become great at the boat, and so eager to obtain books, that there was much pulling and thrusting about each other, which violation of propriety excited the wrath of the officers, so that they seized two noisy fellows by the queue, and were about to lay the bamboos on them. Mr. M. observed it, and bidding the officer look him in the face, requested the release of the prisoners. The officer replied that such rudeness was quite unpardonable towards us, who had come so far to do them good, but that, out of respect to Mr. M.'s face, they should be released. They were so, and the poor fellows ran away gladly, and the people were none the less pleased with us. Next morning, though the storm continued unabated, we set out in the long-boat, with five men, without an officer, to ascend the river to Shang hae. Scarce a boat was moving upon the river, and none from the many junks appeared to observe us, so that we had a clear river and none to oppose our passage. The Woo-sung is a noble stream, maintaining a very uniform breadth of half a mile or more, and a depth from eight to three fathoms. Both shores are a dead level, under high cultivation, and very populous. The city was estimated to be between fifteen and twenty miles from the mouth of the river; a strong wind and tide brought us to it in three hours. A forest of innumerable masts both told us of our near approach to the city and of its commercial importance. The native shipping of Canton, in the height of the season, never amounts to half of that which was now lying at Shang-hae. Discovering the temple of the Queen of Heaven, where Messrs. Lindsay and Gutzlaff had been entertained, we stopped in front of it, welcomed by smiling crowds on shore and in the junks and boats. As usual, Mr. M. immediately on stepping ashore, began to give books, but, before a moment had passed, the noise of officers approaching was heard, and their attendants clearing the way right and left with heavy bamboo cudgels, with which they belaboured the people unmercifully. The officers greeted us civilly, and invited us into the temple. Passing through immense crowds, assembled as well to witness the theatrical performances, then acting, as to see the strangers, we entered a retired apartment, and took seats with several officers, having with us a sailor and a bag of books. After a short conversation, tea and cakes were served up, and they requested to see the books, to which they helped themselves profusely, but requested us to delay giving them to the people till the rain was past. Perceiving their intention, while Mr. M. was detaining the officers in the hall in conversation, I proceeded to the boat, attended by several policemen and inferior officers. Breaking open a box of books, I stood in the boat and attempted to hand them out singly to the multitude that lined the shore. By moving from place to place, this measure partially succeeded, till the whole box was finished. The petty officers then, with upraised hands, implored me not to distribute the other box; but seeing, as I did, such crowds assembled that not one in fifty could have got a book, and that no other opportunity could be had, I was obliged to be inexorable, and commenced the last box. But such a press was there upon the boat, that at length I found it impossible to do better than to scatter them indiscriminately over their heads, letting them fall into their upraised hands, till a thousand volumes were given among the thousands of Shang-hae. In the bustle unavoidably occasioned by the simultaneous moving of such a mass of human beings, the officers' clubs were sometimes seen playing above their heads, and again officers and cudgels were borne down together.

"Mr. M. meanwhile remained in the temple. The officers spoke of Messrs. Gutzlaff and Lindsay, and inquired where they now were. Hearing a great noise outside, he understood it was caused by the arrival of the *che-hëen*, and several officers came to conduct Mr. M. into his presence. 'I found him,' said Mr. M. seated in an adjoining apartment, with a string of officers standing by his side, and, after salutation, took a seat in front of him. "Rise up, rise up,' cried all the attendant officers, and the disconcerted *che-hëen* beckoned me to stand near him. I then asked whether it was not allowed me to sit during this conference, and, being informed that I could not, immediately rose and left the room. Several officers followed, and tried various arguments for half an hour to persuade me to return and be examined by the *che-hëen*. But knowing that other private foreigners had, in this very city, met with officers of higher rank than the *che-hëen*, without submitting to stand in their presence, I refused to comply, and they ceased importuning when they found I could neither be driven nor persuaded.' After waiting an hour that officer retired without granting an audience. The remaining officers then grew more familiar, and agreed to procure the provisions of which we gave them a list. After these proceedings, we attempted to enter the city, but, so resolute was the opposition of the military officers and lictors, that it seemed impossible to advance without resort to actual force. Yet, when the attempt was relinquished, we soon had occasion to regret having made it, or that it had not been persevered in; for the officers were none the more civil after this yielding on our part. A hasty dinner was now served up, when we prepared to return to the brig, contrary to our first intention, finding no disposition in our hosts to be cordial and friendly. But at the wharf, an occurrence took place, which clearly evinced the true feelings of the officers towards us and our object. On the steps, before our eyes, was placed a basket half-filled with loose straw, and covered with fragments of a few torn books. Seeing that some disrespect was designed, Mr. M, ordered our boat to be cleared of the various articles of provisions with which as presents they were cramming her full; while this was doing, one of the policemen took a torch and applied it to the straw. Perceiving that, whatever was the design of this strange and unprecedented movement, they meant to offer public disrespect to our books, I thought we could do no less than treat the emperor's presents in the same way; and accordingly took up some and threw them into the blazing basket, both putting out the fire, and disconcerting the officers; when they repeated the attempt again, it was defeated in the same way, till the poor policeman drew back in alarm. But the characteristic readiness of the Chinese to make a good retreat was never better exemplified than in this case, when Mr. M. remonstrated with the chief officer. 'Sir,' said he, 'these are books that were torn in the tumult, and to prevent their being trodden upon—for we consider it a sin to tread on written paper—I ordered them to be burned.' But, unfortunately, Mr. M. recollected having just heard the same officer give orders to tear some books for this very purpose, though at the time Mr. M. did not fully comprehend the order, till the event explained it. In this manner we left the city, and after five hours' rowing and sailing, and vainly asking for lodgings on board of two junks, we arrived at the *Huron* near ten o'clock at night."

The two following days, while the storm continued, were spent in visiting the junks in the river, which amounted to hundreds. Books were eagerly taken. They called again at the Woo-sung, where all the necessary purchases were made, and by permission of the officers, though there was pasted up an order, forbidding all dealings with the barbarians. They also visited both forts, entering the barracks of the soldiers, and left some books in their hands, which were gratefully received. In these excursions, the attendant soldiers or police occasioned much annoyance. The long guns remain still lying on the platforms by the forts, as when Lindsay visited them, but none of these were fired in giving salutes. Though the number of tents for soldiers increased on shore, yet no war-boats appeared till the 10th, when a junk came over from Tsung-ming, bearing an admiral's flag, and followed by twenty-five sail of vessels of war, of all sizes. The military on shore were drawn out to the number of 300 or 400 to salute. Each junk as she passed the brig to the windward luffed and fired a salute or two. The soldiers were armed with long spears, or swords, or short ones and a shield, or with matchlocks, or with nothing.

The next morning, an officer with a crystal button came on board the brig, deputed, as he said, by the general, to pay his respects. Tsaou (which was the name of the officer,) declared that he had seen the books, and thought them very good. But he gently hinted that Mr. Lindsay had presented him with a spy glass and a piece of broadcloth. But all such hints were lost on his hearers.

On the 12th, in order to escape notice, they started before daylight, in the longboat, for the island of Tsung-ming, twelve miles distant; but a strong west wind and ebb tide drove them back, past the brig, down to the main land, two miles eastward of the Woosung river, where they pleasantly spent half a day among the numerous hamlets. Every person was friendly, and all desired to receive a book. The fields appeared rich, having large crops of rice and cotton ripening on them. The females were much less timid and more handsome than those of Shan-tung. One or more coffins were generally found near each house, either awaiting the time for the living to die, or containing the remains of their deceased kindred. After the flesh is quite wasted away, the bones are deposited in urns, which are arranged in rows. The language spoken here was an impure court dialect, but sufficiently intelligible to Mr. Medhurst, whose facility in coversation was so great as well as diversified, that, while the people of Shan-tung, who spoke the pure national language, claimed him as one of them selves, the inhabitants of Fuh-këen insisted that he was their countryman. In almost all places, inquiries were made for opium, and their broadcloth garments attracted attention; but only in this port was any offer made to trade: here the people of the junks were especially desirous of it. When the weather became settled, and these traders began to put out to sea, many of them, in dropping down close by the boat, inquired what point of the compass they could steer; and all alike urged them to remove to a place outside of the port, where they would meet them, and take all their cargo of whatever description. But immediately on arriving at the brig, they set sail for Kin-tang, on the 12th of October.

They reached the harbour at the N. W. end of Kin-tang, lat. 30° N., long. 122° E., on the 15th, and were visited next morning by the captains of several war-boats anchored near the brig, who offered no obstruction to their intercourse with the people. One of the most delightful days during the voyage was passed on the island of Kin-tang; this was owing to entire freedom from restraint, the universal friendliness and politeness of the people, and to the beauty of this romantic island itself. Some of its highest peaks commanded a view of Ningpo (Takeä) river and the town of Chin-hae, as well as of numerous islands in the Chusan group.

Foreseeing much annoyance in going to Ningpo, they did not attempt it, but made sail on the next morning, for the island of Poo-to, one of the eastern Chusan group. All the day, a fleet of vessels of war pursued the brig, joined by others from Kin-tang and the Great Chusan, till the number amounted to eleven. At evening, they anchored near. The missionaries stopped one day and visited the town, and several other villages on the Great Chusan, where the people were ready to receive books. Next morning, October 19th, with the wind N. N. W., they passed safely through a difficult passage, of only three and a quarter fathoms at half-tide, between the south-east point of Chusan and a rock lying distant a quarter of a mile, and came to anchor half a mile distant from the south-west shore of Poo-to. The imperial fleet still followed, but offered no opposition whatever. The missionaries spent the day in travelling over the rocky hills and shaded vales of Poo-to. Multitudes of temples, priests, grottoes, and inscriptions were found as they appeared to Mr. Gutzlaff three years ago. The priests themselves, as well as many others, received the books with readiness, but without rudeness. Several of the poorer priests were labouring in the fields with their servants. The vallies are not highly cultivated, and the hills are quite untouched, except to erect among the rocks some Buddhist temple.

"On returning to the brig, we found the commodore of the Chinese fleet, and one of his captains, who had long been waiting our return to pay their respects. The superior officer was a *yew-keih*, and wore a blue button; he was a smooth-faced good natured man, who spoke little and did nothing. His inferior wore a crystal button, was very lively, friendly, and talkative. In reply to our inquiry, why they followed us? they said it was their design to show us the way through these difficult passages, only they had the misfortune to be always astern of us! They accepted an invitation to dine with us, and, as their hearts grew more at ease, did not hesitate to lament the impolitic restrictions of their government, which prevented an extension of commerce that would be beneficial to both countries. When they said these things, and expressed themselves satisfied now that our object was good and in no respect evil, it was impossible not to feel unusual pleasure in the company of such Chinese officers, whose good sense or whose complacency led them to utter views so congenial to our own."

Next morning (October 20th,) they stood to the eastward, till carried beyond the numerous islands and rocks about Poo-to; bore away for Fŭh-këen, and on the 23d ran in for shelter under the largest of the Nan-jeih (Lam-yet) islands, in Hing-hwa-foo, on which they landed and distributed books. On the 27th, they again made sail, and keeping well out from the shore in passing Tseuen-chow (Chinchew) and Heä-mun (Amoy,) on the 29th, anchored in the fine harbour of Tung-shan (Tang-soä.) The brig lay in such a position that she could not be seen from the city of Tung-shan, and till they landed on the beach before the suburbs, no one suspected their approach. But five minutes sufficed to bring together as many hundreds of smiling people; and half an hour sufficed to distribute some hundred volumes. One more excursion to the eastern shore, next day, took away the last book. The city of Tung-shan is of no inconsiderable size, if we include its suburbs, which are vastly larger than the city itself. An extensive wall and towers inclose a large area on the top of a rocky hill, but it is not apparently half filled with dwellings. Several merchant junks were at anchor on the north side of the city, and in less than twenty-four hours some war-junks came in from Nangaou (Namoa.)

Next day, they sailed out through the western entrance to the harbour, and keeping outside of Nan-gaou, arrived at Lintin on the 31st of October, after an absence of two months and five days.

This voyage appears to have given great displeasure to the court, which has issued an edict forbidding foreign ships from running into the waters of every province, and distributing books "with the intention of madly exciting doubt and disturbance."

From Tait's Magazine.

FLORENCE O'BRIEN.

AN IRISH TALE.

Concluded from the last number.

We took leave of Florence proceeding over the wild heath on which the British encampment was formed, and marshalled by the officer who commanded the military escort, threading her way through tents and groups of soldiers, horses, and baggage-wagons to the farm-house where the commander-in-chief, Lord Cornwallis, had fixed his temporary headquarters. This walk was not without interest and adventure; and though her thoughts were wrapt in the purpose of her mission, and her eyes frequently turned anxiously back towards the carriage on the verge of the encampment, Florence could not behold with indifference the many novel and exciting objects which courted her attention. One sight was viewed with feelings which she durst not analyze. This was a heap of rude arms and implements of war, pike-heads, old fowlingpieces, the iron of ploughs, scythes, and even kitchen spits, which had been collected among the peasantry, by bands of soldiers, and now lay huddled together, ready to be demolished or carried away. A deeper emotion was awakened, combined of sympathy, patriotism, and compassion, when, passing a group of her countrymen who had just been brought in as prisoners, one poor fellow, who was lying hand-cuffed on the ground, in allusion to the rebellious colour of a part of her dress, boldly worn at a time when the hue of a ribbon or a handkerchief was treason, exclaimed in Irish—

"God bless the *green*, and all who love and wear it!"

There was something in the tones of the voice that sounded familiarly to the ear of Florence, and reached her heart; and the lad, whom she did not remember to have ever seen, looked much delighted when she gently responded good wishes, in the same language, as she moved on. Emboldened by this expression of kindness, he leapt to his feet, exclaiming, still in his native speech—

"I know your Honour is his Honour Squire Joyce's own bride and lady, and the black journey ye are bound! Och that I could break away from this!—what a day's work is before me!"

The energy of his gestures, and probably that he spoke at all, displeased the sentinel, who levelled his musket, with threats and commands of silence. "It is your turn now," cried the lad, doggedly, "but ours is coming!" And Florence, again pausing, expressed commisseration with his misfortune, and repeated, in Irish, and in a tone which carried cheering, solace, and courage to the heart, a native apothegm, equivalent, though yet more expressive than the English motto —"*He who endures conquers.*"

A few hundred yards further on, a party

of officers, the staff of the commander-in-chief, were snatching a hasty but substantial meal from the table of green sward, on which it had been laid out by their surrounding attendants, with the keen appetite and hilarius spirits of youth and bravery, bound on sudden march and stirring adventure. Florence was pleasantly surprised when one of those gentlemen, who had recognised her distinguished figure, and bound over his light-hearted and curious companions to respectful behaviour, burst from them, and advanced to meet her, interest and curiosity pictured in his face, exclaiming,—Have I indeed the happiness to see Miss Florence O'Brien?"

"You see Florence Joyce, my Lord, in your camp—the companion of her husband's captivity." Very few words explained her actual position to one who had quickly divined the whole; and mingled condolences and congratulations were expressed with some delicacy, while the young gentleman requested the honour of attending her to headquarters, now at no great distance. With a feeling of gratitude, a sense of relief from the depressing consciousness of utter forlornness, which had crept upon her spirits within the last half hour, the offered escort was accepted. This gentleman was the heir of a powerful northern family; and, from his rank and prospects, if not his personal character or military standing, he possessed considerable influence. In their brief gay intercourse of the preceding winter, while the hand of the beautiful Florence, in the evening dance, and her arm on the morning promenade, had been tacitly yielded to Lord —— by his brother officers, and oftener bestowed than Dr. Fitzmaurice approved—even then, though he was high-bred, good-natured, and gallant, Florence had, and probably with justice, fancied her transient admirier superficial and frivolous, without any solidity of understanding or depth of feeling. But present circumstances brought out the finer and more generous points of his character; and she had once again to lament that, in a pleasant and friendly acquaintance, she was condemned to meet a bitter and unreflecting national enemy, in whom delicacy and respect for herself could not wholly subdue that tone of contempt and insolent bravado in which the young British military too frequently allowed themselves to speak of public affairs, and of those daring attempts of the insurgents which caused pain and apprehension to more reflective hearts and more enlightened heads.

The commander-in-chief was found to be engaged, when they reached his quarters, in receiving reports from his aids-de-camp, and in consultation with subordinate generals. Numerous horses and military attendants were drawn up about the door of the late peaceful farmhouse, whose inhabitants had all disappeared. Every little apartment was filled with busy people; but Florence's companion contrived to find a small chamber for her, where she was, by his orders, supplied with a plentiful and even luxurious breakfast by the servants of his Excellency. With attention for which she was far more grateful, Lord —— dispatched a servant with a basket of cold provisions, bread, and wine, to the prisoner. "I have owed a hunter's meal before now to the hospitality of Squire Joyce," said he, with the good-natured purpose of beguiling the thoughts of Florence from the embarrassing circumstances in which she was placed. "I may to-day, as some small requital, give him the benefit of my campaigning experiences, which, on this one important point of the sinews of war, may all be embodied in the advice which a chieftainess of my thrifty country wont to give me, when, upon shooting excursions, she fancied that I made my friends and myself rather too free of the hospitalities of her castle—'Make a hearty breakfast, George; there's no saying where ye may get a dinner, lad;' which was a pretty delicate sort of hint that none was to be looked for from her ladyship."

Florence endeavoured to receive this characteristic anecdote and sally of gaiety, as the relater meant it should be taken; but her smile was languid, and her thoughts far away. "It matters little where or how we shall eat dinner, so that we share it together," she sighed: "a cabin, a potato garden, until Heaven shall again bless our beloved country,"—And here Florence abruptly checked herself, and her pride momentarily chafed at the high-flown idle compliments about love and a cottage, which she had heedlessly drawn upon herself, and, mortified and abashed at having, however slightly, betrayed her deepest feelings to one who, however polite and friendly, was incapable of appreciating them, she turned to leave the small apartment, when Lord Cornwallis, instead of summoning her to his presence, walked quietly in. The formal introduction of her companion, was half superseded by the commander-in-chief at once addressing her, as if aware of her business. Florence was quit for her fears. The staid, quiet demeanour of the Lord-Lieutenant of the kingdom—the grave, sage, and considerate expression of the embrowned countenance of the man upon whom rested the heavy responsibility of restoring the peace of Ireland, and maintaining the integrity of the British empire—inspired her with respect and confidence; with the dawn of hope for her country, and a fluttering expectation for herself. She could not, she imagined, have been admitted to this interview to have her earnest entreaty rejected; nor could it be the policy of Cornwallis farther to exasperate a brave and naturally loyal people, whom oppression had at length driven to madness. But the cold, the almost frigid demeanour of the General—polite, though perfectly plain and unpretending—again chilled the glow of expectation. Following the impulse of her feelings, her statement had been simple and brief, made with dignity, yet with modest earnestness, and just that degree of womanly emotion, controlled by womanly delicacy, which, with manly minds, is the most impressive and effective mode of address. Yet, when Lord Cornwallis, handing her to a chair, requested her to wait a few minutes longer, and commended her to the attention of Lord —— until his return, she knew not what to think, and she secretly reproached herself with cold and powerless pleadings in a cause so dear to her heart.

It appeared that the commander-in-chief had employed the brief interval which elapsed before his return, in making himself better acquainted with the character of the prisoner and the circumstances attending his arrest.

"Are you aware, Madam," he said, with more alacrity than he had yet shewn, "that your husband is arrested upon a Privy Council warrant, signed, if not executed, a considerable time before I came to Ireland; a warrant"—and he glanced over the paper, for a sight of which he had sent, and with which the Dublin official now attended—"to arrest the person, search for and seize—the papers, arms"—He slurred the rest; and, by the little gesture of crushing the document in his fingers, unconsciously signified disapprobation of the proceeding.

"Alas!" replied Florence, in a desponding tone, "I fear it may even have been so; and that such things may, for months, have hung over the heads of several unfortunate gentlemen in this country, and that for the basest"—But she checked the imprudent, if spirited and truthful remark; and neither the generous and pardonable sally of a wife's affection and an Irishwoman's high spirit, nor yet her high self-control, passed unnoticed; though Lord Cornwallis made no observation.

"In granting your *special* request, Madam," he resumed, turning away with a calm, but kindly-speaking and emphatic look, and as if desirous of waiving the former topic, "I must not assume merit with you, which does not belong to me. I have no power, and, most certainly, no wish, to prevent this gentleman from giving you, according to your very natural desire, a place in the chaise in which he conveys your husband to Dublin. It is my earnest wish to soften every act of severity which these unhappy times may demand, as far as may be consistent with the public interest, and the speediest restoration of tranquility. I cannot perceive that either is compromised by a lady being permitted to give her society, and the influence of her *peaceful* and *feminine* counsels and persuasions to her husband. If my permission be requisite for your progress, you have it freely." Florence silently bowed her heartfelt thanks. "Stay—to make all sure"—and he turned and spoke to his secretary—"I claim no particular authority over the naval service; but, I dare say, no commander of a King's ship will refuse me—nay, Madam, I am sure not one would refuse your own request—to carry you round to Dublin."

In the next minute, a loconic note, containing a request, which had the full effect of a command, was addressed generally to the maritime commanders on the station. With a lightened heart and speaking eyes, Florence, overpowered with a rush of greateful and kindly feelings, once again bowed her deep and speechless thanks, and immediately withdrew, attended by her gallant escort. He assured her that he had never before seen the phlegmatic Cornwallis—who, instead of a British commander-in-chief, might have made a good Dutch prime minister—half so bland and animated.

The signal for the advance of the army to commence the march, had already been given, and one column was winding up the distant heights, in all the glittering panoply of war, while the reserve was still busied in striking tents, loading baggage-waggons, and preparing to follow. To this part of the troops, the companion of Florence belonged; and he was now compelled to take a hasty leave, with many professions of good-will, and pressing offers of such services as his personal or family interest could command. The offer was frankly accepted and warmly acknowledged.

"The degree of friendly interference which may enable an innocent and much-wronged man to obtain the justice which is all that he either needs or asks, would, indeed, be worthy of the generous heart I have ever heard attributed to the son of your mother," said Florence. And the compliment was not lost upon a warmly affectionate son.

"I hope to have a day's good shooting with Squire Joyce, upon his own mountains," he cried, "and to pay my respects to his lady in her own house, before I am many months older. With Cornwallis, Moore, and Lake to boot, we cannot fail to pay those rascally French and Croppy rebels right speedily."

The phrase jarred on the ear of Florence, in spite of the admonitions of her reason; and, with a silent farewell, she turned and skimmed on towards the chaise at a rate of speed which left her official attendant far behind, while Joyce, who fancied her gone an age, with fondness and admiration which blunted his anxiety about the result of her mission, watched her advance.

"Your face, my Florence, beams with good tidings—I could fancy myself a free man."

"That, dear Jack, must still be waited for. But I have obtained all I asked, almost more than I durst hope for—permission to attend you; and after that I take leave to hope the best. So give me my place again."

She had scarcely taken her seat when a tumult was noticed in the field, and a sudden yell arose, followed by repeated musket shots sent after the prisoner with whom Florence had lately exchanged words. He was in full flight up the height, hotly pursued by several soldiers, balls whizzing over or past him.

It was a sight of intense interest to many spectators, but most of all to Florence, whose heart seemed to pant in agony, or suspend its pulsations, as the prisoner either lost ground or gained upon his pursuers. He had reached the edge of a narrow ravine or chasm, furrowed in the mountain, which at this distance made no very formidable appearance, though it certainly presented a perilous obstacle on closer inspection. Running up to a jutting bank, the fugitive, at one desperate spring, cleared the gully with the bounding leap of a chamois hunter; and so constituted is the human mind, that even a number of the soldiers who were watching the chase, sent forth a cry of sympathetic exultation; while Joyce, also strongly excited, exclaimed, "Soh—bravo!—so much, Florence, for a bog-trotter—a boy who can follow the hounds on foot, and dance the Irish jig!"

The pursuers were seen to pause, as if to reconnoitre the chasm. They fired their pieces; and then descended into the ravine with the apparent intention of clambering up *the other* side. With the reckless gaiety of *the Irish character*, the prisoner, while he stood to breathe and look back, was heard to shout in mockery of the pursuit, and to snap his loosened fingers at his pursuers.

"Time enough to halloo when out of the wood," said Joyce; while the Portmullina post-boy, a deeply interested spectator of the chase, so far forgot respect in sympathy with his Honour as to call back into the carriage, "They'll catch *Felix*, your Honour, as the childer say of the sparrows, when they can lay salt on his tail."

"*Felix!*" thought Florence—"I do then remember the poor fellow."

The dragoon officer who had accompanied the party from Portmullina left them here, and the chaise containing the prisoner was committed to a sergeant and four troopers, which was fancied a sufficient escort in a part of the country which was believed well affected, because the presence of a large force had hitherto prevented actual symptoms of insurrection from breaking out.

The course of this day's journey afforded no important adventure; and the credit which Florence seemed to have obtained with the Lord-Lieutenant, greatly augmented the civility, and if it might be so called, the indulgence, shewn by the superior King's messenger, Mr. O'Gorman; and in like proportion increased the surliness of his colleague, a ruffianly fellow, who had risen from the lowest grade of thief-taking by subservience to his brutal patron in the Dublin police, the then notorious and detested Major Sirr.

The ultimate point of destination before embarking was kept from the prisoner as an official mystery; but, after a long and fatiguing day's journey, the cavalcade reached Fermoy, where a fresh and more numerous guard was obtained, though precautions had been taken not to enter the town till dark, to lodge in a barrack, and set off very early in the morning.

Florence and Joyce were now anxiously speculating upon their destination, and at what point between Cork and Waterford they were to be shipped off. Wexford and Wicklow were in the power of the rebels and all to west of Cork in a state of incipient insurrection. Their attendants appeared to become more and more uneasy and suspicious; and, after a consultation held apart with the sergeant commanding the escort, they seemed all at once to change their route. It was remarked that they now galloped through every hamlet and village where interruption might be possible; and rapidly past every assemblage of the peasantry, returning from fairs, or crowding about bridges and cross-ways, eagerly demanding of all travellers from the south or west, or indeed from whatever quarter, news of the *armies* and the war. Sometimes a shower of stones was hurled at the escort, where the nature of the ground made such mode of assault safe; and the curses of the people, though generally pronounced in their own unknown Irish tongue, met them at every turn. Endeavouring to evade such manifestations of hatred as far as possible, the dragoon sergeant did not consider it prudent to stop to avenge them.

In the afternoon, a new mode of travelling was adopted. The troopers were dismissed; and the prisoner and his party, with a few files of infantry procured at a neighbouring temporary barrack, embarked in a boat at Cappoquin, to go down to Youghall by water, without Mr. O'Gorman assigning any reason for the change of plan.

The early part of this day's journey had lain through a bare and rather uninteresting country, gradually becoming more fertile and cultivated, until, as they approached the course of the Blackwater, the travellers found themselves in the midst of some of the fairest, and the most rich and picturesque landscapes which the splendid river scenery of Ireland affords. With this storied district Florence was unacquainted and unconnected, save by memory and imagination; but, endowed with profound sensibility to natural beauty in all its forms, acute and lively senses still in the freshness of youth, and that expansive and appropriative taste which, in some individuals, appears an original gift of Nature to her favourites, she now silently drank in the loveliness around her, only, from time to time, claiming the sympathy of her companion, (whose fettered hands were, at all times wrapped in hers,) by broken exclamations of wonder and delight, as—shooting another reach of the river, or rounding some bank or rock—a new scene of enchantment broke upon them; some still more exquisite combination of wood and water, rock and verdure, or of mansion and castle, "bosomed high" in an amplitude of magnificent timber, cradled in the fretted and crisp foliage of the latter May. Mr. Joyce was already acquainted with this scenery, and able to name familiar names, and point out sites which revived many dim recollections and slumbering associations in the imaginative and heart-taught memory of Florence; until, as they silently floated on, the magic scene seemed faintly to recal the delicious, wavering dream of a brighter life in some half-remembered and happier state of pre-existence. Other thoughts would intervene. How *un-Irish* were all the great names found in this long-confiscated and beautiful region—from generation to generation the territorial property of the English, alien, and alienated lords; while the ancient patronymics of the country might be found chiefly in hovels, and borne by serfs and beggars. The history of Ireland is, without doubt, the most melancholy of all European histories.

The course of Florence's rumination naturally tended towards a gallant, and, in many respects, a great man, whose story was recalled to her by the antique town which came beautifully in view across its own bright bay and under its wooded hill. Here had the bold, the enterprising, and tasteful Raleigh had his residence; and his sins against Ireland, which were many, were forgotten in the remembrance that he, too, had been the victim of political intrigue and despicable oppression.

The watch maintained over the prisoner always became more strict as the party approached any town or village, as well as during the time they halted for rest or refreshment. Here they lay off till the twilight fell, and until the loiterers abroad began to retire—rowing from point to point, but generally keeping out in the bay, and endeavouring to give their movements the appearance of those of a boating pleasure-party. When safely lodged in the inn, and an increase of guards privately obtained, it was understood that O'Gorman had dispatched a trooper to Cork, to state his apprehensions, and to take farther orders from the commander on the station, touching the future safe conduct of his prisoner.

The messengers, who never lost sight of Mr. Joyce either by night or day, always slept in the same apartment with him; but every possible attention was paid to the accommodation of Florence, by order of O'Gorman, upon whom she appeared to have made a very favourable impression. Yet, at every separation for the night, involuntary doubts would arise to pain and distract her; and she even feared to seek repose, lest, in spite of the solemn promise she had exacted from the King's messenger, she might awaken to find that Joyce had been hurried away.

On the morning following the arrival of the party at Youghall, Florence awoke by sunrise from refreshing sleep, with the light spirits and renovated hopes which, in youth, seek no better nurture; and as she knew it would be some hours before the officials, waiting orders from Cork, could stir, she proposed to indulge in a ramble around the town, which, in beauty of situation, she fondly likened to her native Port-mullina. No one was yet stirring about the inn, save a young girl; and she found the doors guarded. C outlet had, however, been forgotten; and Biddy conducted her through the scullery and cellar until they fairly emerged in the kitchen garden, whence, with ample, if not very intelligible directions, she pursued her way under the better guidance of her own eyes; and, ascending the hill, often paused in her desultory progress, where, at any new turn, a view was afforded of the bay, its billowy high tide shimmering in the silvery haze of infant morning. Sad must the young heart have been which could have remained insensible to the animating charms diffused around every object, now wearing "like a garment" the beauty of the morning, and awakening into buoyant, joyous life beneath its inspiring breath.

Having watched one or two boats pushing out into the bay, and sauntered for some time in the grounds of the "College"—the mysterious name given to so many picturesque ruins and beautiful old sites in Ireland and in Scotland, which probably in former times were chapels or perceptories—Florence was slowly proceeding homeward, probably to await for hours her husband's appearance, but unwilling to risk the slightest chance of his disappointment at her temporary absence, when a young man suddenly started into her path from behind a crumbling mass of the dilapidated town wall. She instantly recollected him as the escaped prisoner of the former day. Both stood. There was neither time nor place for ceremony. "And you did escape?—I am truly glad of it!" was her exclamation.

"Didn't I, your *Honour!*" We can no more tell why the Irish apply the epithet to ladies than could Boswell why Dr. Johnson sometimes called females by the manly epithet of "rascal." "Didn't I handsomely trick the Tories, and am here for your Honour's service."

He offered a folded paper to her acceptance, which Florence would have opened. "Not now, your Ladyship—not now; and haste back to his Honour, who has friends unknownst, in them parts, who have lain on their trail, the Tory villains, for miles back. And if they take him by Cork—the red-coat vagabones—let his Honour keep a sharp look-out for a mighty big berrin about Castle Martyr or thereaway: or if to northward, then say for a large lot of boys, in a field near a place they call Kesh's Mill, who will be turning the sod this blessed Sunday morning, for a poor widow whose husband suffered for the country."

"Are you not Felix," said Florence, "the orphan boy who wont to visit us every summer from Tipperary, with his little sisters and his grandmother? How long a journey you must have had yesterday!"

"The same, your Ladyship—and proud you remember us," replied the lad—"as we do you. The gin'rous heart never lost, as my poor grandmother says, but in doing the churl kindness; and the king's business may lie in the beggar's way. Och! if his Honour were in it there, instade of your Ladyship, the boat is in the creek, and the boys in the bay would now carry him safe off, in spite of the murdering thieves and their bloody troopers."

Before Florence could reply, he had started off, and was again hid by the masses of ruined wall, which covered his retreat. The object of his sudden terror appeared to be two troopers, who, probably abroad on a gallop of inspection around the town, were ascending the hill.

Florence walked hastily on, concealing the paper in her sleeve. On reaching the inn, a dragoon guard of six men, with a sergeant, were found posted at the door; and Triphook, the Dublin thief-taker, was already lounging there, looking even more scowling and brutal than usual.

'Your Ladyship has been early abroad in a strange place, Ma'am," was his observation, made in a tone which would have prevented Florence from replying, had her life depended on it. She passed haughtily on, her features taking that expression of calm disdain which had succeeded the beautiful scorn which too often sat upon them in her girlish days. With a superfluity of those phrases which give energy to the eloquence of genuine blackguardism, the fellow swore that, "if anything come of all this colloguing, Mhaister O'German, who gave himself mighty fine airs to be sure, should answer for it to Major Sirr"—an authority more potent, as well as terrible, in this man's idea, than that of all the government besides.

The orderly had returned from Cork; directions for the journey, whatever their nature might be, were received: and the party were now making a hasty breakfast before setting out. The prisoner had several times, on the way, ordered refreshments for his military guard, at his own charge; but at this time the order was surlily countermanded by Major Sirr's subaltern. "No, by C——, I will allow no more bribes either of mate, dhrink, money, or fair speeches."

"None, save for yourself, perhaps," retorted Sergeant Whitby; "but you say well, Mr. Catchpole—my men shall not feast at the Irish gemman's cost: King George III., God bless him! handsomely maintains his own soldiers."

"Speak for yourself, sergeant," muttered one of the troopers—his own sergeants mayhap he does. Can you, Tim, see the harm a drop of liquor would do us this same sharp morning before mounting? But if a noggin of whiskey is rebellion—so be it."

"Mind your beasts and your arms, gentlemen," cried the smart and civil sergeant, in that peremptory tone which had lately gained his worsted epaulet and sleeve-bars. "Eyes and ears sharp, and tongues mute, are my orders for this day's march."

Florence was pining for opportunity to peruse the billet delivered to her by Felix; but none occurred, so affectionately was she either beset by the compassionate and over-civil landlady, or so closely watched by the vigilant Mr. Triphook. She could only at one glance, when descending the stairs, perceive that it was written in the peculiar handwriting acquired by such Irish ecclesiastics as have been bred in Spanish colleges; and that it bade Mr. Joyce be of good courage, and prepared to seize any opening of good fortune. His friends were more numerous and alert than he could guess; and, at the present crisis, his personal freedom was considered of such importance to the cause that no effort would be wanting to effect his deliverance at all risks. Many mysterious intimations were given of succours from abroad, of organization in distant and most unexpected quarters, where a sudden rise or a feint must appal the distracted government, and permit the Patriots to act with effect. Compliments, which at this moment sounded hollow in the throbbing heart of Florence, were paid to the patriotism and spirit of Mrs. Joyce, who, it was confidently believed, would rather animate the courage and confirm the resolution of her husband, than seek to withdraw him to selfish security from the active service which the country now demanded from all her true sons. With one injunction of this agitating epistle, Florence felt bound in honour and in wisdom, instantly to comply. She tore it up into very minute bits, and running back to the parlour they had occupied, strewed them in the fire-place, among its "unprofitably gay" furze decorations; afraid to ask for a candle, lest her purpose should be suspected by the dragoon who now watched her every motion. He had noticed her hurried retreat up stairs; and she had no sooner entered the carriage than he went back into the house, and with the keen eye of a thief-taker, prowled about for his prey. He was soon overheard in loud altercations with the chamber-maids and the landlady, who like most other women, girls, and lads in Ireland at that period, were all for the prisoner and the Kingdom, and most disloyal to the Castle and the prison.

"Sorra be on the poking sprogues of the dirty baste!" exclaimed the brisk kitchen-wench, "Huaich then! are them the best of your Dublin manners, to be rummaging among a lady's bits of curling papers? Give it myself then." And without waiting permission, the scraps, from which some word of treason or conspiracy might have been divined, to commend the zeal of Mr. Triphook at head-quarters, were dexterously whipped out of his hand by the active lass, who ran laughing out for refuge among the crowd, which, in spite of the troopers, had now collected round the inn door. Mr. O'Gorman, Triphook's principal, was appealed to, and called upon to quell this *row* between the functionary and the girl; and, probably as much from displeasure at the impertinent and intrusive zeal which reproached his own leniency, as conviction that the fragments were nothing, he ordered the fellow to mind his duty; and Florence, who had bitterly regretted her half-done incautious work, was relieved from alarm.

Meanwhile, the crowd rapidly increased: and neither the threats of the sergeant, nor a few slaps with the flat of his sabre, could hold back the obstreperous multitude, or silence their blessings and prayers.

"Sure his honour is a great squire from the *west*, suffering for the kingdom! Long life and glory to him!" cried a patriotic beggar-woman, whose eloquence was no whit damped by the alms which Florence bestowed. "And her lady-ship—the daughter of a grand rich squire, and true ould Irish," took up a boccough—"great luck to them both, and deliverance in the Lord's good time!" And the crowd huzzaed. While such observations were made in the front ranks, keen looks and eager whispers passed among the *boys*, whose shilellaghs were already vibrating in their hands, as if instinct with life. If an open, rash, and mad attempt at a rescue was not made, it was certainly in contemplation. The thundery, or grim and earnest visages of another description of persons, more advanced in life, who looked like small farmer or tradesmen, were yet more portentous; yet one of these men, who appeared a person of some importance among his neighbours, authoritatively commanded silence and respect to the law.

"Yes, in troth—lave the sogers to Keough—lave them to the Governor Gineral of Wexford!" cried one reckless fellow, whom the former speaker threatened to throttle for his folly. "Many a bog and crook o'the road shure, between the Blackwater and the Liffey!"

"What do you say, fellow?" cried the sergeant, knitting his brows to a martial frown, as he curbed his curvetting charger.

"Och—only how brave the army is, when eight men and horses are enough to capture a whole Irish Squire."

This sally was received with a burst of genuine Irish mirth, succeeded by racing, scampering, and yelling among the women and *boccoughs*, as the horses pranced on, striking fire from the pavement with their hoofs.

"Come, boys!" cried the orator, "one cheer more for the Squire and his lady, and a groan for the sogers!" And the cheer which rose for "the sufferers for the country," shook the welkin.

To the infinite disappointment of Joyce, it was not by the Cork road that they quitted the town; and he feared that he was to be hurried at once to the capital, as O'Gorman had at all times assured him that the country was now open and safe, and the insurrection in Wexford and Wicklow completely put down. As his questions on former days had been evasively answered, he forbore questioning more about the route; but, on advancing a few miles, he recollected whereabouts they were, and informed Florence that he believed they were advancing towards Dungarvan.

"Not to Cork, nor yet to Waterford!" breathed Florence, her distracting, agitating hope of speedy deliverance becoming more precious as it receded.

"Yes, my Florence, probably to Waterford by Dungarvan;—but Mr. O'Gorman," he added, laughing, does not seem to admire his pupils studying the localities of the coast."

"So I have perceived; but, in a traveller so *new* as myself, surely a small degree of curiosity is pardonable, particularly in so charming a country as that we have been traversing."

"Ah, Florence, false already to the Shannon!" continued Joyce in the same lively mood.

"I deny the imputation, though that magnificent Blackwater might shake a fidelity but a degree less warm than mine. The Shannon is our Irish Ganges, and no mere river."

"Well, stay Florence, until I shall have the pleasure of showing you the Cove one day—or say that wild 'Land of Lakes,' Cunnemara, which would hit your taste still better."

"Oh, that we were already there!" cried Florence, fixing her expressive eyes upon him. She would have given worlds at this time for a private conference of but one minute, to warn Joyce of the best and worst she knew, and put him upon his guard; but the messenger maintained his post inflexibly, and, probably in consequence of his quarrel with his colleague, appeared for the first time somewhat sullen. A halt was made to procure water for the horses; and some miles further on, it was found their original postillion had dropt off, and that his place had been supplied by another "boy" dressed in his top-coat, caubeen, and muffling knit worsted cravat. The discovery was no sooner made than the change was sharply challenged.

"Sure, would you have a boy come on and him roaring in the cholic, when myself was so obliging as to take the ribbons, not to delay the gentry, and knowing the way of the bastes?" was carelessly said, in the voice of Felix. The heart of Florence throbbed, and it required her utmost resolution to maintain composure.

Threats of pistoling the lad on the spot, if he dared to trifle with them, enforced by fierce and foul imprecations, were parried in the same seeming-unconscious and careless tone. "Sure, your Honour has better prayers than that same in Dublin city, to give a poor boy like myself. Didn't I tell you Tim was roaring like a stuck pig; and the grandmother pouring a naggin of whisky-punch in him, screeching hot; with a taste of black spice in it. I advise your Honour now, the first time you take the cholic, just to try that." The soldiers laughed; and Mr. Triphook became more angry.

"Great luck ye were in, to be sure, gintlemen, that got me," continued Felix. "Just as like I had been far on the highway to Cork by this time, to a big berrin of a friend of mine, as driving bastes to Waterford. But —hark! the hounds are abroad!" He drew up his horses, affecting to listen; and Florence fancied this intimation intended for her ear.

The new postilion deserved any praise, save that of a *steady* driver. Now he galloped, putting the horses to their full speed; now he loitered; and, again, where a point of vantage discovered more of the country, made a dead halt, as if to reconnoitre his way. The shouts of the soldiers would again make him move; but at every acclivity of a few feet, he would protest against "bursting the wind of the craturs in the mountain, with so long a road before them, and like to be hungry and drouthy both."

Now and then, a peasant, in his Sunday

clothes, or with a great coat covering all infirmities, either passed, or dropped out upon the road, from some gap in a fence, or the *bosheen* leading to a distant farm-house; and a hasty mystical interrogatory was often put and answered in Irish, and sundry grimaces were made which looked not unlike signs of secret intelligence.

To one of those men, who stood aside to let the party pass, Triphook called out, "What have you got there under your top-coat, you spalpeen?"

"What should I have," returned the man, covering his implement, and leaping back, "but the bit spade, to turn up the field of a lone widdy—Lord look down on her! And sure no fitter work for a blessed morning like this than that same.

"The Lord reward you, dacent man!" whined the post-boy, halting his horses, and nodding emphatically: but, hist! did ye not hear the hounds out?—A steeple-chase of Squire Power and the parson's, I dare say."

The man listened, or pretended to listen:—"I do hear them—far enough off, though—the wind rather again them—off the scent maybe. But if you get in time to Kesh's Mill, their Honours in the coach may catch a sight of the fox yet."

"Come, come, Mr. Driver;" said the sergeant, with an admonitory slap from the flat of his sabre, "look to your cattle. You see Mr. Triphook is black in the face with rage at your play. We must have no more of this hop-skip-and-jump, hurry-scurry driving. And how came you to think of the hounds being out of a Sunday?—Papist as your country is, you don't hunt on Sundays."

"Nothing but poor Christians," replied the lad, making a great flourish of getting on, "as his worship there from Dublin city can tell you. Belike, being an Englishman, you know less of the sport."

"I tell you what, you rebelly rascal!" vociferated Triphook, "I'll stand this tom-foolery no longer. Look to your prisoner, Mr. O'Gorman—riding at your ease there in your chay—mind your duty, I warn you, sir." Mr. O'Gorman fired at the insolence of his colleague, and replied in no measured terms. He, however, rated the crack-brained post-boy roundly, for his *unsteady* pace, and commanded him, in future, to observe silence, and favour them with no more of either his jokes nor yet his remarks.

O'Gorman, on whom the party depended, had, by this time, a secret cause of perplexity, which neither pride nor prudence permitted him to acknowledge. The road, with which he had fancied himself well acquainted, had put on a quite new appearance. The very face of the country seemed changed since he had travelled that way. But this might be owing to the advance of cultivation, the growth of woods, and other natural causes. The lad could have no motive to mislead them; and, at the peril of his life, durst not attempt any thing so daring. The prisoner, so vigilantly looked after, could have had no communication with any one; and their desultory route must have baulked any scheme of rescue had such been in agitation. He resolved to betray no suspicion, but to make secret inquiry, personally, at the first house or hamlet that offered. The roads had now become execrable, and the horses began to show symptoms of fatigue upon this interminable stage. The undulating country, wild and bare, might rather have been called lumpish than hilly, though an outline of mountains, seen at a considerable distance in the line on which the party was proceeding, strangely puzzled the king's messenger. He durst not think these were a shoulder of the Galtees; yet why was no chance glimpse ever obtained of the coast or the sea?

"How far may we be, friend, from this same Dungarvan?" said the sergeant, addressing a countryman, who, when overtaken, halted to reconnoitre the military array.

"Arrah, yes—Dungarvan!" cried the quick-witted post-boy—"didn't ye hear, man?—whither we are carrying Squire Joyce of the West, to send him round to Dublin Castle, to suffer for high treason, insurrection, and rebellion."

"Hold your peace, rascal!" cried several voices. But the peasant interrogated, now examining the face of Felix (alais Con Shee) had not yet replied, stupidly muttering—"Dungarran, was it, your Honour said?" And he scratched his mass of hair, looking to Con for his cue, much as may a witness, suddenly called upon to give evidence for a friend in distress, to the leading attorney of his party in the case.

"Are you dafe this same holy morning?" screamed the pertinacious lad, whose vivacious features gave the cue which the other could not seize. "Sure, didn't the gintleman tell ye, we are driving hard with a rebble Squire—Joyce of the South—to send him and his lady round by say, to be behaded for treason; and, as we left Youghall by the screech, we must be near the place now."

"Say another word, you rebelly villain, and I'll cut your throat!" exclaimed Triphook, choking.

"Sure your Honour will be quate, then,

and not murder a poor ignorant cratur, axing a decent man for a proper direction, that we may keep off the way of them desperate vagabones who, last week, captured Lord Kingsboro', and hung fifty sogers over Wexford bridge—ay, and would sarve us with the same sauce, the bloody rapparees, once they could rescue the Squire and catch us.—But sure, honest fellow, we are out of all danger of 'em, and near the blessed say now?"

Though unusually slow of apprehension for an Irishman, the man at last replied—"From the say?—och, not far to speak of now, though you have been 'all round about like the town of Fermoy,' as the folks say. So the top of the day to you, gintlemen—follow on; there's a clever boy in it to drive ye. We are all poor hard-working Christians on this side, seeking a bit and a sup for our poor families, and a rag of clothes in pace, to kiver them, and not thinking of 'ructions and riscues of 'rubble Squires.'" The man rapidly struck into a side path and disappeared; while the dragoons looked as if they would have been delighted to send a bullet after him.

They were now about to descend into the hollow, in which lay the often-mentioned hamlet of Kesh's Mill, and in which there certainly was a mill, and a few cabins scattered over a narrow strip of rushy meadow ground, intersected by minniken fields and potato gardens. The dell, in the centre of which the hamlet stood, was crossed by the road, and a narrow bridge lay over the stream which ran through it. The banks of the dell—for it was scarcely entitled to the name of glen or valley—were steep, but shelving, clad in brushwood, and almost rich with blossomed furze, and broom and fern, waving round jutting banks of sand and masses of reddish rock. There was no remarkable feature in the narrow landscape; but, after the desolate tract they had passed, the sequestered hamlet, with its stream and sylvan banks, looked soft and fair, and the gabble of unseen children and domestic fowls, and the ascending cabin smoke, which told that the afternoon meal was preparing, gave it a heightening touch of life and interest. If the road leading down to Kesh's Mill was steep and crooked, that ascending from it, on the opposite side, was yet more precipitous. From the lower ground, which they had reached, it appeared to the dragoons, unaccustomed to the optical illusions presented by straight, mountainous roads, almost perpendicular, and impossible to be travelled on horseback. Yet, at that moment, a black cloud of human beings appeared on the summit, relieved against the sky, some of them mounted, and looking like *tall spectres*.

"'Tis Jorge Mahony's berrin," cried the post-boy, "who died last week of the fever he caught at Cahir; and no wonder it should be a big one; for, living or dade, Jorge had a strong back."

The sergeant took the liberty of laughing at this very *Irish* reason of "a strong back" procuring a dead man a numerous attendance to the grave; and Con or Felix allowed the man to enjoy his triumph, and heartily joined in the laugh against himself. "I mean, Mhaister Mahony was well friended," he added, at last, "which you English gentlemen don't understand." In the meantime, Mr. Mahony's "strong back," had excited some uneasiness in the breast of O'Gorman and his friend, Triphook; and, when the *latter*, who, it may be remembered, rode *outside* with the postilion, accidentally looking back, descried another large party following hard upon the track of the carriage, he started up, shouting, "By J——! we're sould!" and drew his pistols from his belt.

"Hist! man," cried Felix, "don't you see it's the craturs were toiling for the widdy, coming this way, with their spades and scythes on their shoulders, to meet the berrin, and convey it to the churchyard?"

The excitement and anxiety became general. The prisoner—who, though still unconscious, yet could not suppress his curiosity—was ordered not to attempt to stir, or look out at the side windows, which were instantly drawn up and the blinds closed, while O'Gorman leaped to the ground. The woman's heart of Florence fluttered and became deadly faint. Here, then, the attempt was to be made; here lurked the ambush, in this sweet and peaceful dell, which might, in another minute, be the scene of a sanguinary struggle—of violent death, of barbarous murder; the spot where she might see the being to whom she clung in the high travail of her soul, perish before her eyes. The rush and hasty patter of running feet, the trampling of the horses, and the distracted and discordant voices of the dragoons, together with the previous circumstances, had, by this, conveyed the truth to the mind of the prisoner.

"Florence!" he cried, eagerly, "surely friends are near us; perhaps a party of the insurgents—of the patriot army—may have intercepted us. Look up, dearest! where is your high courage? Oh, that my hands should be fettered in an hour like this!"

And he pressed them together in anguish; while Florence, once again clasped them to her side, exclaiming—

"I have no courage—none to meet scenes like that approaching. Calmly could I meet death, but not sit here—oh! no—tamely by, the helpless witness of brutal violence, of savage butchery—perhaps to see you—oh, let me not think of it!"

At the request of Joyce, she opened the side windows of the chaise. The cavalcade was halted for consultation, where the banks rose higher on both sides of the narrow, winding way, when, all at once, an avalanche of stones was hurled down upon the military, now hemmed in, by the nature of the ground; the tumultuous party of diggers in the rear, who came roundly on, shouting and yelling, and the funeral train, who came even more rapidly down the steep declivity, at the bottom of which a strong party, rudely equipped, but effectively armed, took post by the narrow bridge which the travellers had to pass. Small respect had latterly been shown to the body of Jorge Mahony, jolting along on the shoulders of a half dozen muscular fellows, until, near the water's edge, the remains were seen to find a quick resurrection in the shape of carbines, muskets, fowling pieces, and suitable ammunition.

"Och! the sacrilegious, rubble villains, to make such use of a coffin!" shouted Felix, almost springing from his seat in exultation at the success of the enterprise; "an armed fifty of them, and more in the wood; and those above ready to grind us all to powder, with the big stones, were his Honour, behind there, and her ladyship not in it." The sergeant, in this emergency, was holding a council of war with O'Gorman, and the carriage and dragoons were drawn as closely as possible under the bank, for protection against the stone artillery, which was even more formidable in its effects than the expected onset at the bridge was like to prove. One horse had already been struck down, and the rider hurt and dismounted, and others had not escaped unhurt.

It was hastily resolved that four of the dragoons should dash forward and clear the bridge, while the carriage, at speed, followed their fiery track with the remaining guards. The attempt seemed desperate; but so was the crisis. O'Gorman again hastily seated himself in the chaise, and, ostentatiously flourishing his pistols from the window, proclaimed aloud that the first attempt to arrest their progress should be the signal for the death of the prisoner.

"This is too much, Sir," cried the peaceful and gigantically powerful, though fettered man; and, as he spoke, he had struck up the arm of the messenger, and jammed it and his person to the edge of the chaise window, leaving him unable to move in any direction. "Thank your stars, Sir, that you are tolerably safe there until this affray be over; and remember that your prisoner has shewn only passive resistance." Squire Joyce's *passive resistance* with the government officer, whom he squeezed together hand and foot, has since passed into a by-word in the South of Ireland. "Now, Florence, as O'Gorman and I are occupied, do you, as aid-de-camp, look out for us, and report."

They were again dashing onward at a furious rate, Triphook having seized the reins, and seeming as if he would precipitate the carriage into the stream, instead of driving it along the bridge. That structure, rude, low, and almost without ledges, rose in a steep curve in the middle; and it was not until they were in full speed upon it, that the advance of the troopers discovered a regular barricade at the off-side, formed of cars, ploughs, heaps of turf, branches of trees, and blocks of timber and stone; and were suddenly checked in mid-career, two of the number thrown back, and the others precipitated over the bridge. Musket shots flashed, and a yell, as if from demons, rang through the dell, while numbers of men crowded to the bridge, wading the stream, or rushing down the banks, and hastily formed in a sort of military order. The two troopers who had leapt or been driven into the river, extricated themselves with equal courage and presence of mind, and were again back and by the carriage.

Florence, her fears forgotten, in hasty exclamations, reported what she saw—her spirits rising or sinking with the fortune of the little war, while Felix, at intervals, poured down information from his rather uneasy seat by Mr. Triphook. The firing, which had done little execution, had ceased, though the noise and yelling waxed louder; and, in a few seconds, a tall dark man, stripped to his shirt-sleeves, with a handkerchief bound round his long lank black locks, bearing a bit of white rag, tied to a pike-handle, was seen to advance from the party on the opposite side of the bridge.

"It's Brian Shee, your Honour," cried Con, "one of Governor-Gineral Keough's first life-tenant's, though not in his best uniforms the day—he who killed five proctors, and hung six dragoons last week in Properous town, with his own red hands. The saints be merciful to us, Mhaister Triphook!

—they say you was once a Roman yourself?"

The flag of truce firmly advanced, and Triphook, his eyes gleaming with the swarthy fire of an enraged beast of prey, alternately glared upon him, and back upon the prisoner, as if debating which should be his first victim. "You would not fire on a flag of trush, Mhaister Triphook?" said Con, pushing aside the levelled pistol; "that is clean again' all the articles of war, man!" Meanwhile, the sergeant, as military commander, drew up to meet the flag of truce, who would not deign to parley with the civil power. His only terms were, "honourably giving up the prisoner, and unconditional surrender of the troopers, their horses, and arms to the GRAND ARMY OF ALL IRELAND, which had already taken many better men! No conditions could be made for the two Dublin civilians." "At the pleasure of the captors the cravens must be," said Keough's reputed lieutenant, addressing Florence; "and the measure they have meted shall be measured to them large. But shall I have the honour and pleasure of seeing your honour, Squire Joyce, touch Irish ground in freedom?" The man opened the door of the chaise to hand out the prisoner, even before the conditions he stipulated had been agreed upon. O'Gorman had, however, previously capitulated to the prisoner, imploring his protection from the insurgents; and the powerful passive resistance of Joyce's shoulder had been withdrawn. "We have done all that brave men could," he cried to the sergeant, with an air of affected bravado, "and must submit to the fortune of war. I surrender to Mr. Joyce, and throw myself upon his protection. Both his lady and himself will say that my treatment of them has been gentlemanly. I have their good word."

"Speak for yourself, craven," roared the frenzied Triphook. "Throw your life to the dogs; I shall redeem mine, or sell it dearly." And the ruffian, boiling with brute, insensate rage, and the thirst of vengeance, turned round, and while Florence, with a frantic shriek, starting up, threw her sheltering arms around her fettered husband, he deliberately fired off his pistol into the carriage, and knocking down his companion, the post-boy, with the butt-end, jumped on the ground, and stood on the defensive. There was no longer parley. In a twinkling, the soldiers were unhorsed, and, indeed, they offered little resistance; while another party tore the chaise door from the hinges, and Joyce sprung out and tried to extricate his wife.

"*Your Honour is safe, then, glory to the heavens! but, och, her ladyship!*" cried Felix, who was already on his feet, and first in the fray. "The monster has murdered her. Hell on earth! Men, look to him!"

"The rage of a man" had, for once instant, taken possession of the mind of Joyce; and, in the terrible conflict of his passions, he had insensibly, with the strength of madness, burst the handcuffs like green withes, and first twined his freed arms around his bride, while she lay in what seemed the embrace of death.

"Florence, dearest, most precious! speak to me, give me life!" was his cry—and the wild passion of revenge was overpowered in horror and despair. Yet was he terribly avenged. His first act was to carry her to a grassy plot, by the brink of the stream, where he laid her down, and tore up the sleeve of her gown in search of the source of that slowly trickling blood, whose every drop was at that moment dearer than a myriad of lives.

"It is not bad, dearest," sighed Florence, very pale, but quite calmed and collected. "Am I then so happy as to see you free—safe?" And with ecstatic emotion, she pressed her lips to the arm that sustained her; while only a few paces off, an infuriated crowd pulled, kicked, and cruelly battered at the foul assassin. Of this she instantly became aware.

"Stay, them!—stay, them, for the love of Heaven's mercy!" cried Florence. "Let me not witness Irishmen become savage murderers of each other, and myself the cause." Joyce appeared far more anxious about her own condition, slight as were the injuries she acknowledged, than anxious about the fate of the wretch for whom she pleaded.

"Let him die a mad dog's death, the bloodthirsty ruffian!" said O'Gorman, who came forward. "Let the men do their pleasure on the assassin—he deserves a thousand deaths."

"Yet, oh! save him, if you would not for ever embitter the remembrance of this day to me," cried Florence, attempting to rise, as if to offer interference herself.

"He's a bit of carrion, now, any way," said Felix, coming over to them with the flag of truce, in a flush, from being in at the death.

"I tould your Honour you might get a sight of the fox the day at Kesh's Mill." Joyce, by an expressive gesture, enjoined silence, and inquired where the nearest medical assistance might be obtained; Florence protested that he himself, or any of the women who had now rushed to her aid from the adjoining cabins, might leech all the wounds she had received. For his personal safety she was already far more anxious; but so impatient, so almost angered was he with her proposal that he should now take one of the horses captured for the "GRAND PATRIOT ARMY OF IRELAND," and instantly make his escape, that she desisted.

"Leave you, Florence! leave you thus! I could feel displeased by so injurious a suggestion from any one save yourself," said he.

"Shall I take one of the horses, that are fair prisoners by the articles of war, lifetenant, and scamper over the hills for Father John, and his plasters and lancets?" said Felix.

"I would do more, boy—I would be carrying the lady, Father John's way, in the coach, so far as roads go."

"And it's myself will drive her ladyship, like egg shells," cried the other.

"Her ladyship mightn't like to stretch herself in the coffin, maybe?" continued the lieutenant, interrogatively; "but sorrow the better conveyance for the wounded or delicate; and not the first of Father John's patients have been carried to his hospital in that same coffin."

Of this plan Joyce would not hear; but a rude litter was quickly constructed of branches, in which were placed straw, blankets, and the cushions of the carriage, which a detachment of volunteers started forward to carry, striving for the honour. Florence, who, in spite of her firmness of spirit, was by this time become exhausted by previous fatigue, and faint from the loss of blood, submitted to the necessary arrangements in silence; and her husband, having, with trembling hands, bound up her still bleeding arm as well as his skill permitted, followed the bearers, who, striking off the road, forded the stream, ascended by a path leading up the glen, and proceeded very slowly through the brush-wood and broom, with their precious freight. A mother with her new-born infant could not have shewn more tenderness than did those rough men in carrying the patient; and scarcely were the perpetually whispered entreaties and cautions of Joyce, who was ever by her side, required by them.

On looking back upon the spot they had left, every sign of the recent conflict was already obliterated: of the crowd, all the men had dispersed, the troop-horses were miles away, and the dismounted and disarmed troopers, whom it was found inconvenient to retain as prisoners, were to be kept for a day, and then turned adrift without ceremony, to find their way to the nearest military station.

Emerging from the glen by a winding foot-path or bridle-track, a waste boggy expanse again stretched before them, and they took a direction inclining towards the north-west. Here the lieutenant left them, having repeated his injunctions and cautions, and expressed a hope of seeing Squire Joyce at the head-quarters of the Army of Ireland, so soon as he had placed his lady in safety. The Squire made no definite reply. Though far from insensible to the ennobling possession of recovered liberty, he felt that his freedom had been dearly purchased; and he feared that, in the present circumstances of the country, the violent rescue, in which he had been merely passive, and which had cost him so dear, would be construed into fresh crime, and certaily augment his dangers, if he again fell into the hands of those he was now constrained to regard as enemies. The condition of Florence, though he strove to trust in her faint reassuring smiles and renewed protestatious that she was better, was tenfold misery. While thus overpowered by the feeling of her danger, he would gladly have surrendered himself upon any terms that ensured her shelter and immediate relief.

On their way, the mansion of a gentleman whom Joyce knew by report as one of the most zealous of the Ascendancy faction in this part of the kingdom, was pointed out at a distance, and he resolved to cast himself upon the generosity of this man, at least for succour to his wife. The resolution of despair was imparted to Florence during one of the many halts which they made to allow her a few moments to breathe more easily; and while Joyce held to her parched lips the cup of milk and water, which was the only refreshment he had been able to procure for her.

"As you love me think not of it!" she exclaimed. "Can you forget how much this unhappy and galling affray will increase the odium already attached to your name, and your actual peril? If you will not yield to my earnest desire, and provide for your safety by leaving me in the safe and kind hands of my countrymen, then, unless you would see me expire before your eyes, say no more of surrender at this dreadful time, when the taste of blood has only whetted the tiger-hunger of those whose cruelty their own nominal commanders detest, and are yet powerless to restrain."

Florence had judged aright. The forcible rescue of Squire Joyce, a state prisoner and leader of the rebels; the disarming of a small party of dragoons by many hundreds of insurgents, at a place called Kesh's Mill; and above all, the savage murder, in cold blood, of Mr. Triphook, a most loyal and zealous civil officer, resounded through the Castle prints and over the Kingdom, with a thousand exaggerations and distortions of fact. Large rewards were offered for the re-apprehension of the prisoner, and the discovery of any of the perpetrators of those unparalleled atrocities; among which was placed, shooting the wife of one of their own leaders, while he vainly attempted to protect her from the brutal violence of the rebels; a lady celebrated as the Beauty of Portmullina, who had become suspected by those ruffians, from her previous connexion with the loyal and well-affected, and from her efforts to detach her mis-guided husband from traitors. It was years before Florence learned to whom, in a country where everything was managed by intrigue and circumvention, she had been indebted for this well-meant and unmerited praise.

The insurgent Flying Gazettes, born on the thousand tongues of rumour, in the meantime sent abroad their edition of the "brilliant affair at Kesh's Mill, where Squire Joyce had been gallantly rescued in a skirmish between a strong detachment of Lord ———'s cavalry and a handful of country people, and the English nobleman who commanded the party made prisoner, with the loss of all his men; horses, ammunition, and baggage."

The misery which these contradictory rumours gave to the anxious friends of Florence and her husband in Portmullina, it would be useless to dwell upon. A full month had now elapsed since the affair of Kesh's Mill; and, although Dr. Fitzmaurice had not scrupled to hold communications with the insurgent leaders touching their fate, he could obtain no satisfactory intelligence. It was, however, imagined, that they must either be lying concealed in the northern parts of Cork county, or on the borders of Tipperary. It was certain that they had not crossed the Upper Shannon, as Fitzmaurice imagined; for the insurgent leaders were well informed of every movement in that important quarter. By this time, all the town and neighbourhood, including even the pseudo-loyal, warmly sympathized in the distress of poor Mrs. Rooney, and the faithful Judith, pining and yearning over her "darlin and beautiful child," and at times bewailing Florence's precipitate marriage with "that unlucky Squire, about whose house there was no blessin. But if it be thrue," said Judith, at last, "that Father Mike—bad cess to him!—has shut up the Squire in a cave of the say, to make him a Gineral in *spite o' him, then.* I'll have the truth out o' the vagabone, before I'm a week oulder, if I rive it from him with them ten nails."

Mrs. Rooney looked with anxiety not unmixed with terror, upon the movements of the energetic Judith, who had arisen in violence and pushed away her housewifery. "This is no time to be dawdling here, dragghin a thread from the face of a small-wheel, and work afore me to serve a friend in need." Mrs. Rooney, though all unable to divine how Judith was to accomplish her purpose, acquiesced upon the same principle which makes people in desperate cases try any remedy that offers, for the self-solace of doing something, no matter what, or although it should be mischief.

"In the name of goodness, go then, Judith Gallagher," she replied: "and, wake woman as you are, who knows what may be done by your hand? I'll give you a grain of tay, a few tinpenny bits, and a lump of soap to keep you dacent, to put in the bit bundle—and, in the name of the holy saints, be going, woman."

Next morning's dawn accordingly saw Judith at the study or oratory window of Dr. Fitzmaurice, who was known to rise with the sun to his private devotions. With some surprise he perceived the traveller in full costume, blue-cloaked and hooded, and loaded with several bundles, curtsying to him through the window. She was invited in, and instantly, out of the face, explained her design of going forth in search of adventures. "And sure, now, your Riverence won't refuse me a *brief?*"

"A brief, Judith? You cannot intend to turn beggar?"

"The black shame take me, then, or the death itself, afore I bring disgrace on the dacent people I come of! But going about the world to look for them, though not empty handed—for Mrs. Rooney has done handsome —I may need a bit, and a sup, and a corner, for the love of God; from good christians, long before I find themselves."

"Look for them, Judith! This is utter madness: what hope, what chance is there that a poor old woman like you, strong only in your kindness of heart, can achieve their deliverance?"

"I am, indeed, plase your Riverence, poor —and poor enough, God knows—and oulder than I have been, too—no denying it; but will not the little life left i' me be best spent for her?—ay, if I crawled the breadth and length of the kingdom on my bare knees. So sure you can't refuse me a *brief*, testing that I'm a Roman and a chappler from all generations of the Gallaghers of Ballymulch; and a dacent woman, who fears the Lord, barrin the few thransgressions of us poor faymale craturs with the tongue belike?"

"You *are* a good soul, Judith; and one whose affection and fidelity might teach a lesson of christian love to those who fancy themselves your betters. Yes, you shall have a brief, and a breakfast, and my benediction, though I can hardly approve of your wild adventure for your own sake."

"A ten thousand thanks to your Riverence, who, saving this presence, had ever the warm heart and open hand to the poor cratur." And she continued in a coaxing voice, "And you will approve when you know all:—first, there is a big letter for her own hand, with a broad green and gold sale to it, and grand news within, Mrs. Rooney is sure; and I had mighty plaisant dhrames of them myself last night—herself walking in the bawn of the Ca'sle, clad all in a green silk mantle, and a train to it, and gold and jew'ls shining in her hair, and a palm branch in flourish, stately in her hands; and the Squire upon a tall horse, with a cocked-hat and gold-laced suit, gilt spurs, and a sword by his side, the livin' pickter of his grandfather, Squire Pierce, when myself, a child, first saw him ride over the bridge to meet the Judges. Your Riverence laughs at me now, and thinks that an ould wife's dhrame: but there is more of it; and only lately it happened, if your Riverence would like to hear?" And Judith was requested to proceed. "A poor ould widdy it was, who, many is the summer, come from the Tipperary side, seeking her bit from good christians among us—and well belonged to and looked on, in her own place. But the world is bound to no one; and she came, a dissolute, poor cratur, now fifteen years back, wid the three grand-childer, when my mhaister, the Doctor, was alive himself, with your Riverence's lave, and *her* that has left us was a young thing at Dames' Court, with a heart would have turned the house inside out to the poor. Widows and orphans blessin's upon her! Well, the ould widdy and the weenocks would be welcome to stay till she thought it dacent to be going to another country; and, by and by, her childer dropt off to farm-service, and the boy Felix to plouter among bastes; and mighty clever and handy he turned, and reared a nate cabin for the grannie, who had nothing ado but bile her own potatoes, and make her soul, or do a stitch of knitting. But this year, on Midsummer Eve, who should come to Mrs. Rooney's door but the ould Tipperary widdy; and I give her the alms for the sake of her was gone, and not dry-eyed, as your Riverence may guess. 'You are in sorro, dacent woman,' says the ould widdy, like a wise purpose cratur; 'Lord look on ye and relieve ye? Your heart is in the west,' says she—'across the blue waters of the Shannon: but it is where the sun comes to you, you must look for them you long for.' The word went to my heart's kernel like as a mother first feeling her babe quicken in her bosom, saving your Riverence's presence; and I pressed her to tell me more. 'No,' quoth she, 'no; I can tell you no more; but remember this—the gin'rous heart never lost in doing kindness to the gin'rous natur. My poor boy, Felix, has never forgotten the kindness of that dear lady to the ould grannie, and the little sisters; and maybe the king's business has fallen in the beggar's way."

"I own it is singular, Judith," said the Doctor.

"Is it not, now? I was certain sure the Tipperary woman knew something of her ladyship, if not of his Honour; but she was as close as poor's-box, with your Riverence's lave. 'No,' says she, 'no; but that I pity your sore grief I would not have spoke at all. But if you would know more, go betimes to the Holy Well at Mitchelstown and see what will be done for you.' So she gave me a prayer—though the cratur is no voteen—indeed, myself cares little about such idle strammels—but a poor, pious, dissolute widdy. The Lord look on her and help her! And what does your Riverence think of it?"

Dr. Fitzmaurice was certainly struck by Judith's intelligence. He knew that, though three-fourths of the idle stories propagated by alarmists and incendiares, at this time, about beggar-women carrying intelligence, and acting as spies and agents of the insurgents, constant and rapid communication was held among them by some inexplicable means. He, therefore, no longer felt justified in dissuading Judith from her bold enterprise, ostensibly to her gossips a pilgrimage to the Holy Well for the cure of one of those aliments which the presiding saint graciously removes. Nor was Judith to be condemned if she had two strings to her bow. "Plase your Riverence, as I am there, I may make my devotions for this bad rheumatism I have now had for thirty year, and it may stade me too in the vow I made when my mother died, of a pilgrimage to Lough Derg; so the travel won't be all lost any way; though the Saints grant I find myself, if I should take the *pains* to my coffin wid me!"

Dr. Fitzmaurice was a Catholic priest, and in many points he was, by a lax generation, fancied a bigoted one, yet he could not forbear a smile at Judith's ingenious compremise between her human affections and her religious duties. He asked for a sight of that letter on which Mrs. Rooney set such weight. It was ingeniously concealed in a huge clue of worsted thread, from which Judith purported to be knitting at leisure intervals on her journey. When this was unwound, the letter was found to have come under the frank of the Chief Secretary; but an address written below was in the hand of Major Bertie. He had no longer any doubt of the importance of this missive, and while Judith restored it to safe concealment, he composed her *brief*—the imposing name which accredited or gentle beggars in Ireland give to the credentials with which they travel. Though averse to intrusting Judith, at so critical a time, with letters, he sent verbal messages to the objects of her search; and, in the brief, recommended her to the hospitalities of some of his brethren whose dwellings lay upon her route to the holy fount. And thus the grateful Judith departed with his benediction, high in hope, and affectionately recommending Mrs Rooney, "who was wake and nervish," to his special kindness, and beseeching him, if she perished in her adventure, or was heard of no more, "to remimber the good of her poor sowl."

Though Judith held out sturdily and even actively for her age, it was not till the evening of the fourth day that she found she had overshot the Holy Well by a good many miles; and this after a world of adventures which furnished her with fireside gossip for all the remaining years of her life. The sun was going fast down; her place of pilgrimage could not be reached in the present night; and there was pointed out to her, at the distance of about a mile, the snug smiling dwelling of Father John O'Hanlon,to whom she had been especially recommended by his Reverence, and whom she had known many years before in Portmullina, where he had done duty for a short time.

The parsonage of Father John—as seen from the highway, across the cool green meadows, basking in the slant beams of the evening sun—was not a spot which a toil-spent and foot-sore traveller, having claims upon its hospitalities, was likely to pass unheeded at the close of a hot and dusty day of overpowering brilliancy. Judith set her down at a spring by the roadside, to bathe her face and refresh herself; to put on the stockings and nailed shoes which she carried in her bundle,and otherwise make herself "dacent," before she struck into the path, bordered by flourishing hawthorn hedges and pollard-elms, which led upwards to the dwelling and the adjoining chapel. Upwards we have said, but by a very gentle ascent, the path led, winding through the meadows and home-fields of a well-cultivated and productive farm, attached to the living by a special endowment of a former incumbent. The path ended in an irregular avenue or grove of beeches, among which stood the comfortable, well-preserved, old house, looking like the substantial habitation of a well-endowed priest, which in fact it was. The farm, which lay beautifully upon the warm and rich south-east slope of a mountain, had, together with the dwelling, been settled in perpetuity upon the parish priest for the time being, which made this one of the most desirable rural charges in Ireland. It possessed a good library of books, in various literature; a cellar moderately stocked with the best vintages of Spain; a fully-peopled poultry yard, and a well-filled fish pond; with sundry other *agrémens*, which would have made Father John the envy, if he had not been the love and admiration of his brethren and of his flock, from the excellent uses which he made of all those blessings and bounties. It was a common saying in the country, that Father John's kitchen was never shut to the poor, nor his parlour to the gentle; and that he dispensed ten times more "mate and drink among the needy, from year's end to year's end, than the Archbishop of Cashel himself—ay, ten and ten."

The reputation of the hospitable father had travelled far, carried by the grateful breath of the poor; and it was, therefore, with confidence that Judith advanced, not to the wing where company of her station usually repaired, but to the open parlour window, where the priest was reading, and where, she curtsied until her short full petticoats ruffled the gravel.

"The blessing of the night to your Riverence!" And the priest returned a courteous salutation. The woman was a traveller, none of his own flock nor neighbours; and he would have sent her at once to his housekeeper, had she not looked surcharged to bursting with matter. "Your Riverence, sure cannot remimber so poor a cratur as myself; but well do I remimber yeez, though the deep learnin has gleaned the fair hair off your young brow since you left us."

"An old friend, then?" replied the priest, smiling gently, and in a voice of singular sweetness and mildness—"who has the advantage of me. Are you from my native place—from my mother's neighbourhood? Your speech savours of the west, and is not for that the less welcome to my ears."

"Sorrow bit o' me; and vexed I am I made your Riverence bethink you of that dear country; for one's own country is ever dear, as I found every weary step I dhragged to this from sweet Portmullina,—a poor old cratur, thinking it time to be making her soul, and so going to the Holy Well of Mitchelstown on a sore errand."

"The poorest creature in Portmullina is kindly welcome here," replied the priest. "Say, then, what can I do to speed your errand?" Before Judith had either shewed her *brief* or delivered the message of Dr. Fitzmaurice, she announced to the gentleman whose amiable and conciliatory manners, as much as his sacred profession, had inspired her with confidence, her own high attributes as the sole dry-nurse of Mrs. Joyce, of Cas'le Joyce, now with her husband in concealment, or in prison, and in sore trouble for the country; and the mysterious intimations which had led her on this pilgrimage. Father John seemed somewhat startled by the information so frankly confided to him. When his advice was craved, he suggested that Judith should rest herself at least all the next day, before continuing her prilgrimage to the Holy Well, by which time it was probable that some other pilgrim might sojourn with him and bear her company. His parsonage of Ballyspiddal was an approved and much frequented stage among those bound on such pious quests.

Judith now first exhibited her written credentials, and faithfully delivered the message entrusted to her; and when she understood that, in this clerical passport, she was truly described as a most affectionate, faithful, and devoted adherent of her lady, and one who, for her station, possessed remarkable intelligence and good sense, she was melted to tears by the goodness of her priest. Father John, ringing his siver hand-bell, commended his guest to the attention of his housekeeper, with more than ordinary hospitable attention, and requested that she would see him again before bedtime.—The interview solicited took place in his study or laboratory, of which he was careful to shut the door.

"If I were to tell you now, Judith, that I know something of your mistress and Mr. Joyce—nay, more, that your services at this time might be of essential use to them in their place of concealment—I might depend, not upon your fidelity—of that I made no question—but upon your discretion and presence of mind?—What of that?"

Down dropt Judith on her knees, to asseverate, by all that was sacred, not her powers of discretion, but her earnest wish to suffer, were it martyrdom, for her dear child and young lady and the Squire.

"The life of Mr. Joyce, but at all events his liberty, depend upon his continued concealment for a few more weeks and months at this critical time. He is yet safe, but his peril increases every day. At our utmost need, Povidence has sent you hither, worthy, faithful creature; and in its hands the humblest instruments are sufficient to accomplish the highest ends. Are you able, Judith, even this same night, to extend your journey some miles farther, for even one night is precious?"

"Able and willing! och, willing and able!" reiterated Judith.

"Then, at midnight, when the household is asleep, hold yourself in readiness. If you are missed in the morning, it will be imagined that you have departed on your pious errand. Be silent and vigilant—I will give the necessary orders, and, when you are wanted, call you myself."

In this hospitable abode there were, beside the barn and out-house, a sort of barrack-room for the accommodation of poor chance guests and pilgrims; but the priest informed his housekeeper that, as the stranger was a respectable person, whose friends were known to him, he wished her accommodated in one of the numerous small dormitories, or prophet's chambers in the wall, which were to be found in this ancient house, and he specified one; in particular, in which Judith was shortly afterwards left to such repose as his bewildering intelligence permitted her to indulge.

Even before the midnight hour, Judith was summoned forth; and she stood prepared. The priest himself led the way in silence through a labyrinth of intricate passages, until they emerged in a stable court, whence they gained, by a side-door, a strip of plantation, at the edge of which a man and horse were found, with a pillion for a female rider. Into that, Judith, making a thousand apologies "below her breath" for the labour and trouble which she gave his Reverence; was, at last, fairly hoisted, encircled by her bundles; while the priest handed a basket to the horseman seated before her, and driving the horse to a canter, followed nimbly on foot. The mode of progression was one to which Judith had not been accustomed for many years, and, moreover, one which she did not find improved in renewing with it the acquaintance of her youth. But she would have walked barefoot over burning plough-shares, upon the same errand of love; and now bore her manifold sufferings with the firmness of an early martyr. The clear summer night shed a soft light upon every near object, though distances could not be distinctly seen; and Judith, perceiving that the priest was still her companion, and walking stoutly on, kept a good heart. An uneasy pillion may, probably, make long miles; for Judith, clinging to her silent cavalier of the basket, computed that they must have travelled a full score, when they had not, in reality, completed a third of that distance. They had, however, taken many turns, and made sundry zigzags, which completely left at fault Judith's knowledge of the stars, turning the heavens with which she was acquainted at Portmullina, as it seemed, east-side westmost, long before the priest called a halt, and assisted her to dismount.

"We have still some way to go," he said; "but it will be best to walk the rest."

"Troth, then, myself is glad of it; for, save the honour your Riverence put on me, with man and horse, the bits of legs were the easiest nag. But thanks to yourself, honest boy, who brought me on well, and did not deafen me with your talk neither."

"Wait ye here, Felix, under the trees; or, if the day dawns, or if you see any danger, use your own judgment in retiring," said the priest, taking the basket.

"Felix!" cried Judy; "then it is the Tipperary widdy's boy is in it; and all is right!" She walked on with Father John, insisting upon adding the heavy bakset to her other burdens, out of which excess of civility he good-humouredly joked her; and having performed a walk of at least another mile, he again halted, looked around in all directions, and seeing no one near, struck off the path, and invited her to follow. "There is one condition I must make with you, Judith, which, for my own part, I deem quite unnecessary; but I am bound to observe it:—unless you consent to be blindfolded, and so submit to my guidance, I cannot lead you to her you seek."

"Blind me!—then, in troth, it is hard, after making me dumb all night already; but, if it must be, there is no help—and if your Reverence is under a vow"——

"There is no vow; but I am bound as much."

"Then close my eyes, in the name of all the Saints! Sure, what is the use of them? And I'll put myself in the Lord's hands and your Riverence's, and follow you on to her—ay, like a little young lamb."

"That is enough, Judith; depend upon me." And the priest knitted his silk handkerchief around the brows of Judith in a manner which discovered that he fancied his promise made to be kept to the letter; and, taking her arm, he led her own blindfolded, but strong in faith.

"You are a woman of sense and courage, Judith," he said, in a low voice; "and, ere we reach our ultimate destination, there will be calls for both. You will be exposed to a good deal of scrambling in the dark, and perhaps, to some inconvenience, but to no bodily peril. Have you resolution to face all this in seeking your friends?"

"That and more, soggarth-aroon—why would ye doubt it?" said Judy, with whom temporary blindness had increased familiarity.

"Then give me your bundles, and wait here for a few minutes; I trust to your not even thinking of removing the bandage from your eyes." He seemed, with these words, to sink into the earth from her side; for breathlessly as Judy listened, no retreating step was heard. She found time to say over all her prayers before his return, which was as sudden and noiseless as if a spirit had stolen upon her.

"Now, be firm of heart and follow me." And he entered a cavity, through which he dragged the blinded woman, led her on a few steps, and then seating her upon the ground, told her that she was now to slide a little way as she had done when a girl; but that she must utter no sound of alarm. At the bottom of this rapid descent, where Judith arrived in choking haste, the priest instantly overtook her. "Be of good courage—the worst is past," was his cheering whisper. But Judith could not conscientiously subscribe to this opinion, when, after descending a flight of steep stairs, or what seemed a ladder, she was again fast sliding down another inclined plane, with a velocity which had nearly shaken her faith, though she still kept her promise not to scream. "But one more effort, and the gaol is attained, said the priest, and his voice rang in unearthly reverberations as through a wide charnel vault. "Down on your knees now, and creep on all-fours after me. Your trial is almost past."

"And time it was," gasped Judith. "But are we near her now? Oh, then, *soggarth*—that's your Reverence—don't leave me here in this wild place; for I feel it wild, and cowld, and quare, as much as if the eyes of me were open."

"No fear; now, there you are, up on your feet again. We have cleared that last passage; and now I may remove the bandage from your eyes. In it was your safety. With the power of sight, and no use of vision save to discover the perils of your path, you never could have followed me. No woman could have penetrated this abyss with open eyes, noting its horrors—none save one."

"And that was herself! Och, my child, my child! my own fosterer, that crept into my bosom and made my life a joy! shall I then see her again? And the light—the blaze is striking to my blinded eyes; and, hark! surely I hear the angels singing."

The bandage was removed from her eyes by softer and more eager hands than those which had placed it there; and a scene burst upon Judith which made her exclaim aloud, "It is herself an angel! and the Squire, and the Priest; and we are all in heaven!"

"On earth, my poor Judith!" said Florence, taking the hand of her nurse—" or rather driven into its bowels by cruel men, but followed even there by kind hearts. To your many kindnesses, Father John, I am now to add the comfort of seeing my kind, my most motherly nurse."

" Och, jewel that said it!" cried Judy, kissing and caressing the hand of her lady and child. " And is not this heaven, lady dear!" And she looked round bewildered upon a scene of enchantment which might have rivalled the boldest inventions of oriental fictionists. They stood in the centre of what seemed a lofty hall, supported by massive pillars of crystal; the floor of which sparkled as if inlaid with diamonds, while magnificent festoons of the same beautiful gems depended from the roof and the roughened walls; and hanging round every point, coigne, and abutment, formed the most exquisite tracery, the whole exhibiting a dazzling radiance, and flashing in myriads upon myriads of shifting and intermingling rays of splendour, which overpowered the aching sense.

" Queen of heaven! what a sight it is!" cried the still bewildered Judith. " But more like a place in a fairy tale the beggars would be telling of, in the ould times of the Irish kings, than the blessed Paradise. And Purgatory it cannot be, or neither herself nor Father John would be in it."

" Only you and I, Judy, would, in that case, get it all to ourselves," said Joyce, laughingly, and now claiming the attention of the nurse—" though there is, you found, some difficulty of getting to a birth after all."

" Lord pardon yourself, Squire! and don't be joking about such, though you was always merry. But och, darlin, lady dear, how came you in this wild ould place; and pale and wan you look as the lily—and the arm in a sling! How is it all? Where are your servants and your furniture? and when will you come home to your own cas'le?"

Judith did seem a little crazed.

" Would you take me out of heaven already, Judith? Alas, to me, these lone wild caverns have been as heaven—for here we have found that peace, refuge, and safety, which the fair surface of Ireland no longer affords to us. But *I have* furniture, Judith. You must come to the garret-cave, where stands our water-pitcher, and our drinking-cups, and our couch of heather on its rude tressels. Thanks to this gentleman's benevolence—to kindness more than brotherly—we have wanted for nothing. See the well-stored basket he has brought us to-night? And with *one* kind nurse, Judith, in this splended hall, I have lacked no attendance." And her eyes beamed with the softest affection upon the doubly endeared companion of peril and adversity. " And now, you must help me to set my house in order, and to wait upon the Squire till better times permit us to leave our dear hiding-place."

" And with all the veins, honey-sweet. But this is not out of the world entirely then? What turf heaps of diamonds and jewels about us! I must take as much back to the world as will make Mrs Rooney a brooch, for she loves trinkums, kind sowl! And would not yourself sell as much of them, Squire, in Dublin or Cork, as pay off the mortgages to them thieves of creditors?

" A happy idea, Judith; and I daresay not my worst chance of paying off those respectable personages."

" I heard a tale of a poor dacent man oncet, who, without a meal of potatoes to his family, was wandering by the rock of Cashel, of all the days in the year on the eve of Good Friday.——But, sure, I can tell your Honour that same ould tale any day, and not forget my duty now." And Judith squatting down, began rapidly to undo the ball of worsted yarn, in which she had concealed Major Bertie's letter. While thus employed, and at the same time volubly replying to the many anxious interrogatories of Florence, and putting all manner of questions in her turn, in the exercise of her high privileges of fosterage, we may rapidly glance backward to the events which had led Squire Joyce and his lady to their present singular but safe place of concealment

They had, in fact, for many weeks remained hid in those celebrated caverns, now well known as the *Kingston Caves*, and imagined a subsequent discovery. How long previous to 1798, these magnificent subterranea temples might have been known to a few persons, or whether the secret had died out, or been suppressed, and that there was an actual re-discovery of the caves, we cannot pretend to determine. It is enough that they must have been known to several individuals at a period which long preceded their recent discovery; and that they had been used on different occasions, both as arsenals and hiding places, by the insurgents, during the last rebellion. There is even some probability that they were known to the native Irish during the wars of Strongbow and Henry II., and only forgotten when the aborigines of the central parts of the island were driven to the coast, and to the south and west extremities, and dispersed among other septs. Few persons were now in the secret of this retreat; and it had only been confided to Father O'Hanlon, when his skill in surgery or pharmacy was required for a celebrated rebel officer, who lay concealed in the Kingston Caves early in 1798, long after it was believed that he must either have died of his wounds, or that he had succeeded in getting off by some smuggler or French vessel. Father John was, for the first period of his surgical attendance, subjected to the same ordeal through which he had made Judith pass; but, as his duty was perilous to himself, one of humanity, and rather compulsory than of free-will, it was soon found necessary to place entire confidence in him, upon condition that, even if the public cause made it advisable to admit other individuals into the secret of a retreat so impervious, though in the very heart of the country, every precaution should be taken to prevent discovery of where they were lodged, even by the temporary inmates. And now we look back.

Some hours before the rude litter on which Florence was borne from Kesh's Mill, approached his neighbourhood, Father John received intimation from Felix of that desperate affray, the condition of the lady, and the critical circumstances in which her husband was placed. Instead, therefore, of waiting until the fall of night made it safe for the patient to be brought to his dwelling, he provided himself with the requisite supplies, and went forth with the messenger, to meet the party, (which was advancing by every covert track that intimate local knowledge enabled them to pursue,) to administer all the aid which Christian benevolence and the warm sympathies of national feeling dictated.

The condition of the lady demanded his first care; but it was necessary that some roof, however humble, should shelter her before she could be subjected to surgical treatment. And a thousand hospitable doors were open to distress like hers; but within which of them could the safety of Joyce be certain even for one night? And he resolutely refused to leave her or to listen to the remonstrances of Father O'Hanlon. He was deaf even to the supplications of Florence.

"What worse evils can my worst of enemies, if enemies I have, keep in store for me, than leaving you in this condition," he said, in tender reproach, "a prey myself to the tortures of suspense? No: I have made my election. I will take every prudent precaution; I can rest my salvation upon the fidelity of the poorest of my countrymen. These"—and Joyce looked with enthusiasm to the group of peasants standing aside, who had just rendered such essential and disinterested service—"these are not the men that betray their fellows. I will abide my fate where duty, and affection, and Heaven itself, have stationed me."

Father John could not but admire the resolution which he deprecated; and, after a few minutes of reflection, he addressed Florence—"There is one way—one place—to few women would I venture to propose it, but to you, Madam, I may—a shelter where, though under great and trying privations, security may be found for Mr. Joyce, and in your society."

"Privation!" returned Florence, eagerly seizing the idea of security at any cost—"name it not. My life has been one of what is called privation—but not for that the more unhappy. Unfold your plan."

"I will consult the Squire," said the Priest, leading Joyce farther apart. And, as Florence intensely watched the conference, she read with joy, in the brightening face of her husband, that he approved the scheme.

"Florence, dearest, thank Father O'Hanlon for us both. I shall be safe until we have time to consult with friends and devise ultimate measures; and, more than all, we shall be together!"

"Then lose not a moment until this plan be realized. Oh, what blessed relief! I feel much stronger already. I could walk for miles to-night yet, if in the way to safety. My life's thanks are due to Father O'Hanlon."

The first step was to convey Florence to a neighbouring farm-house, where her wound was represented as the effect of an accident; and, as soon as Joyce had seen it dressed, he consented to accompany the priest, who had, by this time, dismissed the motley attendance of patriots and lovers, under the assurance that their immediate dispersion was necessary to the safety of the Squire, who must, that night, place stronger barriers between himself and his pursuers.

It was now midnight; and Joyce was, with all solemnity, introduced blindfolded into the mysteries of the Kingston Caves. At first, his heart misgave, and sank at the idea of bringing Florence to this scene of forlornness and splendid discomfort; but his own nature was much too generous to doubt of that perfect love which had cast out fear, harbouring the small taint of selfishness, which might have made many otherwise excellent women shrink from the misery of so wild and dreary a sojourn.

The prompt, intelligent kindness of O'Hanlon, seconded by the zeal and activity of Felix, performed miracles, in rendering this place of dreary magnificence a tolerably comfortably abode. By the second night as much furniture had been collected as might have equipped the cell of an anchorite—a matrass, a crucifix, straw, blankets, pillows, an ample provision of wine and candles, and even some books, with a flute and chess-board. For the present, Felix remained with the Squire, making journeys to Cahir and Mitchelstown, to increase, by cautious degrees, the domestic supplies, and to bring intelligence, morning and night, of the progress which Florence made to convalescence. That was slow, and so much retarded by continual fever on the spirits, that, feeble as she was, Father O'Hanlon consented that she should join her husband upon the fourth night of their separation. Measures were accordingly taken to elude the suspicions even of the honest people at the farm-house, of whose good faith there was no doubt; and the lady set out at evening in a car with the priest, to go as far as he deemed it safe for her to travel. At a point agreed upon, the car was dismissed—Father O'Hanlon declaring that his patient would feel more at ease in walking slowly with the support of his arm, than jolting over bad roads.

"When the mind's free, the body's delicate." The mind of Florence, intensely rapt in the result of her expedition, and the expected meeting with her husband, was insensible to the feebleness of her frame; and she performed the long walk with much more apparent ease than her reverend guide had anticipated. Charmed by her frank, noble, and simple character, pleased with her manners, and deeply moved and interested by the singular circumstances in which she was placed, and her enthusiastic attachment to her persecuted husband, Father O'Hanlon, who, towards every sentient being, was full, to overflow, of benevolence and milky kindness, by this time felt a devoted and earnest tenderness for his patient, which partook of the warmth of passion, without its alloy of selfishness and fretful inquietude.

An involuntary feeling of reverence and delicacy made him refrain from blindfolding her in their descent into those Irish Elysian fields, where she was to seek her soul's partner. In the descent, she bore up *womanfully;* and when, upon rushing into the opening arms of Joyce in that wizard scene since named the Gothic gallery, she sank, for a long while overpowered by the conflict of emotion, her feelings partook more of the beatified repose of the satisfied soul, than of the sinkings of overwrought humanity.

From that hour, Florence recovered rapidly; and when Judith found her, though the wounded arm was still occasionally in a sling, and she looked pale from confinement, or in the wild lugubrious light of the caves, her health, she affirmed, was perfect—her happiness for the time complete. Left wholly to themselves, dependent upon each other for every active office of kindness, and every social solace, the married lovers gained, in a few weeks of singular intercourse, that matured, endearing tenderness, ever alive to one dear object, which is, in some rare cases, and only in some, the happy growth of years of conjugal union.

"A man who would learn the true value of his wife, ought to spend the honeymoon with her in a cave," said Joyce, one evening that the good priest came on his frequent visits of mercy; for his medical services were no longer required. Joyce had made, not alone the most affectionate companion—that might have been expected—but he was an assiduous and attentive nurse. And, now that Florence was able to take her turn in relieving him in domestic duties while Felix was abroad, his principal business was to read to her, as she languidly reclined on her heath couch, after the household fatigues of the morning; to endeavour, with more good-will than success, to bring his flute to unison with her voice, or to indulge in those endless mazy conversations about the nothings which to them, were everthing—the many-coloured visions of their future way of life. Plans they might not yet be called; for, on what feasible basis was any permanent scheme to be reared? "Love in a cottage, Father," continued the Squire, as above, "is a mere bagatelle, compared with tried affection in a cave. I never should have been half so happy, missing this ordeal, to which chance, or the policy of Dublin Castle, has subjected you, my Florence."

"An ordeal to which, however, I would not like to subject above one-third of the young couples of my acquaintance," returned the priest; "nor need your trial last for ever—you are both found proof."

"Nor do I vow our perpetual residence in these temples of enchantment. What news from earth above?" returned the Squire.

"More mad attempts and more disastrous defeats." And Father John recited the public news of the period, and the progress made in quelling the insurrection, or terminating the civil war—whichever term the reader pleases; and informed them of the happy effects of the conciliatory proclamation of Cornwallis, which had already made many of the goaded victims, urged to rebellion, lay down their arms.

"We ought to rejoice, I fancy," said Joyce, reluctantly.

"And we may," said Florence; "and yet regret a good cause ill-conducted, and now hopelessly overthrown; rashly commenced, and as recklessly abandoned. Heaven grant that this civil war may be the last in our dark national history!"

The time, she hoped, was now approaching, when the measures of the Lord-Lieutenant might restrain that furious faction which he could neither humanize nor nationalize. Her husband might soon now surrender himself for trial, with the chance of obtaining justice—and, if justice, then honourable acquittal. This formed the inspiriting topic of their anxious conversation, till Father John departed with Felix, cautioning the Squire against a too obstreperous use of his flute, as the country people, at a time when all sorts of omens and portents were rife, had hereabouts been hearing wild music "i' the earth or the air."

"Yes, I suppose, we must leave these dear caves some time," said Florence, when the guest was gone, and as Joyce tenderly performed his nightly office of removing the sleeve from her wounded arm, now requiring no balsam, save his healing kisses—"but I shall love and regret them for ever. It is quite possible, you feel, Jack, to regret most tenderly what one nevertheless voluntarily abandons." He owned entire participation in this feeling, at least in the present case; and they mutually blessed the event, refusing to call it disastrous, which had so firmly knit, so strongly endeared, in making them, through the "sweet uses of adversity," fully known to each other.

"Though no human creature ever gave poor Squire Jack," said Joyce, with a touch *of genuine Irish* humour, "the smallest credit for one spark of literary taste or sensibility to any poetry, save 'Bumper Squire Jones,' he sometimes thought (modestly—to himself) that he could feel as much as those who talked the matter most glibly with Miss O'Brien and the ladies.

"Which he never attempted," said Florence, laughing. "But what of that?"

"True—which he, poor fellow! never attempted; though he did rejoice, when he, too, got a poet all to himself, to cherish in secret, whom no refined Irish person yet cares to rob him of. I think, Florence, no one can ever have *loved*, and not feel the songs of the Scottish Burns?"

"Oh, no: no one ever felt, or, feeling, ever revealed, that spark of the divinity in the bosom of mortals, with half the depth of tenderness, half the enchanting glow of passion, of that inspired Scotsman. But surely, at least, Miss Florence O'Brien," she continued, reverting to his lighter vein, "gave Squire Jack some little credit for susceptibility to the finer feelings."

Joyce shrugged his shoulders, and smiled with a significant gesture, which he could now afford to do, even in remembering his early tortures from her haughtiness and caprice, and his own misfortunes, blunders, and failings.

"'No more of that, *Jack*, an' thou lovest me,'" cried Florence, laughingly. "But of Burns as much as ever you please."

"His divine songs were to *pauvre moi*—the bashful lover—the secret fuel of burning passion—something of which I perceived the beauty but in a sort of *glimmer*, but felt thrill to my heart's core. There was one song, that of a devoted lover—ah! how little could I have foreseen, that, loving it as I did, it should yet be mine!—that—

> "My *cave* wad be a lover's bower,
> Though raging winter rent the air;
> And *she*, a lovely little flower,
> That I wad tent and shelter there!"

The natural sequence to this tender quotation may be imagined.

That an Irish gentleman, over whom hung the stern realities of a trial for High Treason, and that in 1798, could unbend to such idle nonsense, and that his devoted wife should love him all the better for this fond folly, nor yet look to his actual position with less clearness of apprehension or intensity of interest, is among those daily, nay, hourly episodes in real life, without which its burden too often were intolerable.

But let us return to Judith, who has surely by this had full time to untwine her clew. She delivered her dispaches with an air of grave diplomacy which might have been a fair augury for a young *attache;* and with a quick Irish turn to the comic, looked down upon the glittering sparry floor on which she had been on her *hunkers*, apostrophizing it in Irish, which may be thus freely translated.

"In truth, then, its yourself is a mighty fine seat, like the king's own throne, shining with diamonds; though I'm not sure but, for workdays—saving your dignity—a bee-hive stool in a cabin might be as easy for the ould limbs."

The contents of Major Bertie's letter referred chiefly to his late efforts to promote the interests of Florence, by realizing the fortune undoubtedly left to her by that uncle who had died in the Russian service. The accounts were favourable; for, though the expected fortune was considerably less in amount than first rumours made it, it was more certain and in much nearer prospect. And Judith was thankful and exultant that her child, who—though descended of the "royal line of the O'BRIENS, the Inchiquins and T'omonds both, and connected by marriage or gossipred with every one of the FIVE BLOODS, and the ould Bloods too," and, consequently, far superior to a Squire Joyce, comparatively of yesterday—had been nevertheless a portionless bride, should be at last a well-endowed wife.

Of public affairs, Major Bertie said little or nothing, save expressing a hope that the commanding talents, and solid and sage character of Lord Cornwallis, "would speedily restore that degree of tranquillity to Ireland which might permit dispassionate inquiry, the redress of any *real* grievances, the repair of injuries, and the impartial administration of justice."

"*Real* grievances!" said Florence. "Intelligent Englishmen, having no interest in the preservation of the abuses of this country, have never doubted of their existence after living for a short time amongst us."

"And could we look for anything like the impartial administration of justice, I know where we should be, my Florence, before another week."

"In Dublin Castle? Still, still, dear Jack, knowing all that we know of our unhappy country, I shrink—my blood runs cold at the idea of surrender. There is no truth, no manliness, no magnanimous generosity among that perfidious Ascendency cabal, which, if Cornwallis overmaster, he is the first who shall have bridled the monster for three centuries." Florence spoke in a tone of despondency; but, upon every new visit of Father O'Hanlon, surrender formed the most engrossing subject of discussion. That gentleman constantly brought them what newspapers and public intelligence he could pick up; and without making their place of retreat known, a sort of enigmatical correspondence was opened in cypher, with Dr. Fitzmaurice, which gave the latter and the nervous Mrs. Rooney, the sincere pleasure of learning that Judith had found the objects of her search, and that all were well, and with fortitude and equanimity awaiting better times. Through this channel, they learned that Father Mike had been cut down by Crawford's dragoons, in destroying the bridge of Ballintra, to impede the pursuit of Humbert. Larry Ryan had escaped there, and by miracle reached Squire Joyce's mountain lodge, a miserable spectre. He was still concealed in that neighbourhood.

The presence of Judith, with her affection, activity, shrewd wit, homely usefulness, and abundant old songs and *senachies*, was of the greatest comfort to the fugitives. Like Dr. Caius' maid of all work, she was their "cook, and their housekeeper, their washer and their wringer;" she was also their court jester and their hourly domestic counsellor. At times, indeed, a twinge of the rheumatism, as the October night's grew long, would ruffle her temper, and she would often repine that her lady, "with her fine fortin, and an O'Brien born both sides of the house, should not be restored to her Cas'le;" but if Florence, in compassion of her age and growing infirmities, ever urged her to leave them. Judy resented the proposal as the deepest insult that could be offered to her, and with clamour and violence appealed to her friend the Squire, against the cruelty of his lady, "who would turn her out of doors in her ould days, and bring her grey hairs to the grave in sorrow."

"Out of doors, Judy!—I wish we *had* doors, though not to turn you out of," returned the Squire upon one of those occasions, and while he was himself busily working at some of those Robinson-Crusoe, clumsy contrivances in which he had been engaged to promote the comfort of his household against the approach of winter. "I must turn both you and your lady out of doors, or turn out myself—I can no longer look upon your lady without pain and self reproach. A woman of your good sense and experience, Judith, cannot but be aware how improper it is for Florence to winter here:—she *must* consent to leave me, or I shall emerge, braving all consequences. You must use your influence with her—I have pleaded in vain; there is but this one point upon which she is obstinate—inflexible."

Judith found her not less determined; and she soon contrived to coax that affectionate creature to her own way of thinking.

"What, nurse, could the enjoyment of all you call needful comfort, be to me in comparison of the perpetual agony of apprehension or suspense to which separation would condemn me. That alone were perilous to me. How could I survive that protracted languishing misery, renewed every hour! What have I to fear here?—only the excessive kindness of my nurse-tenders. What to meet but that which tens of thousands of my countrywomen encounter in circumstances infinitely worse than at the worst mine can be? Surely I cannot be denied the only wish I allow myself to form—that, till the evil day pass, and Mr. Joyce be free, we may never for one hour be separated."

Florence carried this great point; and every possible precaution was taken to mitigate the privations and discomforts of her winter residence which money and active friendship without, and the watchful affection of those within, could suggest. Fortunately, the winter, though cold, was dry, and the ingenious engineering of the Squire greatly improved their domicile, by draining, and wattling, and forming a kind of tent for their common sleeping apartment in one of the galleries.

When the priest came through the deep snow on Christmas day, to celebrate mass in the Gothic gallery, long after the public worship in his chapel was over, and when he remained to partake of the savoury goose, and ham and pudding, which Judith had cooked with the aid of the Squire, he confessed, in reply to the gay reproaches of Florence, that her heroic plan had been the best —or, at all events, the kindest.

During this interval, other futile attempts at invasion had been made in the north-west, or rather to land arms, equipments, with a few soldiers; and the unfortunate Theobald Wolfe Tone had been captured. This was among the last of the important events of the civil war, and the few persons in the confidence of Squire Joyce began to hope that, in the course of a very few months, he might capitulate with safety. At present he seemed forgotten, and the rewards for his apprehension were no more heard of.

In the meanwhile, the long winter wore away in the enjoyment of many of life's best pleasures—though its cares, often the source of its most solid happiness, were not wholly absent; and spring brought its own interests and duties even to a cave; and present and absorbing occupation banished, at least to Judith, even the thought of tedium.

Affairs were in this state, and Florence, in renewed health and spirits, had consented at last to go abroad, like the dove from their saving ark, to see if the waters had abated and the green earth re-appeared, when, towards the end of March, Father O'Hanlon came one morning at a very unusual hour. A messenger, a female one, had arrived from Dr. Fitzmaurice, announcing that, by the secret but certain intelligence which he had with Dublin, he had been able to ascertain that the trial of Mr. Joyce was now to be hurried on, for the evident purpose of procuring his outlawry, and thus getting rid of a perplexing and disgraceful affair, in the least disgraceful manner possible to those concerned.

There is always, at first sight, something appalling and terrible in a trial; and *this* one was in Ireland, and involving the barbarous and sanguinary penalties of treason. Florence felt her spirit quail and her heart's blood curdle. She looked pitifully, through swimming tears, upon her infant daughter, now asleep on the lap of Judith—its wan and waxy but beautiful features still unvisited, in its six weeks' span of life, by the sun or the breeze of Heaven—and then her glance reverted to its dearer father; and, for a few seconds, Florence could have been contented that they should remain in the bowels of the earth for ever, rather than risk a life becoming every day more precious—the very life of her life! This was madness, to be dismissed at once; but there was a modified plan, to which her woman's heart next clung. If trial it must be, could they not evade it? The slenderest chance of a conviction was revolting and torturing. They might either escape to America or to France, now the safest place on the Continent for them; and, although the Joyce property should be confiscated, her own fortune would amply suffice for all their wants, for their child, for happiness and peace.

"Where now is your maiden courage, Florence?" returned Joyce, in answer to her passionate pleading. "Would you have the husband of your choice become a voluntary outlaw, abandon his country, and surrender those rights of property, derived from a long line of honourable ancestors, which he now holds in trust for your children—without one manful struggle? Shame on the lovely craven!" He laid a caressing hand on Florence's hair, and turned laughingly to Father John, who, a man of peace by character and profession, saw much that was tenable in the proposition of

Florence, and was indeed well disposed to support it, and probably every other gentle though timid counsel.

"Your words, if not your thoughts, wrong me, sir," cried Florence, gravely. "*My maiden courage*—vain boast!—may have flagged; yet I am still able to choose—ay, even for *you*—death before dishonour! But, oh, surely, prudent evasion—following the example of so many of our countrymen at this time—men of courage and honour—can augur no taint of disgrace. But I have said my last. It is for you to decide on a man's part—for me to obey."

"My own Florence," replied Joyce, affectionately, "we will have neither commands nor obedience between us. Our judgments, like our hearts, are one—depend on it. And now, Father, for a council in this our Starry Chamber."

As the results of that council were not altogether conclusive, we shall pass from it to the formal and imposing array of that criminal court in Dublin, before which John Pierce Joyce, Esquire, of Castle Joyce, County ——, commonly called Squire Joyce, &c. &c. was arraigned to be tried for high treason. There was not a doubt in the minds of the crown lawyers, that no prisoner would appear to answer to the charge. It was firmly believed that he had, months ago, escaped beyond seas with his wife, and could not even know of the trial. A few minutes were to be sufficient, therefore, to huddle over the preliminaries of Joyce's outlawry, before proceeding to the other cases about to be tried. Yet they wondered that the court should be so early crowded, and such an array of counsel present, though apparently but as spectators.

The business opened. The officiating functionary, in loud, measured, monotonous tones, summoned the prisoner to appear to answer to the solemn charges set forth in the indictment. No answer was returned—no prisoner appeared; and the outlawry was about to be formally declared. "Stay, gentlemen," said a well-known and liberal counsellor of that period, "this charge has hung over Mr. Joyce for eighteen months, in one shape or other—so I find by the date of the warrant on which he was first arrested. Surely eighteen seconds nay, eighteen minutes, may be given him to stand forward. Look out again, my lad," he continued, turning to Felix, the perspiring *avant courier* of the Squire, who had reached Dublin, by hard riding, early in the same morning. The counsellor looked to his watch; and while the crown lawyers, shewing signs of disturbance, eagerly whispered and consulted among themselves, cast meaning eyes to the bench, rose in haste, and then flapped down upon their seats, three more long minutes elapsed.

"This is trifling with the time of the court," cried the Attorney General, in a loud imperious tone, and flirting his papers. "I beg that business may proceed."

"Patience, brother!" cried the counsellor who seemed to have assumed the chief management of Joyce's case. "My eighteen minutes are not half up. The court has met to dispense justice to the lieges, not to gallop to desired conclusions at the pace which may best suit Mr. Attorney General." The speaker was here joined by a military looking, elderly gentleman, who seemed just off a hasty journey, and who was followed by a younger man in uniform. The first was our friend Major Bertie. "I am come over from England," he said, "in hot haste and un-subpœnaed, to bear my testimony to the peaceful and orderly conduct of Mr. Joyce while I was on service in his neighbourhood; which was exactly during the time at which his alleged crimes are laid. 'Tis but my good word. I can speak to nothing specific; yet I could not withhold my feeble testimony to what I know. This is my friend, Lord ———, an aid-de-camp to his Excellency, whom I have brought with me. Mr. Joyce is even better known to him than to myself. I am certain it would give him sincere pleasure to see Squire Joyce restored in peace and honour to his wife and his home."

"Squire Joyce's claret will sit sour in my stomach for ever, if he don't get clear off to-day," said Florence's former gay admirer; "as I truly believe it was much-provoked resistance to some of the compulsory levies of our own foraging blades which first brought him into trouble, or perhaps—this was a queer country last year—his good-natured protection of his tenants gave colour to certain charges."

"What matters it all, if he allow a sentence of outlawry to be recorded against him?" cried the anxious barrister, springing once more to his feet, as the officer of the court began the formal declaration.

It was a moment of intense interest; carriage wheels were heard; and Felix, who had again been on the outlook, rushed into the court, throwing up his right hand, and exclaiming—

"*Lamh laidher aboo!** They are come, your Honour!"

A mighty hubbub rose. "To prison with

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* "The cause of the strong hand"—the war cry of the O'Briens.

that rude fellow!" growled a judge in wrath.

"He deserves it for such a *slogan*. We have had enough of late, my Lord, of the *cause of the strong hand*—of *might* for *right*," returned the excited counsellor. "But stay your proceedings, gentlemen—here comes my client. Good morning, sir. You have been summoned to plead, Mr. Joyce—Guilty or Not Guilty?"

"*Not guilty!*" cried Joyce, who had yet scarce reached the bar, in a tone which electrified the court. The emphatic words were muttered from several quarters, and taken up and repeated in a shrill voice, and strong Munster brogue, by a hale, squab, elderly female, in a blue cloak, who, at the same time, elevated a beautiful infant between her hands, the smiling emblem of innocence.

"Back, Judith, and retire, if you love me," whispered Florence, in agony, while the gentlemen made way for her beside the counsel, and Major Bertie hastily advanced to meet her. "Huaich! then, lady dear—I'd say it, if the King on his throne heard me, of that sweet babby's father." But Judith, to her manifest indignation, was borne back.

Every eye was now turned upon the prisoner, and his wife, who sat with his counsel immediately behind the bar. Both were striking and admirable specimens of what either actually is, or is imagined, the ancient aristocracy of their native land; in stature, in physiognomy, in expression, and in high, and, at this moment, dignified and calm bearing. They formed a study for the spectators, all of whom were powerfully interested in the fate of Joyce. The crown lawyers held another whispered conversation, and the colour of Florence was seen to fluctuate. It was with difficulty that she replied to the civilities whispered by friends around her; yet she did reply, and seemed stoically calm, until the crown functionary rose, and glibly, and not very intelligibly, announced, that, from the failure of two most important witnesses, who, it was believed, had been spirited out of the country, he was not in a condition at present to proceed with the case. The case was. therefore, in the meantime, abandoned.

"Liar! conscious, despicable liar!" were the strong, coarse words churned forth between the clenched teeth of Joyce; and his counsel adroitly and good-humouredly passed what he called a "gagging bill," over the rebellious lips, whose last sounds it was not deemed prudent or dignified by the court to hear.

One stifled but audible sob burst from the swelling bosom of Florence—one sigh of woman's weakness, betrayed only when her resolution was no longer necessary for those she loved.

A thrilling shout of joy—a jubilant outcry, which nothing could repress, echoed through the court, and was prolonged through the Four Courts and passages, into the heart of the multitude assembled without; and the court, instead of proceeding with the other cases, rose in disorder, and hastily adjourned for that day. Congratulations poured in from every side; and, upon that night, in every social party in Dublin, the lucky young barrister who had seen and could describe the sudden brilliant apparition of the morning, the Rebel and his wife, became the *pet* lion-cub of the ladies for the evening.

"Is the lady as beautiful as they say, Mr. O'Connell?" asked some breathless beauty, in the name of the ten crowding around the young gentleman interrogated.

"A thousand times more beautiful!" was the enthusiastic reply. "Never was there so rare a combination of grace, dignity, and loveliness."

"And her husband?"

"One of the finest fellows in Ireland."

"I hope they will show themselves among us—I quite long to see them," continued the lady. "And I am confidentially informed that, if we had anything like a vice-regal court at present, they would be very well received there, after all that has passed."

This was extremely probable, but the parties in question, after passing a few hours with Major Bertie and their friendly counsel, at their hotel, were already at Naas, on their way home. Florence would not confess fatigue which might delay their journey for one hour; and a pale rose tint now first blushed faintly in the dimpling cheeks of the infant Florence.

In future years, it was always merrily alleged, in the numerous family of Squire Joyce, that this young lady retained the warmest corner in her father's heart; while, by his contented and thriving tenantry, she was fondly named in Irish, even up to her wedding day, *The Daughter of the Caves*. She was about seven years of age before her nurse Judith, first a person of vastly augmented consequence in the household of Dames Court, and finally of Castle Joyce, really completed her vowed pilgrimage to the Holy Well of Mitchelstown, and visited Father John's parsonage of Ballynaspiddal, driven by Felix on this long journey in the Squire's own jaunting car, in which Father John was to accompany her back on his annual visit to his friends.

"It was with difficulty that Judith, after her devotions were duly performed, could be persuaded from attempting to crawl, once more, into the caves, from which she intended to take back splendid memorials and trophies. These Felix brought her, as he fancied, in profusion.

"Och, bless the boy! You must go back and grope better. Them lumps of diamonds will cast a grand shine on ould Mrs. Rooney's mantel shelf, and astonish all the ladies and faymales of Portmullina; but, for herself—the misthress—dear lady!—och, better will she like that same ugly, ill-shaped piece of his Honour's handywork—the basket, boy—for which yourself brought the twigs to the cave—the babby's craddle we left—which he would be making that weary winter, and herself looking at him with the dew in her eyes, and myself slyly watching both, till my own heart would be bursting. But run, like a Redshank, for it, boy—and his Riverence will wait you, if you be back afore night. Blessed be His name! we throve well, and every day since then, and not a happier family or a better landlord in the Province of Munster!"

SONG.

By the author of "Corn Law Rhymes."

THEY tax our bread, they eat our souls,
They brutalize despair—
Then mock the victims they embrute,
And cry, "What beasts they are!"
Their talk is still of guns and swords;
But soon their pride shall see,
We need no swords to conquer slaves,
And set our tyrants free.

That slaves they are, and beggars too,
By statute they declare;
Rascals by Act of Parliament!
Behold what beasts they are!
Their hearts, ring'd round with ignorance,
Are fetter'd to disdain;
Fraud jails their souls, and meanness links
Their lusts to folly's chain.

We bought my lord the hat he wears,
We bought his lady's gown,
We bought the squire his coach-and-four—
But wish he'd use his own.
Arms? Let them prate of gun and lance!
Nor gun nor lance need we;—
What! turn our fetters into swords?
No—set our tyrants free!

Oh, would they swap for honest bread
The chains they forge and wear,
From heav'n, to visit man on earth,
The angels would repair!
But soon our light shall teach their gloom
What mind can do and be:
We'll forge no fetters into swords,
But set our tyrants free.

From The Spectator.

ST. GEORGE'S SAUNTER IN BELGIUM.

APPARENTLY well-versed in the early history and topography of the Low Countries, Mr. GEORGE ST. GEORGE devoted a considerable part of last summer to a pedestrian saunter through Belgium. Starting from Calais one fine morning in June, equipped in a shooting-jacket, a woven horse-hair cap, the national blue shirt, and knapsack on his back containing a few indispensable necessaries for a traveller, he pretty well threaded Flanders on foot. His plan of exploration was to make the chief city of a district his head-quarters, thoroughly exhaust it, and then ramble to the circumjacent towns and villages. His lodgings on his tour were befitting his assumed character, and were taken up in the humblest auberges; where he seems to have fared well, and at a startling cheapness. The casual companions he met were of course the humbler classes; of whose good temper, politeness, and social virtues, he leaves a gratifying impression. His accounts of the curiosities to be seen are minute and even learned, especially of those relating to history and commerce rather than to the arts; his descriptions of the country are clear, and his sketches of persons characteristic. The appearances of the present, or the visible monuments of the past, do not, however, satisfy Mr. ST. GEORGE. He gives his reader an historical account of every place he visits; commencing with its reputed foundation, and noting the various fortunes it underwent during the middle and latter ages, as well as enumerating the eminent men it produced. For the traveller who really wishes to profit by a trip to Belgium, this is a very useful feature in the volume; as it collects into one focus a good many curious particulars, which few know where to look for, if they could even spare the time. The person who merely wishes to run through the country, or to read a volume of adventures by the way, may think the quaint quotations from FROISSART, and some other historical chroniclers, rather too long.

Of the few English with whom our author came in contact, he gives no very flattering account. One, a permanent settler—one of the scum of the Army of Waterloo—he describes as the greatest scoundrel he ever met; and the anecdote he tells of him bears out the character. A few others of the lower class seem rather to be distinguished for that folly and awkwardness which John Bull generally exhibits in new circumstances, than any thing beyond it. Here are two samples of a higher kind.

ENGLISH ABROAD.

As I stood on the small mound which skirts the road-side, reading the inscription on the monument of Sir Alexander Gordon, an English party approached the spot with apparently the same object. I am loth to confess it, but I fear it cannot be concealed, that the boorishness of Holland even is politeness compared with the degree of courtesy extended by well-dressed and seemingly well-circumstanced English travellers to the people of the Continent, I mean the poorer classes, with whom they accidently come into contact. I have said in the outset of this book, that I had assumed the costume of the peasantry of the country: I did not relinquish it until my return to London. As the party to which I have referred came up to the pillar, I took off my cap and bowed to them. It is a common courtesy among the Continental people; and I had adopted it along with their habit of apparel. To my surprise and mortification, there were only two out of the five individuals composing the party who acknowledged it, and these were those whom the ordinary forms of society lay under more restraints than their associates. With that natural politeness which seems so peculiar to women in all ranks, and to ladies above all others, in whatever condition they may be placed, the females of this party, like thorough-bred ladies as they certainly were, condescended to acknowledge, by a kindly look and a graceful courtesy, the salutation of the peasant; while the males, an old man and two great gaping-eyed young boobies, stared at me as much as to express their infinite surprise at the presumption I had manifested in attempting such an interchange of civility, and their sovereign contempt for the class to which I appeared to belong.

SCIONS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

I believe it is the custom of all travellers to take some refreshments at the farm-houses of La Haye Saints and La Belle Alliance; and I know that it is customary with some Englishmen to get drunk on the ground. As I entered the former, for the purpose of getting a glass of beer and a piece of bread, I encountered two of my countrymen far advanced in a state of intoxication, rolling about the yard, quarrelling with the pigs, cursing the people, and sparring at one another. I set them down as men of the ring, or of the turf, or of the swell mob—the terms are nearly synonymous. I was not wide of the mark, though a little out of aim: they were the younger sons of two of the oldest families in England, who had devoted their time and attention to field-sports, and who were then on a tour through Belgium to see how steeple-chases were conducted in that country. I took especial care not to publish aloud to the people of the house that I was a native of the same country as these human brutes, who could get drunk before dinner, and call themselves gentlemen.

The following account of the cheapness of Ghent will doubtless make many stare, who do not bear in mind that our author was travelling as a foreigner and a poor man, and that he went to the humbler houses. At Antwerp, however, somewhat similar fare cost him two and a half francs *per diem*. At an English public-house he had paid four and a half francs for much worse treatment. One of his memorandums, indeed, is always to avoid an English inn. Another is, to breakfast on bread and butter and *café au lait*, with brandy if you are going to walk. He has tried every other kind of breakfast, and there is nothing like it. In giving the recipe, however, he has omitted the proportions; whence we infer that the brandy is *ad libitum*.

Ghent is, I should suppose, one of the cheapest and most plentiful places to live in on the Continent of Europe. One fact is better than many assertions. I shall give the history of a day in regard to the necessaries of eating, drinking, and accommodation for the night; and I state the cost that my readers may judge for themselves. In the morning from eight to ten, was breakfast. It consisted of *café au lait* and bread and butter. The coffee was set out on the table in a large brass jug—one of those vessels to be seen in every old Flemish picture; and the boiled milk in another of the same description. There might be about a gallon of the clarified fluid in the former, the other contained perhaps half that quantity. Three or four large cakes of a sweet brownish bread, each weighing about five or six pounds, were placed at irregular intervals down the long table, and about double the number of plates of exquisite Dutch butter intervened between them. The only rule observed at this meal was "cut and come again." It was the individual's own fault, had he the appetite of a famished wolf, if he did not satisfy it. The dinner, a much more imposing and important meal, succeeded at two o'clock. We sat down to table, a motley group, twenty-four in number, in a spacious and really handsome saloon. The dinner consisted of the following viands; first, hot soup and bread, which was tolerable. The fault of these people is that they only half make their soup, that they may eat the *bouillé* as a separate dish subsequently. Secondly, the *bouillé* with a delicious small greens, known, I believe, by the name of Brussels sprouts. The *bouillé* was eatable, inasmuch as the quality of the meat which composed it was excellent. Thirdly, slices of cold corned beef, of an exquisite flavour, with asparagus and butter sauce. Fourthly, large balls of forced meat, made principally, I believe, of veal, with a sweet sauce the composition of which I know not: excellent potatoes accompanied this course, which was altogether one that even an epicure might enjoy. Fifthly, roast veal, fillet and loin, with a fresh supply of Brussels sprouts, asparagus, and potatoes, and a fresh sauce. Sixthly, game: this was really delicious. Seventhly, a large tart and sweet cakes. Eightly, pears and apples. Ninthly, bread and cheese. A pint of capital beer was the allowance with this dinner.

We dined off a very handsome service of china; had the luxury of silver forks and spoons; and were well attended. The host headed the table, and helped every one abundantly. Supper at eight o'clock closed the day. It consisted of salad—an excellent salad it was; cold boiled beef sliced, with hot potatoes; veal ragout, and cutlets, with excellent gravy sauce; apples and pears; bread, butter and cheese. A pint of beer was the allowance at this meal also. I never saw a greater abundance of eatables than was served up on these occasions: twice the quantity consumed was removed from table at each meal; yet all the guests were young men, and most of them pedestrian travellers, both of which circumstances tend very much to sharpen the appetite and strengthen the digestive powers. I had a small room about ten feet square, with a large folding window, and a very good bed to myself. For all those I paid the sum of one franc and a half, somewhere about one shilling and twopence three farthings.

I did not soon leave Ghent, and when I did I left it with regret. Fourteen days was the period of my stay in that pleasant city.

We will finish our extracts from this agreeable miscellany of past and present, with a part of the account of the once wealthy and potent Bruges.

Bruges is about four miles and a half in compass, and has six principal gates or entrances. The streets, of which there are two hundred and sixty, are narrow and winding, and nine out of ten of them are as solitary as if they belonged to the petrified city in the Arabian tale. Innumerable bridges—over a hundred, I believe—cross the canals by which it is intersected in every direction. The only obvious remains of the once enormous wealth of Bruges at present, are its public edifices and a few private dwelling houses, which have withstood the destructive operation of three centuries. * *

This city is reckoned to contain forty thousand inhabitants; of which it is computed that upwards of sixteen thousand receive aid from the public charities. Yet, notwithstanding the enormous proportion of pauperism this exhibits, beggary, in the streets especially, is not often seen. In point of fact, the only beggars in Bruges are the few who frequent the church-doors; and these, though ragged and wretched-looking, are neither deformed nor squalid in their appearance. That there is still some remnant of the immense wealth once possessed by Bruges remaining, I need only present a sketch of the room in which I slept during my stay there, to prove. I have said that my lodging was at an auberge; I may add, that it was at a very poor and little-frequented one. Yet, in the large chamber in which I lay, the floor was of inlaid oak, the vast chimney-piece was of richly-sculptured black marble, the old tall polished walnut-tree presses were deeply and superbly carved in grotesque, and on their summits were ranges of the largest and most magnificent Dutch china jars I ever beheld,—treasures which would make the heart of many a noble dowager in May Fair to leap to be possessed of. A large crucifix hung over the fireplace; and four beds, in the oldest Flemish fashion, occupied the four corners of this spacious and I may almost say splendid apartment. It looked as if nothing had been altered in it since the sixteenth century.

From The Spectator.

A JOURNEY FROM LIMA TO PARA.

Narrative of a Journey from Lima to Para, across the Andes and down the Amazon; undertaken with a view of ascertaining the Practicability of a Navigable Communication with the Atlantic by the Rivers Pachitea, Ucayali, and Amazon. By Lieutenant W. Smyth and Mr. F. Lowe, late of H. M. S. Samarang. Murray.

The two grandest and most feasible projects that have hitherto occupied the attention of the world with respect to the ocean, is to connect the Mediterranean with the Red Sea by a canal across the Isthmus of Suez, and to join the Atlantic with the Pacific by cutting through the Isthmus of Darien. The *journey from Lima to Para* originated in a conception which, if realized, would be equally beneficial to commerce, and in the long run more so; whilst it possesses this advantage over both of the other plans, that Nature is to do the work and bear the charges.

If the reader looks at a map of South America, he will see at a glance the proximity of the Andes to the shores of the Pacific. He will also observe, that a branch of this magnificent mountain range runs down even to the sea-coast at Lima; the ground on which that city stands being more than 600 feet above its port. About a hundred miles from Lima by the road, (which diverges considerably, on account of winding round the bases of the mountains,) the height is 15,968 feet above the level of the sea, or several hundred feet higher than Mont Blanc. This branch of the Andes then declines gradually as it melts into the parent trunk; giving rise to numberless streams, most of which contribute to form the river Huallaga, that finally falls into the Amazon. At some distance below the town of Huanuco, the Huallaga may be said to be navigable; and thus a water communication with the Atlantic seems to be brought within little more than 200 miles of Lima. This, however, is only *seeming*, as the Huallaga is useless for practical purposes. If the river be navigable at all in the dry season, it is only so for canoes. To *ascend* it from the Amazon, would appear to be impossible. The descent is difficult and dangerous. from the numerous rapids and falls, the trees growing in the stream, the drift timber floating on its surface, and the "snags"—which are trees carried away by the floods, and, having caught the bottom, remain with their branches above the water. It is said, however, on the authority of a missionary, that, five days' journey southward from Huanuco, there is a port called Mayro on the banks of the Pachitea, which river "is very commodius for navigation." As the Acayali, into which it falls, is a considerable tributary of the Amazon, and is stated (on the same authority) to be navigable for "vessels of great draught" much above the junction with the Pachitea, there appears to be nothing wanting save a confirmation of the reverend Father's account, to render the Amazon the Mississippi of South America, and to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific by a river navigation, which should not only avoid the dangers and expense of a voyage round Cape Horn, but scatter the seeds of commerce and civilization through the richest and most fertile countries in the world. To test the practicability of this magnificent plan, was the purpose of Messrs. SMYTH's and LOWE's *journey from Lima to Para*. If a conjunction of unfavourable circumstances prevented them from fulfilling their mission, they are entitled to the credit of showing future adventurers how it may be accomplished, and to the merit of calling the attention of the world to a very important subject.

The idea of an expedition which should descend the rivers Pachitea and Ucayali to the junction of the latter with the Amazon, originated with Mr. JOHN THOMAS, an English resident at Lima; and having suggested the plan to Lieutenant W. SMYTH, during his sojourn at Callao on duty, that gentleman, with his shipmate Mr. LOWE, ardently embraced the proposal. His superior officers entered into the plan; our Consul rendered every assistance in his power; the Peruvian Government promised theirs, and even undertook to bear a part in the expedition. Their exertions were prompt enough as regarded the granting of passports and the appointment of officers who were to accompany Lieutenant SMYTH and Mr. LOWE; but when pressed after many delays, to facilitate the departure of the mission, it was candidly acknowledged that the treasury had no funds. Our countrymen, however, determined to undertake the journey with their own means and some assistance furnished by the British residents in Lima: and started alone, leaving their Peruvian colleagues to follow, if they could get from their Government " the money necessary to enable them to move." After a short time, two months' pay was advanced; and with this scanty supply, and an order to the different Governors on their road to " forward" the party, the officers overtook Messrs. SMYTH and LOWE. The first great point of their journey was Huanuco; to which city, as it is called, the road presented no further obstacles than are to be found in all mountain regions which science has never improved: but the pecuniary and moral obstacles of the expedition soon developed themselves. The Governors scrupled to furnish the number of soldiers and the supplies demanded; the natives, who were to serve as porters and guides, discovered great unwillingness to act, from a terror of cannibals and bad omens; the commander of the expedition seems to have been indifferent, and he moreover fell sick at an unfortunate crisis; whilst it was afterwards discovered that the principal inhabitants of a district, fancying they might be injured by the diversion of the traffic from its present route, spread all kinds of mischievous reports. In despite of these obstacles, however, the expedition started from Huanuco; and, after a succession of hardships from weather, way, and exposure, that call to mind the difficulties of the early Spanish conquerors of America, reached Pozuzu, once a town, now consisting of a single hut, on the river of that name. This point was but two days' journey from Mayro, the basis of their journey of discovery. Once across the stream, the adventurers had the means of advancing or retiring, entirely in their own power; for their attendants would have had nowhere to run to but the mouths of the Cashibos. They set to work in high spirits; timber was felled and prepared for a raft; the Pezuzu would be crossed in the morning; but the Indians decamped in the night. To attempt pursuing them, would have been absurd; to proceed without them, impossible; and there was nothing left but to retrace their steps as they could.

But neither the Peruvian nor the English officers were disposed to abandon the plan whilst there was a chance of success. Leaving their leader to return to Lima, they themselves determined to descend the Huallaga in the canoes of the country; make their way across the Pampa del Sacramento to the mission of Sarayacu on the Ucayali, the Padre of which is the missionary formerly alluded to; and then ascend against the current to Mayro, instead of descending with it from that place. In executing this intention, considerable hardships must have been undergone. Confinement for a month in a small, crowded, over-laden canoe, with a constant wetting from rains or river water, and the necessity of frequently making way through the morass or the forest on the banks of the stream, whilst the Indians were passing the boat down the rapids, would be deadly work to many a member of the Traveller's Club. In addition to this, our adventurers had almost every night to sleep upon the ground, and wait whilst the hut was built, if they had one to cover them: they were tormented by insects, deprived of all the comforts of civilized food; and on quitting the river, were obliged to make their way through the Indian pathways of a tropical forest in the rainy season. Yet we hear little of this except indirectly, and nothing in the way of complaint: youth and naval service, we suppose, had accustomed our countrymen to casualties, and the Peruvians were to the manner born.

On meeting Padre PLAZA, the explorers were received with much hospitality. The worthy Father offered every assistance in his power, even to accompany the expedition, and rejoiced in the probable accomplishment of the early dream of his youth. One only doubt remained, and that concerned the needful—or, in the Father's own words, " the sufficiency of the effects they had brought." This was not long undecided. Arriving at the mission, "the effects" were spread before Padre PLAZA. He was told to barter every thing the adventurers possessed, except what was enough, in his opinion, to carry one party back to Lima and the other party forward to the sea-board of the Atlantic. After a minute examination, the arbitrator decided that there were not means enough to pay for the provisions required, let alone the necessary wages of the Indians, a large escort of whom was indispensable to guard the banks of the rivers as the travellers advanced. In vain did they adjure the Padre, by the position he was occupying in the eyes of Peru, and that which, if successful, he would fill in those of posterity: in vain did they point out to him the benefits that would secure to Peruvian commerce, and to his own station, if the enterprise succeeded. The most passionate pleadings could not induce him to advance fifty pounds (if he had it?) on the faith of being repaid by a remittance from the first place our countrymen arrived at where a bill could be cashed: and as for the Indians, they never give credit. To be brief, the attempt was reluctantly abandoned.

Nothing now remained but to get home. And, after living with the Padre for a month, Messrs SMYTH and LOWE departed, in one of his large canoes, for San Pablo, on the Amazon, leaving their companions to return to Lima. At San Pablo they purchased another boat, and thence descended the main stream of the mightiest of rivers, until it became too like a sea for their frail bark, when they drifted as much as possible through the smaller channels formed by the islands. They arrived safely at the sea-port of Para, on the 29th of May 1835; having occupied eight months and ten days in their journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic. In the course of it they collected much (although general) information respecting countries and tribes of which we know nothing; in despite of numerous drawbacks, they have added to geographical knowledge by their observations of the bearings of places; they have explored the river Ucayali to a considerable distance, and are the first Englishmen who ever floated on its waters. Finally, little as we now think of them, they have inseparably connected their names with a commercial route which in future ages will be one of the greatest trading highways in the world.

After this, it will be needless to say that the characters and adventures of the authors are of more consequence than the book; which derives its interest from the importance of the view the expedition was undertaken to test, the zeal with which the adventure was persevered in, and the things observed or the facts collected during its progress. All claim to literary merit is eschewed, and might readily be dispensed with. But there is no occasion for apology on this score. The volume is what it ought to be—a plain, characteristic, unaffected narrative of strange scenes in strange countries. Lieutenant SMYTH, too, can use his pencil as well as his pen. A number of lithographic sketches are interspersed throughout the book, which really illustrate the text. Two very excellent maps of the course of the travellers are also affixed to the volume.

We will extract a description of Cerro Pasco, the centre of the richest mineral district in Peru. It teaches us, by the way, that wealth, like religion, may be of little use to those who distribute it from its original sources.

> We arrived in cold rain, and our first impression of it was by no means favourable: it being Sunday, the people were paddling about the muddy streets dressed in all the colours of the rainbow. We passed in single file, making no small splash, and the wondering Indians gazed at us in silence. Dr. Valdizan conducted us to an unoccupied house belonging to his brother, whose kindness and hospitality to us were most liberal.
>
> The town, on entering it, much resembles many of the villages in South Wales; that is to say, it is irregularly built on very uneven ground, rising in hills broken and bare; the houses are white-washed, and some of them, besides the door, have a small glazed window; the better sort have fire places, for which luxury they are indebted to our countrymen, for before their arrival they only used "braseros," or pans containing heated coals. In some of the houses they have an idle and dirty plan of having a hole with a trap-door where the hearth should be, for the reception of coals: this is quite in accordance with the natural indolence of the country, for the labour of bringing in a box of coals two or three times a day would be too severe a service for them to perform.
>
> Cerro Pasco is divided into three districts—Cheupimarca, Yanacancha, and Santa Rosa; each of these has its church and priest. The population fluctuates according to the state of the mines; for when a productive mine is discovered, the Indians flock in from the country round to work at it: the average number may be taken at from 12,000 to 16,000. There are two squares: the principal one is called Cheupimarca, the other is called the Square of Commerce, where the market is held, which is well supplied with meat, fruit and vegetables, from all the country round for many leagues. In the square of Cheupimarca is the cathedral, a building much like an English barn in its exterior, except that the latter would be built with more architectural regularity. The inside is little better than the out, and is adorned with a few gilded saints. The streets are dirty and irregular, and run in every direction: the suburbs are nothing more than a confused collection of dirty-looking mud cottages, which are hastily erected when required for the convenience

of the miners, near any new mine that is opened, whilst those that are near a mine that has done working are deserted; consequently the town is constantly altering its form. The mouths of the mines are frequently in the middle of the streets, which makes walking at night very dangerous, as there is no barricade or light hung near them. They are sometimes enclosed in the courts and yards of houses; in the house we occupied there was one turned to a very ignoble purpose.

The weather during our stay was very wet, and the quantity of mud in every part of the town incredible: the inhabitants are obliged to wear wooden clogs, the soles of which are nearly three inches thick; without them some places would be impassable.

The miners of the three districts are in perpetual hostility to each other, and on the day following a festival they frequently assemble on the top of a hill and fight with sticks and stones: it seldom happens that their affrays take place without loss of life. One of these engagements we witnessed, in which, during three or four hours, stones were slung by each party at the other; but what mischief was done we were not near enough to see, but were informed that, after it ended, a poor woman belonging to one of the parties engaged, having to pass through the district of the opposite party, was brutally treated, and afterwards murdered. The government has but few soldiers; and the garrison, at the time of our visit, did not consist of more than twenty-three men; they therefore have not the power to put down these riots, which sometimes extend into the town, and oblige the inhabitants to shut their doors, no one daring to appear in the streets while they rage. If any attempt is made to check these brutal proceedings, both sides immediately unite, and defy the power of the government: the hands of justice being too weak to interfere, the most horrid and barbarous murders escape investigation, and the offenders are never sought after.

There seems to be little society; indeed the difficulty of going from one house to another prevents it, as the streets are impassable for any description of vehicle, and, from their dirty state, walking is any thing but pleasant. We found that the elevation of this place produced a difficulty of breathing, particularly in ascending, which created an unpleasant tightness across the chest; of this all new comers are very sensible, and it is only after a residence of some time that the lungs become accustomed to the rare state of the atmosphere. We were informed that water boils here at 92 degrees Farenheit, and we had proof that its power of scalding is very weak. Coal of all description is found in abundance a short distance from the town: we were told by an English resident that provisions were very dear. The Quichua language is generally spoken by the miners and lower orders, few of whom know Spanish.

A natural curiosity will be felt by many as to the practicability of opening up a river navigation of the vicinity of Lima. From the embouchure of the Amazon to the mission of Sarayacu, the expedition of our travellers has settled the question in the affirmative. Not only did they pass by water between these two points, but they conceive that "that the Maranon (Amazon) and most of the rivers which fall into it are as well calculated for steam navigation as any waters in the world; and there is an inexhaustible store of fuel growing on the banks of all of them." As regards the navigability of the unsurveyed parts of the Ucayali and the Pachitea, what evidence exists is decidedly in its favour; but it is desirable, both in a scientific and commercial point of view, to have the fact ascertained. If order be once established in Peru, this will doubtless be soon settled. Or it might be done more quickly from the Atlantic. We see thousands daily squandered upon the most silly or worthless of objects: if any gentleman has money he is at a loss what to do with, let him purchase a steamer adapted to the trip, procure the permission of the Brazilian authorities, and despatch Messrs. Smyth and Lowe to finish the undertaking they have so enterprisingly begun. It is not often that so cheap an opportunity occurs of achieving such permanent fame as must accrue to the introducer of steam navigation on the greatest of rivers.

Good Humour.—When Foote imitated Sir William Browne, President of the College of Physicians, that gentleman wrote the mimic a complimentary note, saying that his representation was perfect, but that he had forgotten to wear "a muff," and begging his acceptance of one. When Mr. Turnour imitated Yates in a Covent Garden pantomime, some two years since, Mr. Yates, observing that the hat he (Turnour) wore was not characteristic, sent him his own.

Uncertainty of Success.—The "Agreeable Surprise," which, in 1781, 1782, and 1783, drew thousands to the Haymarket, had been damned in Dublin in 1776, under the title of the "Secret Enlarged." The "Castle of Andalusia," by the same author, and for many years one of our most popular operas, shared a similar fate at Covent Garden on its first introduction as "The Banditta," in 1781.

A Remarkable Bolster.—An American writer, in describing the last scene of "Othello," has this exquisite passage:—"Upon which the Moor, seizing *a bolster, full of rage and jealousy,* smothers her."

An actor asking earnestly as to Kean's success in New York, put questions as to how he was received, and whether, at the end of the first soliloquy, there were any vehement demonstration of delight? "Tell me," said he, "did Kean go off with *eclat?*" "Oh, no!" was the reply; "as usual, at the first entrance o. p."

SNARLEYYOW; OR THE DOG FIEND.

BY CAPT. MARRYATT.

CHAPTER XIII.

In which the ship's company join in a chorus, and the corporal goes on a cruise.

Mr. Vanslyperken in his cabin, with Snarleyyow at his side, sitting upon his haunches, and looking in his master's face, which wears an air of anxiety and discomfiture; the fact is, that Mr. Vanslyperken is any thing but content; he is angry with the widow, with the ship's company, with the dog, and with himself; but his anger towards the dog is softened, for he feels that, if any thing in this world loves him, it is the dog—not that his affection is great, but as much as the dog's nature will permit; and, at all events, if the animal's attachment to him is not very strong, still he is certain that Snarleyyow hates every body else. It is astonishing how powerful is the feeling that is derived from habit and association. Now that the life of his cur was demanded by one, and, as he was aware, was sought for by many, Vanslyperken put a value upon him that was extraordinary. Snarleyyow had become a precious jewel in the eyes of his master, and what he suffered in anxiety and disappointment from the perverse disposition of the animal, only endeared him the more. "Yes, my poor dog," apostrophised the lieutenant, "they would seek your life—nay, that hard-hearted woman demands that you should be laid dead at her porch. All conspire against you, but be not afraid, my dog, your master will protect you against all.

Vanslyperken patted the animal on the head, which was not a little swelled from the blows received from the broom of Babette, and Snarleyyow rubbed his nose against his master's trowsers, and then raised himself up, by putting his paw upon his master's knee. This brought the dog's head more to the light, and Vanslyperken observed that one eye was swelled and closed. He examined it, and to his horror found that it had been beaten out by the broom of Babette. There was no doubt of it, and Mr. Vanslyperken's choler was extreme. "Now, may all the curses of ophthalmia seize the faggot," cried the lieutenant, "I wish I had her here. My poor, poor dog!" and Vanslyperken kissed the os frontis of the cur, and what perhaps had never occurred since childhood, and what nothing else could have brought about, Mr. Vanslyperken *wept*—actually wept over an animal, which was not, from any qualification he possessed, worth the charges of the cord which would have hanged him. Surely the affections have sometimes a bent towards insanity.

After a short time the lieutenant rang his bell, and ordered some warm water, to bathe the dog's eye. Corporal Van Spitter, as Small-bones was in his hammock, answered the summons, and when he returned aft with the water, he made known to Mr. Vanslyperken the mutinous expressions of Jemmy Ducks. The lieutenant's small eye twinkled with satisfaction. "Damned the Admiral, did he—which one was it—Portsmouth or Plymouth?"

This Corporal Van Spitter could not tell; but it was certain that Jemmy had damned his superior officer; "and moreover," continued the corporal, "he damned me." Now Mr. Vanslyperken had a great hatred against Jemmy Ducks, because he amused the ship's company, and he never could forgive any one who made people happy; moreover, he wanted some object to visit his wrath upon, so he asked a few more questions, and then dismissed the corporal, put on his tarpaulin hat, put his speaking trumpet under his arm, and went on deck, directing the corporal to appoint one of the marines to continue to bathe the eye of his favourite.

Mr. Vanslyperken looked at the dog-vane, and perceived that the wind was foul for sailing, and moreover, it would be dark in two hours, so he determined upon not starting till the next morning, and then he thought that he would punish Jemmy Ducks; but the question occurred to him whether he could do so or not. Was James Salisbury a boatswain by right, or not? He received only the pay of a boatswain's mate, but he was styled boatswain on the books. It was a nice point, and the balance was even. Mr. Vanslyperken's own wishes turned the scale, and he resolved to flog Jemmy Ducks if he could. We say, if he could, for as, at that time, tyrannical oppression on the part of the superiors was winked at, and no complaints were listened to by the Admiralty, insubordination, which was the natural result, was equally difficult to get over; and although on board of the larger vessels, the strong arm of power was certain to conquer, it was not always the case in the smaller, where the superiors were not in sufficient force, or backed by a numerous party of soldiers or marines, for there was then little difference between the two services. Mr. Vanslyperken had had more than one mutiny on board of the vessels which he had commanded, and, in one instance, his whole ship's company had taken the boats and gone on shore, leaving him by himself in the vessel, preferring to lose the pay due to them, than to remain longer on board. They joined other ships in the service, and no notice was taken of their conduct by the authorities. Such was the state of half discipline at the period we speak of in the service of the king. The ships were, in every other point, equally badly fitted out and manned; peculation of every kind was carried to excess, and those who were in command thought more of their own interest than of any thing else. Ships' stores and provisions were constantly sold, and the want of the former was frequently the occasion of the loss of the vessel, and the sacrifice of the whole crew. Such maladministration is said to be the case even now in some of the continental navies. It is not until a long series of years have elapsed, that such regulations and arrangements as are at present so economically and beneficially administered to our navy, can be fully established.

Having settled the point so far, Mr. Vanslyperken then proceeded to debate in his own mind, whether he should flog Jemmy in harbour, or after he had sailed; and feeling that if there was any serious disturbance on the part of the men, they might quit the vessel if in harbour, he decided that he would wait until he had them in blue water. His thoughts then reverted to the widow, and, as he turned and turned again, he clenched his fists in his great coat pockets, and was heard by those near him to grind his teeth.

In the mean time, the news had been imparted by the marine, who came up into the gallery for more warm water, that the dog had had one of his eyes put out, and it was strange the satisfaction which this intelligence appeared to give to the ship's company. It was passed round like wildfire, and, when communicated, a beam of pleasure was soon apparent throughout the whole cutter, and for this simple reason, that the accident removed the fear arising from the supposition of the dog being supernatural, for the men argued, and with some reason, that if you could put out his eye, you could kill him altogether; for if you could destroy a part, you could destroy the whole. No one ever heard of the devil's eye being put out—*ergo*, the dog could not be a devil, or one of his imps: so argued a knot of the men in conclave, and Jansen wound up by observing, "Dat de tog was only a tog after all."

Vanslyperken returned to his cabin and stated his intentions to his fac totum and confidant, Corporal Van Spitter. Now, in this instance, the corporal did not adhere to *that secrecy* to which he was bound, and the only reason we can give is, that he had as great a dislike to Jemmy Ducks as his lieutenant—for the corporal obeyed orders so exactly, that he considered it his duty not to have even an opinion or a feeling contrary to those of his superior officer. He was delighted at the idea of flogging Jemmy, and communicated the lieutenant's intention to the most favoured of his marines, who also told the secret to another, and thus in five minutes, it was known throughout the cutter, that as soon as they were in blue water, the little boatswain was to be tied up for having damned the admiral in a snow storm. The consequence was, as the evening was clear, that there was a very numerous assemblage upon the forecastle of the cutter Yungfrau.

"Flog Jemmy," said Bill Spurey. "Why, Jemmy's a hofficer."

"To be sure he is," observed another; "and quite as good a one as Vanslyperken himself, though he don't wear the brass on his hat."

"D—n it—what next—heh, Coble?"

Coble hitched up his trowsers. "It's my opinion he'll be for flogging *us* next, Short," said the old man.

"Yes," replied Short.

"Shall we allow Jemmy to be flogged?"

"No," replied Short.

"If it warn't for them ere marines, and the lumpy beggar of a corporal," observed one of the seamen.

"Pish," quoth Jemmy, who was standing among them.

"Won't he make it out mutiny?" observed Spurey.

"Mein Gott! it was mutiny to flog the officer," said Jansen.

"That's very true," observed another.

"But Jemmy can't stand against the fat corporal and the six marines," observed Bill Spurey.

"One up and t'other down, I'll take them all," observed Jemmy, expanding his chest.

"Yes, but they'll all be down upon you at once, Jemmy."

"If they lay their hands upon an officer," observed Coble, "it will be mutiny; and then Jemmy calls in the ship's company to protect him," said Coble.

"Exactly," observed Jemmy.

"And den, mein Gott, I zettle for de corporal," observed Jansen.

"I'll play him a trick yet."

"But now, it's no use palavering," observed Spurey; "let's come to some settlement. Obadiah, give us your opinion as to what's best to be done."

Hereupon Coble squirted out a modicum

of 'baccy juice, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and said, "It's my opinion, that the best way of getting one man out of a scrape, is to get all the rest in it. Jemmy, d'ye see, is to be hauled up, for singing an old song, in which a wench very properly damns the admiral for sending a ship out on a Christmas Day, which, let alone the unchristian-like act, as you may know, my lads, always turns up on a Friday, a day on which nothing but being blown out from your anchors can warrant any vessel sailing on. Now, d'ye see, it may be mutiny to damn a live admiral, with his flag hoisted—I won't say but what it is—but this here admiral as Jemmy damned, is no more alive than a stock fish; and, moreover, it is not Jemmy as damns him, but Poll; therefore it can be no mutiny. Now, what I consider best is this, if so be it be against the articles—well, then, let's all be in for it together, and then Vanslyperken will be puzzled, and, moreover, it will give him a hint how matters stand, and he may think better of it; for although we must not have Jemmy touched, still it's quite as well not to have a regular breeze with the jollies; for if so be that the Scarborough, or any other king's ship, be in port when we arrive, Vanslyperken may run under the guns, and then whip the whole boiling of us off to the Ingies, and glad to get us, too, and that's no joke. Now, that's my idea of the matter."

"Well, but you've not told us how we are all to get into it, Coble."

"More I have—well, that's funny; left out the whole burden of my song. Why, I consider that we had better now directly sing the song over again, all in chorus, and then we shall have damned the admiral a dozen times over; and Vanslyperken will hear us and say to himself, 'They don't sing that song for nothing.' What do you say, Dick Short, you're first hofficer?"

"Yes," replied Short.

"Hurrah, my lads, then," cried Bill Spurrey; "now then, strike up, Jemmy, and let us give it lots of mouth."

The song which our readers have already heard from the lips of Jemmy Ducks, was then sung by the whole of the men, *con animo e strepito*, and two verses had been roared out, when Corporal Van Spitter in great agitation presented himself at the cabin-door, where he found Mr. Vanslyperken very busy summing up his accounts.

"Mein Gott, sar! dere is de mutiny in de Yungfrau," cried the corporal.

"Mutiny," cried Vanslyperken, catching at his sword, which hung up on the bulkhead.

"Yaw, mynheer—de mutiny—hear now de ship's company."

Vanslyperken lent his ears, when the astounding chorus came rolling aft through the door of the cabin.

"I'll give you a bit of my mind, old Hunks,
Port admiral—you be d——d."

"Bow, wow, wow," barked Snarleyyow.

"Why, it's the whole ship's company!" cried Vanslyperken.

"All but the Corporal Vanspitter, and de six marines," replied the corporal, raising his hand up to his head *à la militaire*.

"Shut the door, corporal. This is indeed mutiny and defiance," cried Vanslyperken, jumping up from his chair.

"It is von tyfel of a song," replied the corporal.

"I must find out the ringleaders, corporal; do you think that you could contrive to overhear what they say after the song is over; they will be consulting together, and we might find out something."

"Mynheer, I'm not very small for to creep in and listen," replied the corporal, casting his eyes down upon his huge carcase.

"Are they all forward?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Yes, mynheer—not one soul baft."

"There is the small boat astern; do you think you could get softly into it, haul it up to the bows, and lie there quite still? You would then hear what they said, without their thinking of it, now that it is dark?"

"I will try, mynheer," replied the corporal, who quitted the cabin.

But there were others who condescended to listen as well as the corporal, and in this instance, every word which had passed, had been overheard by Smallbones, who had been for some hours out of his hammock. When the corporal's hand touched the lock of the door, Smallbones made a hasty retreat.

Corporal Van Spitter went on the quarter-deck, which he found vacant; he hauled up the boat to the counter, and by degrees lowered into it his unwieldy carcase, which almost swamped the little conveyance. He then waited a little, and with difficulty forced the boat up against the strong flood tide that was running, till at last he gained the chesstree of the cutter, when he shortened in the painter, (or rope that held the boat,) made it fast to a ring-bolt without being perceived, and there he lay concealed, not daring to move, for fear of making a noise.

Smallbones had, however, watched him

carefully, and as the corporal sat in the middle thwart, with his face turned aft, catching but imperfectly the conversation of the men, the lad separated the painter with a sharp knife, and at the same time dropping his foot down, gave the bow of the boat a shove off, which made it round with the stream. The tide was then running five or six miles an hour, and before the corporal, in the utter darkness, could make out what had occurred, or raise his heavy carcase to assist him, he was whirled away by the current clear of the vessel, and soon disappeared from the sight of Smallbones, who was watching his progress.

It is true that the corporal shouted for assistance when he found himself astern, and also that he was heard by the men, but Smallbones had leaped among them, and in a few words told them what he had done, so, of course, they took no notice, but rubbed their hands with delight at the idea of the corporal being adrift like a bear in a washing-tub, and they all prayed for a gale of wind to come on that he might be swamped, and most of them remained on deck to hear what Mr. Vanslyperken would say and do when the corporal's absence was discovered. Mr. Vanslyperken remained nearly two hours without sending for the corporal; at last, surprised at not seeing him return, he went on deck. The men on the forecastle perceiving this, immediately disappeared gently down the fore-hatchway. Mr. Vanslyperken walked forward and found that every one was, as he supposed, either in bed or below, for in harbour the corporal kept one of the watches, and this night it was his first watch. Vanslyperken looked over the side all round the cutter, and could see no boat and no Corporal Vanspitter, and it immediately occurred to him that the corporal must have gone adrift, and he was very much puzzled how to act. It would be flood tide for two hours more, and then the whole ebb would run before it was daylight. Corporal Vanspitter would traverse the whole Zuyder Zee before they might find him. Unless he had the fortune to be picked up by some small craft, he might perish with cold and hunger. He could not sail without him; for what could he do without Corporal Vanspitter, his protection, his factotum, his distributer of provisions, &c. The loss was irreparable, and Mr. Vanslyperken, when he thought of the loss of the widow's favour and the loss of his favourite, acknowledged with bitterness that his star was not in the ascendant. After some reflection, Mr. Vanslyperken thought that as nothing could be gained by making the fact known, the wisest thing that he could do was to go bed and say nothing about it, leaving the whole of the ulterior proceedings until the loss of the boat should be reported to him in the morning. Having arranged this in his mind, Mr. Vanslyperken took two or three turns more, and then went down and turned in.

CHAPTER XIV.

In which some new characters appear on the stage, although the Corporal is not to be heard of.

The loss of the boat was reported by Obadiah Coble at daylight, and Mr. Vanslyperken immediately went on deck with his spy-glass to ascertain if he could distinguish the corporal coming down with the last of the ebb-tide, but he was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Vanslyperken went to the mast-head and surveyed in every direction, but he could neither see anything like the boat or Corporal Vanspitter. His anxiety betrayed to the men that he was a party to the corporal's proceedings, and they whispered among themselves. At last Mr. Vanslyperken came down on deck, and desired Corporal Vanspitter to be sent to him. Of course it was soon reported to him that Corporal Vanspitter was nowhere to be found, and Mr. Vanslyperken pretended to be much astonished. As the lieutenant took it for granted that the boat had been swept out of the ebb, he determined to get under weigh in pursuance of his orders, pick up the corporal if he could find him, and then proceed to Portsmouth, which was the port of his destination. Smallbones attended his master, and was so unusually active that the suspicious Mr. Vanslyperken immediately decided that he had had a finger in the business; but he took no notice, resolving in his own mind that Smallbones should some day or another be adrift himself as the corporal was, but with this difference, that there should be no search made after him. As soon as the men had finished their breakfasts, the cutter was got under weigh and proceeded to sea. During the whole day Vanslyperken cruised in the Zuyder Zee looking for the boat, but without success, and at last he unwillingly shaped his course for England much puzzled and perplexed, as now he had no one to act as his steward to whom he could confide or by whose arrangements he could continue to defraud the ship's company; and, farther, he was obliged to put off for the present all idea of punishing Jemmy Ducks, for without the corporal, the marines were afraid to move a step in defiance of the ship's company. The consequence was, that the three days that they were at sea Mr. Vanslyperken confined himself altogether to his cabin, for he was not without some fears for his own safety. On his arrival at Portsmouth, he delivered his letters to the admiral, and received orders to return to his cruising ground after the smugglers as soon as he had replaced his lost boat.

We have observed that Mr. Vanslyperken had no relations on this side of the water; but in saying that, we referred to the epoch that he was in the service previous to the accession of King William. Since that and about a year from the time we are now writing about, he had brought over his mother, whom he had not till the peace seen for years, and had established her in a small apartment in that part of the town now known by the name of the Halfway Houses. The old woman lived upon a small pension by the Dutch court, having been employed for many years in a subordinate capacity in the king's household. She was said to have once been handsome, and when young prodigal of her favours; at present she was a palsied old woman, bent double with age and infirmity, but with all her faculties as complete as if she was in her prime. Nothing could escape her little twinkling bloodshot eyes or her acute ear; she could scarcely hobble fifty yards, but she kept no servant to assist her, for, like her son, she was avaricious in the extreme. What crime she had committed was not known, but that something lay heavy on her conscience was certain; but if there was guilt, there was no repentance, only fear of future punishment. Cornelius Vanslyperken was her only living child: she had been twice married. The old woman did not appear to be very fond of him, although she treated him still as a child, and executed her parental authority as if he were still in petticoats. Her coming over was a sort of mutual convenience. She had saved money, and Vanslyperken wished to secure that, and also have a home and a person to whom he could trust, and she was so abhorred, and the reports against her so shocking where she resided, that she was glad to leave a place where every one, as she passed, would get out of her way, as if to avoid contamination. Yet these reports were vague, although hinting at some horrid and appalling crimes. No one knew what they exactly were, for the old woman had outlived her contemporaries, and the tradition was imperfect, but she had been handed down to the next generation as one to be avoided as a basilisk.

It was to his mother's abode, one room on the second floor, to which Mr. Vanslyperken proceeded as soon as he had taken the necessary steps for the replacing of the boat. As he ascended the stairs the quick ear of the old woman heard his footstep, and recognised it. It must be observed, that all the conversation between Vanslyperken and his mother was carried on in Dutch, of which we, of course, give the translation.

"There you come, Cornelius Vanslyperken; I hear you, and by your hurried tread you are vexed. Well, why should you not be vexed as well as your mother in this world of devils?"

This was a soliloquy of the old woman's before that Vanslyperken had entered the room, where he found his mother sitting over a few cinders half ignited in a very small grate: Parsimony would not allow her to use more fuel, although her limbs trembled as much from cold as palsy; her nose and chin nearly met, her lips were like old scars, and of an ashy white, and her sunken hollow mouth reminded you of a small deep, dark sepulchre; teeth she had none.

"How fare you, mother?" said Vanslyperken, on entering the room.

"I'm alive."

"And long may you live, dear mother."

"Ah," replied the woman, as if doubting.

"I am here but for a short time," continued Vanslyperken.

"Well, child, so much the better; when on board you save money, on shore you must spend some. Have you brought any with you?"

"I have, mother, which I must leave to your care."

"Give it me then."

Vanslyperken pulled out a bag and laid it on the lap of his mother, whose trembling hands counted it over.

"Gold, and good gold—while you live, my child, part not with gold. I'll not die yet—no, no, the devils may pull at me, and grin at me, but I'm not their's yet."

Here the old woman paused, and rocked herself in her chair.

"Cornelius, lock this money up and give me the key:—there now, that is safe, you may talk, if you please, child, I can hear well enough."

Vanslyperken obeyed; he mentioned all the events of the last cruise, and his feelings against the widow, Smallbones, and Jemmy Ducks. The old woman never interrupted him, but sat with her arms folded up in her apron.

"Just so, just so," said she at last, when he had done speaking; "I felt the same, but then you have not the soul to act as I did. I could do it, but you—you are a coward; no one dared cross my path, or if they did—ah, well, that's years ago, and I'm not dead yet."

All this was muttered by the old woman in a sort of half soliloquy; she paused and continued, "Better leave the boy alone,—get nothing by it;—the woman—there's work there, for there's money."

"But she refuses, mother, if I do not destroy the dog."

"Refuses—ah, well—let me see:—can't you ruin her character, blast her reputation; she is yours and her money too;—then, then—there will be money and revenge—both good;—but money—no—yes, money's best. The dog must live to gnaw the Jezebel—gnaw her bones—but you, you are a coward—you dare do nothing."

"What do I fear, mother?"

"Man—the gallows, and death. I fear the last, but I shall not die yet:—no, no, I *will* live—I will *not* die. Ay, the corporal—lost in Zuyder Zee—dead men tell no tales; and he could tell many of you, my child. Let the fish fatten on him."

"I cannot do without him, mother."

"A hundred thousand devils!" exclaimed the old mother, "that I should have suffered such throes for a craven. Cornelius Vanslyperken, you are not like your mother:—your father, indeed——"

"Who was my father?"

"Silence, child,—there, go away—I wish to be alone with memory."

Vanslyperken, who knew that resistance or remonstrance would be useless, and only lead to bitter cursing and imprecation on the part of the old woman, rose and walked back to the sallyport, where he slipped into his boat and pulled on board of the Yungfrau, which lay at anchor in the harbour about a cable's length from the shore.

"Here he comes," cried a tall bony woman, with nothing on her head but a cap with green faded ribbons, who was standing on the forecastle of the cutter. "Here he comes;—he, the willain, as would have flogged my Jemmy." This was the wife of Jemmy Ducks, who lived at Portsmouth, and who, having heard what had taken place, vowed revenge.

"Silence, Moggy," said Jemmy, who was standing by her.

"Yes, I'll hold my tongue till the time comes, and then I'll sarve him out, the cheating wagabond."

"Silence, Moggy."

"And as for that peaching old Corporal Blubber, I'll *Won Spitter* him if ever he turns up again to blow the gaff against my own dear Jemmy."

"Silence, Moggy—there's rowed of all, and a marine at your elbow."

"Let him take that for his trouble," cried Moggy, turning round, and delivering a swinging box of the ear upon the astonished marine, who not liking to encounter such an Amazon, made a hasty retreat down the fore-hatchway.

"So there you are, are you?" continued Moggy, as Vanslyperken stepped on the deck.

"Silence, Moggy."

"You, that would flog my own dear darling duck—my own Jemmy."

"Silence, Moggy, will you?" said Jemmy Ducks, in an angry tone, "or I'll smash your peepers."

"You must climb on the gun to reach them, my little man," replied his wife. "Well, the more I hold my tongue now, the more for him when I gets hold on him. Oh! he's gone to his cabin, has he, to kiss his Snarleyyow;—I'll make *smallbones* of that beast afore I'm done with him. Flog my Jemmy—my own dear darling Jemmy—a nasty lean——?"

"Go down below, Moggy," said Jemmy Ducks, pushing her towards the hatchway.

"Snivelling, great coated——"

"Go below," continued Jemmy, shoving her.

"Ferret-eyed, razor-nosed——"

"Go down below, will you?" cried Jemmy, pushing her near to the hatchway.

"Herring-gutted, bare-poled——"

"Confound it, go below."

"Cheating rip of a wagabond! Lord, Jemmy, if you a'nt a shoved me down the hatchway! Well, never mind, my darling, let's go to supper," and Moggy caught hold of her husband as she was going down, and with surprising strength lifted him off his legs and carried him down in her arms as she would have done a child, much to the amusement of the men who were standing on the forecastle.

When it was dusk, a boat dropped alongside of the cutter, and a man stepped out of it on the deck, when he was met by Obadiah Coble, who asked him, "What's your pleasure?"

"I must speak with the commander of this vessel directly."

"Wait a moment, and I'll tell him what you say," replied Coble, who reported the message to Mr. Vanslyperken.

"What sort of a person is he?" demanded the lieutenant.

"Oh, I don't know,—sort of half-bred, long-shore chap—looks something between a bumbailey and a bumboatman."

"Well, you may show him down."

The man, who shortly after entered the cabin, was a shore, paunchy little fellow, with a red waistcoat, knee breeches, and round jacket of green cloth. His face was covered with carbuncles, some of them so large that his small pug nose was nothing more in appearance than a larger blotch than the others. His eyes were small and keen, and his whiskers of a deep red. As soon as he entered the cabin, he very deliberately locked the door after him.

"Nothing like making sure," observed he.

"Why, what the devil do you want?" exclaimed Vanslyperken, rather alarmed, while Snarleyyow walked round and round the thick calves of the man's legs, growling, and in more than two minds to have a bite through his blue worsted stockings; and the peculiar obliquity with which he carried his head, now that he surveyed with only one eye, was by no means satisfactory.

"Take your cur away, and let us proceed to business, for there is no time to lose," said the man coolly, taking a chair. "Now there can be no eaves dropping, I trust, for my life may be forfeited, if I'm discovered."

"I cannot understand a word of all this," replied Vanslyperken, much surprised.

"In few words, do you want to put some five thousand pounds in your pocket?"

At this question Vanslyperken became attentive. He beat off the dog, and took a chair by the side of the stranger.

"Ah! interest will always bring civility; so now to the point. You command this cutter, do you not?"

"I do," replied Vanslyperken.

"Well, you are about to cruise after the smugglers?"

"Yes."

"I can give information of a cargo to be landed on a certain night worth ten thousand pounds or more."

"Indeed," replied Vanslyperken.

"Yes, and put your boats in such a position that they must seize the whole."

"I'm very much obliged to you. Will you take something, sir, any scheedam?" said Vanslyperken, unlocking one of his cupboards, and producing a large stone bottle, and a couple of glasses, which he filled.

"This is very good stuff," observed the man; "I'll trouble you for another glass."

This was one more than Mr. Vanslyperken intended; but on second thoughts, it would make his new acquaintance more communicative, so another was filled, and as soon as it was filled, it was emptied.

"Capital stuff!" said he of the rubicond face, shoving his glass towards Vanslyperken, by way of hint; but the lieutenant would not take the hint, as his new guest had already swallowed as much as lasted himself for a week.

"But now," observed Vanslyperken, "where is this cargo to be seen, and when?"

"That's tellings," replied the man.

"I know that; but you have come to tell, or what the devil else?" replied Vanslyperken, who was getting angry.

"That's according," replied the man.

"According to what?"

"The snacks," replied the man. "What will you give up?"

"Give up! How do you mean?"

"What is my share to be?"

"Share! you can't share—you're not a king's officer."

"No, but I'm an informer, and that's the same thing."

"Well, depend upon it, I'll behave very liberally."

"How much, I ask."

"We'll see to that afterwards; something handsome, depend upon it."

"That won't do. Wish you good evening, sir. Many thanks for the scheedam—capital stuff!" and the man rose from his chair.

But Mr. Vanslyperken had no intention to let him go; his avarice induced him at first to try if the man would be satisfied with his promise to reward him—a promise which would certainly never have been adhered to.

"Stop, my dear sir, do not be in such a hurry. Take another glass."

"With pleasure," replied the man, reseating himself, and drinking off the scheedam. "That really prime; I like it better every time I taste it. Now, then, shall we go to business again? I'll be plain with you. Half is my conditions, or I don't inform."

"Half!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "half of ten thousand pounds? What, five thousand pounds?"

"Exactly so; half of ten is five, as you say."

"What, give you five thousand pounds?"

"I rather think it is I who offer you five thousand, for the devil a penny will you get without me. And that I will have, and this bond you must sign to that effect, or I'm off. You're not the only vessel in the harbour."

Vanslyperken tried for some time to reduce the terms, but the man was positive. Vanslyperken then tried if he could not make the man intoxicated, and thus obtain better terms; but fifteen glasses of his prime scheedam had no effect further than extorting unqualified praise as it was poured down, and at last Mr. Vanslyperken unwillingly consented to the terms, and the bond was signed.

"We must weigh at the ebb," said the man as he put the bond in his pocket. I shall stay on board; we have a moonlight night, and if we had not, I could find my way out in a yellow fog. Please to get your boats all ready, manned, and armed, for there may be a sharp tussle."

"But when do they run, and where?" demanded Vanslyperken.

"To-morrow night at the back of the Isle. Let me see," continued the man, taking out his watch; "mercy on me, how time has flown—that's the scheedam. In a couple of hours we must weigh. I'll go up and see if the wind holds in the same quarter. If you please, lieutenant, we'll just drink success to the expedition. Well, that's prime stuff I do declare."

CHAPTER XV.

In which the crew of the Yungfrau lose a good prize, and Snarleyyow loses his character.

The next morning the Yungfrau was clear of St. Helens, and sounding the eastern part of the Isle of Wight, after which, she made sail into the offing, that she might not be suspected by those on shore waiting to receive the cargo. The weather was fine and the water smooth, and as soon as she was well out, the cutter was hove to. In the hurry of weighing, Mr. Vanslyperken had not thought, or had not known perhaps, that the wife of Jemmy Ducks was still on board, and as he was turning up and down on the quarter deck, he perceived her on the forecastle, laughing and talking with the men.

"What woman is that!" said he to Jansen, who was at the wheel.

"De frau, mynheer. Dat is de frau of Shimmey Duk."

"How dare she come on board? Send her aft here, marine."

The marine went forward and gave the order; and Jemmy, who expected a breeze, told his wife to behave herself quietly. His advice did not, however, appear to be listened to, as will be shown in the sequel.

"How came you on board, woman?" cried Vanslyperken, looking at her from top to toe several times, as usual, with his hands in his great coat pockets, and his battered speaking-trumpet under his arm.

"How did I come on board! why, in a boat to be sure," replied Moggy, determined to have a breeze.

"Why did you not go on shore before the cutter sailed?" replied Vanslyperken in an angry tone.

"Why, just for the contrary reason, because there was no boat."

"Well, I'll just tell you this, if ever I see you on board again, you'll take the consequence," retorted Vanslyperken.

"And I'll just tell you this," replied Moggy; "if ever you come on shore again you shall take the consequences. I'll have you—I give you warning. Flog my Jemmy, heh! my own dear darling Jemmy." Hereupon Moggy held out one arm bent, and with the palm of her other hand slapped her elbow—"*There!*" cried she.

What Jemmy's wife meant by this sign, it is impossible for us to say; but that it was a very significant one was certain, for Mr. Vanslyperken foamed with rage, and all the cutter's crew were tittering and laughing. It was a species of free-masonry known only to the initiated at the Sally Port.

"Send the marines aft here. Take this woman below," cried Vanslyperken. "I shall put all this down to your husband's account, and give him a receipt in full, depend upon it."

"So you may. Marines, keep off, if you don't wish your heads broken; and I'll put all this down to your account, and as you say that you'll pay off my pet, mark my words, if I don't pay off on your's—on your nasty cur there. I'll send him to cruise after Corporal Van Spitter. As sure as I stand here, if you dare to lay a finger on my Jemmy, I'll kill the brute wherever I find him, and make him into *saussingers*, just for the pleasure of eating him. I'll send you a pound as a present. You marine, don't be a fool—I can walk forward without your boffering your arm, and be d——d to you." So saying, Moggy stalked forward and joined the men on the forecastle.

"D'ye know much of that strapping lass?" said Mr. Vanslyperken's new acquaintance.

"Not I," replied Vanslyperken, not much pleased at the observation.

"Well, look out for squalls, she'll be as good as her word. We'll draw the foresheet, and stand in now, if you please."

It was about dusk, for the days were now short, and the cutter was eight miles off the land. By the directions of the informer, for we have no other name to give him, they now bore up and ran along the island until they were, by his calculations, for it then was dark, abreast of a certain point close to the Black Gang Chyne. Here they hove to, hoisted out their boats, three in number, and the men were sent in, well armed with pistols and cutlasses. Short had the charge of one, Coble of the second, the stern sheets of the third was occupied by Vanslyperken and the informer. As soon as all was ready, Jemmy Ducks, who, much to Vanslyperken's wish, was left in charge of the cutter, received his orders to lie to where he was, and when the tide made flood, to stand close in shore, and all was prepared for a start, when it occurred to Vanslyperken that to leave Snarleyyow, after the threat of Jemmy's wife, and the known animosity of Smallbones, would be his death warrant. He determined, therefore, to take him in the boat. The informer protested against it, but Vanslyperken would not listen to his protestations. The dog was handed into the boat, and they shoved off. After they had pulled a quarter of an hour in shore, they altered their course, and continued along the coast until the informer had made out exactly where he was. He then desired the other two boats to come alongside, told the crews that they must keep the greatest silence, as where they were about to proceed was directly under where the smugglers would have a party to receive the goods, and that the least alarm would prevent them from making the capture. The boats then pulled in to some large rocks, against which the waves hoarsely murmured, although the sea was still smooth, and passing between them, found themselves in a very small cove, where the water was still, and in which there was deep water.

The cove was not defended so much by the rocks above water, for the mouth of it was wide; but there appeared to be a ridge below, which broke off the swell of the ocean. Neither was it deep, the beach not being more than perhaps fifty feet from the entrance. The boats, which had pulled in with muffled oars, here lay quietly for nearly an hour, when a fog came on and obscured the view of the offing, which otherwise was extensive, as the moon was at her full, and had shone bright.

"This is all the better," whispered the informer, "they will fall into the trap at once. Hark! hist! I hear oars."

They all listened; it was true, the sound of oars were heard, and the men prepared their arms.

The splash of the oars was now more plain. "Be silent and ready," whispered the informer, and the whisper was passed round. In another minute a large lugger-built boat, evidently intended for sailing as well as pulling, was seen through the fog looming still larger from the mist, pulling into the cove.

"Silence, and not a word. Let her pass us," whispered the informer.

The boat approached rapidly—she was within ten fathoms of the entrance, when Snarleyyow, hearing the sound, darted forward under the thwarts, and jumping on the bow of the boat, commenced a most unusual and prolonged baying of Bow, wow, bow wow wow wow!

At the barking of the dog the smugglers backed water to stop their way. They knew that there was no dog with those they expected to meet, it was therefore clear that the Philistines were at hand. The dog barked in spite of all attempts to prevent him, and acting upon this timely warning, the lugger-boat pulled short round, just as lights were shown from the cliffs to notify an enemy at hand, for the barking of the dog had not escaped the vigilance of those on shore, and in a few seconds she disappeared in the mist.

"Blast your cur! Five thousand pounds out of my pocket!" exclaimed the informer. "I told you so. Chuck him overboard, my men, for your pockets would have been lined."

Vanslyperken was as savage, and exclaimed, "Give way, my men, give way; we'll have them yet."

"Send a cow to chase a hare," replied the informer, throwing himself back in the stern sheets of the boat. "I know better; you may save yourself the trouble, and the men the fatigue. May the devil take you, and your cursed dog with you. Who but a fool would have brought a dog upon such an occasion? Well, I've lost five thousand pounds; but there's one comfort, you've lost too. That will be a valuable beast, if you put all down to his account."

At this moment Vanslyperken was so much annoyed at the loss of what would have been a fortune to him, that he felt as angry as the informer. The boats' crews were equally enraged, the dog was pommelled, and kicked, and passed along from one to the other, until he at last gained the stern sheets, and crouched between the legs of his master, who kicked him away in a rage, and he saved himself under the legs of the informer, who, seizing a pistol, struck him with the butt end of it such a blow, that nothing but the very thick scull of the dog could have saved him. Snarleyyow was at a sad discount just then, but he very wisely again sought protection with his master, and this time he was not noticed.

"What are we to do now?" observed Vanslyperken.

"Go back again like dogs with their tails between their legs; but observe, Mr. Lieutenant, you have made me your enemy, and that is more serious than you think for."

"Silence, sir, you are in a king's boat."

"The king be d——d," replied the informer, falling back sulkily against the gunnel of the boat.

"Give way, men, and pull on board," said Vanslyperken, in equally bad humour.

In equally bad humour the men did give way, and in about an hour were on board of the cutter.

Every one was in a bad humour when the affair was made known; but Smallbones observed, "that the dog could be no such great friend, as supposed, of Vanslyperken's, to thwart his interests in that way; and certainly no imp sent by the devil to his assistance." The ship's company were consoled with this idea, and Jansen again repeated, "that the *tog* was but a tog, after all."

CHAPTER XVI.

In which we change the scene, and the sex of our performers.

We must now leave the cutter to return to Portsmouth, while we introduce to our readers a new and strange association. We stated that the boats had been ensconced in a very small cove at the back of the Isle of Wight. Above these hung the terrific cliff of the Black Gang Chyne, which, to all appearance was inaccessible. But this was not the case, or the smugglers would not have resorted there to disembark their cargo. At that time, for since that period much of the cliff has fallen down, and the aspect is much changed, the rocks rose up from the water nearly perpendicular, to the height of fifty or sixty feet. At that height there was a flat of about one hundred feet square in front of a cave of very great depth. The flat, so called in contradistinction to the perpendicular cliff, descended from the seaward to the cave, so that the latter was not to be seen either by vessels passing by, or by those who might be adventurous enough to peep over the ridge above; and fragments of rocks, dispersed here and there on this flat, or platform, induced people to imagine that the upper cliff was a continuation of the lower. The lower cliff, on which this platform in front of the cave was situated, was on the eastern side as abrupt as on that fronting the sea to the southward; but on the western side, its height was decreased to about fifteen feet, which was surmounted by a ladder removed at pleasure. To this means of access to the cave there was a zigzag path, used only by the smugglers, leading from the small cove, and another much more tedious, by which they could transport their goods to the summit of this apparently inaccessible mass of rocks. The cave itself was large, and with several diverging galleries, most of which were dry; but in one or two there was a continual filtering of clear pure water through the limestone rock, which was collected in pits dug for that purpose on the floor below; these pits were always full of water, the excess being carried off by small open drains which trickled over the eastern side of the platform. Some attention to comfort had been paid by the inhabitants of these caverns, which were portioned off here and there with sail cloth and boards, so as to form separate rooms and storehouses. The cookery was carried on outside at the edge of the platform nearest the sea, under an immense fragment of rock, which lay at the very edge; and by an ingenious arrangement of smaller portions of the rock neither the flame was to be distinguished, nor was the smoke, which was divided and made to find its passage through a variety of fissures, never in such a volume as to be supposed to be any thing more than the vapours drawn up by the heat of the sun.

In this abode there were at least thirty people residing, and generally speaking, it might be called a convent, for it was tenanted only by women. Their husbands, who brought over the cargoes, returning immediately in their boats to the opposite shore, for two reasons; one, that their boats could only land in particular seasons, and could never remain in the cove without risk of being dashed to pieces; and the other, that the absence of all men prevented suspicion; the whole of the interior smuggling being carried on by the other sex, who fearlessly showed themselves on every part of the island, and purchased their necessary supplies of provisions here and there, without exciting any misgivings as to the nature of their employment. A few isolated cottages, not far from the beetling brow of the cliff above, were their supposed abodes; but no one ever troubled them with a visit, and if they did, and found that they could gain no admittance, they imagined that the occupants had locked their doors for security, while they were busied with their labours in the field. Accustomed to climb up the tortuous path from the cave to the summit, the women would, on the darkest night, carry up their burdens and deposit them in the cottages above, until they had an opportunity of delivering their contraband articles into the hands of their agents; and this traffic had been carried on for many years, without the government or excise having the slightest suspicion by what means the smuggling was accomplished. As we before observed, the great articles in request, and which were now smuggled from France, were alamodes and lutestrings. The attention of government had been called to check the admission of these goods, but hitherto their attempts had not been attended with much success.

At the grey of the morning after the attempt to seize the smugglers had been defeated by the instrumentality of Snarleyyow, upon the top of the immense fragment of the rock which we have described as lying upon the sea-edge of the platform, was perched a fair, slight made little girl, of about twelve years of age. She was simply clad in a short worsted petticoat and bodice of a dark colour, her head was bare, and her hair fluttered with the breeze; her small feet, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, were also naked, and her short petticoat discovered her legs half way up to the knee. She stood there, within a few inches of the precipice below, carelessly surveying the waves as they dashed over the rocks, for she was waiting until the light would enable her to see further on the horizon. By those who might have leaned over the ridge above, as well as by those who sailed below, she might have been taken, had she been seen to move, for some sea bird reposing after a flight, so small was her frame in juxtaposition with the wildness and majesty of nature which surrounded her on every side. Accustomed from infancy to her mode of life, and this unusual domicile, her eye quailed not, nor did her heart beat quicker, as she looked down into the abyss below, or turned her eyes up to the beetling mass of rock which appeared, each moment, ready to fall down and overwhelm her. She passed her hand across her temples to throw back the hair which the wind had blown over her eyes, and again scanned the distance as the sun's light increased, and the fog gradually cleared away.

"A sharp look out, Lilly, dear; you've the best eyes among us, and we must have a clue from whence last night's surprise proceeded."

"I can see nothing yet, mother; but the fog is driving back fast."

"It's but a cheerless night your poor father had, to pull twice across the channel, and find himself just where he was. God speed them, and may they be safe in port again by this time."

"I say so too, mother, and amen."

"D'ye see nothing, child?"

"Nothing, Dear mother; but it clears up fast to the eastward, and the sun is bursting out of the bank, and I think I see something under the sun."

"Watch well, Lilly," replied the woman, who was throwing more wood on the fire.

"I see a vessel, mother. It is a sloop beating to the eastward."

"A coaster, child?"

"No, mother, I think not. No, it is no coaster—it is that king's vessel I think, but the glare of the sun is too great. When he rises higher I shall make it out better."

"Which do you mean, the king's cutter on the station, the Yungfrau?"

"Yes, mother," replied Lilly, "it is. I'm sure it is the Yungfrau."

"Then its from her that the boats came last night. She must have received some information. There must be treachery somewhere; but we'll soon find that out."

It may appear singular that Lilly could speak so positively as to a vessel at a great distance; but it must be remembered that she had been brought up to it, nearly all her life. It was her profession, and she had lived wholly with seamen and seamen's wives, which will account for her technical language being so correct. What Lilly said was true: it was the Yungfrau, which was beating up to regain her port, and having to stem a strong ebb tide during the night, had not made very great progress.

"There are three other vessels in the offing," said Lilly, looking round, "a ship and two brigs, both going down channel;" and as she said this, the little thing dropped lightly from rock to rock till she stood by her mother, and commenced rubbing her hands before the now blazing fire.

"Nancy must go over to Portsmouth," observed the mother, "and find out all about this. I hardly know whom to suspect; but let Nancy alone, she'll ferret out the truth—she has many gossips at the Point. Whoever informed against the landing, must know of this cave."

But we must introduce the mother of Lilly to the reader. She was a tall, finely-featured woman, her arms beautifully moulded, and bare. She was rather inclined to be stout, but her figure was magnificent. She was dressed in the same costume as her daughter, with the exception of a net worsted shawl of many colours over her shoulders. Her appearanee gave you the idea that she was never intended for the situation she was now in; but of that hereafter. As the reader may have observed, her language was correct, as was that of the child, and proved that she had not only been educated herself, but paid attention to the bringing up of Lilly. The most perfect confidence appeared to subsist between the mother and daughter: the former trea her child as her equal, and confided every thing to her; and Lilly was far advanced beyond her age in knowledge and reflection, her countenance beamed with intelligence; perhaps a more beautiful and more promising creature never existed.

A third party now appeared from the cave; although not in canonicals, his dress indicated his profession of a priest. He approached the mother and daughter with "Peace be with you, ladies."

"You forget, good father," replied the elder of the females, "my name is Alice—nothing more."

"I crave pardon for my forgetting who you were. I will be more mindful. Well, then, Alice—yet that familiar term sounds strangely, and my tongue will not accustom itself, even were I to remain here weeks, instead of but two days—I was about to say that the affair of last night was most untoward. My presence is much wished for, and much required at St. Germains. It was unfortunate, because it proves that we have traitors among us somewhere; but of that, and of the whole affair, I will have cognizance in a few days."

"And should you discover the party?"

"His doom is sealed."

"You are right."

"In so important and so righteous a cause, we must not stop at aught necessary to secure our purpose. But, tell me, think you that your husband will soon be here again?"

"I should think not to-night, but to-morrow or the next he will be off; and if we can show the signals of surety he will land, if the weather will permit."

"'Tis indeed time that I were over. Something might now be done."

"I would so too, Father; it is a tedious time that I have spent here."

"And most unfitting for you, were it not that you laboured in a great cause; but it must soon be decided, and then that fair lily shall be transplanted, like a wild flower from the rock, and be nurtured in a conservatory."

"Nay, for that, the time is hardly come. She is better here, as you see her, father, than in the chambers of a court. For her sake I would still remain; but for my husband's sake, and the perils he encounters, I wish that one way or the other it were decided."

"Had there been faith in that Italian, it had been so before now," replied the priest, grinding his teeth and turning away.

But the conversation was closed at the appearance of some women who came out of the cave. They were variously clothed, some coarsely, and others with greater pretensions to finery: they brought with them the implements for cooking, and appeared surprised at the fire being already lighted. Among them was one about twenty-five years of age, and although more faded than she ought to have been at that early age, still with pretensions to almost extreme beauty. She was more gaily dressed than the others, and had a careless, easy air about her, which suited to her handsome, slight figure. It was impossible to see her without being interested, and desiring to know who she was.

This person was the Nancy mentioned by Alice in her conversation with Lilly. Her original name had been Nancy Dawson, but she had married one of the *smugglers* of the name of Corbett. Her *original profession*, previous to her marriage, we *will not* dwell upon; suffice it to say, that she was the most celebrated person of that class in Portsmouth, both for her talent and extreme beauty. Had she lived in the days of King Charles II., and had he seen her, she would have been more renowned than ever was Eleanor Gwynne; even as it was, she had been celebrated in a song, which has not been lost to *posterity*. After a few years of dissipated life, Nancy reformed, and became an honest woman, and an honest wife. By her marriage with the smuggler, she had become one of the fraternity, and had taken up her abode in the cave, which she was not sorry to do, as she had become too famous at Portsmouth to remain there as a married woman. Still she occasionally made her appearance, and to a certain degree kept up her old acquaintances, that she might discover what was going on—very necessary information for the smugglers. She would laugh, and joke, and have her repartee as usual, but in other points she was truly reformed. Her acquaintance was so general, and she was such a favourite, that she was of the greatest use to the band, and was always sent over to Portsmouth, when her services were required. It was supposed there, for she had reported it, that she had retired to the Isle of Wight, and lived there with her husband, who was a pilot, and that she came over to Portsmouth occasionally, to inquire after her old friends, and upon business.

"Nancy Corbett, I must speak to you," said Alice. "Come aside: I wish you, Nancy, to go over immediately. Can you go up, do you think, without being perceived?"

"Yes, Mistress Alice, provided there is no one to see me."

"The case is so important, that we must run the risk."

"We've run cargoes of more value than that."

"But still you must use discretion, Nancy."

"That's a commodity that I've not been very well provided with through life; but I have my wits in its stead."

"Then you must use your wit, Nancy."

"It's like an old knife, well worn, but all the sharper."

Alice then entered into a detail of what she would find out, and gave her instructions to Nancy. The first point was to ascertain whether it was the cutter which had received the information; the second who the informer was.

Nancy having received her orders, tied the strings of her bonnet, caught up a handful of the victuals which were at the fire, and bidding the others a laughing good-bye, with her mouth full, and one hand also occupied, descended the ladder, previous to mounting the cliff.

"Nancy," said Lilly, who stood by the ladder, "bring me some pens."

"Yes, dear; will you have them alive, or dead?"

"Nonsense, I mean some quills."

"So do I, Miss Lilly; but if you want them dead, I shall bring them in my pocket, if alive, I shall bring the goose under my arm."

"I only want the quills, Nancy," replied Lilly, laughing.

"And I think I shall want the feathers of them before I'm at the top," replied Nancy, looking up at the majestic cliff above her. "Good-bye, Miss Lilly."

Nancy Corbett again filled her handsome mouth with bread, and commenced her ascent. In less than a quarter of an hour she had disappeared over the ridge.

CHAPTER XVII.

In which there is a great deal of plotting, and a little execution.

We will follow Nancy Corbitt for the present. Nancy gained the summit of the cliff, and panting for breath, looked round to ascertain if there was any one in sight, but the coast was clear; she waited a minute to recover herself a little, and then set off at a brisk pace in the direction of the hamlet of Ryde, which then consisted of a few fishermen's huts. It was an hour and a half before she gained this place, from whence she took a boat, and was safely landed at the Point. The fisherman who brought her over was an old acquaintance of Nancy's and knew that he would have to remain to take her back, but he was well paid for his trouble, and is was a lucky day for him when Nancy required his services. The Yungfrau had rounded St. Helens, and was standing into Spithead, when Nancy landed, and the first door at which she knocked was at the lodgings of Moggy Salisbury, with whom she was well acquainted, and from whom she expected to be able to gain information. On inquiry, she found that Moggy had not come on shore from the cutter, which had sailed during the night very unexpectedly.

This information pleased Nancy, as Moggy would in all probability be able to give her important information, and she took up her quarters in Moggy's apartments, anxiously awaiting her arrival, for Nancy was not at all anxious to be seen. In due time the cutter was again anchored in the harbour, and the first order of Mr. Vanslyperken's was, that Moggy Salisbury should be sent on shore, which order was complied with, and she left the vessel, vowing vengeance upon the lieutenant and his dog. The informer also hastened into a boat, and pulled on shore on the Gosport side, with a very significant farewell looked at Mr. Vanslyperken. Moggy landed, and hastened, full of wrath, to her lodgings, where she found Nancy Corbitt waiting for her. At first she was too full of her own injuries, and the attempt to flog her dear darling Jemmy, to allow Nancy to put in a word. Nancy perceived this, and allowed her to run herself down like a clock; and then proposed that they should send for some purl, and have a cosey chat, to which Moggy agreed, and as soon as they were fairly settled, and Moggy had again delivered herself of her grievances, Nancy put the requisite questions, and discovered what the reader is already acquainted with. She requested, and obtained a full description of the informer, and his person was too remarkable, for Nancy not to immediately recognise who it was.

"The villain!" cried she; "why if there was any man in whom we thought we could trust, it was—him;" for Nancy had in her indignation, nearly pronounced his name.

"Nancy," said Moggy, "you have to do with the smugglers, I know, for your husband is one of them, if report says true. Now, I've been thinking, that the cutter is no place for my Jemmy, and that with this peak-nosed villain, he will always be in trouble. Tell me, will they let him in, if he volunteers."

"I can't exactly say, Moggy; but this I can tell you, that you may be very useful to them in giving us information, which you may gain through your husband."

"Ay, and not only through my husband, but from every body on board the cutter. I'm yours, Nancy—and here's my hand on it—you'll see what I can do. The wagabond, to attempt to flog my own dear darling duck—my own Jemmy. Only tell me what you want to know, and if I don't ferret it out, my name's not Moggy. But here me Nancy; I join you now hand and heart, though I gain nothing by it; and when you choose to have him, I'll bring you my little duck of a husband, and he will be worth his weight in gold, though I say it that shouldn't say it."

"Thanky, Moggy; but you shall not work for nothing;" and Nancy laid a gold Jacobus on the table. "This for your present information. Be secret and cautious, and no gossiping, and you'll find that you shall have all you wish, and be no loser in the bargain. And now, good night—I must be away. You shall see me soon, Moggy; and remember what I have told you."

Moggy was astonished at the sight of the gold Jacobus, which she took up and examined as Nancy departed. "Well," thought she, "but this smuggling must be a pretty consarn; and as sure as gold is gold, my Jemmy shall be a smuggler."

Nancy turned down the street, and passed rapidly on, until she was clear of the fortifications, in the direction of South Sea Beach. A few scattered cottages were at that time built upon the spot. It was quite dark as she passed the lines, and held her way over the shingle. A man was standing alone, whose figure she recognised. It was the very person that she wished to find. Nancy watched him for awhile, and observed him pull out a paper, tear it in two, and throw it down with gesticulations of anger and indignation. She then approached.

"What's o'clock?" said Nancy.

"Do you want the right time!" replied the man.

"To a minute," replied Nancy, who, finding that the password was given correctly, now stopped, and faced the other party. "Is that you, Cornbury?"

"Yes, Nancy," replied the man, who was the same person who went on board of the cutter to give the information.

"I have been seeking you," replied Nancy. "There has been some information laid, and the boats were nearly surprised. Alice desires that you will find out what boats entered the cove, whom they belonged to, and, if possible, how they obtained the information."

"Boats nearly surprised—you don't say so," replied Cornbury, with affected astonishment. "This must indeed be looked to. Have you no idea——"

"None," replied Nancy. "There was no vessel to be seen next morning—the fog was too thick. Have you seen Wahop?"

"No; I thought he was on the Isle."

"He ought to have been, but has not come; I have been at the oak tree for three nights running. It's very strange. Do you think that he can have played false?"

"I never much liked the man," *replied* Cornbury.

"Nor I either," replied Nancy, "*but I must* go now, for I must be back at the crags before daylight. Find out what you can, and let us know as soon as possible. I shall be over again as soon as the cargo is run: if you find out any thing, you had better come to-morrow night."

"I will," replied *Cornbury; and the* parties separated.

"Traitor;" muttered Nancy, when *she* was once more alone. "If he comes, it *shall* be to his death;" and Nancy stooped down, picked up the pieces of paper which Cornbury had torn up, and put them in the basket she carried on her arm.

It will be observed, that Nancy had purposely thrown out hints against Wahop, to induce Cornbury to believe that he was *not* suspected. Her assertion that Wahop was not on the island was false. He had been three days at Ryde; according to the arrangement. The bait took. Cornbury perceiving that the suspicion was against Wahop, thought that he could not do better than to boldly make his appearance at the cave, which would remove any doubts as to his own fidelity.

Nancy hastened down to the point, and returned that night to Ryde, from whence she walked over to the cave, and was there before daylight. She communicated to Alice the intelligence which she had received from Moggy Salisbury, and the arrangements she had proposed to her, by which all the motions of the cutter could be known.

"Is that woman to be trusted, think you, Nancy?" inquired Alice.

"Yes, I believe sincerely she may be. I have known her long; and she wishes her husband to join us."

"We must reflect upon it. She may be most useful. What is the character of the officer who commands the vessel?"

"A miser, and a coward. He is well known —neither honour nor conscience in him."

"The first is well, as we may act upon it, but the second renders him doubtful. You are tired, Nancy, and had better lie down a little."

Nancy Corbitt delivered the pens to Lilly, and then took the advice of her superior.

The day was remakably fine, and the water smooth, so that the boats were expected on that night. At dusk two small lights, at even distances, were suspended from the cliff, to point out to the boats that the coast was free, and that they might land. Alice, however, took the precaution to have a watch on the beach, in case of any second surprise being attempted; but of this there was little fear, as she knew from Nancy that all the cutter's boats were on board when she entered the harbour. Lilly, who thought it a delight to be one moment sooner in her father's arms, had taken the watch on the beach, and there the little girl remained perched upon a rock, at the foot of which the waves now only sullenly washed, for the night was beautifully calm and clear. To a passer on the ocean she might have been mistaken for a mermaid who had left her watery bower to look upon the world above.

What were the thoughts of the little maiden as she remained there fixed as a statue? Did she revert to the period at which her infant memory could retrace silken hangings and marble halls, visions of splendour, dreamings of courtly state, or was she thinking of her father, as her quick ear caught the least swell of the increasing breeze? Was she, as her eye was fixed as if attempting to pierce the depths of the ocean, wondering at what might be its hidden secrets, or as they were turned towards the heavens, bespangled with ten thousand stars, was she meditating on the God who placed them there? Who can say? —but that that intellectual face bespoke the mind at work is certain, and from one so pure and lovely could emanate nothing but what was innocent and good.

But a distant sound falls upon her ear; she listens, and by its measured cadence knows that it is the rowers in a boat: nearer it comes and more distinct, and now her keen eye detects the black mass approaching in the gloom of night. She starts from the rock ready to fly up to the cave to give notice of an enemy, or, if their anticipated friends, to fly into the arms of her father. But her alarm is over, she perceives that it is the lugger, the boat dashes into the cove, and the first who lands strains her to his bosom.

"My dearest Lilly, is all well?"

"Yes, all is well, father; but you are well come."

"Run up, dearest, and let the women be ready to assist. We have that here which must soon be out of sight. Is the Father Innis here?"

"Since Thursday last."

"'Tis well, dear; you may go. Quick, my lads, and beach the cargo:—see to it, Ramsay; I must at once unto the cave." Having given these directions, the father of Lilly commenced his ascent over the rough and steep rocks which led up to the cavern, anxious to obtain what information could be imparted relative to the treachery which had led to their narrow escape two nights preceding.

He was met by Alice, who cordially embraced him; but he appeared anxious to release himself from her endearments, that he might at once enter upon matters to him of more serious importance. "Where is the Father Innis, my dear?" said he, disengaging himself from her arms.

"He sleeps, Robert, or, at least, he did just now, but probably he will rise now that you are come. But in the mean time, I have discovered who the traitor is."

"By all the saints, he shall not escape my vengeance."

Alice then entered into the particulars related by Nancy Corbitt, and already known to the reader. She had just concluded when Father Innis made his appearance from the cave."

"Welcome, thrice welcome, holy Father."

"Welcome, too, my son. Say, do we start to-night?"

"Not till to-morrow night," replied the husband of Alice, who having ascertained that in all probability Cornbury would come that night, determined, at all risks, to get possession of him: "we could well be over before daylight, and with your precious person, I must not risk too much. You are anxiously expected."

"And I have important news," replied the priest, "but I will not detain you now; I perceive that your presence is wanted by your men."

During this colloquy the women had descended the ladder, and had been assisting the men to carry up the various packages of which the boat's cargo consisted, and they now awaited directions as to the stowing away.

"Ramsay," said the leader, "we do not return to night; take the men, and contrive to lift the boat up on the rocks, so that she may not be injured."

An hour elapsed before this was effected, and then the leader, as well as the rest of the smugglers, retired to the cave to refresh themselves with sleep after their night of fatigue. As usual, one woman kept watch, and that woman was Nancy Corbett. The ladder had been hauled up, and she was walking up and down with her arms under a shawl to a sort of stamping trot, for the weather was frosty, when she heard a low whistle at the west side of the flat.

"Oh, ho! have I lured you, you traitorous villain," muttered Nancy, "you come in good time:" and Nancy walked to the spot where the ladder was usually lowered down, and looked over. Although the moon had risen, it was too dark on that side of the platform to distinguish more than that there was a human form, who repeated the whistle.

"What's o'clock?" said Nancy, in a low tone.

"Do you want the right time to a minute?" replied a voice, which was recognised as Cornbury's. Nancy lowered down the ladder, and Cornbury ascended the platform.

"I am glad you are come, Cornbury. Have you heard any thing of Wahop?"

"No one has seen or heard of him," replied the man, "But I have found out what boats they were. Did the lugger come over to-night?"

"Yes," replied Nancy, "but I must go in and let Mistress Alice know that you are here."

Nancy's abrupt departure was to prevent Cornbury from asking if the boat had remained, or returned to the French coast; for she thought it not impossible that the unusual circumstance of the boat remaining might induce him to suppose that his treachery had been discovered, and to make his immediate escape, which he, of course, could have done, and given full information of the cave and the parties who frequented it.

Nancy soon reappeared, and familiarly taking the arm of Cornbury, led him to the eastern side of the platform, asking him many questions. As soon as he was there, the leader of the gang, followed by half a dozen of his men, rushed out and secured him. Cornbury now felt assured that all was discovered, and that his life was forfeited. "Bind him fast," said the leader, "and keep watch over him;—his case shall soon be disposed of. Nancy, you will call me at daylight."

When Cornbury had been secured, the men returned into the cave, leaving one with a loaded pistol to guard him. Nancy still remained on the watch.

"Nancy Corbett," said Cornbury, "why am I treated thus?"

"Why?" replied Nancy with scorn, "ask yourself why? Do you think that I did not know when I sought you at the beach that you had sailed in the cutter, had brought the boats here, and that if it had not been for the lieutenant taking his dog in the boat and its barking, you would have delivered us all into the hands of the Philistines?—wretched traitor."

"D——n!" muttered Cornbury, "then it is to you, you devil, that I am indebted for being entrapped this way."

"Yes, to me," replied Nancy with scorn. "And, depend upon it, you will have your deserts before the sun is one hour in the heavens."

"Mistress Nancy, I must beg you to walk your watch like a lady, and not to be corresponding with my prisoner any how, whether you talk raison or traison, as may happen to suit your convanience," observed the man who was guard over Cornbury.

"Be aisy, my jewel," replied Nancy, mimicking the Irishman, "and I'll be as silent as a magpie, any how. And, Mr. Fitzpatrick, you'll just be plased to keep your two eyes upon your prisoner, and not be staring at me, following me up and down, as you do, with those twinklers of yours."

"A cat may look at a king, Mistress Nancy, and no harm done either."

"You forget, Mr. Fitzpatrick," replied Nancy, "that I am now a modest woman."

"More's the pity, Mistress Nancy, I wish you'd forget it too, and I dying of love for you."

Nancy walked away to the end of the platform to avoid further conversation. The day was now dawning, and as, by degrees, the light was thrown upon the face of Cornbury, it was strange to witness how his agitation and his fear had changed all the ruby carbuncles on his face to a deadly white. He called to Nancy Corbett in an humble tone once or twice as she passed by in her walk, but received no reply further than a look of scorn. As soon as it was broad daylight Nancy went into the cave to call up the leader.

In a few minutes he appeared, with the rest of the smugglers.

"Philip Cornbury," said he, with a stern and unrelenting countenance, "you would have betrayed us for the sake of money."

"It is false," replied Cornbury.

"False, is it?—you shall have a fair trial. Nancy Corbett, give your evidence before us all."

Nancy recapitulated all that had passed.

"I say again, that it is false," replied Cornbury. "Where is the woman whom she states to have told her this? This is nothing more than assertion, and I say again, it is false." Am I to be condemned without proofs? Is my life to be sacrificed to the animosity of this woman, who wishes to get rid of me, because—"

"Because what?" interrupted Nancy.

"Because I was too well acquainted with you before your marriage, and can tell too much."

"Now curses on you, for a liar as well as a traitor," exclaimed Nancy. "What I was before I was married is well known; but it is well known also that I pleased my fancy, and could always choose. I must, indeed, have had a sorry taste to be intimate with a blotched wretch like you. Sir," continued Nancy, turning to the leader, "it is false; and whatever may be said against me on other points, Nancy Dawson, or Nancy Corbett, was never yet so vile as to assert a lie. I put it to you, sir, and to all of you, is not my word sufficient in this case?"

The smugglers nodded their heads in assent.

"And, now that is admitted, I will prove his villany and falsehood. Philip Cornbury, do you know this paper?" cried Nancy, taking out of her bosom the agreement signed by Vanslyperken, which she had picked up on the night when Cornbury had torn it up and thrown it away. "Do you know this paper, I ask you? Read it, sir," continued Nancy, handing it over to the leader of the smugglers.

The paper was read, and the inflexible countenance of the leader turned towards Cornbury—who read his doom.

"Go in, Nancy Corbett, and let no women appear till all is over."

"Liar!" said Nancy, spitting on the ground as she passed by Cornbury.

"Bind his eyes, and lead to the western edge," said the leader.

"Philip Cornbury, you have but a few minutes to live. In mercy you may see the holy father, if you wish it."

"I'm no d——d papist," replied Cornbury, in a sulky tone.

"Lead him on then."

Cornbury was led to the western edge of the flat, where the cliff was most high and precipitate, and then made to kneel down.

"Fitzpatrick," said the leader, pointing to the condemned.

Fitzpatrick walked up to the kneeling man with his loaded pistol, and then the others, who had led Cornbury to the edge of the cliff, retired.

Fitzpatrick cocked the lock.

"Would you like to say, 'God have mercy on my treacherous sinful sowl,' or anything short and sweet like that?" said Fitzpatrick; "if so, I'll wait a couple of seconds more for your convanience, Philip Cornbury."

Cornbury made no reply. Fitzpatrick put the pistol to his ear, the ball whizzed through his brain, the body half raised itself from its knees with a strong muscular action, and then toppled over and disappeared over the side of the precipice.

"It's to be hoped that the next time you lave this world, Master Cornbury, it will be in a purliter sort of manner. A civil question demands a civil answer any how," said Fitzpatrick, cooly rejoining the other men.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

(*Concluded.*)

So many circumstances govern and control the actions of men to whom the adventitious advantages of birth, fortune, and education belong, that even to themselves, they may hoodwink the motives of those actions that carry a sounding trumpet to the world; but the simple, unlettered child of nature, without any of the leaven of pride or ambition, that sets the passions in a ferment, goes straight forward in the path love points out, never seeking to enter the dark labyrinth in which selfishness loses sight of all but the golden clue.

Donald, proud of the trust reposed in him, and no less happy in the knowledge that the person he was to oblige was the identical Charlie Stuart, grandson of "King Jamie, o' blessed memory," soon got every thing arranged for the prince's accommodation in the place of concealment, which a fifty years' servitude at the castle had made him better acquainted with than his lord. Thus far all was well. Donald's next step was to visit the servants' hall, and there, with the authority of an old confidential favourite, inform them, under the rose, as it would seem, that the stranger who came from England brought dispatches with him of so important a nature, that the earl sent him back again without allowing him time to rest. "'Tis mair than probable, ye ken," added Donald, with a significant nod, "that the Pretender, as they ca' young Charlie, hae gotten footing in England, whilk the troops joost sent over by King Geordie ken-naething o', rinning a' the country round on a gowk's hunt, he! he! he! like sae mony daft boys, to put saut on a birdie's tail."

Having lulled all suspicion about the visit of the stranger, and plied the servants well with genuine mountain-dew, Donald had the satisfaction of seeing them all depart to their beds, when he hastened to conduct the prince to his concealed dormitory.

Left alone with his sister, the earl was silent for some time, pacing backward and forward with the air of one much disturbed. "This has happened most unfortunately," said he at last, striking his forehead.

"It has, indeed," answered Lady Jane, mildly, but I hope no evil will arise to you from an action so natural and praiseworthy as saving the life of a fellow creature."

"That is nothing to the purpose, Jane," said the earl somewhat testily, "we are not bound to save all that fly to us at the risk of our own life, or, what is yet dearer, our good name."

"But, as he put himself into your power," said Lady Jane, remonstratively—

"I could not well give him up to his enemies, you would say," rejoined her brother. "No: but I need not have found him a hiding corner in this castle, of all places; there are plenty of cottages on the island where he might have found shelter for a night: however, the thing's done, and cannot be undone; but mind me, sister, to-morrow morning I depart for Edinburgh, where Argyle expects me."

"So soon as to-morrow," said Lady Jane, affectionately.

"Yes," replied the earl; "as matters stand, it would be impolitic to prolong my stay here. All I have to request of you is, that you do not suffer your pity for Charles Stuart to get the better of your good sense, which will point out the madness of harbouring in this castle the sworn enemy of my king: be careful then, or my life may pay the forfeit of your romantic generosity to a stranger. Say not one word to oppose the Chevalier's departure on the morrow."

My grandmother promised obedience, and the earl, lighting a taper, kissed the cheek of his sister and left the apartment.

Donald having seen the prince comfortably settled in the chamber, returned to the sitting-room, where he found Lady Jane standing by the fire meditating upon the conversation she had just had with the earl.

"Well, Donald, do you think the prince is safe from all hazard of discovery if the English troops should come?"

"Ye'll see, ye'll see," said Donald, rubbing his hands with glee; "diel a southern o' them can track the puir laddie, wha lees snug as ae chick under the wing o' the auld hen."

"And did you leave him the things I mentioned to you, Donald?"

"Ye needna fash for that he'll want a gude tass o' the primest wine in a' the cellar, or ony ither refrashment whilk auld Donald can fin for Charlie Stuart; gude troth, but he's a braw-looking mon, wi' a bonnie face o' his ain, and for speech can crack wi' ony ane, gentle or simple. Weel, weel, it maun a' be right, I suppose, whilk the Southrons do naethless; to my min' its unco straunge that the rightfu' king o' Scotland maun be hunted down by his ain subjects, like the puir hart whilk the arrows o' the huntsmen kills on its ain proper hills."

"Well, Donald," said my grandmother, willing to put an end to the old domestic's loquacity, "we have nothing to do with these things; ours is an office of mere humanity and Christian feeling."

"Troth is it," muttered Donald, "and sham to a' the staney hearts that wad turn tail o' the princely laddie sin the jade Gude Luck hae turned awa frae him."

"Good night, Donald," said Lady Jane, as she laid her hand upon the handle of the door.

"Gude night, my bonny leddy," said the old man as he hobbled after his young mistress into the hall, whence each departed on their separate way, Lady Jane to her chamber in a remote part of the building, and Donald (whistling as he went the favourite air of the rebel army, "The king shall *enjoy* his own again,") to a new dormitory which he had chosen for his night's repose near the hiding place of the fugitive prince, that he might be on the alert in case of intruders.

On retiring to her chamber, Lady Jane threw off her travelling dress, and combed down her long redundant tresses, whose dark hue, as they swept almost to her delicate feet, formed a beautiful contrast to the virgin snow of her loose wrapping gown of fine lawn. She opened the antique casement and looked out upon the sky. The moon shone faintly through a dense atmosphere of mist; the night winds swept in loud gusts over the old battlements, and ever and anon she fancied voices mingling with the gale: it was a night when the genius of romance loves to be abroad, and to people the rolling clouds with spirits once of earth.

Lady Jane's mind was but little tinctured with those feelings of the supernatural common to youth, and more particularly the youth of Scotland, whose infant senses are lulled to sleep by the wild songs setting forth the wonders of fairy land and the fearful tales of witches and goblins. Yet, the solemn hour and passing events gave a more sombre colouring than of wont to her thoughts. The circumstance of the prince's concealment at Bute, where his noble progenitor once held lordly sway, produced a train of melancholy reflections upon the instability of human greatness, from which starting at times, she listened to some of those strange sounds so often heard in old buildings, though so rarely, if ever, reasonably accounted for.

Her lute lay upon the window-seat: she took it up, and sought to calm her spirits by playing one of those exquisite airs, which have immortalized Scotland as the land of song. "Mary's Dream" was one of her most favourite strains, and with a voice subdued she sung to it the following words:—

Thou wakeful star o' silent night,
That guidest my Donald far frae me,
I envy thee, serenely bright,
That look'st on him I canna see.
'Tis past—'tis gane—my dream of bliss,
Like gathered roses crowning death,
That mock the brow they coldly kiss,
Wi' mortal bloom and simmer breath.

Oh! dinna let the worldling say
That woman's heart can faithless prove;
Her love is but a stolen ray
Frae glowing shrines that burn above:
And when the tender heart is cold
To a' that fanned its earthly fire,
'Twill breathe again in purer mould,
To wake love's unforgotten lyre!

As she concluded the last stanza, a sound, not loud but continuous, broke upon her ear. Lady Jane's chamber, as I before stated, was in a remote part of the castle, and the sound came broken by long passages and strong doors. The noise increased in loudness as of many persons speaking together; it came nearer and nearer, and now, more fully displayed, step after step, seemed ascending the stair leading to her chamber. Voices of men now distinctly sounded near her door. Who these midnight intruders were she could not for a moment doubt. "Oh!" said she, "if they should discover the prince's place of concealment, and drag him forth! Merciful God! save him from his foes." Her gentle heart sickened at the thought of his danger; the next instant a loud knocking at her door blanched her cheek, but determined to say something if possible to blind his pursuers, she, though with trembling hand, unbolted the door, when a party of English soldiers rushed into the chamber. At sight of the young beauty in her night gear, with her rich flowing hair almost covering her person, they halted, and one who appeared to be their chief, stepped forward, and apologized for their unseasonable intrusion.

"It grieves me, lady, that our unhallowed feet should profane the sanctuary of beauty," said he, gallantly bowing to my grandmother; "but our duty imposes a painful task, and we cannot leave this castle till we have searched every part of it, for the Chevalier Charles Stuart, whose steps have been traced to Bute. "Not," said he, smiling, "that I suspect he is hidden in this chamber."

"Indeed he is not," answered Lady Jane quickly, and blushing beneath the ardent gaze of the young soldier, "nor will you find him, be assured, under this roof. My brother, the earl, is too staunch to the King of England to be the friend of the unfortunate prince, and without the earl's approbation he could never have found shelter within these walls."

The beauty and address of Lady Jane acted like magic upon the hearts of all, and after a slight survey of the apartment and dressing closet adjoining, the captain withdrew with his men.

Lady Jane, when they had all descended again, taking up a taper, followed softly on tip-toe down the stairs, and having reached as far as she deemed she could prudently venture, stood with suppressed breath to listen, but the beatings of her heart almost prevented her hearing distinctly. The murmur of voices sounded at intervals, but far off, and blended with the shrill bleatings of the wind: her hope was now strong that the troops, after an unsuccessful search, were departing. Footsteps approached, it was Donald, "Hist, leddy, is that you?"

"Yes, Donald, are they gone? Is the prince safe?"

"Thanks to the gude God, Charlie Stuart's safe enough," said the old man; "the maundering deevils past clase to his hiding place, and niver kenn'd o' it; but I maun rin, my lord's wi' them in the cedar chamber waiting for samthing to gie the hungry loons, diel tak them. I'd fin' heart to loot them a' gang back the gate they cam wi' naething to fill their empty bellies but the whistling wind, or a little saut water. I'd refrash them wi' a witness for hunting down royal Charlie; but I maun rin, sae be o' gude cheer, leddy;" and away hobbled Donald to the cellar and buttery to get most grudgingly the best he could find to feast the Southrons, whom in his soul he detested.

Comforted by the news old Donald had given, Lady Jane tripped lightly up the stairs to her own chamber again, but without any intention of going to bed. The night was far spent, in another hour or two day would be dawning. As she sate at the casement watching the grey clouds that herald the infant dawn, Donald tapped at her door.

"Well, Donald, when will they depart?"

"Weel, they are a' on the wing, ye'll see them gin ye like the sight o' their Southren backs as well as mysel'."

"Indeed I do, Donald," said Lady Jane, smiling; "is my brother still with them?"

"Na, na, he dina care to be o'er lang o' their company, seeing aiblins they wad be cracking o' Charlie Stuart; no, but my lord hae a gude bould face o' his ain for keeping a secret. He! he! he! I'd match him wi' the best o' them; sae he wished them a' luck, and went quietly back to bed, and there hae the loons been ivir sin' guzzling o' the best o' the celler wi' nae mair decency nor savages."

Lady Jane watched the sun rise, and still no appearance of the troops made her fear they had taken up their abode as spies upon the proceedings of the castle. At last, they sallied out, with their captain, whose beautiful face and chivalrous figure my grandmother could not but admire. Looking up as he passed, he glimpsed the fair face of Lady Jane, and gracefully doffing his plumed cap, proceeded on to the water's side, where a boat soon conveyed them from Bute.

The events of the past night had caused the earl much disquietude, and at an early hour, he was on the alert to depart for Edinburgh. "Remember," said he to lady Jane, "what I told you last night. On no account suffer the Chevalier Charles to prolong his stay here beyond the shades of evening. At dusk Donald can lead him by the private way to the water's side; it might be advisable also for him to change his dress, the better to disguise his person." Lady Jane promised to attend to all her brother said, and the earl departed.

When my grandmother had dismissed the business of the toilet, always a light labour to real beauty, she stole to visit the prince. If his personal attractions shone over night through the eclipse which fatigue had spread over them, they now appeared with double claims to admiration after repose had renewed the bloom of his cheek and the lustre of his eye; he was in sooth, my grandmother said, "as beautiful and noble looking a creature as ever wore a star." After the first salutation, Prince Charles thanked Lady Jane with grace and feeling for the friendly interest she had taken in his safety. "I cannot feel," said he, smiling, "the same gratitude towards the Earl of Bute, who, I believe, would very willingly have given me up to the English last night." Lady Jane excused her brother, as well as she could, on the plea of his great loyalty to the king. They then fell into a desultory conversation highly interesting to my grandmother, who could not but admit the rank injustice of party spirit which had so often described him either as an "effeminate Italian," or "lawless bandit," whichever best suited the purpose of the speaker; when, in fact, his language and manners were those of the accomplished, well-bred, and elegant man. He had great facility in speaking both in English and broad Scotch. And, as to his being effeminate, all his actions give the lie the shameless remark; for he had braved every toil and danger with the utmost ease, "marching all the day on foot, and every river they had to cross, he was the first man that leaped into it; he dined in the open field, and slept on the hard ground, wrapped in his plaid."

My grandmother's heart melted at the prospect of those fearful dangers and hardships in which the prince seemed destined to end his romantic attempt to win back the crown of his grandfather; but do not, gentle reader of these records of bygone years, give Lady Jane credit for any of those Jacobite feelings which animated so many of the Scottish maidens at that period, for such was not the case. She had never been zealous in his cause till his misfortunes pleaded for him at the bar of human feeling and Christian justice.

It is very remarkable, that many of the prettiest ladies in "bonnie Scotland" were Jacobites, and members of non-juring meeting-houses. The Laird of Mackintosh's lady, who joined the rebel army at Inverness, was accounted the greatest beauty there. She got together all her clan, and marched at their head, (with a white cockade,) and presented them to Prince Charles. The Lady Seaforth also headed a clan of the Mackenzies, and many other fair faces put their blushes to flight in the cause of a young and chivalrous prince.

Perhaps of all the fair friends of Charles Stuart, none merited so little the praise bestowed upon her services as Flora Macdonald, who, so far from playing the heroine, and entering heart and soul into the plan which the faithful O'Sullivan (the devoted friend of Charles in his fallen fortunes) concerted as the only means of saving the prince's life, absolutely refused, at first, to lend him her help. I would not be severe upon that fair northern flower, but only to shew how prone the foolish multitude are to run after every will-o'-the-wisp, often mistaking that for a star which is but the glimmering of a glow-worm.

As the day wore away, and the shades of evening began to fall over the face of nature, my grandmother felt very acutely the unpleasant situation in which her brother's commands had placed her: to send the prince forth, again a wanderer, upon the chance of the troops being gone, when perhaps they were lying in ambush, ready to spring upon their victim, was against her notions of Christian charity, or human sympathy. The prince, however, with a nobleness characteristic of his chivalrous nature, declared to Lady Jane his determination to run all hazard, rather than break his promise given to the earl, to avail himself of only one night's shelter at the castle.

Day wore apace, and, with the gathering shades of eve, Donald's face became more and more clouded, and his speech teemed with more bitterness against the "southern bloodhounds," dashed with occasional caustic witticisms, covertly directed at the earl's timidity and want of hospitality.

"Weel ye ken," said the old man, eyeing the prince with affectionate glances, "the warld's no the same as langsyne, the auld canna mak the young o' the sam mettle wi' themselves; na, na, thae days have flitted frae Scotland, when a leal heart an a bra han tauld mair nor onything, for now feint a crumb cars ony o' the great lords whilk is the right, seeing they hae gane the safe gate."

The prince having equipped himself in the dress which old Donald had procured, (as a safe disguise,) consisting of "a loose jacket of coarse tartan, stuff grey breaks, and blue cloth bonnet," and put up in a wallet his own more costly wardrobe, together with some provisions, and a bottle of mountain dew, followed Donald from his place of concealment just as the old clock in the hall struck the hour fixed upon for his departure.

Lady Jane accompanied the prince to the private door, through which they could pass unseen by any of the servants, when my grandmother, with tears of pity standing in her eyes, pronounced her farewell to the prince, mingled with many wishes for his safety. Charles, respectfully raising her hand to his lips, exclaimed, "God bless you, lady! and, whatever may be the fate of Charles Stuart, he will never forget your generous sympathy;" then turning away, he followed Donald a few paces, when looking round and seeing Lady Jane still standing to watch them; he waved his hand again, repeating with energy, "God bless you!" and then quickly passing onward was soon out of sight."

Deep and heartfelt were the wishes of my grandmother for the prince's escape;* but, alas! wishes are but the idle blossoms of the tree of human life, seldom bearing fruits.—Yet still we wish on, even to the gates of another world; where alone the promise made to the ear is not broken to the heart. To conclude, the times are now happily gone by, when to speak of the Stuart could, by possibility, be liable to either misunderstanding or misrepresentation. The last of that most unfortunate race is now extinct, and the present illustrious family have been long securely enthroned in the hearts of the people.

Yet, that such a people as the Scotch, brave, free, and chivalrous by nature, should still among their mountain homes, invoke the shades of their native kings, and love the legend and the song that embalms the memory of their fathers, who fought and bled for the rights of the expatriated Stuarts, cannot be wondered at; and though, as the immortal bard beautifully and truthfully says,

"Old times are changed, old manners gone,
A stranger fills the Stuart's throne;"*

and though Scotland now beholds in that stranger a father and a benign ruler of the nations, yet the hardy highlander will tell you, as he treads with free step the pine-covered hills and bracken shades, that the memory of other days and other men is still "green in his soul."

That there's a pleasant odour still
  Time has na swept away,
It haunts the stream, it haunts the hill,
  Like friends remembered aye!
It hangs around the wassail bowl,
  It scents the cotter's sang;
O' Scotia's harp it is the soul,
  And steals the strings amang.

Touching these records, it may be necessary, perhaps, to assure the reader that they are undeniably true. The circumstance of the young pretender having been concealed at Mount Stuart in the Isle of Bute, at the time the British troops arrived there in search of him is an actual fact, which can be proved by many, now living, of Lady Jane's relations, although the knowledge of it was, for obvious reasons, confined to the Earl of Bute's own family, and has never before been, as the writer of these records believes, publicly divulged. The plaid, or tartan cloak of the fugitive prince having been left behind him, in the hurry of his flight from Bute, it fell into the hands of Lady Jane Stuart, who carefully preserved it during the remainder of her life, in memory of its illustrious, but unfortunate owner. It also served, indeed, to commemorate an event, to herself personally, most interesting and extraordinary: for on the night of Prince Charles Edward's concealment at Bute, she first saw, in the young officer who commanded the king's troops, her future husband, for literally, as I before stated, Lady Jane was preparing to retire to rest, when Captain Courtney entered her chamber, at the head of his soldiers, in search of the pretender; a mutual attachment arose between them, they were subsequently married, and lived together many years the happiest and most united pair in the world.

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* "The young prince, after sustaining an innumerable variety of hardships, well worthy of a romance, at last made his escape out of Scotland with Cameron of Lochiel, McDonald of Burrisdale, Stuart of Ardshiel, and some other of his faithful adherents, who had long wandered with, or followed him from shore to shore, and from island to island, encountering the most incredible difficulties, surrounded with imminent dangers, and partaking of all his calamities while eluding the vigilant search of the royal forces, everywhere dispersed, and constantly on the watch to take him captive."

* "Some years after the rebellion in Scotland, the pretender came in disguise to London. This was a natural but dangerous curiosity, to behold the place where his grandfather, King James the Second, had been on the throne. Ministers being apprised of the circumstance, went in haste to King George the Second with the information, and strongly recommended his immediate apprehension. The monarch, with one of those shrewd answers for which he was remarkable, replied, 'No—let the poor man satisfy his curiosity; when done, he will quietly go back to France;' and the king's observation was verified."

I have part of the identical plaid, in which the unfortunate Charles wandered perhaps many a stormy night, houseless, and heart-sick: and when I look upon its faded colours, and reflect upon all the changes it has undergone, I cannot resist the wish, that it had a voice to tell the tales of other years.[*]

From the Retrospective Review.

LIFE OF JOHN RADCLIFFE.

Memoirs of the Life of John Radcliffe, M. D. interspersed with several Original Letters, &c. 1715.

The celebrated founder of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, was one of the most successful physicians of his age, and, at the same time, exceedingly remarkable for the originality of his character. He was distinguished in his profession for the sagacity with which he traced the causes of disease, and for the soundness of judgment which dictated his remedies, rather than for his science and his learning. At Oxford he was more an observer of men than a reader of books, and there laid the foundation of that character which he ever after maintained. After practising for some time at Oxford, where his fame was spread by some remarkable cures, he removed to London, where he soon became known for his dexterity in his profession, the bluntness of his wit, and the social qualities of his heart. Dr. Radcliffe appears to have been a man who lived, if any man ever did so, entirely after his own humour, and in the completest disregard of the opinions of the world. His original feelings were of too good and too generous a nature to make this freedom dangerous, and the only consequence was, an innocent but wayward life, and a free utterance of his thoughts in the plainest language which occurred to him. His vast success in his practice poured in upon him immense wealth, and gave ample opportunity for his humoursome generosity to display itself. After a life spent in benevolent exertions in behalf of his fellow-creature, and a fortune expended in charitable donations, he left very large estates, with which he endowed, after the lapse of certain interests, his venerable *Alma mater*. The little book which records the chief transactions of his life, is scarce, and is of so interesting and amusing a character, that we shall be doing a service to our readers by making a selection of some of the more remarkable anecdotes, which it contains in great abundance, of this remarkable personage.

John Radcliffe was born at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, of respectable parents, who sent him to Oxford at the age of fifteen years, in 1665. After taking his bachelor of arts' degree in 1667, he proceeded to that of master of arts in 1672. Of the manner in which he spent his time at the University, his biographer observes:

> "It is to be confessed, indeed, that he had but a slender opinion of logical altercations, which, by the help of a parcel of abstruse terms, and very formal though immaterial distinctions, had, at this time, obtained much credit among his contemporaries, who were wont to make light of him on this account, upon several occasions. But his proficiency in more polite, as well as more advantageous literature, soon made it appear that his acquirements were preferable to theirs; and that whilst they were bewildering themselves in the dark intricacies of modes, figures, and accidents, he, to the admiration of all that knew his propensity to cheerful conversation, grew daily more and more conspicuous for the bright advances that were made by him towards the most important discoveries.
>
> "The business he was intent upon, was no less than the preservation of mankind; and this he did not endeavour to make himself master of, by any useless application to the rubbish of antiquity, in old musty volumes, that required ages to be thoroughly perused: but by a careful examination of the most valuable trea-

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[*] A singular case of deuteroscopia, or second sight, is recorded. "In April 1744, a man by the name of Forbes walking over Culloden Muir, with two or three others, was suddenly, as it were, lost in deep thought, and when in some short time after he was interrupted by his companions, he very accurately described the battle which was fought on that very spot two years afterwards, at which description all his companions laughed heartily, as there was no expectation of the pretender's coming to Britain at that time."

> tises that saw the light from modern hands. His books, while he was a student in physic, (for we so must term him till he became a practitioner) were very few, but well chosen: so few, indeed, as to make Dr. Bathurst, the head of Trinity College, (who, notwithstanding his seniority in the university kept him company for his conversation) stand in a surprise, and ask, 'Where was his study?' Upon which, pointing to a few vials, a skeleton, and an herbal, he received for answer, 'Sir, this is Radcliffe's Library.'"

In 1675, Mr. Radcliffe took a degree in physic, and commenced practice. The novelty, however, of his treatment, soon created him enemies in the university among the old practitioners, some of whom continued so through the greater part of his life. All kinds of insinuations were thrown out against the *guess-work*, as it was called, of his cures; and all deplored that his friends had not made him a better scholar. His replies seem to have been confined to a few *nicknames*, and a silent determination to go on curing his patients. His fame was soon spread far and wide; and having acquired considerable wealth in Oxford, he removed, in 1684, to London, where he had not been a year before he received more than twenty guineas per day.

> "His conversation, at this time, was held in as good repute as his advice; and what with his pleasantry of discourse, and readiness of wit in making replies to any sort of questions, he was a diverting companion to the last degree, insomuch, that he was very often sent for, and presented with fees for pretended ailments, when the real design of both sexes, that were equally delighted with him, was to reap advantages by his way of talk. Not but he was often out of humour at being dealt with after that manner, and would frequently give biting replies to such as were pressing with him for his prescriptions upon trifling occasions."

Dr. Radcliffe was a strong Tory, and nothing was wanting but to make him a Roman Catholic, to make him agreeable in the eyes of the Court.

> "In 1688, some time before the Bishops were sent to the Tower, and matters were carrying on towards the introduction of Popery, by no less violent methods, Father Saunders, one of the Court chaplains, and another Dominican, had it in command from the King, to use what solicitations should be thought needful, to bring him over to their communion, with the rest of the converts they were then making. Accordingly they were very pressing with him to save his poor soul, as they termed it, by embracing a religion, without which he was to expect no less than eternal damnation in the world to come. The Doctor heard what they had to say for some time, and then told them, 'That he held himself obliged to his Majesty for his charitable dispositions to him, in sending them to him, on so good an account as the saving his soul, which he would endeavour to show his acknowledgment of, by his duty and loyalty; but if the King would be graciously pleased to let him jog on in the ways he had been bred up in, during this life, he would run the risk of incurring the penalties they threatened him with, in that which was to come.' As for the instances they gave him by way of example, of a temporal and a spiritual lord's defection from the established church, he alleged, 'that it was more the business of a bishop and a statesman, to make curious researches into matters of Revelation, than of a physician; and besought his Majesty, out of his grace and favour to all his loving subjects, to let him continue in the religion of the latter, which would neither endanger his government in church nor state.' However, solicitations were not wanting from another quarter, and Mr. Walker, whom I just mentioned, had orders from above, to write to him, which he did several times, not only setting before him the great advantages he would receive hereafter, by his admission into the pale of the Roman church, but the benefits that would attend him in this life."

Dr. Radcliffe's answer to one of his friends' letters, is an admirable proof of his humour and his good sense.

> "Sir—I should be in as unhappy a condition in this life, as you fear I shall be in the next, were I to be treated as a turn-coat: and must tell you, that I can be serious no longer, while you endeavour to make me believe what, I am apt to think, you give no credit to yourself. Fathers, and Councils, and antique authorities, may have their influence in their proper places; but should any of them all, though covered with dust 1400 years ago, tell me, that the bottle I am now drinking with some of your acquaintance, is a wheel-barrow, and the glass in my hand a salamander, I should ask leave to dissent from them all.
>
> "You mistake my temper, in being of opinion that I am otherwise biassed than the generality of mankind are. I had one of your new convert's poems in my hands just now: you will know them to be Mr. Dryden's, and on what account they are written, at first sight. Four of the best lines, and most a-propos, run thus.
>
> 'By education most have been misled,
> So they believe, because they were so bred:
> The Priest continues what the nurse began,
> And so the child imposes on the man.'
>
> "You may be given to understand, from hence, that having been bred up a Protestant, at Wakefield, and sent from thence in that persuasion to Oxford, where, during my continuance, I had no relish for absurdities, I intend not to change principles, and turn Papist in London.
>
> "The advantages you propose to me, may be very great, for all I know; God Almighty can do very much, and so can the King; but you will pardon me, if I cease to speak like a physician for once; and, with an air of gravity—I am very apprehensive that I may anger the one, in being too complaisant to the other. You cannot call this pinning my faith to any man's sleeve; those that know me, are too well apprized of a contrary tendency. As I never flattered a man myself, so it is my firm resolution never to be wheedled out of my real sentiments, which are, that since it has been my good fortune to be educated according to the usage of the Church of England, established by law, I shall never make myself so unhappy, as to shame my teachers and instructors, by departing from what I have imbibed from them.
>
> "Yet, though I shall never be brought over to confide in your doctrines, no one breathing can have a greater

esteem for your conversation, by letters, or word of mouth, than, sir,

"Your most affectionate and faithful servant,
"John Radcliffe."

The conclusion of this story is highly characteristic of the Doctor's kindness of heart.

"Nor did the Doctor, when the necessity of the times, in the succeeding revolution, which followed this epistolatory intercourse by the heels, prove otherwise than a constant friend and benefactor to this great man: for though he could not be induced to adhere to his opinion in matters of religion, he would always abide by his determination in points of learning; and out of a generous sense of the pressures Mr. Walker laboured under, on account of his non-compliance with the government that was set over us, by the late King James's abdication, from the time of his first coming to London, after the scene of affairs were changed in Oxford, gave him the allowance of a very handsome competency to the day of his death; not even holding himself content to supply him in his latest breath, but contributing largely to his funeral expenses, that he might be conducted honourably to his grave, in Pancras church yard, where he was privately interred; and some years after a very decent monument was erected to his memory, with the two first letters of his name, O. W. in a cypher, and this modern inscription:

Per bonam famam
Et per infamiam."

When the revolution took place, and the Prince of Orange mounted the English throne, Dr. Radcliffe still retained his former principles, though he declined meddling himself with either party until he saw the event. King William had very bad health, and, consequently, availed himself of the skill of Dr. Radcliffe, whose reputation was then at its height. The Doctor, though by no means calculated for a court favourite, was nearly always called in to assist the different branches of the royal family in cases of emergency. Many of the anecdotes, recorded in this life, relate to them, and some we shall quote. Dr. Radcliffe was recommended to the king by the cures which he had performed on two of the principal friends whom he had brought over with him, Mr. Bentinck (afterwards Lord Portland,) and Mr. Zulestein (Lord Rochford.)

"The restoration of two persons so dear to the king to their perfect health, could not but cause his majesty to have an eye towards him that was the instrument of it, next to God, therefore that prince not only ordered him five hundred guineas out of the privy purse, but made him an offer of being sworn one of his majesty's physicians, with a salary of 200*l.* per annum more than any other.

"Though the present was only accepted, and the post refused, because the Doctor very cautiously considered that the settlement of the crown was but then in its infancy, and that accidents might intervene to disturb the security of it. Besides, as body physician to the princess of Denmark, whose service he was more inclined to from the high esteem she had always entertained for him, he had a very competent allowance, and stood in need of no addition to it, which would rather lessen the fees arising from his practice, than increase them, since he was too well apprized of the good inclination the king bore him, not to imagine he would send for him upon all urgent occasions, and when he did, so reward him that it would more than countervail a fixed salary. Nor was he out in his judgment, for the weak condition his majesty had been always *in* from his childhood, by flux of rheum and an asthma, the last of which distempers the Doctor was every where cried up for being exceedingly well versed in, made him so very often called upon, that the writer of these memoirs can aver that he has heard the doctor more than once or twice declare, that, one year with another, for the first eleven years *of* his reign, he cleared more than six hundred *guineas for* his bare attendance on the king's person, *exclusive of* the great officers."

He was afterwards called in on occasion of the fatal illness of the Queen Mary.

"It pleased God to afflict this nation by the sudden sickness of the incomparable Queen Mary, which terminated in the small pox; and which the court physician, after many fruitless experiments, found it impossible to raise. Whereupon, their utmost efforts proving ineffectual, the Doctor was sent for, by the council, to give his opinion, and, (if it was in the *power of* physic,) to avert the impending calamity that was *falling* upon the subjects. At the first sight of the recipes, without seeing her majesty, he told them, she was a dead woman, for it was impossible to do any good in her case, where remedies had been given that were so contrary to the nature of the distemper, yet he would endeavour to do all that lay in him to give her some ease. Accordingly the pustules began to fill, by a cordial julap he ordered to be given to the queen, which gave some faint hopes of her recovery; but the infection was driven too much into the recesses of the heart, not to be too strong for all attempts against it, and that great and good princess died a sacrifice to unskilful hands, who, out of one disease, had caused a complication by improper mendicaments."

After this he was sent for to Princess Anne of Denmark, whom he offends.

"Some few months after this unhappy accident, the Doctor, who, till then, had kept himself in the good graces of the Princess Anne of Denmark, made a forfeit of them by his too great addiction to the bottle after a very uncourtly manner. For her royal highness being indisposed, caused him to be sent for; in answer to which he made a promise of coming to St. James's soon after. But he not appearing, that message was backed by another, importing that she was extremely ill, and describing after what manner the princess was taken. At which the Doctor swore by his Maker, 'that her highness's distemper was nothing but the vapours, and that she was in as good a state of health as any woman breathing could she but give into the belief of it.' When he found, to his great mortification, on his appearance at court; that his freedom with so illustrious a patient had been highly resented: for, at his going into her presence, he was stopped by an officer in the anti-chamber, and told that the princess had no further need of the services of a physician who would not obey her orders, and that she had made choice of Dr. Gibbons to succeed him in the care of her health. Now as nothing could be more vexatious to him than to give place to his old antagonist, who was now become his successor, so he could not forgive him for this very thing to his dying day; and, at his return to his companions, without any regard to the great name, which ought not to have been made so free with, gave them to understand what had happened, intimating that nurse Gibbons had gotten a new nursery, which he by no means envied him the possession of, since his capacity was only equal to the ailments of a patient which had no other existence than in the imagination, and could reach no farther than the putting those out of a good state of health that were already in the enjoyment of it."

In the year 1697 the Doctor has another interview with King William, of a very interesting nature.

"After the king's return from Loo, where he had ratified the treaty of peace at Ryswick, his majesty found himself very much indisposed at his palace at Kensington; and, as usual, after his physicians in ordinary had given their opinions, would have Dr. Radcliffe's advice. His spirits were then wasting, and tending to their last decay, and every symptom that appeared gave certain indications that his majesty was in a downright dropsy; however, those, in whose sphere it was more particularly to consult their master's constitution, and the nature of his distemper, mistook it so far as to prescribe medicines for the cure of it which rather increased, than lessened, its malignity; at the same time, they assured the king that he was in no manner of danger, but would be in a right state of health again after he had taken such and such medicines and antiscorbutics, which had no manner of relation to his majesty's distemper. The king, when the Doctor was admitted, was reading Sir Roger l'Estrange's version of Æsop's Fables, and told him, that he had once more sent for him, to try the effects of his great skill, notwithstanding what he had been told by his body physicians, who were not sensible of his inward decay, that he might live many years, and would speedily recover. Upon which, the Doctor having put some interrogatories to him, very readily asked leave of the king to turn to a fable in the book before him, which would let his majesty know how he had been treated, and read to him in these words:

"'Pray, sir, how do you find yourself?' says the doctor to the patient. 'Why truly,' says the patient, 'I have had a most violent sweat.' 'Oh! the best sign in the world,' quoth the doctor. And then, a little while after, he is at it again, with a 'Pray, how do you find your body?' 'Alas!' says the other, 'I have just now had had a terrible fit of horror and shaking upon me!' 'Why this is all as it should be,' says the physician, 'it shows a mighty strength of nature.' And then he comes over him the third time, with the same questions again: 'Why I am all swelled,' says the other, 'as if I had the dropsy.' 'Best of all,' quoth the doctor, and goes his way. Soon after this comes one of the sick man's friends to him with the same question, 'How he felt himself?' 'Why, truly, so well,' says he, 'that I am even ready to die of I know not how many good signs and tokens.'

"'May it please your majesty, yours and the sick man's case is the very same,' cries the Doctor; you are buoyed up with hopes that your malady will soon be driven away by persons that are not apprized of means to do it, and know not the true cause of your ailment; but I must be plain with you, and tell you, that, in all probability, if your majesty will adhere to my prescriptions, it may be in my power to lengthen out your life for three or four years, but beyond that time nothing in physic can protract it, for the juices of your stomach are all vitiated; your whole mass of blood is corrupted; and your nutriment, for the most part, turns to water. However, if your majesty will forbear making long visits to the Earl of Bradford's (where the king was wont to drink very hard,) I'll try what can be done to make you live easily, though I cannot venture to say I can make you live longer than I have told you;' and so left a recipe behind him, which was so happy in its effects as to enable the king not only to take a progress in the western parts of his kingdom, but to go out of it, and divert himself at his palace of Loo, in Holland."

In 1699, while the king was abroad, the Duke of Gloucester was taken ill at Windsor, where he had over-heated himself with dancing.

"His highness's distemper was a rash, but judged by Sir Edward Thorne and Dr. B——s, to be the small-pox, which they unskilfully prescribed remedies for, that proved the occasion of his death. The whole court was alarmed at this accident, and the Princess of Denmark, notwithstanding her antipathy to Dr. Radcliffe, was prevailed upon by the Countess of Marlborough and Lady Fretchville, to send for him; who, upon first sight of the royal youth, gave her to understand that there was no possibility of recovering him, since he would die by such an hour the next day; which he, who was the hopes of all the British dominions, did accordingly. However, with great difficulty, he was persuaded to be present at the consult, where he could not refrain from bitter invectives against the two physicians above mentioned, and told the one, 'That it would have been happy for the nation had the first born been bred up a musket maker, (which was his father's profession) and the last continued making an havock of nouns and pronouns in the quality of a country school master, rather than have ventured out of his reach in the practice of an art which he was an utter stranger to, and for which he ought to have been whipped with one of his own rods.'"

The Doctor, soon after this event, was consulted by the king, when the physician indulged in a freedom of speech, which the sovereign never forgave.

"At the close of this year, the king on his return from Holland, (where, instead of following the Doctor's advice, he had lived very freely with several German princes,) found himself again very much out of order; and having his sole reliance on Dr. Radcliffe's judgment, sent for him to Kensington the last time, for he was then as much out of favour with his majesty, as he was with the princess. After the necessary questions put by the physician to the royal patient, said the king, showing his swoollen ancles, while the rest of his body was emaciated, and like a mere skeleton, 'Doctor, what think you of these?' 'Why, truly,' replied he, 'I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms;' which freedom of speech was resented so much, though seemingly not taken notice of during their conversation for that time, that all the interest the Earl of Albemarle had at court, and then he was the chief favourite, could not reinstate him in his majesty's good grace, who, from that very hour, never would suffer him to come into his presence; though he continued to make use of his diet-drinks, till three days before his death, which happened to fall out much about the same time as the Doctor had calculated, and which the king had frequently said to the earl before mentioned, would come to pass, in verification of Radcliffe's prediction. Since it appeared upon opening his late majesty's body, that he had lived as long as there was any nutriment for the animal spirits, and that if he had not fallen from his horse, which broke his collar-bone, and might hasten his death for a few days, he must have been gathered to his fathers in less than a month's time, since his lungs were entirely wasted and dried, and crumbled in the hand like a clod of summer dirt."

Hatred of meanness, and a blunt expression of his feelings whenever he saw it, distinguish many of these anecdotes, but none more than the following story, which is likewise a good specimen of the style of the biographer.

"Yet, though the Doctor had an esteem for men that set a true value upon his skill, and were gratefully disposed to acknowledge it by suitable regards, he had the greatest aversion imaginable, howsoever parsimonious in his own person, for such as were of abilities, yet of niggardly dispositions, as may be seen in the case of one Mr. Tyson, a man of vast wealth and estate, and said, at the time of his decease, to be worth more than £300,000. It happened that this figure of a man, without any thing like a human soul, had dealt with empyricks so long for cheapness' sake, that he was reduced to so low an ebb of life as to have the continuance of it in a manner despaired of. His friends and neighbours had repeated their instances with him to no manner of purpose, that he would look out for some able physician for his preservation; but the cost was a greater terror to him for some time than the apprehension of death itself. At last, when he found that he must leave, in case of demise, all his ill-gotten treasure and possessions behind, when a total decay of nature notified the last necessity of having recourse to fit helps to protract a life that wanted many and many years to have the guilt washed off, which it had contracted by its avarice and extortion: In a word, when the remembrance of his deeds gave pricks to his conscience, and tortured him with the frightful ideas of the punishments that were due to them in another world; he took up resolutions of seeking out ways and means to make his abode in this as long as it was possible. In order to this, he pitched upon Dr. Radcliffe, as the only person capable of giving him relief in his dangerous estate. But nature had still such a predominance in him, notwithstanding his weakness, and his old habitual sin of covetousness had so much gained the ascendant over his other passions, that he was at a loss how to keep the Doctor from discovering who he was, while he applied to him for a true account and cure of his distemper. At last he and his wife agreed to give the Doctor a visit at his own house, in order to save the charge of coming to theirs; and, after taking their coach to the Royal Exchange, went into an hack that carried them to Bloomsbury, where, with two guineas in hand, and in a very mean habit, Mr. Tyson opened his condition to the Doctor, still insisting upon his poverty and having advice upon reasonable terms. But neither his sickness nor his apparel had disguised him so much as to deceive the doctor, who had no sooner heard what he had to say and taken his gold, but told him, 'he might go home and die and be damned, without a speedy repentance, for both the grave and the devil were ready for one Tyson of Hackney, who had raised an immense estate out of the spoils of the public and the tears of orphans and widows, and would certainly be a dead man in ten days.' Nor was the event contrary to the prediction; for the wretched usurer returned to his house quite confounded with the sentence that had been passed upon him, (part of which was fulfilled in eight days, by his death; though we will not be so presumptuous to say that relating to his after estate was.) and by bidding adieu to this world, left his earthly possessions to a son, who, it is hoped, knows how to make a better use of them."

The Doctor's invitation to Prince Eugene will also set his character in a strong light. The coolness with which he turns from the hopeless case of his patient to a friendly invitation of the sick man's uncle, is particularly admirable.

"The same year, upon the coming over of Prince Eugene of Savoy to persuade the British court to enter into the Emperor's measures, which were for the continuance of the war with France and Spain, till the kingdoms possessed by the latter, with its dominions in the West Indies, were restored to the house of Austria; the Chevalier de Soissons, his highness's nephew, in a nightly encounter with the watch, was so bruised, that he was thrown into a violent fever, which was falsely said to terminate in the small pox, to cover the reproach of such an unprincely disaster. Hereupon, Dr. Radcliffe being called upon for his advice, very frankly told the prince, 'That he was extremely concerned he could be of no service to him, in the recovery of a person so dear and nearly related to him, as the Chevalier, since the Sieur Swartenburgh, his highness's physician, had put it out of his power, by mistaking the nature of the distemper; but that he should hold it amongst the greatest honours he had ever received, if he might have the happiness of entertaining so great a general, to whose noble achievements the world was indebted, at his poor habitation.' In pursuance of which invitation, after the chevalier was interred amongst the Ormond family in Westminster Abbey, and the prince had dined and supped with several of the chief nobility, he bethought himself of paying a visit to Dr. Radcliffe, and sent him word he intended to foul a plate with him on such a day. The Doctor made provision accordingly; and instead of ragous and other fine kickshaws, wherewith other tables had been spread, ordered his to be covered with barons of beef, jiggets of mutton, legs of pork, and other such substantial British dishes, for the first course, at which several of the nobility, who were perfect strangers to whole joints of butcher's meat, made light of his entertainment. But the prince, upon taking his leave of him, said, in French, 'Doctor, I have been fed at other tables like a courtier, but received at your's as a soldier, for which I am highly indebted to you, since I must tell you, that I am more ambitious of being called by the latter appellation than the former. Nor can I wonder at the bravery of the British nation, that has such food and liquor (meaning some beer he had drank of seven years old) of their own growth, as what you have thus given proof of.'"

When the Doctor could not cure his patients, he could generally satisfy them with regard to the day and even hour of their death. His prophetical powers in this respect were astonishing. Many instances are given in the course of his life. When the Dutchess of Marlborough applied to him to go down to Cambridge to her son, the Marquis of Blandford, who had been improperly treated for the small pox by the physicians of the university, having heard the detail of their procedure, he answered, "*Madam, I shall only put you to a great expense to no purpose, for you have nothing to do for his lordship now, but to send down an undertaker to take care of a funeral; for I can assure your grace, he is dead by this time, of a distemper called the Doctor, that would have been recovered from the small pox without the intervention of that unfortunate malady.*" Nor was he out in his conjectures, for the dutchess was no sooner in her apartments at St. James' House, but a messenger arrived with the news. He was equally accurate in the case of Prince George, the husband of Queen Anne, who had been advised to go to Bath; and whether from the gaiety of the place, or the change of air, he was thought to be much recovered.

"The skill of the physicians who advised the journey was highly applauded, and every one's concern for so valuable a life was laid aside, but Dr. Radcliffe's, who, with his wonted spirit of prediction, said, 'the ensuing year would let them all know their mistakes in following such preposterous and unadvisable counsels, since the very nature of a dropsy might have taught those whose duty it was to prescribe proper medicaments for the cure of it, and might lead them into other precautions for the safety of so illustrious a patient, than the choice of means which must unavoidably feed it.' In justification of these sentiments, his royal highness fell into a relapse, and after a six month's struggle with the fierceness of his distemper, was seized after such a manner, with violent shiverings and convulsions on the twenty-second of October, that his physcians were of opinion, that Dr. Radcliffe was the only person now to be applied to, since they were at the *ne plus ultra*, and had gone through all the recipes their art could furnish them with. In pursuance of this advice, her majesty, who could set apart former prejudices and resentments out of concern for the preservation of so inestimable a life, caused him to be sent for in one of her own coaches, and was pleased to tell him, that no rewards or favours should be wanting, could he but remove the convulsions she was troubled with, in the cure of those which her beloved husband bore. But the Doctor, who was unused to flattery, instantly gave the queen to understand, that nothing but death could release his royal highness from the pangs he was afflicted with, and said, 'That though it might be a rule amongst surgeons to apply caustics to such as were burned or scalded, it was very irregular among physicians to drive and expel watery humours from the body, by draughts of the same element. However, he would leave something in writing whereby such hydropicks and anodynes should be prepared for him, that should make him go out of the world with the greater ease, since he had been so tampered with, that nothing in the art of physic could keep the prince alive more than six days.' Accordingly, he departed this life on the sixth day following, to the great grief of the queen and the whole court."

We have many proofs of the Doctor's wit scattered here and there; the following is said to have passed between the celebrated painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and our physician. Sir Godfrey, who lived in the adjoining house to the Doctor, had given the latter leave to open a door into his garden. The Doctor's servants abused the privilege, and made "sad havock among Sir Godfrey's hortulanary curiosities."

"So that the person aggrieved found himself under the necessity of letting him that ought to make things easy, know, by one of his servants, 'That he should be obliged to brick up the door in case of his complaints proving ineffectual.' To this the Doctor, who was very often in a choleric temper, and, from the success of his practice, imagined every one under an obligation of bearing with him, returned answer, 'That Sir Godfrey might do what he pleased with the door, so that he did not *paint* it.' Hereupon the footman, after some hesitation in the delivery of his message, and several commands from his master, to give it him word for word, told him as above. 'Did my very good friend, Dr. Radcliffe, say so?' cried Sir Godfrey. 'Go you back to him, and after presenting my service to him, tell him, that I can take any thing from him but physic.' "

Sir Godfrey perhaps had the advantage here: the Doctor's wit is, however, better displayed in his remarks on a rival physician.

"In the same year, Dr. Edward Hannes (afterwards Sir Edward) having acquired a sufficient stock of reputation at Oxford, left that university in hopes to rival our grand preserver of health and life in London. But though he was a most excellent scholar, and well versed in the knowledge of chemistry and anatomy, though he outdid all the competitors he had left behind him; though he set up a very spruce equipage, and endeavoured to attract the eyes and hearts of the beholders by the means of it; he found himself fall short of his accompts, and not able to cope with many of the old practitioners, particularly Dr. Radcliffe, who was as superior to him as the young fry of the university were inferior. He therefore bethought himself of a stratagem; and to get into repute, ordered his footman to stop most of the gentlemen's chariots, and inquire whether they belonged to Dr. Hanner, as if he was called to a patient. Accordingly, the fellow, in pursuance of his instructions, put the question in at every coach door, from White-hall to the Royal Exchange, and as he had his lesson for that end, not hearing of him in any coach, ran up into Exchange alley, and entering Garraway's Coffee House, made the same interrogatories both above and below. At last, Dr. Radcliffe who was usually there about Exchange time, and planted at a table with several apothecaries and chirurgeons that flocked about him, cried out, Dr. Hannes was not there, and desired to know who wanted him. The fellow's reply was, 'Such a lord and such a lord;' but he was taken up with dry rebuke, 'No, no, friend, you are mistaken, the doctor wants those lords.'"

Dr. Radcliffe was never married, and dying without children, he made the university of Oxford his principal heir. His friends observing the accumulation of his vast wealth, recommended marriage to him, and pointed out the daughter of a wealthy citizen. The Doctor had a most ungallant hatred of the whole sex, which, on this occasion, he however consented to overcome. Accordingly his advances were made in due form, pecuniary arrangements nearly finished, and the marriage almost fixed, when the experienced eye of the doctor made a discovery in his intended bride, which produced the following letter.

"Sir,

"The honour of being allied to so good and wealthy a person as Mr. S——d, has pushed me upon a discovery that may be fatal to your quiet, and your daughter's reputation, if not timely prevented. Mrs. Mary is a very deserving gentlewoman; but you must pardon me, if I by no means think she is fit to be my wife, since she is another man's already, or ought to be. In a word, she is no better and no worse than actually pregnant, which makes it necessary that she be disposed of to him that has the best claim to her affections. No doubt you have power enough over her to bring her to confession, which is by no means the part of a physician. As for my part, I shall wish you much joy of a new son-in-law, when known, for I am by no means qualified to be of so near a kin. *Hanging* and *marrying* I find go by destiny, and I might have been guilty of the first had I not so narrowly escaped the last. My best services to your daughter; whom I can be of but little use to as a physician, and of much less in the quality of a suitor. The daughter of so wealthy a gentleman as Mr. S. can never want a husband, therefore the sooner you bestow her the better, that the young *Hans en Kelder* may be born in wedlock, and have the right of inheritance to so large a patrimony. You'll excuse me for being so very free with you; for, though I cannot have the honour of being your son-in-law, I shall ever take pride in being among the number of your friends; who am,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN RADCLIFFE."

The Doctor was, however, a favourite of the female sex, and not always the injured person. Among others, he attracted the notice of a lady of quality, whose individuality is now lost under the name of Lady Betty. She contrived to be out of order week after week, and, at last, fairly exhausted the patience of the Doctor at being sent for on so many trifling occasions. Whereupon he told her father, that it was his opinion that her ladyship stood more in need of a confessor than a physician, for he was convinced her mind was more distempered than her body. But it was in vain, that the Doctor was dull and avoided his patient—he was at last informed, by means of the lady's maid, that he alone must be that confessor.

"Hereupon he gave his attendance, to hear what she had to say, which made a discovery that *struck* him with amazement. How to answer her *directly* he knew not, for she had made a sort of *ambiguous* confession, which had only pointed out her great *respects* for a certain person without any name, he *thereupon* told her, 'That her case was somewhat difficult, but *he* did not doubt to ease her of all her anxieties, on that account, in a month's time.' Accordingly, the *young* lady formed an inconceiveble joy to herself, but the Doctor immediately laid the whole affair before the Lord of ———, her father, with a caution to him not to let the daughter know he was any wise apprised of it, since it was in his power to prevent her flinging herself away with a man much *beneath her*, by a speedy contract of marriage with *some person of* equal extraction; this advice was readily *embraced and* gratefully acknowledged, and the lady, *who is now* living and one of the best of wives, was married *to* a nobleman who had made pretensions to her *for several* months before this discovery, within the time *limited*, which, at once, absolved the Doctor of his promise, and showed his inviolable attachment to the reputation and interest of his friend and benefactor."

The inexorable Doctor was made to suffer in his turn. In a visit which he paid to a young female patient, of great beauty, *wealth*, and rank, he was so smitten with her charms, as to make him stand in need of a physician himself. He altered his liveries, ordered a new coach, and disclosed his love. The ungrateful woman ridiculed his attachment, and made a good story of it to Sir Richard Steel. The consequence was, that our Æsculapius cuts a laughable figure in the forty-fourth number of the *Tatler*. Dr. Radcliffe consoled himself with his old friends and his old wine. No man was ever more attached to either; and if we may judge from this work, he appears to have lived in very jovial society, and been a very jolly companion. Judging from the high rank of his intimates, he must have had some social qualities to recommend him to their companionship. We have very good proof, that in his old age a retrospect of his past life was not particularly consoling. The following letter, written a short time before he died, is a proof of bitter repentance. It is addressed to the Earl of Denbigh.

Cashalton, October 15, 1714.

"My very good Lord,

"This being the last time that, in all probability I shall ever put pen to paper, I though it my duty to employ it in writing to you, since I am now going to a place from whence I can administer no advice to you, and whither you, and all the rest who survive me, are obliged to come, sooner or later.

"Your lordship is too well acquainted with my temper, to imagine that I could bear the reproaches of my friends, and threats of my enemies, without laying them deeply at heart, especially since there are no grounds for the one, nor foundation for the other; and you will give me credit, when I say, these considerations alone have shortened my days.

"I dare persuade myself, that the reports which have been raised of me relating to my non-attendance on the queen in her last moments, are received by you as by others of my constant and assured friends, with an air of contempt and disbelief, and could wish they made as little impression on me; but I find them to be insupportable, and have experienced, that though there are repellant medicines for diseases of the body, those of the mind are too strong and impetuous for the feeble resistance of the most powerful artist.

"In a word, the decays of nature tell me, that I cannot live fourteen days; and the menacing letter enclosed, will tell you from what quarter my death comes. Give me leave, therefore, to be in earnest, once for all with my very good lord, and to use my endeavours to prolong your life, that cannot add a span's length to my own.

"Your lordship knows how far an air of jollity has obtained amongst you and your acquaintance, and how many of them in a few years have died martyrs to excess: let me conjure you, therefore, for the good of your own soul, the preservation of your health, and the benefit of the public, to deny yourself the destructive liberties you have hitherto taken, and which, I must confess, with a heart full of sorrow, I have been too great a partaker of in your company.

"You are to consider, (Oh! that I had done so,) that men, especially those of your exalted rank, are born to nobler exercises than those of eating and drinking; and that by how much the more eminent your station is, by so much the more accountable will you be for the discharge of it. Nor will your duty to God, your country, or yourself, permit you to anger the *first*, in robbing the second of a patriot and defender, by not taking a due care of the third; which will be accounted downright murder in the eyes of that incensed Deity that will most assuredly avenge it.

"The pain that affects my nerves, interrupts me from making any other request to you, than that your lordship would give credit to the words of a dying man, who is fearful that he has been, in a great measure, an abettor and encourager of your intemperance, and would, therefore, in these his last moments, when he is most to be credited, dehort you from the pursuit of it; and that in these the days of your youth, (for you have yet many years to live if you do not hasten your own death,) you would give ear to the voice of the preacher, whom you and I, with the rest of our company, have, in the midst of our debauches, made light of for saying, 'Rejoice, oh, young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things, God will bring thee to judgment!' On which day, when the hearts of all men shall be layed open, may you and I, and all that sincerely repent of acting contrary to the revealed will in this life, reap the fruits of our sorrows for our misdeeds, in a blessed resurrection, which is the hearty prayer of

My very good lord,
Your lordship's most obedient
And most obliged servant,
John Radcliffe."

His death was hastened by the strong prejudices excited against him by false rumours, respecting his conduct on occasion of the last illness of the queen. It was well known, that he was not in the favour of her majesty; and when she died, it was commonly reported, and even taken notice of in parliament, that when sent for he refused to attend. He never was sent for in an open manner by the council and her majesty's attendants, but Lady Masham despatched a messenger for him, two hours before her death. Dr. Radcliffe had received constant reports of the state of her majesty from his friend, Dr. Mead, and knew that she was irrecoverable. But had it not been so, the Doctor could not have attended through such an intimation. However, after the queen's decease, a great clamour arose against Dr. Radcliffe, threatening letters were sent to him, and he durst not stir out of his house. This situation, at any time sufficiently disagreeable, preyed upon his declining spirits, and hastened his death. "To conclude, this great and excellent man, who had made all manner of diseases fly before him, could not withstand the assaults of the grand destroyer of mankind in his own person, but in the sixty-fifth year of his age fell a victim to the ingratitude of a thankless world and the fury of the gout, on the first of November, 1714, the Feast of All Saints: on that day being divested of the tabernacle of flesh, that he might be numbered with the blessed spirits, among whom sits enthroned our late sovereign *lady*, whose decease has been so injuriously and falsely laid to his charge.

THE PLANTER'S TALE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

To the Editor of the Dublin University Magazine.

Dear Sir.—The peculiarity of the incidents related in the following memoir, has made it necessary to premise more description of characters and previous events, than may at first seem consistent with the shortness of the narrative. But without this, the actions of the principal person might appear unnatural. Such incidents are perhaps oftener to be found in real life, than in the page of the novelist. Fiction—anxious to preserve the semblance of truth—is cautious in its ventures from the sea-coast of common occurrence. The passions of men take bolder courses, in which probability is not always the pilot.

In selecting from a copious mass of materials, I have preserved the language of the original writer. But as the events of domestic history are often long preserved by traditionary recollection, I have thought it fit to substitute fictitious names of persons and places. The real actors in the scene, it should be remembered, are still represented by persons bearing their names, and moving in the same circle; though, I am happy to say, with more prosperous and less eventful histories. —I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

George Faithful Mendax.

" One fatal Remembrance!"

Chapter I.

If, by some extraordinary gift of recollection and forgetfulness, any one could distinctly recall the actual states of his mind, in the several stages of life, and annihilate the intervals of slow transition, by which they have been gradually run into each other—as daylight fades into perfect obscurity, so that the changes are only be traced by their accumulation—the contrasts, thus perceived, would be inconsistent with that sense of identity, which accompanies the mind through all these changes. But so it is—that in the progress of our years, the lapse of time is unperceived, and our days glide away like the sands in the hour-glass. The ideas of the past appear not to have been, rather than to have departed; and those of the present, to stand still in the attitude of perpetuity, possessing the mind with the impression of an established order. The man thus finds it as hard to imagine himself a child,—as the child to conceive the temper of the man. Such is the common order of natural change. But there are sometimes—providentially not often—trains of fatality; combinations so unfortunate; minds so peculiarly organized; influences so blighting; that the changes which they cause are not easily explained. They are sudden, dreadful and violent, like the earthquake, which breaks unexpected from the bosom of a sunny and fertile landscape—to astonish, confound,and destroy,and leave sterile devastation behind. So sudden and so great has been the revolution of my being, from the event of a moment, that ever since, I can hardly feel myself the same. My position in the world, my feelings, and whole moral being are totally changed. To me, the world of which I was one, is not as the land of the living, but of the silent dead. Where I am —there is nothing like what was—and all that remains to bind me to former days, are recollections that seem to belong to pre-existence.

Yet, were it not that human consciousness can trace to their source the secret working causes of moral ruin—it would be impossible to reconcile with probability, the occurrence from which I must date this era of my existence. The seeming accident was the result of causes, of which I must first endeavour, and it is no slight task, to convey to your mind a distinct impression. With this purpose, let me entreat your attention, while I endeavour to introduce some ideas of persons and places necessary to the distinct understanding of my early history, and of that formation of character to which the seeming fatality of my life is to be traced.

On the shore of a lonely mountain lake, in the county of ———, you have seen the ruins of Loch Abbey—and as I have heard you say, wept, among the abandoned dwellings of your ancestors. Those dark and moss-grown gables—those turrets, rent by the unresisted elements—those old chimneys, tenanted by the raven, and echoing desolately to the chattering of the swallow and the jackdaw—were the joyous scenes of domestic affection, and the haunts of kindred greeting and hospitable cheer.

My father had three children, of whom I was the eldest—your father, the second, and and a daughter, who, as you know, married into an English family. Our domestic circle was, however, much enlarged by the constant visits of uncles, aunts, and numerous tribes of cousins, first, second, and third, up to the tenth degree at least; some of whom were never wanting to swell the social group at Loch Abbey. Besides these—there was a lively intercourse kept up with an extensive, though not very densely inhabited neighbourhood; in which, to be sufficiently respectable, and to live within a day's journey, constituted a neighbour. At the time to which this narrative relates, a respectable resident aristocracy, cultivated there the refined charities of civilized life in the same dwellings, now mostly tenanted by a homely and half-bred class, who have since sprung up like children of the soil, to rapidly amassed wealth, and the importance it brings in its train. Alas! how often have I felt a melancholy exultation, in the thought how few of those who might recollect the history of my youthful errors are now alive—the world from which I am an outcast is itself no more.

My younger brother, Edward, was endowed with many attractive and endearing qualities. Among the youthful, he was a centre in every circle—to the old, a theme of approval and fortunate promise—in afterlife happily realized. I was his opposite in all things: and yet all, from the operation of one seemingly minute infirmity—an excessive love of approbation, envenomed by a sensitiveness which both diminished my power to please, and made me more keenly alive to failure. It was my daily lot to be surpassed by Edward —to hear him praised and approved—to feel myself unhappy, and think myself despised.

Thus the gall of bitterness was infused among the earliest affections of my youth, and a spirit of jealousy sprung up within me, which 'grew with my growth.' Had I been a younger brother, much of this might have been neutralized by other causes: for competition ceases as the virtual inequality of circumstances begins to be felt. But it was not so. This cause was itself inverted, and produced an opposite effect. My mother acted unwisely; she might have taught me to do justice to the virtues of others, to estimate myself aright, and aim at the true nobility of noble thoughts and purposes. With that partiality which mothers so often shew for eldest sons, she taught me to resent superiority, and to overrate myself. She taught me to be selfish, and I became unjust. Praise withheld was an injury, and every seeming slight, came aggravated into a grievous insult. With such feelings cankering in my breast, when a child, my refuge was behind my mother's chair. As I grew older, my resource was a brooding and vindictive solitude, haunted by all unhappy and all evil impressions. Had it, however, been merely solitude, with its shadows and dream-like influences, it had perhaps been well—the changes of busy life might have restored me to myself. But my solitude was haunted by a fiend in human shape;—alas! it is but too natural that it should be so. I could bear no companion but a flatterer, and I became the mate of base and vulgar minds. If I perceived this baseness, it had first mingled itself with the spirit of my thoughts, and with my notions of human nature.

I had one companion, who, selected almost in childhood, clung to me through the whole of my clouded life—for what has passed since one fatal moment, I cannot call life. This creature adhered to me, as the parasite plant, which saps and withers the forest tree, of which it seems the faithful guardian and support. Observant and crafty, Anthony O'Roorke was in his manner playful, simple, and heedless—a rough, homely wit, and a careless, rattling address, obtained him the cant appellation of Honest. While the good fortune, which seemed on all occasions to await upon all his dealing, caused the people who knew him best, to speak of him as a long-headed youth, who had 'wit in his folly,' and always 'knew what he was about.' To this youth, who was first introduced to my notice; by his having been employed in the pantry, I took a most especial fancy—and soon made him the companion of my plays. To this my mother acceded, from her unwillingness that I should be unattended in those rambles among woods and mountains, which as I grew, became my only pleasure. Anthony was always by my side—sedulously observant of my will, and, as if he could read my heart, speaking just what I wished to have said—or silent as the woods that hung over our steps.

One benign influence alone was mingled in the associations of my youth—and still it dwells starlike amid the remembrance of those evil hours. Even on my heart of hearts is yet drawn with a distinctness over which time can have no power—the unutterable beauty of Eleanor O'Connellan. Like a celestial visitant, at distant intervals, she came with her family from Castlecorragh, a distance of 30 miles, to stay for a few days at the Abbey. Her presence ever, even from our infancy, acted as a charm upon my morbid and self-involved mood. In those early days, she had yet shewn no preference for your father—and he seemed indifferent about her. On me, her every look fell like an enchantment, and her smiles beamed like sunshine on my breast. Of this the lovely child was quite unconscious. Edward, under this influence, would have spoken—but I shrunk beneath the power of so much loveliness; and, in truth, I felt that she would only laugh. In thought I not the less appropriated her—and of all my fancies of the future of life, she was ever the principal figure of the foreground. Alas! I was destined—I was destined—I little knew the dark fatality to which I was as one betrothed. This happy dream was only permitted till the feelings of riper years sprung up in our little circle. Until then Eleanor was left to me. From that—a new order of feelings began to appear amongst us. My mother, it is true, consulted my inclinations—my father, and her parents, who looked to interested motives, favoured my boyish passion; in the parlour we sat side by side. But in the garden, in the moss-house, in the out-door ramble, it was wholly different; and childish frankness made this difference too plain. Still was I sedulously taught to hope. "She must get sense," it was said, and "would never think of the younger brother, when she should once understand the difference." Alas! the fatal delusion: yet I believe that it preserved my soul from utter baseness, while it lasted. While she mingled in my thoughts, I could not be wholly base.

Such was the dream that cast a sweetness over my infancy, and that still sheds a recollected brightness over the mountain wilds of Loch Abbey, and around the baronial towers and stately forests of Castlecorragh. Strange it is, how the wild visions of a fanciful mind, will return so mixed up and interfused among the recollections of place, and the realities of life: that the bitterness of wounded feeling and disappointed affection, from which they were a refuge or a balm, is nearly lost to the remembrance. The brooding jealousy, and the daily pang of mortified ambition and pride, which but too often embittered my lonely ramble, have nearly, at this long interval of weary years,—passed away from my recollections of the summer paths of my paternal hills: and they are glorious, with the light of expectation and hope, which my earliest affections scattered profusely—yet ah! how idly round them.

One more person of principal importance I must endeavor to present as well as I can, to your imagination, before I proceed to my hapless history. *Quanquam animus meminisse fugit.* Even now—after the lapse of half a century—the awful form of my injured uncle Richard, as I saw him last—rises with the memory of his name; and stands like a phantom among thē shadows of the tomb to which I am approaching.

Among all the visitors at Loch Abbey, the most loved, and most anxiously expected, was my uncle Richard—the day of his arrival was as a festival to old and young—there was a smile of gladness and hilarity on every countenance, even to the humblest menial who led round his horses, or carried his valise up the back stairs. Whether, from some impression received in childhood—or from the peculiarity of my nature—or most likely from both of these causes—to me alone his coming was an object of fear, and his presence a constraint. When he was near, I was not quite myself—his spirit overshadowed mine; and in spite of involuntary respect, this feeling afterwards grew to something very much resembling hate.

In my father's lifetime; his visits to the Abbey, even when spoken of in the family, never failed to communicate a shock to my nerves. When he came, a sudden faintness followed the intelligence. When I chanced to be alone in his presence, I felt as if my life was fluttering in his grasp. I could not resist the impression; which was, I believe correct, that his eye looked me through—that all my inmost weaknesses were seen, despised, censured or derided. But there was wth this a less describable sentiment, probably attributable to some remote early impression on a too impressible mind. I felt a dark and shadowy sense of some disastrous and terrific influence, which he was in some unknown way, to have over my destiny, which, though it appeared vaguely to my morbid apprehension, I yet conceived to have a distinct form, and futurition within the recess of his mind. This impression may best be conceived, by calling to mind the manner in which the terrors of superstition will often cling in spite of rational disbelief. Strange to say, that to me, my uncle Richard was at all times more gentle and affectionate in his demeanour than to any one else; but I felt his kindness much as a lamb might be imagined to feel the playful condescension of a tiger—it oppressed my spirit sadly, and I feared his smile, as others might have feared his frown. If he was kind to me, I felt as if it were the purchase of my soul—and if he praised me, I translated it into a sneer. Indeed, there was some justice in this—for he ever addressed me in the tone and manner which men observe towards children, while he made a companion of my younger brother Edward, and even consulted his opinion on matters of importance.

It would occupy too much of a narrative, which must needs be a long one, were I to relate the many incidents which might serve to illustrate the position and influence of this combination of circumstances in forming my character. I might describe countless occasions of boyish enjoyment, or affection, or vanity, interrupted by a keen glance, an intelligent smile, or a whisper interpreted by the jealousy of morbid pride. I could tell of prudent interferences and constraints, ever traced to the suggestions of uncle Richard. But there is not time, and I must trust to your own perceptions of character, to impress you with some notion of the atmosphere of fatality, which grew over my spirit as I grew, and filled me with dreadful forebodings, and startled suspicions, enough to be the punishment of a fiend. One incident may be selected, as it may serve to illustrate the state of mind, to which it actually helped to give a determinate form and direction—after which I shall pass to deeds of maturer and darker years.

One day, when I was about 18, an express came to the Abbey, that uncle Richard was dangerously ill—and not expected to survive many days. My parents and brother were intensely anxious, and so was I—but, how different were our feelings. Mine was a fearful feverish hope. At the same time, let me say, that I did not without a struggle acquiesce in this unnatural feeling—nay, I even tried to oppse to it all the kindly recollections I could muster, and was thus enabled to wear a decorous countenance of external sympathy. But nature and habit were too strong. Should my uncle die—I was henceforth free—my younger brother's star would no longer have the ascendency over mine—it was thus I thought—and the portentous superstition of my heart would be dissolved.—Could I forbear to hope. Alas! how much wickedness did this brief struggle develop within me—I can never forget the hour when the account came of my uncle's recovery.

I was walking up a height that overlooked the road from Ballyborough, ruminating over a thousand bitter and pleasing fancies.—O'Roorke was with me, but, with him, I felt myself alone. From time to time, we were both on the watch for the expected courier—and, impatient of suspense, my ear was pained with listening for the distant tramp. At last I caught it faintly from a distance, and a sickening eagerness seized me, which made my heart beat with distressing force—and an uncontrollable tremor took possession of every limb. Anthony sat upon a stone and watched me with a thoughtful eye; I did not then rightly read his looks. The courier was soon within hail—for he broke into a gallop as he approached the avenue—"Good news, good news, Master Joe—good news, huzza!" shouted he, as he cantered up.

Strange to say, I felt a moment's gladness fluttering over the darkness of my breast.—Was it a momentary sympathy with the tone of exultation? It was I think a momentary error. What news could be good for my diseased mind, but that which my soul desired so eagerly. Nor was this impulse, brief as it was, quite unperceived by others—I was scarcely aware of it myself, when I began to reprove the courier for his inhuman rejoicing—Anthony's eye grew keenly significant.

"Well, that's queer, sure enough!" said the horseman.

I caught myself, but without recovering my presence of mind—"Is not my poor uncle——" I stopped short, but the man finished my sentence—"Dead? bless your heart, he's worth a hundred thousand dead for these thirty years to come, he'll be up to-morrow, and at the Abbey to Christmas." My heart, which had been gasping in my throat, fell down like lead into its lowest recess of guilty prostration. I had just strength to utter two words of insincere thankfulness, with the wretched conviction that no one was deceived. Before I could recover my presence of mind, the fellow had galloped off. One glance from O'Roorke, that seemed the reflection of my thoughts, completed the degrading impression, and by awakening the self-justifying pride of my spirit—fixed and developed in my breast a feeling that was no more to leave me until it had done its fatal work.

CHAPTER II.

I must now pass over some years; and, as I trust, you are prepared to enter into the spirit of the subsequent events, will briefly sum up the peculiar circumstances under which I was placed at that dreadful period which at once converted the visionary fears of my youth, into the guilt and remorse which have since thrown over half a century of years, the blackness of their shadow.

Many changes had taken place:—my parents were dead—Edward and I grown up—your aunt Edith married—my uncle Richard was my guardian, and, though I was twenty-three, still managed my estate—a task to which I was myself unequal. Edward resided with my uncle whenever he came from the university—I generally remained at Loch Abbey, which I loved, and which by its wildness and loneliness, best suited those morbid and brooding habits which had much increased as I grew to manhood.

I had yet a strong desire which I was ashamed to declare, to become the free master of my own estates, and to escape from the loathed control of my uncle. This desire brought me often to Ballyborough, where my uncle anxiously tried to detain me.

His authority—strange to say—still held my spirit bound by the viewless links of custom, fear and unconscious respect. He was always right when we differed—and I had sense enough to feel it. My submission was yet against the grain of my inclination—and a constrained and nervous petulance supplied the place of resistance. My uncle always met this with calm and dignified forbearance; so that my bitterness recoiled upon its morbid source. Often upon these occasions, was I both checked and angered, by an expressive silence, or by a glance of disappointed kindness, and gentlemanly surprise at uncalled for rudeness. Often, however, were these petulant discharges of an accrimonious humour met with the keen and playful, yet not less severe retort of my uncle's superior wit. In these moments of defeat and humiliation, my resource was the solitude of Loch Abbey, whither I retired to brood among the woods, and by the lonely mountain lake. Here I called up, and satiated scheme after scheme of vindictive feeling—in the visions of a splenetic imagination; or listened to the ill-omened hints and suggestions of the fiend-like O'Roorke, who was ever at my side. These fits were mostly terminatad by a visit from Edward, and by my own restless desire to be master of my estates:—of which O'Roorke assured me the management was quite easy.

He seemed, indeed, on this point, more anxious than myself, and ever contrived to introduce the subject when we were alone. I had soon reason to know that my uncle himself became no less anxious to accede to my desire—and a little time would doubtless have proved it—but the hand of my fate was upon me.

At this time, my visits to Castlecorragh were also frequent. They were always to me occasions of the most painful interest.—There had been for some years an express understanding among both families, that on coming of age I was to be admitted as an acknowled suitor to Lady Eleanor. While her reluctance, and my own accursed timidity—during the whole period kept this understanding as much as possible in the back ground. I was afraid of compelling the dear girl to pledge herself to opposition, and was satisfied that Edward, for whom she had an obvious preference, was kept at a distance by the policy of the senior parties. Uncle Richard, as I had become aware, was anxious for a different arrangement in behalf of Edward, and as I learned from himself, had offered large sacrifices to obtain it. But in this he was compelled to give away. When I was just of age, a formal adjustment of preliminaries was discussed between him and Lord ——, of which I was apprised; and, in consequence, spent much of my time at Castlecorrah, in order that I might make my advances, as usual on such occasions. Instead of advancing, I felt myself to be rather losing ground—and though Eleanor, in compliance with her parents, lent herself to my attentions—it was yet in such a manner as to check every disposition which might have led me to more explicit addresses. She omitted no occasion for hints that chilled my ardour and checked my pride. In truth, she said bitter things, which appeared, as they were, alien from her nature; and daily I began to feel myself more subdued and tongue-tied in her presence. This fearful vacillation was another ingredient in the poisoned caldron of my fate. It kept up an irritating discontent and self-reproach, which gave a keener and more bitter energy to the fears, resentments, and antipathies, which I felt towards others.

Meanwhile, the dark phantom of my youthful days had not left me. Wherever I went, the cloud of destiny hung above my path, and cast its chilling shadow upon my heart. The demon, O'Roorke, too, held his place at my side, and an increased power over my actions. He knew my secret infirmities, and could move me to his purpose with as much ease and certainty as the juggler regulates his automatic machinery. With the help of these evil agents, my gloomy and misgiving mind was ever at work. In my uncle's kindest acts, I could only see evil designs and the portents of approaching misfortune. What good, I thought, can follow from his interference—deprived of the power to oppose the match, he enters upon a pretended treaty to render the proceedings abortive. To this I ascribed his confidential interviews with Eleanor and Edward: after which both seemed so suddenly cheered. Hence, too, the penetrating and significant looks which I could perceive always passing between them. Often, too, as we rambled at Loch Abbey or Balliborough, would O'Roorke endeavour to foster these doubts. "*Well, well,*" would he remark, "there's nothing so queer as the ways of young ladies."

"How do you mean, Tony?"

"Did you notice, Master Joe, how merry Lady Eleanor looked after talking with the old fox" (so he always called uncle Richard) "in the window yesterday. I'm sure he was telling something beyond the beyonds pleasant."

"What could he tell her, man."

"I'm sure I dont know. I heard him say something about Mr. Edward, that brought up a fine blush into her face any how." Such passing and apparently trivial observations, without seeming intention or effect, but dexterously contrived and varied, so as to work together for a single impression, were the ordinary means by which this artful knave always succeeded in guiding all my diseased and overwrought passions to his purpose. Such dexterity had he attained that, as I have since discovered, he used to measure out the effects which he desired with the most fatal precision. Under this governance the impression of my mind was, that uncle Richard would not forsake the interests of Edward, and that if he seemingly did so, it was only to further them more effectually by setting aside those interests which he could not control. His frequent conferences with his legal advisers; the general opinion that he had bequeathed his own property to Edward; his former urgency with the Castlecorragh family in his favour: and above all, the black internal presage of ill to be received at his hands by myself; all worked incessantly to fill my mind with fears, suspicions, and forebodings of fatality. O'Roorke never ceased to hint darkly, what was but the echo of my thoughts, that my uncle's whole conduct was for the purpose of lulling suspicion, and preparatory to some brief and summary method of "putting me out of the way." Such a notion was but too native to my own mode of thinking. It was the impression of my life, that some tragic fate awaited me, and that my uncle was to be the actor or the instrument. There is a vindictive sense of injury which often called into action, becomes a disease of the heart: which seeks its own action for its relief, and takes a morbid pleasure in the thoughts by which it is increased. This was my disease,—it was complicated with the impression of that mysterious fatalism which I have described. Both alas, were to be cured, by realities still more terrific.

The first act of this dark tragedy was soon to commence, and you are now prepared to comprehend what otherwise might appear out of the course of nature, and is indeed to be only imagined by referring it to the impulses of a mind under the action of madness; for although I was unaffected by any actual derangement of the brain, the effects of morbid passion, overheated fancy, and an excitable system, were by no means dissimilar in their workings.

I was in the constant habit of rambling in the woods and on the hills both at Lochabbey and Ballyborough.

The magnificent gloom of that wild tract—the mountain air—the sense of independence which its wild heights, depths, savage recesses, and trackless ways communicated to a fanciful mind—with the exertion of wandering through its difficult passes; all tended to soothe and relieve the nervous irritability of my temperament. Filled at the same time with romance, and the haunting mystery which had grown up with me:—I was never free from numberless fancies of treachery and lurking ambush. The slightest suggestion, my fancy worked into form, and my fears embodied into seeming reality. I went armed with poinard and pistols, and protected by the presence of the traitorous O'Roorke. Thus equipped and accompanied, I spent most of my time, in either place, in the lonely hills and dark old woods, where I found the gloom congenial to my brooding fancies.

One day while we were remaining at my uncle's, we went out early after breakfast into the mountains. My uncle had walked to visit a neighbouring friend; Edward had returned to the University of Dublin; and I felt that sense so pleasing to the dark and solitary spirit, of having the world to myself. We turned our steps along a path which led through a wilderness of stunted oak, half way up a long hill; the path was the shortest to Castlecorragh, and I had been of late accustomed to take it unconsciously. O'Roorke, of course, was at my elbow; we pushed our way through the tangling copses, or threaded the narrow path through the dimness of the leafy labyrinth, which sprung luxuriantly among the rocky masses of the steep hill, opening now and then into little grassy glades, or more darkly twining across the black interstices of some rocky cave, such as this wild spot abounded with. I was warm with exertion and less disposed to give way to morbid fancies—but the tempter was at my elbow.

"Well, Master Joe, your honour is lively to day," said the cunning scoundrel.

"Why, Tony," I answered, "I do not think matters so very unpromising after all."

"You are thinking that all must be fair as the favourite is gone to Dublin, Master Joe," he observed, after a pause of some continuance.

"I do not think, Tony, that my uncle would have, just now, sent him out of the way if he wished him to have Lady Eleanor."

"Then I beg your pardon, sir," he replied; "but you are very easily deceived by your uncle: now that's the very reason why the old fox sent him away. Sure you know very well that he is the very devil at scheming, and thinks it best to keep the young one out of the way of suspicion till the coast is clear for him."

I felt a chill of horror creeping over my skin. "Now, Tony," said I, "speak plain, what do you mean."

"The —— between us and harm; I dont like to say evil of any gentleman; but I think the thing almost speaks for itself."

"I dont know what you're at," said I, with passionate impatience; but I believe you think it no matter what happens."

"That would be hard any way, Master Joe. It would be a bad day that I wouldn't die for your honour; but I'll show the reason of the thing—* * * forgive me if I wrong any body; dont you know that the old fox would go through fire and water for Master Edward?"

I nodded assent.

"Do you think he cares for your honour?"

"No," I muttered harshly between my teeth."

"Well then, does any one ever remember the old fox to be frustrated in any scheme; and do you think it's now he'll let his own favourite go to the wall."

"There's a good deal in what you say; but what can he do now; matters are too far advanced, and that with his own help too."

"Ough, that's to blind the country and put away suspicion."

"Suspicion!—Of what?" A cold sweat was breaking out all over me.

"I'd like to know what the masons were repairing the old cell under the foundations of the abbey for; and I'd thank any sensible person that would tell me who'd be the wiser if a young gentleman was to be waylaid by strangers in a lone place like this."

I looked keenly round, and whispered, for I could not speak above my breath, "It is a gloomy spot, let us leave it."

We went on silently; I was impatient to get out of this gloomy spot; and my active fancy occupied itself in devising all sorts of pursuits and ambuscades, and in exhausting all devices of flight, concealment and defence. After walking half a mile further, O'Roorke paused before a hollow place, from which a tall black and damp looking cliff rises for about thirty feet up the hill; the branches of a few birchen trees mingled around its summit through which a clouded sky appeared greyly over head. "Here," said O'Roorke, "is the very spot where the old fox's grandfather met his end, in his own attempt at murder."

"I know the story very well," said I, "of his being found here dead; but I never heard that he attempted murder.

"Oh! your honor is one of the family; and people wouldn't affront your feelings; but the story is well known among the people."

"I never heard a word of it."

O'Roorke looked thoughtfully on the path as we walked on. "Well," said he, "there was a young gentleman of large possessions, a brother to his own wife; and he was talked of in the country for very queer ways. So what does the old boy do, but he makes out that the young gentleman was out of his reason, and he got hold of him and shut him up in the very same dark cell that's now clearing out under the abbey. Well, this went on for a little time, and every body was beginning to talk no more about the matter, when one morning there was a great alarm in the abbey: the young lad had escaped during the night. Well, sir, dear, the old gentleman was furious, and immediately employed persons to scour the whole country in pursuit; but he had, himself, received private information that the young lad was hiding in these very mountains, so, thinks he to himself, I'll now make sure work of it. The old boy was famous all the world over for his resolution, and just the very moral of your uncle Richard in all his ways; he knew that people wouldn't look too closely into the death of an eccentric young gentleman of whom no one knew much, and who was strange in his ways at all times. So the old lad coolly put his pistols in his pocket and took his way over this path—he knew it was best to have no people with him."

Here there was a sudden rustling among the thickets. I started, and took out one of my pistols, which I had cocked, and was, I believe, about to fire. O'Roorke, with great coolness, interrupted his narrative, and said, "Sir, it was nothing but a blackbird."

I gnashed my teeth with fury at being started so, and swore I'd shoot the bird, but it was not to be seen. "Go on with the story, Tony," said I, resolving to compose myself; yet in some degree pleased at being roused out of fear into anger.

"Well, sir, your uncle—I mean his grandfather—went for a long time cautiously beating about, and prying carefully along every path: his object was to come unperceived on the poor lad. He had just reached the deadman's cliff, and was peeping up and down"—a crashing of rotten boughs at a little distance stopped the narrative. "Save us," whispered O'Roorke. I had given one step forward, and the light broke strongly through the hazel boughs which I pushed aside with my left hand, when, within five paces of me, in the centre of a narrow glade, over which the path ran, stood uncle Richard himself.

The fatal moment was, indeed, arrived *

* * * * * * *

I leaned against a tree in a state of torpor; a rough hand upon my shoulder shook me into horrid consciousness: yet it seemed like a ghastly dream, too horrible to be true; the alarmed cry of remonstrance; the glance of appeal; the clasped hand and sinking form; the agonized and reproachful eye; the strong expiring shudder * * * "In God's name, Tony," said I, "what has happened?"

"You had better not name God, Mr. Joe, here."

I followed his eye with mine. Alas, it was all too true! I was an assassin; I had taken a step from which there was no return. A new and terrible consciousness fell over me, almost like that preternatural change which may be supposed to follow the sentence of the last judgment of a guilty spirit. The lifeless form before me dispelled the morbid suspicions of a life. I felt the accursed reality; I was thenceforth the slave of terror and conscience; the property of the law; the abhorence of humanity. Yet, for a moment, it was too much to believe. I roused myself strongly. "Tony," said I, "have you slain my uncle?" The man smiled with a fiend-like meaning—I understood him but too well.

He spoke in a whisper: "Master Joe, we are as yet alone; no one but myself knows what you have done. I think we ought to conceal the corpse quickly, and leave the place—if any one comes you are lost."

With me the terror of death was habitually uppermost; for it had been sedulously fostered from infancy; and now the prospect lay frightfully near—and what a death! I became animated into tenfold strength. We bore the dead body to a small cavernous opening among a confused heap of stones, round which the fern grew luxuriantly; and having forced it in, we drew a heap of decayed briers over the narrow mouth of the cavern—it was a sickening task.

We pushed, for about a quarter of an hour, rapidly up the hill until we stood upon the topmost ridge. Here we stopped to breathe. "Sir," said O'Roorke, "it is not fit that we should be seen together till evening. I'll just step down to the house and see that all is quiet: you can follow in a few hours, when you steady yourself;—if any body were to meet you now, it would all be known by your looks."

"You are not going to leave me alone, Tony?" I answered.

"O, never fear," said he, with the same revolting smile, "I'll not desert you any how—don't go up till it gets dusk."

I stood in a kind of torpid thought for an instant. When I looked round O'Roorke was just disappearing among the trees far down. I sate upon a projecting fragment of a broken cliff, and relapsed into a gloomy torpor which might well illustrate the passage of the soul through the dark valley of the shadow of death into the region "where hope never comes." Slowly and terribly distinct the few years of my youth rose up before me, and the images of the past shook their heads against me in scorn and reproach. Every thing appeared in a new light, a sober certainty of shame and sorrow; my uncle Richard's thousand acts of kindness, forbearance, and misconstrued love; there never was a deed of his which I could not trace to some good or generous feeling. In the midst of all his benevolent cares for my welfare; in the prime of his life of worth, I had—— thought itself refused to dive into the black abyss of remorse. I shouted out till the cliffs and wild woods echoed, as if a legion of fiends were lurking round. I was struck with superstitious terror, and starting to my feet I rushed away along the hill. Till night I wandered through various scenes of height and declivity; and undergoing a hundred changes of thought and feeling, such as no sane mind ever truly conceived.

At last, night began to fall over the plains and moorlands beneath me. I looked over toward Ballyborough. All was quiet; no alarm had been excited. I could dimly perceive the smoke rising from the chimneys over the parlour wing, and a faint candle light from the steward's hall. The cowherd's dog was barking in the fields, and the voice of his master now and again came up from beyond the still woods. Calmer feelings began to arise in my worn-out mind as I descended into a demesne over which I thought my own power would henceforth silence whispering curiosity.

CHAP. III.

I pass by some details which would not be consistent with this brief narration. I would have returned at once to the abbey, but O'Roorke, who now became rather dictatorial, would not suffer this, as it would awaken suspicion. He insisted that I should put a bold face on the matter and see it out.

Ballyborough, besides myself and O'Roorke, contained none but the servants; these were not surprised at their master not returning, as he was accustomed to be detained at a near relation's to whom he frequently walked over the hills. That evening and the next day, therefore, all went on quietly, although it was remarked by the butler that his master would have sent for his dressing-case and clothes. Upon the third day the family, with whom he was supposed to be, drove to the door, and, as I apprehended, there was a speedy alarm.

While I was endeavouring to collect myself, Mr. Blake sent to request my presence. I met him in the library; and though there was in his inquiries and deportment no more than friendly solicitude about my uncle, and sympathy with the fears for his safety, which to conceal embarrassment, I rather violently expressed; yet I found it difficult to resist the impression that I was suspected by him. In truth, as he afterwards declared, he was struck by something unusual and not characteristic of my usual habits, and without suspecting the facts, could not help looking at me with some surprise. I proposed sending to the houses of the different persons with whom he was in habits of intimacy. But Mr. B—— observed that he would not have gone any where to stay unless to himself, who was the only near neighbour, on foot and unattended. He therefore proposed an immediate inquiry and search among the wild and solitary places where it was likely that some accident might have occurred.

O'Roorke, who was present, with others of the upper servants, now proposed that he and I should undertake the path along the hills, as being accustomed to ramble through every glen and wood in that quarter. While it was thus arranging, one of the servants came in to say that a peasant had met my uncle on the first day of his absence, about a mile off, on a by-path leading off the bridle road to * * * up to those very woods. That the man, who was a maker of hurdles, had been bargaining for some underwood with my uncle, who bade him follow him up into the hill. The man, having to leave a load of peat at his cabin about half a mile further down the road, went home, and returned to look for my uncle, whom he was much surprised at not being able to find. It may be supposed that the alarm was much increased by this account. Another very alarming recollection now, for the first time, shot across my mind; I had not, since the event, seen the pistol with which the fatal deed was done. I had no recollection of it. Was it still, thought I, lying on the ground where it could not fail to betray its guilty owner?

I called O'Roorke aside, and having taken him to my own apartment, I mentioned the circumstance. He told me to be under no alarm as to the pistol, which he had concealed near the spot, so well that no one could find it, unless he should choose to describe where it lay.

"Had you not better hasten to the spot, Tony, and take it away."

"The pistol is safe enough, but you had better lose no time in going yourself, Master Joe; if any one is there before you, you must be found out—take your seat upon the stones over the corpse, and pretend to be tired with searching."

"Well, but can't you come with me?"

"Oughagh, there is no use in drawing danger on the innocent, Master Joe—you were bold enough to do the thing."

"Well, but the pistol."

"Don't mind the pistol—it's best where it is."

I was angry for a moment, in spite of fear. "It is better to die at once," said I, "than to live dependant upon any rascal's silence."

A cold smile crossed the villain's face, as he answered, "A little word is easier said than recalled; but Master Joe, sure I have nothing to gain by your death; I would not have it said that a man I kept company with all his life died by a rope on the front of the county jail."

I turned sick with horror; the fellow added coolly, "Every one will be on the hill before you, sir—run for the bare life or you'll be too late." I made no reply; but rushing down stairs, I soon reached the hill, and, looking back from the nearest thicket, saw Mr. Blake standing among a crowd of people on the steps of the hall-door. I dashed onward along the path, and soon reached the too familiar spot. My first impulse was to look round for the pistol—it was vain; I next glanced upon the spot where my uncle fell—a heap of withered leaves concealed it. Last I cast my eyes toward the cavern; half a dozen crows were perched upon it; and many more were seated upon the surrounding wood, or flying across the narrow glade with a lazy wing. I gained the spot—to my horror the covering had been torn away from the hole;—the chilling sight within was exposed to view! I stood for a moment rooted to the spot. My uncle Richard met my glance with the cold and stony features of death, as he lay stiffly among the cold stones, a ghastly and revolting spectacle—so familiar and yet so full of horror. I recollected the emergency of my position, and strove against the paralyzing impression. The sight added little to my contempt of death, and I set with vigor about the work of concealment. I first collected several armfuls of withered leaves and tossed them into the hole, so as entirely to conceal its inmate. I then, with great exertion, brought together the heaviest fragments of broken rock, which lay in heaps around, and wedged them closely in, building them up on every side. I lastly restored the trampled fern to its natural appearance, and when I saw that all was secure I felt my confidence wonderfully restored, for I now felt that I was safe.

All this was not long completed when I heard the approach of several voices through the trees; and recollecting O'Roorke's advice, I sat down upon the stones which I had just heaped together, and put on the appearance of one resting from fatiguing exertions. Mr. Blake and his party soon emerged from the woods; he only observed that my impatience had exposed me to needless fatigue, and I affirmed that I had searched all round where we stood. As I came down to meet them, all suspicion was turned from the place where I had been seated on the stones. And we went on for some miles, trying in the recesses of the hills, and wherever a precipitous spot was known. Night came on, and

Mr. B—— returned home. The following day there was a meeting of the nearest magistrates, and a reward of two hundred pounds was proclaimed for any information which might lead to the discovery of my uncle. To this I was advised to add a large sum—I made it a thousand. O'Roorke insisted that less would betray indifference. This proposal of his at first excited a very unpleasant suspicion; and I could not help saying, "I am not willing to pay so much for treachery."

"Let it be the reward of silence, Master Joe," said he.

"Tony, I understand you perfectly, now."

"So best, sir,—so best: we'll agree all the better."

I now began to feel new causes of fear and alarm. I had evidently exchanged the humane and tempered influence of a relation and a gentleman, for the control of a ruffian. There was, even in the appearance of formal respect on the part of O'Roorke, an undisguised assumption of authority. I was in his power; and, while he kept up the appearances which were necessary to deceive others, he never suffered me to forget that he led me by a halter, and only allowed me to live for his own views. Such was the dreadful suspicion which began to haunt me.

The reward produced no other result than that of renewing my terrors for some days more. O'Roorke received my promissory note for the money, and startled my fears afresh by the perfect indifference with which he took it.

I now, however, thought that I had done all that could be done for the present; and having received a pressing letter from Lord ——, some time before, I thought it would be advisable to see Eleanor—for a few hours at least: I would then, I thought, settle my affairs, and visit the continent until all inquiry should cease. In a tone of assumed indifference I bade O'Roorke order my horses, as I would ride over to Castlecorragh.

"Indeed, then, you'll do no such thing, Master Joe," drawled out the wretch, with a chilling smile upon his lips. "You have no business there."

"I think I should know best."

"May be so,—but you'll not go near Castlecorragh for all that."

"I think you got enough, Tony."

"You think a poor boy's conscience cheap enough, Master Joe."

"What will satisfy you."

"I'll tell you to-morrow, at the Abbey."

I stared with rage and surprise; the fellow answered my look.

"I'll tell you what it is, Master Joe, if you are discovered at all it wont be to my credit, so you must follow my advice till all is over. To-night we go to the Abbey. Your brother is to be here to-morrow; he's too many for you, and ye must not meet."

There was reason too in this; so, as I felt it necessary to yield, I seized the latter words, and appearing to muse a little, I said—

"I believe you are right, Tony; I will go to the Abbey."

We went to the Abbey that evening,—and I have now to prepare you for the next act of this fatal drama.

Chap. IV.

Of the next few days at Lochabbey, every one afforded me some new glimpse of the horrors of my position.—O'Roorke had the most perfect mastery over me, and cut off all communication with others. He pretended that I was yet too nervous, and could not meet any one without the risk of betraying myself. He thus obtained the management of everything, and became master of my income, as well as tyrant of my person. Indeed he never allowed me an hour alone, unless when engaged in securing some advantage to himself.

It was upon one of these occasional absences, that I received an unexpected visit from Lord A——. The porter had been strictly enjoined by O'Roorke to deny me to all persons; but O'Roorke was much disliked by every one about the Abbey; and it could not have escaped notice, that he exercised a strange and unaccountable influence over all my actions: under the influence of these impressions, the man at once admitted his lordship.

I was very much affected by the interview, which gave me some additional information of my uncle's kindness to me. He had been arranging my affairs, for the purpose of a final settlement with me; and had fully arranged with Lord A—— the preliminaries to my intended marriage with Lady Eleanor. A near day had been fixed for the meeting of all parties; and my uncle had been with his agent, on the completion of some needful documents, upon the fatal day that deprived me of my only friend. To these communications, his lordship added a pressing invitation to Castlecorragh. My brother Edward, he said, had been invited to meet me, and was at present there. This last intelligence gave me no great satisfaction, but it determined me. I at once accepted the invitation. I felt, of course, the difficulty, but resolved to try one more chance for freedom.

I remained cruelly torn with doubt, remorse, and fear. In all my wretchedness I had not, till now, so fully appreciated my fall. How bright was the happiness I had blighted in that fatal instant: how much forbearance, worth, and faithful friendship I had outrageously extinguished. Alas! could I offer myself, black with crime, to be the mate of that pure mind!—was I to bind her with the loathsome chain that bound me!—was I to expose her to the shame of my discovery!—was I to lose her! These, with many such thoughts swept, like clouds across my agitated breast and brain. A new thought flashed over my soul,—there was a chance,—

"I will play out the game," shouted I, as the door opened, and my tyrant stood before me. I resolved to humour him thoroughly. He gave me one quick glance, and then looking, as was his way, down upon the floor, he remarked, in his usual drawling tone:

"So, Master Joe, you have seen Lord A——?"

"Well—what if I have?"

O'Roorke stood for some time, in a state of obvious internal effort, such as is usual to most persons, when it becomes necessary to conquer some habitual feeling, or to propose something likely to excite opposition. This I understood at once, and was prepared for some fresh impertinence. During this short silence, I recalled to mind my own determination, and resolved to yield, with seeming readiness, to the most extravagant proposal, and turn it, in some way, to my own designs. He continued thus for an unusual time, looking still on the floor, and fiddling with the corner of his coat. At last he spoke:—

"Master Joe, I have always been true to you, and will be so still; but it is fair that I should take care of myself, too. I cannot see your honour come into the power of the A—— family, and there must be an end to it."

"Very well,—very well,—if it must be so, there's no more need be said, Tony," said I calmly.

The fellow looked up, with an expression of surprise; he did not expect so easy an assent. He pondered a little longer, and I saw that something, about which he was more anxious, was to come next.

"Well, Tony," said I, forcing a sneer, "out with it."

Again he looked with surprise, and I felt that it would be easy to overact my part; I therefore added calmly:—

"Speak out; I know that I am in your power, and must pay the price."

"Well, sir, I am glad that your honour is inclined to reason; and it is not anything that you have a right to keep that I am for asking from you. Ballyborough is left, by a will, to your brother, but I have secured the will. Now, as your honor comes in as heir-at-law, what I desire is this, to have the estate sold in your honor's name, and the price left with me." I stared with involuntary astonishment;—he went on: "You know there's no great love between ye two: if Master Ned gets the estate, he'll have the lady too; so that it will be killing two birds with one stone, if you follow my desire."

It suddenly flashed upon my thoughts, that whatever I might do, it would be advisable to secure the will. Should my plan succeed, it would win my way with Edward, and his friends. Should it fail, my own safety required its destruction. I therefore remarked, that until the will should be safe in my own hands, it would be impossible to act as the steps he required would draw on inquiry as to my right. To this he agreed, but said that the will had been concealed by him at his mother's who, though now living in the abbey, had a house in the village, which, I believe, yet remains on the other side of the lake; he would, he said, go for it in the evening.

For a moment, it occurred to me that the opportunity I desired was arrived,—I could meet the villain on his path. But a second thought satisfied me, that it would be unsafe to leave the will where he had concealed it. I therefore resolved to await the fortune of the next day, and satisfied myself by desiring that he should not delay, and not fail to let me have the will on the moment of his return. I felt galled by the gleam of malicious triumph that sat on the fellow's countenance; and could not fully divest myself of a fear that there was still some concealed expedient of cunning villainy, prepared for my utter ruin.

Evening drew slowly on, and after it night; and after vainly waiting for O'Roorke, I sought my room: I was in a mood too restless for sleep, and after tossing for a while, in feverish wakefulness, I left my bed and walked to the window, where I continued for half an hour, looking listlessly out upon the clouds as they swept before the wind, which now began to fall violently around the old building, disclosing by fits the watery moon, that seemed struggling through their broken masses, or throwing down faint gleams of light, followed by gigantic shadows, over the troubled surface of the waters beneath. I was strongly agitated myself, and the comparison between my own dark secrets, and stormy prospects, and the wild, obscure, and desolate scenes forced itself upon me. I felt the impatience of a doubtful enterprise, yet, under the influence of the late train of suffering and crime, I felt so changed, that I looked upon myself with a kind of incredulous wonder.—While I was revolving over various expedients, I thought that I heard the window of a small closet opening, and voices whispering upon the wind. I applied my eye close to the pane, but could not obtain a view close enough to the wall. I now tried to lift the sash, but ere I could succeed in this, I saw a female figure pass swiftly into the shrubbery underneath; and the wind swelled into a rougher gust, as I thought I could distinguish the sound of the closing window. I felt much perplexed; but, upon reflection, satisfied myself that it could not in any way concern my present situation. One thing was too clearly intelligible, O'Roorke could have, as matters stood, no interest in betraying me; all his interests were in the contrary direction. I banished the intruding fear, and was about to step into my bed, when I was startled by the quick opening of my door. I had no time for speculation; a couple of seconds brought my tyrant into the stream of moonlight which, almost at the same instant, came in at the window.

"This is an unseasonable hour, sir," said I, as sternly as I could; "I sat up late for you."

"I could not help myself; I had some of the neighbours watching me. You bid me come to you at once with the will, or I'd have staid till morning."

"Give me the will." He handed it to me in silence: I thought he would have retired, but he lingered on.

"Sir," he said, "another cause of delay was the drawing up of a legal paper, necessary to empower me to act for your honor, in taking the necessary steps for selling the lands; and it will be wanting in the course of the morning, so I thought your honor might like to sign it without delay."

"It will do tomorrow, sir," answered I, impatiently.

"Perhaps 'twill be right to have some witness."

"I do not see the necessity," said I, alarmed at the thought; "we must act discreetly, for a time,—give me the paper."

There was pen and ink on my dressing-table, and I signed my name, almost in the dark, to a paper, the horrible contents of which I little suspected at the moment—He now left me.

I stood for a long time half undressed.—"The knave," thought I, "has outwitted himself after all. I can now act freely; and will have that paper back before to-morrow night."

I lay many hours awake, perplexing myself for a plan of action; and was, from time to time, disturbed by remote sounds, which, had I thought it possible, I should have ascribed to some drunken revel in the pantry: but I could not imagine O'Roorke to commit so great an oversight, at a moment when secresy was no less important to his own designs, than it was to my safety. While I was considering on what I should do, I fell into a troubled sleep.

The next day was to me the longest I ever passed. It was the last that remained to me; for the following I was to be expected at Castlecorragh, and the obstacle lay yet to be removed. But how, and by what a deed! For this I was now nerved, both with the firmness of desperation, and by those fallacies which seem to lurk always near the guilty desire or evil purpose. "It is justice," thought I. "The act was all his own. I have been the hapless instrument of crime; it is fit that I should be that of its punishment." Thus did I pass the hours endeavouring to convert the pangs and fears of conscience, into the self-approval of virtue. But I had other thoughts to settle; the deed was yet to be done; and I ruminated a thousand schemes in vain. Every thing I could devise was objectionable. I was surprised to find myself so barren of resource. But I was also impressed with an extreme sense of the necessity of caution: crimes I had often heard, were accompanied by infatuation,—and the murderer seldom fails to do something which may lead to his detection: I resolved to take all precautions.

While I was thus engaged, accident determined my proceedings. It was some hours past noon, when O'Roorke, as was very usual, surprised me in my absorbed and thoughtful mood. I felt a fear lest the villain had been hearing my inmost thoughts—a faculty which I always fancied to be possessed by him. He had thrown aside his ordinary attire, and was now handsomely equipped in a smart riding-dress, which I at once recognized as my last new suit of clothes. I opened my eyes with wonder. A smile crossed the ruffian's face, as he whipped his boot with a light silver-handled whip; and trying to assume a gentlemanlike attitude and tone, he said:

"You know, sir, it is necessary to make a respectable appearance, or we might excite suspicion. In order to save your feelings, and prevent injury, I have brought some persons from another place to act for us. We are to meet at the Lodge this evening, and I am come for the key.

The Lodge was a favourite cottage in the hills, nearly three miles off, in which I was much accustomed to pass my time in summer. I was now, I felt, much favoured in my object by this lucky move.

"Are you sure," said I, "that your friends are strangers here."

"You may depend upon it, sir."

"But you may be seen together."

"It would not make any one the wiser; but we come from different quarters to the Lodge."

"So best: take care to go alone from this yourself. I have much fear that you are watched by many."

"Never fear sir; I am too many for them. I'll steal out, by-and-by, like a fox, over the waterside."

"Well: take care, sir; be cautious," said I, as I handed him the key.

Again tapping his boots, with an important air, he turned on his heel, and left me.—I heard him rattling his whip against the staircaise, as he descended; and felt the consoling conviction, that his cunning was bewildered by his ambition, and new sense of importance. The thought increased my resolution, and added to my hope of success. "His fate is upon him,—uncle Richard, I am thy avenger! were the words which broke from my lips, as I resolved upon immediate action.

It was near two o'clock. I swallowed my breakfast, which had lain all the day untasted, and went about preparing for action. My plan had, in one respect, failed; I had hoped for the cover of twilight to assist and conceal my movements. I now secured a frize greatcoat, which I had ordered for the boatkeeper, and which had been brought home the evening before. In this I wrapped myself up; and, watching my time, passed out by a small postern in the wall that separated the pleasure ground from a close wood, which stood on the other side. I picked up a small, round felt hat, at this door, and put it on.

With a rapid step I passed on among the underwood, pausing now and then to look around. I soon reached the waterside: it was a rugged and precipitous shore; in some places fringed with bushes of willow, oaken copse, and here and there a large tree, leaning out over the water edge. In other spots these features changed into a narrow line of silvery sand and pebble, or a shallow and muddy patch of bulrushes, extending some way into the lake. At one particular spot, about half-a-mile on, where the ground had sloped up into the base of a lofty hill, there was a sudden declivity of considerable breadth, though shallow; it was thickly grown with furze, which rose to the height of several feet above it. It was preserved as a fox-covert. Through the midst of this ran a deep, precipitous gorge, which fell down perpendicularly upon the deepest spot of the lake. The water was black as night in its beetling shade. Here I stopped, and took my station among the furze. The path lay through the hollow, for close above it arose another awful height, unscaleable unless by the most active and hardy mountaineer. For three long hours I tried to keep down the alternation of fear and feverish impatience. By pondering over my emergent position, and the justice of my cause, I reasoned myself into all the feelings of indignant innocence; the avenger of my uncle, and the preserver of my brother's rights.

At last, the shadow of the tall cone of —— fell darkly over the broad lake, and while the hollow of the hill shut out the surrounding country, the cold blue sky, cut across by the upper line of the overhanging mountain-height, and broad expanse of water, which stretched away from beneath, into the brown moor that lay beyond, formed a scene of most peculiar loneliness and grandeur. In such lone and unworldly-looking scenes, the predominant passion of the mind is easily swelled into enthusiasm, and the heart nerved for deeds beyond the common routine of the world. A romantic sense of daring adventure was roused within me, and from being ordinarily timid, I triumphed in the absence of fear. At length I saw two men advancing along the shore. "This will never do," said I to myself; "I am bafled still." I was sadly perplexed: however, they presently stopped, and one, whom I could perceive to be O'Roorke, was pressing the other to come on, while the other appeared equally anxious to return. Upon this contest, real or imagined, I hung with breathless interest; and, strange to say, now that the critical moment came so near, I felt relieved by the apparent chance of its being deferred. This was not to be;—the accompanying person, after some further parley, returned.—O'Roorke came on alone.

My heart beat wildly, so as to render me nearly breathless. I stood in the middle of a tall and spreading furze, within about five paces of the steep. O'Roorke come on; and as he approached I felt my nerves steadied, my heart composed, and my whole spirit bent on one deadly intent. On the centre of the path was a rocky step, about three feet high, over which hung a decayed branch, which was generally taken hold of in passing over: I made my determination to fire into his heart when he raised his left arm to seize upon this. He came on fast; his face was flushed with excitement, rather than effort. "The scoundrel is enjoying my fall," thought I, as his arm was lifted over his head: at this moment I drew the trigger. The pistol hung fire, which disconcerted my aim, but the ball took effect somewhere in his chest; he turned upon me with a convulsive smile, and glared for a few seconds in my face; he then threw himself unexpectedly forward and clasped me around the neck,—I was borne back into the bushes. In this state my only thought was, that some one might come by, before I had secured my purpose. Suddenly he let me go with one arm, and began to search in his pocket. I guessed his purpose, and seizing both skirts of his coat, collected them with a firm grasp. He now let go with the other arm, and tried to seize me round the throat; I made a violent and sudden effort, and had the relief to see him roll off: the branches gave way as he approached their extremities, and with a heavy fall he lay upon his breast, vainly struggling to rise himself.

* * * * *

The black abyss sent up a heavy sound, as its frothy and red-stained circles closed over the evil demon of my soul.

I withdrew into the covert, and taking off the bloody greatcoat, which I thrust far into an old foxhole, I examined the documents which I had drawn from the ruffian's pocket. One was a regular deed, transferring Ballyborough to ——— ——— Esq &c. &c. &c. The other struck me with silent horror as I read it. It was a scrawled and blotted copy of a deposition made by O'Roorke, of the circumstances of my uncle's death. It was evidently designed to be copied; and at the end was marked out the place for two attesting signatures, with these words, "to be used if required."

I will not weary your attention with the various painful fears and conjectures to which this discovery gave rise.

It now became rapidly dusk, and I approached the castle with the cheerful sense that I was now master of myself and it.

Chap. V.

The next morning found me early on my way to Castlecorragh: and, although in a narrative of this kind, in which so much is to be explained by reference to mental history, I will resist the temptation to enter at length into the feelings of that memorable journey. A load of terror—abject dependence on a wretch, the lowest of the low; and the hourly fear of exposure and affront were removed from my breast, by an act in which I compelled myself to glory. To the wretched victim of the guilty position into which he had betrayed me, I now attributed the whole weight of that guilt. I repeated to myself so often this self-justifying fancy, that I began to believe it; and to pride myself on the upright posture of spirit I had thus attained. Edward would have to thank me for the possession of his rights; and nothing could now interfere between me and the object of my choice.

It was hardly noon, when I drove within sight of Castlecorragh. As I looked upon its turrets, just rising above the surrounding woods, some unpleasant sensations rushed upon my breast. Beneath those turrets were three persons who were strongly interested in the position in which I stood. How would they feel and act, if they knew the secrets of the last month? Would Lord A—— consider the murder of O'Roorke an atonement for that of uncle Richard? Would not Edward and Eleanor feel that they were restored to each other? All loved uncle Richard dearly —how would they receive his assassin? The sophistry of the last night was giving way in spite of all effort: yet, thought I, the prejudice of three persons cannot change the nature of things: my crime was involuntary, the death of O'Roorke was justice,—let me not be wanting to myself. The first struggle would, I felt, place me at ease.

As I turned the last winding of the avenue which led to the mansion of Lord A——, I caught a glimpse of a lady and gentleman just entering at the hall-door. I easily recognized Edward and Eleanor, and a sickening sense of jealous feeling thrilled over my frame. Yet I checked my progress for an instant, from a desire to reach my chamber without coming in contact with any one, until I could rally my nerves a little. Could I effect this, I had not much to fear; for, from my peculiar temperament, my whole life was more or less a discipline of self-repression. I was in the habit, from an early period, of attending to the effect of every feature of my face, and controlling all expression into careless and indifferent vacancy.

As I wished, I met no one but the servant, who conducted me to my room. Lord A.

was out upon the grounds, and the "young pair" (I felt another cutting pang at the expression) were out walking together. I knew they had returned, and thought it likely that Edward would come to seek me. Nor was I mistaken; he presently knocked at my door.

The sight of Edward pained me intensely. But for this at least, I was nerved; and though I shewed some slight emotion, yet I got over this first meeting pretty well. To prevent all dangerous allusion, I lost no time in communicating to him the circumstance of my uncle's will having been brought to me by the officiousness of O'Roorke, who imagined that I would have availed mself of it to defraud him of his right. I found it impossible to utter the lying tale I had planned, so contented myself with adding that O'Roorke had disappeared mysteriously soon after. In your father's face and form there was a strong resemblance to my uncle. I had never noticed it before; and as I gazed involuntarily upon his noble countenance, thus bearing upon it the semblance of the dead, I felt a strong controlling awe.

My brother grasped my hand in silence—the tears rose into his eyes. We remained without speaking for a time. I thought he prayed in silent gratitude.

Edward remained with me until it was time to dress; and though I wished him away, yet I contrived to keep tolerably clear of all dangerous topics. We had each our motives for reserve. I had a brief interview with Lord A.; but with him I was at ease. He was a man of the world, and saw all things according to his interest.

Eleanor received me with formal kindness. I hardly touched her hand when a new pang rushed upon my guilty spirit. I felt as if I were a fiend of darkness, standing rebuked before the countenance of an angel of light. There was a subdued sadness upon her lovely face, which I interpreted into a sense of the humiliation and indignity she suffered in having herself sacrificed to one so unworthy. Alas! it was not altogether a fancy. The lovely girl was a resigned and silent sufferer.

I will endeavour to shew briefly the occurrences of the next few days at Castlecorragh. The Hon. Henry O'C—— returned from the Continent, where he had been for the last year. He was a high-minded youth, of a manly, yet reserved and retiring character—much reputed for talent. Of all the persons I had been accustomed to meet in society, he was the person whom I found to be most disagreeable and difficult of approach. He was the ardent friend of Edward, and could scarcely repress his indignation at the sacrifice of his sister to me. To myself his bitter and acrimonius tone of sarcastic courtesy was hardly subdued by the disapproving looks, and I doubt not, remonstrances of his father: and as I caught now and then the penetrating gleam of his dark eye, rolling away from my hurried glance, I could not resist the impression that a restless and resolved enmity was, like the blood-hound, winding upon my guilty track.

You can easily conceive how unfavourable to the purpose of my visit were all these painful impressions. My deportment was quite inconsistent with the character in which I stood. Day after day I walked alone with her—silent, reserved, and wretchedly embarrassed—until she herself showed evident indications of surprise. Edward and her brother went over to Ballyborough for a few days. During this time, I lay down each night cursing my own cowardice, and each morning resolved to put an end to this painful and humiliating situation.

At last I mustered desperation—the trial could be no longer suspended. Her brother had returned from Ballyborough over night, and I felt that I would not for worlds abide any further exposure to the pains and the perils of such an equivocal position. I resolved to deprive myself of all retreat from my purpose, and immediately after breakfast I apprized Eleanor that I desired a communication with her. She turned deadly pale, but without any seeming embarrassment, assented. After a thoughtful pause, she added, that if I would await her in a walk which lay a few hundred paces before the door, that she would join me presently. I now thought myself in smooth water at last. I felt my strength and confidence increased by the effort I had made; and with light steps and a beating breast, sought the appointed walk.

The walk was one which wound in a gentle curvature round a close young wood, so as to lose sight of the house after a few paces.—For half an hour I walked back and forward on this, planning speeches of entreaty, profession, gratitude, and working myself into the suitable mood. At the end of this time, I heard a quick step from a cross walk: "it must be she," thought I—the Hon. Henry O'C—— stood before me.

In the expression of his countenance all appearance of enmity or storm had disappeared; but in its place there was a softened look, so strongly expressive of pity and the relenting of a generous mind, that I must confess it alarmed me much more deeply. The expressions of the face were to me a language intelligible as words—and I was at once prepared for some new turn of my wayward destiny.

"Joseph," said he, "I am under the painful obligation to tell you, that you cannot marry my sister, until certain suspicious circumstances which have come to my knowledge shall be thoroughly explained. I was thunderstruck; but my first impulse was to look around with an anxious glance. He answered the look, "Eleanor will not come —she knows all I advert to, and sent me here."

"What are the facts to which you allude?" said I, with considerable effort.

"The facts," he answered gravely, "are in my possession; and until I fix upon the course which I am to pursue, I cannot explain further. I do not wish to injure you; but I cannot consent to the sacrifice of my sister; nor will I allow Edward, who has her affections, to be wronged." I affected to start—"Edward," said I, with a tone of surprise, "he never said so." "He is too generous," said Henry; "but you have acted honestly by him, and you are his brother—I therefore wish to save you. First, let me ask, are you willing to resign all pretensions to her who never must be yours."

"I resign her freely; had I known"—the falsehood died in my throat. "Well—I take your word. Now, let me tell you, that suspicions of a very horrible nature are afloat, which concern you nearly; they have reached your uncle Peter, who is coming over to investigate them. He has written to Edward, to apprise him of this intention. All I have to add, therefore, is this—if you are innocent, remain and meet the trial which awaits you, fearlessly; your brother and I will stand by you to the last; if you are guilty—nay, do not commit yourself—fly: save your life and the honour of your name, and lose not a day." As he spoke, he drew from his pocket a rusty pistol. My head grew dizzy, and a mist rose up before my eyes. His accents came faintly upon my ears as he said, "I see you had best escape."

"Where is Edward," I faintly asked.—"I left him confined to his bed in Ballyborough, but I will aid your flight, if necessary."

"I will send to you from Loch Abbey," said I, recovering my presence of mind; "appearances may condemn an innocent man, and I must endeavour to learn upon what grounds my uncle Peter means to persecute me thus cruelly. The honor of the family would not gain much by my flight under suspicion."

"That is too true," said O'C——, mournfully, "too true; then lose no time—whatever you do, do it quickly."

I gained my room, wrote a letter of apology to Lord A——, apprising him of my regret at having interfered with Edward's better claim—mentioning his accession to Ballyborough, and offering to settle Loch Abbey on the marriage, as I was now resolved never to marry. I then wrote a brief note to Eleanor, and got away without seeing any one.

Chap. VI.

To escape the horrors of the trial which now seemed to be nearly inevitable, was my sole and last chance; I felt relief from the consideration. "No more," thought I, "shall I have to appear before the eyes of the pure and virtuous. I have done with hope and disappointment, jealousy, wounded pride and shame. I have only to escape the further notice of the world, and to bury the memory of my existence in the covert of obscurity! Such were a few of the thoughts which half unconsciously passed across the torpor of my exhausted mind. The witness of the fatal deed which had thus involved my fate, was no more; and though suspicion might be awakened, yet it was not the interest of any one concerned about uncle Richard's fate, to hold up *my* name to infamy. My uncle Peter was vindictive, harsh, and unappeasable —but my brother and his noble friend would surely stand between me and the infamy of pursuit. I reached Loch Abbey—the doors were open—no one appeared—there was no answer to my call. The evening was closing in; so I had nothing for it but to lead round my horse to the stables, and then make search for some of the few persons who were at this time retained about the Abbey. I had not proceeded far in searching through the deserted rooms, when I heard the sound of merry-making voices from an upper room. I ascended, not well pleased with the neglect.

On reaching the door of the chamber where the noice proceeded, I perceived that an angry altercation was going on within, and stopped in order to ascertain how far I might be concerned in it.

"I'll be ——," growled a deep-toned voice, "but there's no use in talking to old women at all. I believe its to marry the young gentleman she's after."

"Ho, ho," laughed another male voice in a sharper key than the former.

"And if I did," answered a shrill treble, "what need you mind, Paddy? I believe I'm as good as the gallows, any how."

"It's a toss up between yees," answered the deep voice.

"Never mind her, Paddy," said the sharp voice, "it is only the man she wants; let her have him, and welcome."

"Why then, much good may it do her; 'tis himself will soon be eased of her. We'll have the place between us two, Tom, agra."

"You —— blackguard—you curse of a villian," screeched the anile voice, "do you think I'll give up my third? I'll go this instant before his honor, John D——, and blow up all of your plans, that I will." There was a momentary scuffle, and much soothing language, which at last appeased the old woman, who still went on muttering, "Hagh, my boys, I think ye'll not come over Katty M'Cabe that ways."

"So," thought I, "the vulture and the carrion crow are fighting upon my carcase." By the voices I could perceive that they were all under the effects of drunkenness.

"But, Mr. Cardiff," said the deep voice, "how will it be if we miss the lad?"

"How do you mean, Pat?" answered the other male.

"If the law should get hould of him, I mean."

"Pooh, man alive, be asy; sure haven't I the depositions in my own hands, drawn up by myself, and signed by Tony O'Roorke himself; arn't yourself the only witness to the murder of Tony."

"Well, now, my jewel of a man, Mr. Cardiff, do you think that my Lord A——, and Mr. Edward ——, will let it go with us so quiet and easy?"

"Och man, you know nothing of the matter; to be sure they'd make a lunatic of the poor young lad in three shakes—but we'll shew them a trick worth two of that Paddy—you must leave all that to me, Pat, my darlint."

"But I'd like to be insensed for all that, Mr. Cardiff. I'm ready to hear reason as any man, by the turnal o' war, but I wont be diddled unknown'st, for any man. I'm no fool, Mr. Cardiff."

"I'm really surprised, Mr. Cadian, that you'd talk in that way. I only mean that I'll guide the lad to act quite rational."

"Well, but how are we to get the lands?"

"Why then, I'll tell you now, Pat, and there's no way but the one. First, lave me alone to spake him fair, and get the management of him quietly, then we'll set up the whole estate to sale in his own name—I, Timothy Cardiff, acting as his honour's agent, and receiving the hard cash down on the nail. Then—arrah, be aisy now and hear me out—then when the great people think that the lad is fobbing the money himself, we'll divide it snugly among the three of us."

"Give us your fist, then, Timothy Cardiff, Esq. and Tim, I say, Pathrick Cadian, Esq. likewise, for we'll be equal to the first in the land."

"And Lady Katty M'Cabe too," said Cardiff, with a sneer.

"Ha, ha, ha, but that'll sound quare, shouted Paddy.

"Then, that's not what I'll be afther," screamed the old woman, "I know very well what name 'ill be on me."

"Well now Katty," said Cardiff, "it's bad enough, after all, to lose the estate—we can't reasonably expect that the poor boy will take to the likes of you."

"I'll tell yees what it is, now both of *yees*, and mind my words—I'll be his lady, *or he'll* swing on the front of Mayo gaol; ay, if ye were to go down on your marrow bones there. 'Tis not for nothing he's in my power."

"I'll tell you what, Katty agra," said Cardiff, "listen to reason, you'll betray us all if you talk of such a thing—no one would believe, that the young gentleman with the price of Loch Abbey in his pocket, would go take an ould riff like yourself. Sure won't you be a great lady without him—what argefies a name? You may have Mr. Cadian there, and then we'll divide more equal in two."

"Spake for yoursilf, Mr. Cardiff," interrupted Paddy.

"I'll have Master Joe—as sure as there's a gallows in Castlebar," screeched the obstinate hag.

I had been for nearly half an hour an involuntary listener—horror and disgust, even to sickness, and loathing enchained me; and it was only by a violent effort that I unrooted myself from the spot where I stood, within a few feet of this most appalling conversation. A day or two would, I now saw, place my name before the hate and scorn of the world—a byword and a term of reproach. These wretches would learn, upon the arrival of my uncle Peter, that their best course would be to become witnesses. I might perhaps bribe them highly to silence—and when satisfied of my firmness not to yield further, they would follow their own interest. Should I enter the room and make my terms? They were too far advanced in intoxication. I determined that they should not leave the house, before I might make up my mind what to do. I gently examined the door—there was a key in the lock. Waiting until their voices mingled loudest—for they were now all vociferating together, I turned it and locked them in. "They are in my power, come what will of it," thought I, as I gently stole down stairs, sick and fevered with agitation.

My brain was in a whirl—and I left the Abbey in hopes to collect myself. Thought after thought crowded my brain: schemes, terrors, humiliation.—Should I die by my own hand—no, I had an habitual and constitutional terror of death—I had seen the spectre too fearfully. I could easily *silence* the intoxicated wretches—I had enough of that. There was, I felt, an Eye that witnessed, and a Hand that turned my hidden misdeeds against myself. Suspicion lay upon me, and all would be interpreted into one fearful tissue by the avengers of my uncle's blood. Yet I would try to silence my accusers—I could bribe higher than justice would pay, and I should have strong interest. I would make over my property to Edward, and begin life anew in the wilds of the western world.

It was a calm night, the clouds were moving heavily above the waters, and darkness gathered fast around my steps. The way was familiar, and I moved unconsciously on, until I found myself on the summit of a lofty cliff, on which a moss temple had been built, on account of the extensive prospect the spot overlooked. I entered and sat down—the act was habitual. Strange it was, the thought that in that moment rushed upon my heart. From the vulgar and almost demoniac crew which I had just left in the home of my ancestors scheming my destruction with drunken avidity; my thoughts reverted through the gloom of years, to the forms that had sat round me in my earliest youth, in this very seat; here was the scene of many a childish festival—Edward, and Mary, and myself, and many a youthful visitor—their forms rose around me, drest in the heart-speaking smiles of youth and innocence. There was a sense of protection in the hallowed images. I wept for the first time; in all my agonies I had shed no tear. I now wept profusely—a light came over my darkened spirit, as if an angel spoke within me, I felt the impulse to throw myself on my knees amid the darkness of night, and call aloud for mercy and forgiveness.

A sudden gleam of light flashed far out upon the dark surface of the waters beneath. "Was it a sign from heaven," thought I. Again, again, and again it flashed out, and fell tremulously upon the lake. I looked among the clouds;—another broader and yet brighter gleam tinged their dense and low masses with broken streaks of dank and shadowy light. "What is it?" thought I, looking round, as the blackest midnight seemed rather to swallow than to conceal the glimmering scene; it was not many seconds before a broader, brighter and longer break of the same quivering and undulating light suddenly poured itself forth upon the night. I could see the low, dark level of the opposite shore—a line of fire seemed to shoot out like a waving tongue upon the black waters—and the Abbey stood dark against the luminous haze, on which its towered outline was minutely visible. "The Abbey is on fire," burst from my lips, as I stood gazing, transfixed with wonder, suspense, gratitude, vindictive satisfaction, which chased each other stormily across my mind.

The blazing light momentarily grew more permanent and brighter—and a clearer and farther prospect of scenery became disclosed in its wavering and flickering radiance. It was a strange and ghastly spectacle—the whole region around seemed to dance with a frightful movement, and the black specks of shadow seemed to people the scene with fiendlike forms as they danced to and fro amid streaks of illumined cliff, or masses of more uncertain light. It was not hard for a guilty conscience to realize the dreadful picture, which it so vividly represented of those horror-peopled regions, where "hope can never come:" and to complete the dismal illusion—a wild and melancholy wail of many voices, now broke along the doubtfully illumined shore—like the wailing heard by the brink of that infernal river—

> "Cocytus, named of lamentation loud,
> Heard on the rueful stream."

The sea-gulls had been roused from the shore and island cliffs, and flashed like spirits across the gleam—as their screams awoke the wild echoes of the mountain lake. My ears tingled with horror when a louder cry, like the voice of human agony, mingled among their clamouring notes. "When shall I escape from horror," thought I, as a column of most fearful splendour burst up, from the highest roof of the castle. A broad red canopy floated over head like the broad banner of destruction.—Around, the clouds hung fiery and lurid, like the ribbed vaults of the infernal prison. A painter might have sketched the minutest tracery of the hills—the spotted cliff, the rocky islands, and the darkly visible moors beyond. It was a superb yet horrible sight.

"The traces of my guilt are effaced," thought I. "Alas! the home of my childhood sinks in yon devouring element—the fireside where my mother sat is ashes—the boards of which I could read the minutest stain, into some old boyish deed—are at this moment becoming charred, and crumbling into ruin—the towers which cheered the coming guest from far—will, at morning, be missing from their place above the woods of Lock Abbey."

In the morning I was far on my way to Dublin—you know the rest of my history. Loch Abbey, in its dilapidated condition, I transferred to your father and mother—while the sale of a large portion of the estates furnished me with the means of settling in Louisiana—where your steps have been, I trust, providentially conducted—to lay me in the dust; and to fill the place of an heir. I shall welcome the moment of my release.

THE "OLDEST INHABITANT."

The Oldest Inhabitant's mind is a blank memorandum-book—his head is a wallet "wherein he puts alms for oblivion." His experience convinces him, more and more every day, that London is situate on the banks of Lethe. Ask him for the date of an event, and, if of modern occurrence, he has a distinct recollection of having forgotten it; if referable to a remoter period, he forgets whether he remembers it or not. He knows that he is of an ancient family, but cannot, for his life, tell what has become of his ancestors: he conjectures with much shrewdness that his forefathers must be dead. His father, who was a soldier, had been, he thinks, in the same regiment with the celebrated Captain Shandy, and knew him well. His crest is a fore-finger with a piece of thread fastened round it,—his motto, "Non mi ricordo." He thinks he can recollect having seen his grandmother when she was a little girl, and is quite positive that his parents died *without issue*. He is puzzled to know when, where, and how he acquired possession of a daughter; and conceives that his son must now be quite old enough to be his own father. He, however, distinctly remembers the events of his boyhood; the name of the head master of Christ's hospital in those days was the Rev. Cornelius Nepos; one of his schoolfellows was called Alcibiades: he is not certain that Julius Cæsar was in the same class with himself, but he has a vague notion that they were a good deal in each other's company. He is confident that he passed a considerable portion of his time, when a lad, at a place called Troy—though he cannot now call to mind the county in which it is situate. Among the minor matters that perplex him is the circumstance, that one corner of his pocket-handkerchief is always *tied in a knot*, and he never can tell why. His memory belongs rather to the past century than to the present. Of all the days in the year yesterday perplexes him most; old events are newest in his mind, the past brightens as it grows remote, and, as he facetiously remarks, he can baldly get a glimpse of Time till he is out of sight. Thus—he cherishes a settled conviction that her Majesty Queen Anne has actually departed this life; although on the tenth of last November he was wholly at a loss to guess why the Lord Mayor's show (at which he was present) was put off the day before. Of all public characters of the past generation, he best remembers the person of *Junius*. Robinson Crusoe he never saw but once, and cannot speak as to the accuracy of his portraits. He has a lively sense of the excitement created by the shocking murder of Mrs. Brownrigg, who was hanged in a-coal-hole by her two infamous apprentices; and tells you of the public sympathy which formerly existed in favour of a young man named Gregory Barnwell, who was inhumanly stabbed by his own uncle at Peckham. He is also quite clear in the matter of Warren Hastings, only he is not positive whether that gentleman was tried, or transported for seven years. The latest London event of any note which he unhesitatingly remembers, is the grand gathering in the City, when the Allied Sovereigns, with the veteran Blucher and the Duke of Marlborough, dined with Sir Richard Whittington in Guildhall. Indeed, there are few events that he would not be able to recollect, if he could but call them to mind. His memory has but one defect, a want of retentiveness. Yet, after all, he remembers Garrick's maiden speech in Parliament, and retains his first impression of the inimitable beauty of Munden's Macbeth. His health is often drunk in the City; this it spoiling a fine compliment; they should drink—his *memory!*

Tate's Opinion of Foote.—Being asked what sort of an actor Foote was, he replied, "He was every sort of actor, Sir: he took his colour, tone, and feeling from the person he acted with. The mimicking propensity was so strong in him, that he was always approximating to the manners of the man, woman, or child opposite to him. Had he been left alone with a bear, in a quarter of an hour he'd have been upon all-fours, and longing for a muzzle."

From Tait's Magazine.

A RICH MAN, OR HE HAS GREAT MERIT.

Being the Autobiography of Archibald Plack, Esq. late Lord Mayor of London, in a series of letters to his grandson, the Honourable George Spend. BY JOHN GALT.

LETTER I.

My oe and heir, ye kenna-what, how can ye think that ganging a grey gaet is the way to turn the penny, unless it be out of your pouch? It wasna, my lad, by such gavalling that I gart the bodles whelp in mine; and, therefore, instead of sending you "a replenishment" at this time, I'll send you much better, being an account of the different come-to-passes in my creditable life. They'll maybe serve you as well as Latin books, which are only things that may do good to doctors, and others that follow the poor trade of philosophy; which, with god's help and my bit haining, I hope you are never ordained to take up: no that I make an objek to birkies of a pedigree—as surely you are, by the father's side—to get a slaik of college lair; but it's no to be feart that ye'll ever be dour at your books.

It's very true that my Lord, your father, that's married upon my only dochter, your mother, is a discreet man—and there was a good because he should be so; for the auld Lord, his father, was a canary-headed sorrow, and didna leave a crumb or moulin of his patrimony out of the coomy clutches of the lawyers and Jews; so that, had he no forgatherit with your mother, my dochter, he would just, in a sense, have been going from door to door, with a meal pock about his neck, and rung in his hand—no living at heck and manger, as he is now doing, in yon Castle Folly, in Vanity Fair, as the west end of the town ought by rights to be called.

But, before I get all the rift off my stomach, it is needful to remark, that, although I dinna intend to be as mim as a May puddock with you, yet I'm no of an overly virgos nature, even in my displeasure about your galravitching and keeping of an eating horse; on the contrary, I'm of a most natural mild temper, as in the end you may experience: indeed, if I'm no so to my only dochter's kitling, I wonder to wha I should be so. But what I have to say is all for your good; and I redd you no to take it ill, for I have my will and testament to make; and all I have is of my own conkesting, which frees me from leaving a doit to your father's get, unless it pleasure myself; and yet there is not a living Christian that better kens that blood is thicker than water than I do. And, Geordie, although ye were not a Lord's offspring, I cannot but recognise you as my only daughter's affset—my bark is mair dauntoning than my bite.

I dinna mind if ever I told you anent my ancestors; and I am sure my dochter Climy, your mother, never would, for she was aye an upsetting cutty; it therefore behoves me to let you know whatna brae I have had to climb, that ye may see riches are no gatherit like sclate stanes, to the end that ye may consider well of writing to me letters anent replenishments, keeping, as I am creditably informed you do, an eating moth of a horse of the hunter speshy—maybe two, one for a flunkie. Geordie, Geordie, ca' canny! Hunters and racers are genteel creatures; and I would have as meikle hope of a ne'er-do-weel with a laithron, as a young man with such gambolling cattle: the very whisk of their tails is an evendown outrage among decent folk. From this you may learn what is in my breast concerning this wastry; and, by the next post I'll make a beginning, which is all at present from your auld daddy.

ARCHD. PLACK.

LETTER II.

Although it is not to be looked for in the course of nature that a man can have a very clear recollection of the hour he was born; yet he is seldom long in the world till he learns whether he is cast into the lot of Dives or of Lazarus. For my part, I was not left to consider which was mine; for ever since I could tell a cold chucky-stone from a laughing het potato, I have had a notion that man is the heir of afflictions; accordingly, I felt it soon to be my duty to ettle what I could to get into a way. And that I soon did; for, being a gair and stirring laddie wean, folk took notice of me, and mony a bawbee I got by my glegness in running errands; less thoughtful callans would have waur'd on marbles, or played at the unthrift of pitch-and-toss, but I had a natural appety all my days for saving, and told mother to put my bawbees in a tea-cup, for she was obligated in course of nature to keep me till I came to years of discretion.

My mother was a pawkie carlin—I mind her weel; and she said, when I spoke of haining that I was no ordained to be long a cess on her; for my speech kythed wi' symptoms that discretion was not far off when I was near—and so it was seen; for, when I was scrimp six, her dead-ill fell upon her, and, being a sailor's widow, she departed this life, leaving me an orphan to an old aunty with few teeth and of cankry inclination; having but her spinning-wheel for her bread-winner.

However, aunty did her duty; and, as I had ninepence halfpenny when I went to domicile with her, she sent me to the school; for which every week I paid a penny, and every day read in the Mother's Carritches; so that before I had won through the Sixpence, I was accounted, by her and the minister's leddy, a deacon of a scholar. The minister himself patted my head because of my profishency.

But although it couldna but be said that I learned to read like a bailie in the course of the first winter I was at school, yet there was an outcoming of fortune in the spring that detained me from learning any more till the next winter; and this was the coming into the clachan of a soldier officer with a timber leg and a fashious temper, who needed a gleg callan to do his turns.

By dint of speaking well of me, aunty, through the minister, got Captain Sash to give me a preferment; but I had a sore time o't in attending to his yeas and nays, specially in the warm months, when flies are bloody-minded, and, as he often said most damnable.

How long I might have bided in the servitude of Captain Sash is not to be rehearsed: but, towards the hinder end of har'st, we parted; and the chief because of the amputation was his wooden leg, with which he was in the scowry nights, by habit and repute, in the way of riping the ribs. Thus it came to pass, that he came home one evening, and the fire being low, and he being cauldrife, lifted his timber toe and gave it a powter.

Gude kens how it came to pass, but in so doing he staggers, his wooden leg was among hands broken, and he wytes me with the exploit; which I would not thole, for it was not true; whereat he called me a mutinous vagabond. My corruption rose. I replied he was a scarlet tyrant; he lifted his hand, I jouked the blow, and he, having but one leg to stand on, swung round and fell on the coals, which it were a mercy were not kindled. He paid me, howsever, my wage; for, though of a frush temper, he had a modicum of honesty about him. Nothing, however, would persuade me to come again within his reach; for even then I was a spirit.

With the wage, aunty put me again to school, to learn to write and cast 'counts, for I had learnt, as I have told you, to read; but in this political economy I was not cordial; for, understanding that the session was obligated to do something for me, I was loath to part with my penny-fee, for no other end, that I could see at the time, than to draw crunkly effigies on paper and a sclate. But I soon came to discern the good that was in them; and, before, Candlemas, the dominie said I was a geni—telling aunty, though, it was kittle to say for what. I think myself it was a geni for making money, as, before the Candlemas, I had hained, from going errands, two shillings and five and a bawbee; and when the thought came into my head, that my capacity was of the peinor-pig order, it is not to be told what a revelation I had. I was, in sooth, a pawkie wean, and kent a mite by its mudging from a moulin.

But of that blithe and heartsome time—it may be of scant and want—I have not much remembrance. Like others, I have a pleasant recollection of my ramplar days. The summer was warmer then, and surely winter brisker. Oh, the pretty moonlight nights! Surely Time has grown aulder, and a thought tavert since syne; and I think nature now is wersher of the smeddum than that she then sowed into the young heart. But I was never one that neglectit a turn for daffin.

LETTER III.

When I had perfited my edication, which was afore Beltane of the next year—I being then weel through my eighth year—it behoved me to think of some gaet of going into the world to seek a living; for it was not thought I was of a proper habit of body for a trade, as I was short-sighted, and very ready to take the cold, which shewed that herding would never do for me. Some calling of a sheltered nature was, therefore, to be thought of. The neighbours of aunty considered, however, I was still young enough; but there was a confabble among them anent me, which made it manifest that there would soon be an outcoming.

In the May after, the laddie who kirned James Junor's, the druggist, medicaments, took the kingcost; and, being of a weakly constitution, paid the debt of nature in no time. Thus there came to be a vacuity in the druggist's shop, and I was elected, by James, to the office. It was, indeed, as aunty said, a blithe upcast to meet with; and I thought so, too, and often thought so, when dunting the pestle on the bottom of the brass mortar; for I hope ye have gotten a sufficiency of learning to understand that kirning drugs is braying in a mortar with a pestle, similar to the utensil which, as I have heard the one called, that stood above our door, gilded, the effigy of a doctor.

With Mr. Junor, I was the best of three years; and it cannot be said, at the end of the term, that I was even then owre old to take my foot in my hand, to see what the world was like ayont the dyke. But it was a pleasant, sober time—the remembrance of it is lowne in my bosom, like a bonny April morning, when the buds biggen, and the birds begin to sing. Nor was my being in that odoriferous shop (as I heard the school-mistress one day call it) without profit, in a sense; for, at my work, I thought but of such a nice thing it must be to be rich, and used to lilt, in a cutty-crumb voice, keeping time with the pestle—

The king sits in his parlour,
Counting o'er his money;
The queen sits in her garden,
Eating bread and honey—

thinking his Majesty's duty was the pleasantest vocation of the two.

Nor, though Mr. Junor might be an exact man, was he an Egyptian task-master, requiring bricks and giving no straw; for he was very considerate—which is more than can be said, as my experience teaches, of every one that has the repute of honesty in the world. Accordingly, he sometimes, of his own voluntary motion, gave me the play; and was sorry he could not do it on the Saturday afternoon, when the schools were skailed, as Saturday was, of a' the seven in the week, the throngest day in the Doctor's shop.

This James Junor, the druggist, though he lived among dry mint, thyme, and camomile, like a dead and stuffed alligator, was an every-day body, but something by ordinar, and my heart warms yet when I think of him; for, though he lived by selling odious trash, his nature had no broo of any such commodities, he being a genteel man, and born, you would have thought, to be an ostentation in the world. But, now that I am well through life, I may say nothing is mare common than to meet with a man whose nature is at war with his luck. The master was of this kind.

His father was a barber-man, in the High

Street of Glasgow, near the College, and had the dressing of two Professors and the Principal, by which he acquired all the knowledge he had; but learning had little to do with it. In time, James got in, free gratis, to the classes, where he settled so well that he was egged on to be a doctor; but when, however, he was in the middle of the strive, his father died of a sore income, and he was obligated to quit the College and to implement on chins. His heart, however, having a preeing of the light turns of doctoring, aye lay to that trade; and, in process of time, he got the druggist that then was in our town, to take him intil his shop, where, after mony a year as helper, he ripened, in the course of nature, to be his successor: and such he was, well stricken in years, when he took me on.

Besides being a druggist, James Junor was a good man; and one of the few I have ever seen that money was no required to make better. His wife, Mrs. Junor, was not, however, either the yolk or kernel of womankind, but a mere woman—which is not saying a great deal in her behalf; but it's an auld observe, that the best of men have often the worst of wives, which, in my opinion, must be somehow a cause of their goodness; for, if they can thole the devil in the house, they'll no be overly fashed at any of God's creatures on the causeway. But, anent this head of discourse, however, I may as well keep a calm sough. Poor woman! she's long gone to her rest—and I'm sure she was not out of the need o't.

LETTER IV.

When I had been two years and a half with that gospel-hearted saint, Mr. Junor, throlling as well's I could with his Jobish conjugality, and being nearly on the time to do for myself, I had some wiselike confabble with aunty.

It was agreed between us, that, as I had no prospect of being a robustious man, I should spouse my fortune as an errander in Glasgow. But the easiest trades are no without their craft—as may be seen by looking at watchmakers making faces at spectacle-eyes, as they keek by them into the bowelry of their commodities; so I could not set up as an errander in Glasgow, till I had learned the outs and ins of that royal city. But, in this, Providence, as in all cases, was large; and the willing-to-do-well will never want a friend as long as there's a God in the Heavens.

It happened that aunty had a far-off cousin by her guidman's side—a well-doing weaver in the Gorbals; and he had a wife that was spoken of for that couthy kind of eidency which foretokens thriving; indeed, the truth of the saying has kythed on them, for, in the fulness of time, he was gathered to his fathers, in a bien way, and a bailie.

Well, it so happened that aunty got the schoolmaster to write a bit scrape of a pen to her kith, John Douce, and sent it by the Glasgow carrier, to tell him what I would be at, and how well I had behaved with James Junor. John was not long of making a response; for, when the carrier came back, he brought two lines from him, saying, he would do all in his potentiality to help me; and telling me no to be blate, but to come away and bide with him, making a recompense out of my earnings as I could afford it. Thus, it came to pass that, on my eleventh birth-day, I went with the carrier to begin the world as an errander in Glasgow.

I cannot say I was very vogie on that morning of the venturing, when I bid farewell to aunty, and looked o'er my shoulder from the braehead at the town below. But I was so boun to be rich, that everything else was secondary; and the thought that I might be so in time, hampered the tear that was fain to creep into the corner of my eye. Still I could not but think of the times that were past; for, let your youth be never such a moil, there is something in the mysteries of the spirit that aye makes us look back upon't as on a blithesome morning.

Ye may think that to say so is rather more like a saft-horn than ye believe I am; but they look for trout in a hollow burn who dinna see that a man with an earnest intent has deep feeling. Do ye think I would ever had my dochter married to a lord, had I not got the upper hand of my human weakness, which was more than many would have liked to own? Na, na, my lad; ponder well, and warning take. I cared nae mair for wealth, for its own sake, than others; but I saw it was the key to all comforts, and to have my own will of them I in a sense coveted; but it was not the covetousness forbidden in the tenth commandment, for I never grudged no man his having. I only longed for the means by which I might conquest such havings. It was that power I sought to gain, by gaining riches—well knowing that with them I would get the potential; so dinna think I was either daft or doited, for I was no miser, but a man that saw gold ruled the world and only thought to make it a friend.

This observe is needful, now that I am telling you of what happened to me on the threshold of life; for, although ye maybe think, like many others, that I had never a right purpose, be ye assured that there is none without some aim—for, although we are not all alike in strength of will to do, we have the same likeness to each other in mind as we bear in body. And I dinna err in saying this; for, if ye didna jalouse me to be of the niggarality order, you wouldna have been so bird-mouthed in the way you have asked for a "replenishment." Gair, Geordie, however, as you may think me, I never ettled for wealth but as a means; and, if you had the ee in your neck that I wish ye had, ye would see that. I had an early notion, that an onedicated man like me wasna the fittest to make a solid choice of the best butts and targets of fortune. I saw however, that I couldna be far wrang if I got the means to win at any of them. So, if ye see, now and then, a bit glaik of fancy about me, no very like what ye thought, ye shouldna be surprised, or think in my auld days that I am putting on a new man, for I was aye the same; only, having long since conquered all my wants, I have grown slacker to make money in my age; indeed, my bairn, to tell you the truth, I have long made as much as I feel in myself capacity and fitness to use—and more would be fashious. As an earnest that I'm no at the grounds so foul as ye think, I send you enclosed a "replenishment," as you call it, on Tommie Coutts, to make good what I say, and to reprove your thoughts of me, if they need it.

LETTER V.

I weel mind the welcoming I got from John Douce and his wife. It couldna be said he was unjustly a narrow man; but he was, maybe, a thought hard. His wife, however, was a hand-waled woman, and had from the womb been ordained to bless the man she was made for.

We had some solid conversation anent what put it into my head to think of being an errand porter rather than a tradesman; and I replied that he might see I wasna of the right cut to be a prime tradesman, which was an admonishment no to try.

"Ay," quo' the mistress, who had sat for some time before silent, "guidman, he'll do weel, if that's his ain thought; for there's nothing helps on a man like a right knowledge of himself and what he's best fit for. The failures we meet with happen oftener from the man not knowing what he's fit for, than from want of ability. I aye doubt the thriving of those that itch for more than they seem to require.

From less to more, we began to discourse together; and Mrs. Douce spoke to me as if I was an experienced man, no only an auld-farrant wean, which was the most that could be said of me at home; and when I told her how I intended to make myself acquainted with the town before I set up in business, she said mony a pleasant thing about my having inherited a discerning spirit.

The outcomings of that night I have never forgotten; for John Douce himself was a canny far-forecasting man; and, as for the mistress, I wonder how Nature was so thoughtless as to drop such a pearl, for the clutes and hooves of the multitude to tread on. Her heartening was a cordial that cheered me long, and made the dooly of my first night in the world as blithe as the banqueting of a baptism.

The next morning I rose betimes; and having covenanted with the carrier lad on the road, to shew me some of the town, we went hither and yon together till eight o'clock, in a very satisfactory manner. John Douce, after breakfast, having gone to the looms, his wife said that, as she was not very throng, she would go about with me, adding, it was aye to her a pleasaunce to help them that were so willing to do well. She was, indeed, a prudent woman, and very wisely thought that to make money was the true substantial way to do weel in this world.

I have often thought since that it was a wonderful thing how a woman of such sagacity had so much earnestness for a perfect wean; but she had none of her own, which partly may account for it: the promptings and spiritings of her own active nature was, however, no doubt, the main cause. Largely I profited by her pains; and, as we walked along the streets together, all her discourse was advices and admonitions. In short, my lines at the first with her fell in pleasant places, and she was a mother by common to me.

When I had learned myself well in the wynds and turns of Glasgow, I took my station aneath the pillars forenent the Tolbooth; but when I gaed home at breakfast time, a thought dowie because I had come no speed, Mrs. Douce said it was not the right side of the street.

"One," quoth she, "should aye endeavour to begin the world on the right side of the causeway. It's no doubt a very creditable stance ye have taken; but it's no so good by a degree as the plainstones on the other side where the gentlemen congregate;—and, besides, ye must change that Kilmarnock bonnet. It gars you took of a country complexion. Do in Rome as they do in Rome; and mind never to make yourself kenspeckle unless it's in snodness; for maist folk, though they cannot tell why, have no broo of them that has onything out-o'-the-way about them."

In consequence of this advice, I niffered after breakfast with another laddie for his hat with my bonnet and twopence, and took up my stance at a closs mouth wester the Tontine, which was then bigging; the gentlemen, provost, and magistrates making then their houff at where the cross used to be, as I was told.

Good luck was in the change; for an Englisher soon after hired me to take a letter as far west as Madeira Court, and I made such nimble speed with the errand that he gave me a whole sixpence, the first white money I ever had received; in short, before the day was done, I had made a rough ninepence—that is, a bawbee over; and Mrs. Douce, when I offered the half to John, would not let him touch it, saying that all I made the first day ought to be my own; for it was the luck arle of a fortune. It could not, therefore, but be said that I had a prospect in the very beginning.

LETTER VI.

The second day of my erranding, I mind weel, was not splendid; saving a twalpenny job to the Broomielaw, for a scrimping shopkeeper, to a Greenock gabbart, with the bundle of a Highland tartan plaid, belonging to a nauby that was going to Tobermory, I had but a scrimpit measure of luck. To be sure, towards the heel of the evening, a bailie, with a red north-west countenance, being vogie from his punchbowl and the funny stories of his cronies, hired me to go to Ruglen with a letter, on some 'lection ploy; for there was a great sough at that time of a Parliamenting, as it was called, which I have since learnt meant a general election. This achievement caused me to be in the gloaming before I got to John Douce's; and a weary wean I was, both with the length of the road and its sliddiness, caused by the forepart of the day being showery. Mrs. Douce, seeing me so scomfished, took pains to hearten me, when I had rested myself, saying that there was no profit in running lang errands, and, therefore, I ought to eschew them.

"When ye're out o' the gait," said she, "far afield, like as to Ruglen, you may miss a shorter errand in the town, whereof the pay would be better, on a calculation; it would be hard, indeed, if the wage for twa hameart jobs were not as good as a runagate exploit to the country. Besides, there's a weariedness in a journey of one long continuance that's no to be coveted; one errand in the forenoon to sic like as Ruglen, does the best up for the remainder of the day."

Thus she made it plain to my ordinary capacity, that the errand trade was, no more than the weavers' or the souters' trade, one of instinct, and that it behoved me to exercise my judgment in it as well as any other; for it had its craft as well as cabinet work. In a sense, the Ruglen 'lection job was thus no without its profit; for, after that day, they would have needed gleg een to see me on a toll road in the way of business.

But, although the erranding canna be said to be an ill ready-money business, when rightly followed out, it has its fasheries, as well as merchandizing; and I soon made an observe anent the same, which seems to shew what a wonderful regularity there is in all the works of Providence; and that was, that, counting by the days, it had a degree of uncertainty, proving it ought not to be trusted; but, taking the earnings by the week together, it was more of a dependance; and, by the month, it was as good as a stated income, which you of the genteeler orders have no notion of. In short, before I was anything like half a year on the pavy of the Trongate, as I once heard a playactor man call the planestanes, the jingle of my peinor pig told, in sterling language, that erranding was an effectual calling, though, maybe, no just a coining of money, nor did I repent I had taken it up. As the winter, however, came on, with short days and long nights, I had my experience, that, like everything of a human nature, it had its blemish of onagreeables—particularly in the dark days of November, on which I discerned, that, although the morning and the forepart of the day could not be objected to, the hinder end and the evening was always obstrapulous and showery, when porters, and erranders who are kind of 'prentices to them, are fain to howff and harbour in close mouths and other places, that, at times, would not be the waur of a souping, cuddling themselves with their hands in their bosoms or in their pouches.

Nevertheless, for all the wind and the sleet that we were exposed to, the first winter was won through, with an ettle; and when the fine, sunshiny spring mornings came round, there was mirth in my veins; and the skies, taking off their cloudy fause-faces, looked well pleased on the earth, new-washen with the growing showers.

In short, I cannot complain very sincerely of the time I spent in Glasgow; but, when I had got the upper hand of my fifteen year, I left it; and, ye may be sure, I would never have done so, had I no been wiled away by a glaik of hope that promised to make me better; no, maybe, of a bible betterness—I'll no say that—but in the circumstances; and the cause of the come to pass, I will presently rehearse.

In the meantime, speaking of my departal from Glasgow, it is but a duty incumbent to say that I staid the whole time I was there, with John Douce and his wife; for baith were kind, discreet folk. The mistress, however, was the honey bee; for, although John was an eident, gair creature, he had never the gumption of his rib; and he would have been content to moil on in mediocrity, had she not been blest with a discernment past common. Afterwards, when the thrive of the late war began to sprout, and I heard how they were topping, well I knew wha put the spunk to the peat, and snodded the hearthstone. It was the mistress. Oh! she was a managing woman, and a sorrow for egging on her guidman, who would have been content to have gotten through life with an insignificance, but for her, who was really upsetting, and saw the right ways o't. In short, I had a peinor pig full of dollars, and, had there been a Saving Bank in yon times, I'll no say but what I might have found the way to it; for, besides a silver watch, to tell me what o'clock it was, I had mair than seven pounds to the fore for a sair foot, when the time ordained was out at Glasgow.

LETTER VII.

Never being of a strong make, I was not made for hard work; and having, by the time I was in my fourteen, seen that, one year with another, I could not expect to make gold in gowpens at the erranding in Glasgow, I began to cast about for a new line. A sturdy porter I could not be, by reason of my weak back, for that with a careful man is no an ill way; but an errander, which, though for a callant it has a feasibility of a competency, is, upon the whole, for a grown-up man, but a cold coal to blaw at; so, seeing that I must soon deval from the erranding, and couldna be a porter to carry heavy trunks and boxes, I made up my mind for a change; and thus I soon had an experience of what I have often since noticed in life—namely, that it's never long till the chance casts up of getting the thing the mind's set on.

As I entered my fifteen, there was a family with their chattels and chairs going by the Liverpool traders from Greenock to Manchester, where trade was brightening: and they, jalousing that the Englishers could not be so good as our own sober folk, wanted a man of the lad speshy to go round with their things, offering good pay for the turn. Thus it came to pass that I got a preferment. I had indeed the repute for being an obligatory creature, with a willing heart and a pawkie blithe tongue.

The going to Manchester did not appear to be such a very desperate going out of the Christian world as John Douce thought when I first spoke of it to him. His guidwife had very rational notions on the subject, saying that "surely Manchester couldna be so kittle to a hobbledehoy of fifteen, as Glasgow had been to a foreign laddie of ten, with bare feet and an innocency." And thus it came to pass that I covenanted with Mr. Nichol Spreul to go with him and his plenishing to Manchester, he paying me days' wages.

When the gear was on board the gabbart, and the master and the mistress away with the fly, me, and the servan lass, and the four weans went down to the Broomielaw and took shipping in the same gabbart, from which we were landed safe at the mid-quay of Greenock, nigh to the Liverpool packet ordained for the family; when, without any great ettering of fash, we got all our rickle of things put on board, a full day before the Perseverance, as the trader was called, could be ready; by which I had time to look about me and to make observes on Greenock and the inhabitants thereof; or rather feuars and sub-feuars, as I saw them spoken of in a proclamation on the corner of a house, which one Sir Michael Stewart, Bart., had put out, to admonish them anent something concerning a steeple then about to be biggit on a kirk that the bailies had put up for one Sir John Shaw.

Greenock, it cannot be honestly said, was in yon days, whatever may be said of it now, just a marrow for Glasgow, though it had a Bell entry that was not ill-faured; but, if the streets to the westward were not paved like those of the New Jerusalem, with precious stones, it must be allowed that there was no want of herring heads to be seen on them; and as for rain, there was a sufficiency for a calamity to every other person but to folk accustomed to make their living by the sea, which the Greenock folk surely are. I observed that it was not true that the childer, as was said of them in Glasgow, were all and every one web-footed. Na, the Glasgow bairns are more web-footed, their fathers in general being weavers.

It was not concerning the oddities of the place, however, that, in my day of idleness, I was chiefly taken up with; for I got a new light from what I saw there that was as precious ointment to me among the Englishers.

It seemed that a seaport was a real fine place to set up as a porter in, so many strangers coming by the shipping behoving to have help because of their strangeness. And this notion barmed and worked in my noddle all the voyage to Liverpool, and was of a great outcoming; for the first thing I did, when we got afterwards to Liverpool, was to look with a scrutinizing eye about me, regarding this very thing, insomuch that, before Mr. Spreul got his commodities off to Manchester, I had made up my mind to make a trial of Liverpool, as a place of bread; for I had seen that an inward town would not be so expedient to set up in, for the line I intended, as an emporium. In landward towns, like Manchester—which was like Glasgow, as I was told—every creditable concern had its feed porter; but the like of Greenock and Liverpool had more of a dishevelment.

This was a thought of wisdom, for out of it grew all the kything of my fortune that I want you to learn the particulars of, and for which I am inditing these epistles; for the moral I would make, is, that a man should weil consider things before he makes his downseat. Not, however, to tire you with outs and ins, ye see that my capacity was growing as I grew aulder, and that I was not without an understanding before I even got so far into the world as Liverpool.

LETTER VIII.

When I had gotten Mr. Spreul and his perafarnals, as I maun call his family and fasheries, weel housed at Manchester, I came back on shank's naggy to Liverpool—for I had no thought then to cess myself with a boutger of a horse, like you, no having a grandfather that I could write to for a "replenishment;" and I set up business there as I had well before devised.

I had not, however, been long in a way till I was led to make an observe, that the Englishers, compared with right Scotch folk, are a desperate set for being het and fu'. It is weel for the poor amang them that they have the parish pock-neuk to gang to.

What led me to make this notandum, was a fatty sort of man that was a porter on the quays and wharfs. He had a swelled muckle toe, by reason of the gout; with which there never was a man that bore a burthen fashed, it's my belief, in all the ancient realm of braid Scotland. Indeed, it's no a malady that messes or mells with hard-working folk, but is a gentle distemper, rife only among them whose wives paint their faces as if they could thereby scog their sinfulness; for it is well known they have much need to hide their shame, if all tales be true.

This man with the sore toe was an object to me which I narrowly and 'cutely scrutinized; for he seemed to have the gleggest and well-doingest laddie weans for a family of the male gender I ever saw—wonderfully, as I thought, all of an eildens. He himself did nothing but sit on a stone from morning to night, and take orders for errands, on which he sent his gets, as I thought them; by which I could see he made a power of money, really siller like sclate-stanes. By and by, however, I began to come to the right of it, and learnt in time that the callants were not of his own clerking, but taken on as servitors, 'cause of his being a lamiter; and that he paid them a wage, making a bein living of the owercome.

When I had reached the depth of this mystery, and had thought with myself of taking up the same way of business, there came an Irish gentleman from Limerick—a wee he was of the flaunty order; and was going to London town to set up a trade of selling pork in barrels, beef in tierces, and firikens of butter, to say nothing of neats' tongues. Seeing me of a composed stature and a creditable complexion, he offered to take me as his porter, and I agreed to go; for I had ever a forethought that London was ordained for me. To be sure, it would have been far from a sober Scotchman's hand to have hired an Irishman on the quays of Liverpool for only sic job; but the Irish have their own ways—that are, perhaps, no ill for those that ken how to make them serve their turn. Thus it comes to pass, that, before I had long sojourned in Liverpool, I was taken to London to see to Mr. O'Gommarel's kegs o' provisions; and there began my fortude to lay golden eggs, like the goose

that I mind reading of at the school in a history book.

Mr. O'Gommarel, being a gentleman, went in a coach, and I, being only a porter, coggled on the top of it; but we fell in with no accidence—only an Irish wife was there that would fain have made up to me, so that I jalouse she was of the clans of the city of Dublin.

However, in the course of nature, to London we did at last get, and homolgomates ourselves in Ratcliff Highway, opening a warehouse for Irish provisions, with every prospect of doing great things. But long we were not there when Mr. O'Gommarel took a calamity into his head which proved a brain fever; and, from less to more, he became a useless man, and for a time I knew not what to do. At last, he was taken away, clean daft, home to his friends in the city of Limerick, and I was left like a knotless thread ganging hither and yon in London for a time.

What might have come of me in that strait of fortune, is not to be told; but it happened that, in consequence of Mr. O'Gommarel's by-set, there was a gentleman that took charge of the store; and he, seeing me a wiselike lad, elected me to take charge of it and sell off, as soon as I could, the cargoes that Mr. O'Gommarel told me himself would help to make his fortune.

This trust I performed with sincerity, accounting for every doit to the gentleman that the provisions brought, learning myself the first cost of the commodities, and what could be made by them in the way of profit and loss in Ratcliff Highway.

Thus, without any divination on my part, I was led cannily into the provision line. But I have something to tell of my traffickings before I ripened into full bloom, for the summer was warm, corbies might have been seen shooting out their tongues, and the fairings for sale on my staun being salt, the traffic in them ebbed down to a naething in the warm months.

(*To be continued.*)

From the United Service Journal.

NARRATIVE OF THE WRECK OF THE QUAIL.

On the 23d of March, 1836, his Majesty's cutter Quail, Lieutenant Philip Bisson, Commander, sailed from Falmouth with the mails for Lisbon. On her previous trip in February the cutter had encountered much bad weather, and sprung her mast, which was replaced by a new one. It was hoped that the detention caused by this, and the very boisterous weather which we had hitherto experienced, had brought us over the time when the equinoctial gales are usually expected, and that they had in reality blown themselves out: we congratulated each other upon the probability of a good passage, and a speedy return to our original station off Brighton; for we had found little comfort in crossing the Bay of Biscay, during the winter months, being for the most part under water,—as one of the mates of the Hastings will readily vouch for, he having been washed out of the Commander's cabin whilst a passenger on board the Quail. The object, however, of this little narrative is not to grumble or find fault, but to detail facts simply, and as they occurred,—facts which I think would clearly prove to the most subtle unbeliever that there is a God—a most merciful and powerful Lord and Saviour.

On the morning of the 23d the mails arrived from London; but the weather was too unfavourable to start until about noon, when it partially cleared, and the wind chopped from W. S. W. to W. N. W.: the signal was made, the mails embarked, and the Quail departed; appearances were not very promising; but packets are compelled to start when other shipping remain fast. Notwithstanding a heavy cross sea, we reached the neighborhood of Ushant the next evening, when the wind coming strong from the S. W. obliged us to bear up for Falmouth; but before we could reach that port, the wind again veered to N. W., in consequence of which the Quail was put about, and we finally took our departure from the Lizard on the forenoon of the 25th. The weather came on very stormy as evening approached; but we made all snug, and ran a couple of points free, upwards of 120 miles by the next morning; then the wind fell light and variable.

On Sunday morning the 27th, prayers were read by the Commander in his cabin: the breeze was then moderate and fair, but the appearance of the sky to the westward was awfully wild. In the afternoon the Quail was under treble-reefed mainsail; and before nine o'clock that night was hove-to under the trysail. The wind howled, and the sea increased so fearfully, that the Commander issued orders for the watch below to be ready to jump up in a moment, and not to undress,—a good precaution, for the trysail sheets were carried away twice, and the spitfire jib sheets once, and consequently kept all hands on deck nearly the whole of that dreadful night. The jib sheets went about an hour and a half before the accident; the foresail double reefed was then set, and the jib came in very well.

Our attention was now drawn abaft; the trysail sheets had again gone, but fortunately the end of the mainsheet had been bent on to a spare cringle as a preventor, and the sheets were more speedily replaced. All so far had gone on well, when unluckily the leech-rope of the trysail went, and somehow got over the end of the gaff; this we knew would soon split the sail in such a storm; there was no remedy; down the sail must come—and it was smartly done; the leech-rope was secured, the bonnet taken off, and the sail hoisted again. The hurricane, however, still increased, and it was found necessary to reef the trysail. Whilst the people were about this, a tremendous sea struck the cutter on the larboard beam, which threw her clean over, and hurled sixteen of our fine fellows into eternity. Two officers (Messrs. Paul and Knox) and six more seamen were nearly sharing their fate, but they were fortunate enough to regain the vessel.

This awful calamity occurred a little before

daybreak of Monday the 28th; for on coming to our senses there was barely light enough to show the horrid desolation around: the mast had gone in two places, leaving a stump standing of about twenty feet above the deck; all the spars and sails (except the bowsprit) had followed it; the jolly boat (the gig had been previously cut away) was strewed in small pieces about the deck; the bulwarks all abaft the mast were clean swept away, with three of the guns; and no vestige could be seen of the after-companion, the two binnacles, water-closets, signal-lockers, water-tanks—or, in short, anything moveable or immoveable on the upper-deck, except one gun; even the ship's bell, that was well hooked upon a crank at the foot of the mast, was seen no more; how that got unhooked Heaven knows. But the most perilous sight was to behold, down the gaping hatchways, the vessel nearly full of water,—and the sad and half-drowned remnant of our crew hanging on here and there, too exhausted to be enabled to use much exertion,—and the cutter evidently settling down by the stern.

This was, indeed, an awful period: each one a prey to his own feelings, thinking of home, thinking of friends, and every dear attachment of the heart, expecting every moment to be his last; to be engulfed, too, a living and a conscious being; to sink into the fathomless deep, and in a few minutes to be a prey to fishes; and, above all, to undergo over again that horrid sensation of drowning from which we had but just escaped. This was almost too much to bear; and hope there was none,—nor the most distant prospect of it for two dreadful hours. Then a ray—a distant ray, gleamed upon us: then—oh then, how sensibly we felt, that

> "There's a sweet little cherub, that sits up aloft,
> To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."—

the Quail still swam! Blankets had been extended over the exposed companions, which prevented the water from gaining much below; and returning strength invigorated our hearts. A brief but sincere thanksgiving to God,—then turn-to with a will,—was the general feeling: beds, hammocks, clothing, and other lumber, that could be fished up from below, were stuffed up the hatchways, and at last effectually secured them; the carpenter's mate was gone, poor fellow, and the pump-gear washed away,—but all hands began baling away heartily out of the fore-scuttle with a saucepan found in the galley, and we had the satisfaction of seeing that every hour we gained on the vessel—for, thank God, the bottom had remained perfectly sound. "Water, water!" was now the general cry, for every one was parched with thirst, caused either from exertion, or the quantity of salt water swallowed. This, however, had the good effect of redoubling our efforts, for until the salt water could be got down, no fresh water could be obtained. In about twelve hours we contrived to reach an upper cask, advantageously placed by the rolling waters,—and oh! how sweet was that precious drop!

It was about this time that we found the full extent of our loss, the exact number of fine fellows that had been so suddenly snatched from among us; and the wounded now began to feel their wounds; but still no lack of exertion. The Commander had been at the time standing on the steps of the companion-ladder, and was struck down into his own cabin by the sea, and there severely bruised, and nearly drowned. Mr. Paul (Second Master), who had been washed overboard, got hold of a broken timber on the weather-quarter, and held on, until dragged in; and Mr. Knox got in again without knowing how. Messrs. Hoffmeister and Yule, who were holding on by the mast in their shirts, had them literally blown off their backs by the force of the wind. Every one of the survivors were more or less wounded—and what was remarkable, almost every one had black eyes. The whole of the first night we continued baling, and gained considerably upon the hold. We found some cheeses abaft, and a little dry bread forward, which gave us a good meal; all hands (nineteen survivors) forming one mess about the galley; the cutter driving at the mercy of wind and wave, with the raft (composed of all the spars and sails) hanging on by the rigging to windward, and, by the kind interposition of Providenee, acting as a breakwater.

Next morning, the 29th, the wind moderated a little, and the sun shone at intervals. We began examining our state below, and found everything in the most wretched confusion. The store-room and lockers were stove, and the stores scattered about. Drawers, boxes, tables, crockery, glass, clothing, books, charts, and every description of property, public and private, washed about in heaps, and totally destroyed, and the mail bags completely saturated. The vessel must have taken some unaccountable turns whilst we were insensible; for we found that the ballast had shifted, and burst up all the after-parts of the lower deck, breaking the solid beams under the cabid floor. There were several pigs of it (weighing about 100lb. each) mounted in the larboard bed-places, and one actually upon the top shelf of the Commander's beaufet! The chain-cables, which had been unbent, and snugly stowed within their lockers, were all three thrown upon the lower deck in a singularly entangled state, and several casks were washed up out of the hold: add to this, the dirt washed up, mixed with straw, coals, paper, sea-weed, and all scattered in great profusion about the deck, made our habitation below not over agreeable, considering, too, that we could neither strip nor dry our clothing during the time we were on the wreck.

Mr. Hobbs, clerk in charge, owed his life, under Providence, to the intrusion of the ballast into his cabin; for he could not open his sliding door, and therefore could only get out by the way the ballast got in.

After finding that the cutter was as much a-wreck below as she was aloft, and, above all, finding the boat's compass uninjured, and several useful stores, we turned our thoughts towards setting the small jib on the stump of the mast, which we accomplished very well, by means of spike nails driven into the spar for steps; and now we endeavoured to kindle a fire, for it was dreadfully cold; and in this too we succeeded, after much trouble, by rubbing some oakum dry in the hand, and flashing in the pan of the only dry pistol in the vessel. It was quite cheering to see the blaze, and when once lighted, like the sacred fire in the Temple, it was never extinguished. This success put another very natural idea into our heads. There was hanging over the stern a number of fine legs of mutton, intended as presents for the folks at Lisbon, and there they still remained quite safe and tempting; and having the fish-kettle with which the cutter was baled out at hand, we soon had a warm mess, which did us all infinite good.

After our meal the look-out man set us all hobbling upon deck with the cheering cry of—"A sail! a sail!" and sure enough there was a brig to leeward. Our object now was to get the vessel before the wind, and first of all to cut away the raft. This was soon done, and no one regretted it; for although it had been very useful as a breakwater, still there was something very disagreeable in beholding one or two of our poor fellows entangled in the rigging, a few feet below water. When the spars were gone she paid off, and went near two knots through the water towards the brig. Our only gun was cast loose, the magazine broken open, and the ammunition found in good order. We fired away, and succeeded in attracting the stranger's attention, who hauled up towards us, and, about eight P. M., came within hail. She proved to be French, and commiserated very much with us on our misfortune. The Captain willingly offered to do what he could. He had but one boat, and that was on board, and it would be difficult for him to hoist her out in so much sea; but that if the survivors were willing to abandon the wreck, he would use every endeavour to get them off. This was politely refused, after a short consultation between the Commander and principal officers, upon which the French Captain promised to lay by the wreck until morning, and show a light.

About midnight another brig came near, who, upon seeing us, hove to within hail, and proved to be English. Without further to do, the stern-boat was lowered, but we could perceive that one of the falls went by the run: still we thought the boat had reached the water, and kept a hang prepared with a rope to heave into her alongside. No boat, however, appeared, and in about an hour the brig came within hail, and informed us that her boat and two men* had perished, but that he would keep near until morning.

When morning came, alas! it brought with it a strong south-west gale, with dirty, thick weather, and much sea. We saw our two friends at a distance, but it was evident they did not see us, and stood away; all we could do, therefore; was to rely upon our own resources. We lashed the boat's binnacle upon the heel of the bowsprit, and two men at the helm, and an officer conned from forward. The gale sent us along towards England at the rate of about two miles and a half an hour, and we took a little rest, if such it could be called; but there were eyes that morning that could not close, and feelings that could not rest. When the prospect burst upon the still exhausted crew, when the wind roared, and the seas over-topped our shattered stern, and when it was considered that there were still nineteen lives driving about at the mercy of wind and wave in a helpless bark, those lives who, some hours before, could have been placed in comparative safety, keen must have been the pangs caused by these reflections; and if there are moments when an officer may be permitted to consider that his duty has overcome his prudence, it may surely be on such awful occasions as these, however much that officer may rejoice in safety at his success, or meet with applause hereafter.

On the 31st the wind fell light, but left a heavy swell,—a strong rippling was observed on the surface, as of a tide or current. By computation we supposed ourselves in the neighbourhood of Ushant, and dreaded the Saints; we obtained soundings by lashing some shots together in a piece of canvas, which confirmed our fears, and a man was sent up the stump of the mast, who, notwithstanding the very hazy weather, saw breakers on the starboard quarter; all hands now turned to for life and death to endeavour to clear one of the chain cables; and a dreadful tedious job we had; every shackle had to be loosened, and every length separated before we succeded in getting a long range on deck. I have no desire to exaggerate in narrating these melancholy circumstances; for Heaven knows, and the sufferers will always feel, that nothing but the most maraculous intervention of a kind Providence could have saved them; but the sight of everything below, and particularly these entangled chain-cables, would indeed have astonished every beholder. How these chains could have got so mixed together no person can ever imagine, even after making every allowance for the perpetual washing of the rolling water in a half-filled ship and heavy sea. About midnight, when we had nearly completed our arduous job, and when our minds were of course not very much at ease, a favourable gale sprung up, and drove us along towards the Lizard. Next morning, (which was Good Friday, the 1st of April) we began to rejoice at the prospect of soon reaching Falmouth; our unfortunate little craft was then going at the rate of three knots towards it, and did so until four in the afternoon, when the wind, which had been blowing strong from the S.W., began to blow now as strong from the N.N.W.

About this time we were alarmed by a different sort of danger to that which we had lately experienced—a different element now threatened us. Upon opening the bread-room, to see if perchance we could pick out a little more dry bread, smoke issued therefrom, and upon examination the whole mass of wet bread was quite hot, and nearly ignited: this, too, was adjoining to the magazine, which contained all our powder, and that in good preservation. The discovery was startling, but no time was to be lost, so we quickly pitched the whole of it overboard.

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* It appeared by Lloyd's List afterwards that four men instead of two had perished.

The wind now gradually drove us up Channel, and away from the English coast, and thus we continued to drive until Monday, the 4th, when the Caskets and Isle of Alderney were seen, and a vessel in the offing. The only gun which a merciful Providence had left us was again cast loose, and fired as the vessel drew near, steering towards the race of Alderney. We succeeded in drawing her attention, and induced her to come within hail: she proved to be the sloop Speedy, bound to Jersey from Southhampton. The Commander hailed her, when Captain Lucas, much to his credit, immediately lowered a boat, and sent her to the Quail, with offers of assistence; hawsers were soon passed along, and before two hours the cutter was taken in tow. The next morning (Tuesday, the 5th of April) we were snugly moored alongside St. Helier's Pier, Jersey. Here every possible attention that men could expect in our situation was paid us; the Lieut.-Govenor (Major-General Campbell) and his Lady acted with the greatest kindness, as well as Major and Mrs. Gosset of the Rifle Brigade; comfortable quarters were given the men in Fort Regent, and the mess of the Rifle Brigade was hospitably thrown open to the Commander and officers. Individuals vied with each other in acts of benevolence. Testaments were given to the crew, and a substantial proof of kindness shown in raising by subscription, in a few days, upwards of 83*l.* sterling, for the relief of the widows and orphans of our unfortunate shipmates who perished in the storm. Thousands daily visited the wreck, and expressed their wonder at so miraculous a preservation.

With so much sympathy and under such care and attention, our exhausted and wounded crew soon recovered; and in about twelve days the Quail was towed by the Ariadne steamer to Portsmouth, and there in due time paid off. The Commander-in-Chief (Sir P. C. H. Henderson Durham), who behaved with the kindness that can never be forgotten, visited the cutter in person, accompanied by Sir Frederick Maitland and the Hon. Capt. Bouverie, of the Vanguard. The Admiral addressed the officers and crew, and expressed their Lordships' approbation of the conduct displayed throughout the late disastrous period, and, turning to the Commander, said that he felt assured that their Lordships would not forget him, but give a proof of their satisfaction in the event of paying off the Quail. Sir Philip was prophetic, for the Admiralty, with very kind consideration, appointed Lieut. Bisson, several days before the Quail was paid off, to command that splendid new brig the Bonetta, built at Sheerness on Captain Symonds' new principle, with liberty to take his officers and the remnant of the Quail's crew, who, one and all, joined their Commander.

From Tait's Magazine.

SIR GEORGE HEAD'S

Home Tour in the Manufacturing Districts of England.—London: Murray. Pp. 434.

There is an Annual which should appear immediately after Easter, for which we look with anxiety to some one or more of the spirited London publishers. The sort of *Traveller's Yearly Almanack* which we mean, would form a most useful supplement to all guide-books and itineraries. It should give all requisite information about rail-ways, stage-coaches, steam-vessels, and every other mode of conveyance—carefully noting distances, hours of starting and arrival, modes of transmitting luggage, new lines or connecting roads opened; but, above all, the fares, extra charges, and the charges and character of hotels, inns, and all houses of public entertainment. It would soon be felt the interest of coach-proprietors, steam-companies, and hotel-keepers, regularly to transmit the requisite information to the publishers of so useful a work; and it could not fail to act as a check upon the many abuses, arising from extortion, uncertainty, and negligence, with which travelling in Great Britain is still beset, and of which every one that leaves home is more or less the victim, in purse, time, or temper. It is not the least valuable feature of Sir George Head's Tour, that it subserves the above purpose in the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and generally in the mining districts of the north of England.

Sir George has given us one volume. He might have spun the materials into two, had he not thrown overboard much surplusage, and, without jumping to conclusions, uniformly dashed into beginnings. His excursions, which took place last year, were irregular and desultory—without plan, and guided by chance or the inclination of the moment. This has not in the least impaired the utility of the work, and has probably added to its freedom and spirit.

Popular works of this kind, which help to make the people of a country better known to themselves and to each other, and to take the conceit out of them, are much wanted in England. Those among us who principally derive their information from reading, are at present much better acquainted with France, Germany, and the United States of America, than with modern England—with travelling on the Rhine and the Hudson, then on the Tees, the Mersey, and the Humber. We own that we have followed in the wake of Sir George on the latter streams, and his erratic course through the districts which they fertilize and benefit, with much more interest than narratives which relate to distant regions, and which are put forth with more pretension.

The traveller commences, and without one superfluous word, with the water communications between Manchester and Runcorn. He made voyages of discovery upon all the canals in the manufacturing districts, and gives a satisfactory account of the present state of canal navigation in Britain. With the highest improved canal travelling between Edinburgh and Glasgow, he does not seem acquainted: but it does not materially differ from that between Preston and Kendal, where a distance of fifty-seven miles is performed within seven hours. Most of the canals are, however, still traversed by heavy or slow boats; and the best managed of them are still "a murder to post cattle." Upon one occasion, Sir George travelled from Liverpool by a steamer, and then embarked on the Duke of Beidgewater's Canal, and next day returned by another canal route, names the Leeds and Liverpool Navigation. The appointments of the boats seem exactly those which were used before the introduction of *swift* boats; and fourteen tedious hours were consumed upon the passage from Manchester to Liverpool. We suspect that scenes to parallel, if not to surpass, those which offended the delicate olfactories of Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Butler, and Captain Hamilton, upon the American waters, may be met with, in equal perfection, any day, in our canal packets and steamers; and characters, also, which may prove as tempting to those who lie in wait "to catch the manners living as they rise." The humour, elasticity, and eccentricity of Sir George Head's lively style, must already be well known to many of our readers. But he protests that, in these sketches, his chief aim has been *fidelity;* and that his report of what he saw and heard, and has told, in his preregrinations, is impartial and unprejudiced. In the boat, of the Leeds and Liverpool Navigation Company, our dainty English travellers of the United States would undoubtedly have been *scomfished* outright long before they reached Ormskirk.

"Breakfast and dinner were provided on board, at one shilling each meal, the steward very properly judging, that, as custom exacted from his stores at each meal nearly the same quality of viands, no matter what that meal was called, his customers would eat as much at one as the other. Not even the most fastidious could complain of high charges. At dinner he had a salted sirloin of beef, garnished with a profusion of fried onions; and afterwards, as if it were intended to lower the temperature of the stomach, radishes and lettuces, together with a good mild cheese. Notwithstanding the delights of the table, the voyage seemed desparately long, particularly while we were detained for half-an-hour for the purpose of loading and unloading at the town of Wigan. Here the "*compound of villonous smells*" was past all endurance, and the delay in this place that of purgatory. Nothing can surpass the untidiness and filth of this warm nook, where the boats are made fast to the shore, which has more the appearance of a landing-place in Lisbon than in Old England. We had on board what is usually called "*a mixture of company*," the second cabin being quite as full as it could hold.

"Notwithstanding the perfect safety of the mode of conveyance, we were very near meeting with two serious accidents on the voyage. A woman contrived to pitch herself head-foremost from the top of the platform, where she was sitting, down upon the deck. She fell with such violence that I really thought she must have been killed. As it was, she was not hurt, and as I picked her up, she sent forth a sigh, which smelt so strongly of rum that I was happy to consign her collapsed form into other hands.

"Among the tenants of the best cabin were a newly-married couple—if such a description can reasonably be given of two young people travelling with a little infant, their first-born, and a nursery-maid in their train. This pair presented an interesting study of nature, were it only because it led one to estimate the different degrees of that dominion and power in which mankind exult, and also because it exhibits one of the very numerous ways there are in the world of being happy. I think I never saw a couple more rich in their own conceits, or more inclined to be satisfied with themselves and the things about them—and these were all on a small scale. He was a slight, weasel-shaped man, like a stunted stay-maker; the wife, little; the child, by appearance, an abortion; and the maid-servant, little, fresh from the country, with clattering thick-soled shoes, and hair tied back, evidently on her promotion, in a little knot like a shaving-brush, the length of one's thumb. The man and wife smirked and smiled on each other, and both gloated with eyes of affection on the dear baby. The lady, anxious to show to the rest of the passengers that she kept a maid-servant, ever and anon was calling her from one part of the vessel to another to give her some trifling order. The little maid, nevertheless, seemed truly happy, and the more the child cried, the more she jigged it, and the more her active eyes travelled round and round, looking first at one person and then at another, while they sparkled with delight as she inhaled the pure fresh air. When the child dropped asleep, the mistress immediately set her to work on pieces of glazed, crackling linen contained in her bag, in order that she should not be idle. The child, too, was happy, for it was an ill-conditioned little thing, that delighted in crying, and it cried to its heart's content, and the more it cried the more its papa's eyes glistened as he suggested this, that, and t'other remedy."

These are the sort of lively off-hand sketches in which the tourist excels. On a third voyage from Liverpool to Manchester, by the Old-Quay Company's Canal, he says—

"We left Runcorn precisely at twenty minutes after eleven, and arrived at a quarter before six. A rough set of people were on board. It appeared not to be the fashion to pay first cabin fare; it seemed unnecessary, for no restriction was enforced among the passengers, consequently the exclusives suffered encroachment on their vested rights. Those of the latter class were but few; all were jumbled together; groups of people dirtily dressed and noisy. The men smoked tobacco and guzzled beer; the women did the same, and picked periwinkles out of their shells with pins. My powers of endurance here failed me; and, having no redress, I abandoned my prerogative, and removed to the forecastle in search of good company."

The fare on these voyages is 3s. 6d.

The mode of travelling by the rail-road, between these populous towns, is already familiar to everybody; but the regulations by which order is maintained in every department, cannot yet have become known to other travelling establishments, or they would surely have been adopted; as, for example, the method of conveying the luggage. It is this—

"The luggage being at the top of the carriages, nobody but the authorized porter is allowed to ascend. A platform of boards, forming an inclined plane to the ground, is erected, and down this platform every box or trunk is slid and handed to its owner by one or two porters, who are stationed on each side at the bottom. How perfect is this

> contrivance, compared with the common mode of unloading a stage-coach, where a lady's bandbox may, if not narrowly watched, radiate out of her sight in a crowd, in any direction! Here, no article whatever, be it where it may, can possibly be overlooked or unseen by its owner, all being collected at the top of the carriages in one single point, from which they come sliding along, one after another, down the same channel."

The pulling and tearing, the screeching, swearing, confusion, waste of time, and actual loss of property, which takes place at landing-places, requires regulation all over the kingdom. This is an indispensable duty which all steam, canal, and coach companies owe to their customers; and that reform is quite possible is completely proved in the above instance, and in a few others. It is difficult to imagine how, in the case of large steamers, there should be confusion; but such is the fact. Confusion and bustle is the rule, regularity the rare exception.

Our travelling readers, accustomed to think with horror of the high charges of English hotels, and to contrast them with those of the Continent, will be gratified to learn that there is a prospect of reform in this important matter; the more certain that it has commenced in an influential quarter. Whatever the English set themselves in earnest to do, they accomplish better than the people of any other nation. Neither Paris nor New York can exceed, if they can equal, Keel's Hotel, Liverpool, in cheap and good living, or in the attractions of the grisette. This house should certainly have a prominent place in the *Traveller's Almanack* which we have spoken of above.

> "Having mistaken the hour of departure of one of the boats, I was directed hitherto by one of the policeman, who, to his recommendation, added, in an awful cadence, that "*the Magistrates themselves very often dined there.*" When I entered the coffee-room, near a score of people were seated at different tables, some with their hats on, but all busily eating their dinner, and a chair and a table were provided for myself by a good-looking and very smartly dressed young woman, who officiated as waiter. Constant communication was held with the bar at the head of the room, at which three or four other females presided. Upon inquiring what I could have for dinner, the young lady produced the *carte*, whence it appeared that there really was everything that an Englishman could possibly desire, in the matter of roasted and boiled meats, meat-pies, and pastry. Neither was the adage "*Bis dat qui cito dat*"—(He gives doubly who gives quickly) within these walls forgotten, for here a hungry man has no sooner made his selection, than in half a minute the smoke of the dish is curling under his nose. I think I never partook of a more glorious round of beef than that of which a plateful was placed before me, together with a delicate lily-white heart of a young cabbage. Next came a delightful apple-dumbling, well sugared, the fruit transparent, and the crust excellent. The garniture of the table was homely but clean, the dishes and covers of queen's metal, as highly polished as silver. And after having eaten a sufficient quantity to satisfy any reasonable appetite, the charge for the whole was only *one shilling*. To conclude—I asked a gentleman sitting at an adjoining table how much it was customary to give the waiter, to which he replied, with a look of surprise—"Nothing!" Had I not come to the conclusion long before, I certainly should have arrived at it now, namely, that so long as an individual can procure so very good a dinner for a shilling, and be waited upon by a tidy young woman into the bargain, England cannot be, in spite of a vast deal of modern philosophy, so very bad a country to live in.
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> The young person referred to was really *the pink of* her profession, her movements being quiet, *quick*, dexterous, and, I may add, graceful in a great degree. With no one to assist her, she waited upon a score of people, *who* were no sooner satisfied than they went away, and were replaced by others; so that the whole set were nearly changed twice over during the half hour that I remained in the room. Her eyes were in every corner at the same moment."
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> "The more the business on her hands, the more rapid the succession of her smiles, which she dispered gratuitously all around. Every man in the room was sure to obtain one, and if he happened *to be young*, certainly two; yet the "*hoc age*," *mind what you're at*, was always uppermost in her mind; and *though she simpered* and flirted, and even now and then put on a *languishing* air, as if suffering by Cupid or the hot weather, no *item*, meanwhile, of things furnished on anybody's account *was* forgotten in the bill; and thus she went on from *morning* to night, attending to the interests of her employer, *serving* the customers, and in perpetual motion between the coffee-room and the bar, so that no ant was ever seen at his work more lively and busy.
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> Notwithstanding this incessant occupation, she found time for her toilette. Her dress was in the style of a smart lady's maid. That is to say, she wore a figured *muslin* gown with full sleeves, and a small black silk apron. *Her* stays were tightly laced, her clothes well put on, and her feet neat to perfection. Her cap was adorned with blue ribands, and covered a profusion of ringlets."

We have no room for ships, docks, warehouses, and such serious affairs; and our tourist himself appears more at home and at ease in lighter matters, such as the rural resorts and small watering-places frequented in summer by the population of the larger towns of Lancashire. He visited a number of these in the districts around Liverpool and Manchester. Of *Southport*, a bathing place, twenty-two miles from Liverpool, he gives a characteristic and amusing sketch. In the hotel there, *The Bold Arms*, the visiters from Liverpool and Manchester breakfast at eight, dine at half-past one, and drink tea at six. Bathing goes on here much as in other places, we think; though Sir George fancies that it has peculiarities. The "old bathing-women are now young men," as generally at Ramsgate as at Southport.

> "The ceremony of ladies bathing is accompanied with some peculiarities. Owing to the rapid rise and fall of the tide, they are obliged to be particularly quick in their movements, so that not only those who are about to dip are as busy as bees, but likewise the mothers and aunts, and sisters, and cousins and friends, who attend them. And perhaps it is this appearance of bustle that always attracts a gang of idlers, who, having nothing better to do, stand by and look on. I did not remark any specific regulations enforced as to distance among the spectators, which point seemed to be decided by custom and common consent to everybody's satisfaction. A painted board, nevertheless, placed in a conspicuous position in the rear of a score or

upwards of bathing machines standing in a line, decrees that those of the gentlemen shall not advance nearer than one hundred yards to those of the ladies; and, farther, that all pleasure-boats are prohibited from approaching the ladies when bathing, within the distance of thirty yards, under the penalty, in case of contempt of the regulation, of five shillings; a fine which, under the circumstances, cannot, I think, be called exorbitant. I am not aware how it is proposed to adjust a case of disputed distance, some favour being properly due to the variation of the steersman's eye on such an occasion. The amount of the fine has been calculated, probably, by those best able to assess the damage, and affords the means of turning, in these liberal days, even a lady's charms to the good of the parish. The insulted fair one becomes a public benefactress, while the gentleman fined, provided his eyes are tolerably good, has no cause to complain of the draft on his purse. The fine, moreover, falling on the boat's crew, would be paid in a kind of *ad valorem* rate, as the case might be—not exceeding, at all events, a few pence per naked lady.

All the old bathing women at Southport (to make use of an Hibernicism) are young men, that is to say, stout lusty fellows under middle age. Whether the service diminishes the chilling effects of the water; whether it makes young men old, or old men young, is a point, they say, not yet determined; at all events, the young ladies, one and all, without hesitation, submit to their guidance, such as they are. The guide, or male personage, or what not, having taken his post in front of the door of the machine, in the usual manner, the young lady undresses within. Having disencumbered herself of her apparel, she puts on a dark blue bathing dress, (in which I perceived no other difference from those commonly used, than that it was invariably fastened with strings between the ankles,) and in this costume makes her appearance, "*albo sic humero nitens, ut pura nocturno, renidet, luna mari*,"—(her shoulder white as the clear moon-beam that glitters on the midnight sea,) —on the upper step of the sanctuary. Presenting both her hands to the guide, and supported by his grasp, she then falls backwards on the wave, receiving the embraces of old Neptune as young ladies usually do, with the accompaniments of squeaking, giggling, kicking, splashing and wincing."

The tourist had the good fortune to make one in a sort of pic-nic party held at a small alehouse called the *Ash Tree*, which locality genteel people have, of late, it seems, named the *Isle of Wight*. They went on donkeys.

"On dismounting at the sign of the Ash Tree, preparation having been previously made, an entertainment *á la fourchette* was displayed on the bowling-green. This consisted of abundance of boiled eggs and delicate fried rashers of bacon. As to the tea, which soon was smoking on the board, its best panegyric rests upon the fact of its having been brought thither in a lady's reticule. At all events, every one was thoroughly satisfied; for my own part, I both drank tea and ate of the eggs and bacon heartily, and everybody having rendered strict justice to the viands, the sand was rubbed off the hides and saddles of the donkeys, we all remounted, and before seven o'clock the whole party had broken up, and every individual was left to his or her separate resources, for the remainder of the evening, in the town of Southport."

We suspect this must be all horribly vulgar, for even the fried rashers came after the dinner hour; yet is it pleasant to know that such enormities are still occasionally perpetrated in the most thriving parts of England, and among the middle classes. Sir George witnessed the Olympic games of Southport. Among those rural sports, was the following; and it seems to be the most popular or applauded. Ten shillings were immersed in a large bowl of treacle, and stirred round. Every shilling fished up from this amalgam by any competitor, having his hands bound behind his back, was the well-earned reward of the daring deed. The first candidate was a lubberly lad of seventeen:—

"All preparations were effected in a few minute:—his hands were bound, his throat was bared, he was placed kneeling on the table, the bowl of treacle before him, and he was just ready to duck for the prize, when a desperate effort was made by his grandmother to prevent the ceremony. At this juncture, she very opportunely made her appearance, loudly called him by his name, screamed, pushed the people on her right and on her left, abused both him and them, using her feeble strength to make way through the crowd, and seize her recreant relative. But the poor old creature had very little chance, as might well be supposed, of attaining her object. She was pushed, and hustled, and impeded in all sorts of ways; while, on the contrary, the boy was urged and instigated to be undutiful by public acclamation. Recognising his grandmother, (and her solicitude and inflexibility ought certainly to have won his heart,) he grinned clownishly, and, as if giving way to a sense of duty, for a moment refrained.—It was but for a moment. The sounds of "*Go it, Dick*," "*Down with your muzzle*," were too animating, and urged by the joint love of fame, money, and treacle, down went his head into the bowl.

His own countenance, more like that of an ourang outang than anything human, the disappointed rage of the grandmother, and the roars of laughter, proceeding from five or six hundred open mouths in unison, were so many sounds and objects which, when combined, presented, in their way, a picture of real life, seldom if ever to be surpassed."

Had this feat and its accompaniments been witnessed in New England, or further west, and described with proper emphasis, as symptomatic of the brutalizing influences of Republican institutions, we ought to have been duly disgusted with the actors and spectators alike; but, as it happened last summer in Merry England, we are bound with Sir George Head to admire.

"During the whole performance, I never witnessed, among a multitude of people, more good-humour and orderly behaviour; indeed, they submitted to be ridden at and driven out of the course by mounted horsemen, with infinitely less remonstrance than is usual with many an ignorant vagabond, who does not reflect that the process is for the general good. In fact, the congregation consisted chiefly of sensible industrious people—of such as, thank God! there are thousands upon thousands in the country, apart from great towns, who support themselves by daily labour, and pass the chief part of their time in the bosoms of their families."

A visit to the salt mines at Northwich forms an interesting section of this entertaining travelling miscellany. Certainly a man need not leave Great Britain to see many wonderful things, of which we are either ignorant or make very little account. The chambers of the salt mines is one marvel.

"Having waited a few minutes, till the engineer had *put a little steam on*, we both stepped into a round tub, and, standing upright, holding by the chains, were let down very easily. I cannot express the delight I felt at the scene around me, which surpassed anything I had anticipated; creating those sensations I remember to have felt when first I read of the pyramids and catacombs of Egypt. Here was a magnificent chamber, apparently of unlimited extent, whose flat roof presented an area so great that one could not help being astonished at its not having long since given way. Yet there was no apparent want of security, it being sound and durable as if formed of adamant. Here and there pillars, in size like a clamp of bricks in a brick-field, tendered their support, presenting to the view an array of objects that broke the vacancy of uniform space. My idea of the extent was, as if an area equal to the site of Grosvenor Square were under cover. In the meantime, the glistening particles of crystal salt on the walls, and the extreme regularity of the concentric curved lines, traced by the tools of the workmen, were very remarkable.

At one part there is a vista of two hundred yards in length, which has been dignified with the name of *Regent Street*. Here occasionally pic-nic parties are celebrated; and on a large table of coarse deal boards, were the evidences of deeds of wassail, performed at a feast of this description, which had taken place a few months before. I cannot conceive a place better calculated, with proper appendages and decorations, to give effect to a *fête* on a magnificent scale."

We have been exceedingly amused and edified by the history of the wholesale celebration of marriages in the Old Church of Manchester. The couples were all, save one, of the *lower orders*, and consequently quite at their ease. The *exclusive* couple and their attendants, are exquisite of their kind. They transcend Mr. Hook's pictures as far as truth does fiction.

"One party arrived at the church door, belonging evidently (as everything in this world goes by comparison) to the higher classes; and, though dragged by one solitary herse, they made an effort to outshine. The carriage was a narrow *vis-à-vis* fly, intended for two persons, though it now contained four, besides a fat man with bushy whiskers (probably the bride's brother) on the box with the coachman. Within, packed as close as they could possibly sit, on one side were the two brides-maids. Opposite sat the bride and bridegroom; the latter a spruce sandy-haired young man, looking flushed and eager. One of his arms was round the waist of the young lady, on whom he bestowed glances of the very tenderest description. In fact, attitude and all considered, I hardly knew whether to compare him in my mind, to the statue of Cupid regarding his Psyche, or a Scotch terrier watching at a rat-hole. The coachman and his company wore white favours; the former, meditating effect, inflicted some smart strokes of the whip on the horse, intending to bring him on his haunches with a jerk; but the poor jadded animal, evidently over-driven, had sense enough to anticipate the object proposed, and stopped dead short a few paces before, by which both men on the box were very nearly pitched over his head. The people sat in the fly till the church door was opened, and then the ladies got out and tripped across the pavement into the church. They wore short petticoats, and white satin bonnets, scooped out in the hind part, with sugar-loaf crowns, and their back hair underneath combed upwards."

At last, the gates opened, and the candidates for conjugal bliss were admitted.

"There was little *mauvaise honte* among the women but of the men, poor fellows! some were seriously abashed; while, among the hymeneal throng, there seemed to prevail a sentiment that obtains pretty generally among their betters, namely, the inclination to put shy people out of conceit with themselves. Thus, at the advance of a sheepish-looking bridegroom, he was immediately assailed on all sides with, *Come in, man; what art afraid of? Nobody 'ill hurt thee;* and then a general laugh went round in a repressed tone, but quite sufficient to confound and subdue the new comer.

"Presently a sudden buzz broke out—'*The clergyman's coming!*' and all was perfectly silent."

The clerk, upon whom the great share of the duty falls, with, according to the good practice of England, the least of the fees, was an adept in the trade of marrying:—

"In appointing them to their proper places, he addressed each in an intonation of voice particularly soft and soothing, and which carried with it the more of encouragement, as he made use of no appellative but the Christian name of the person spoken to. Thus he proceeded:—'*Daniel and Phœbe; this way, Daniel; take off your gloves. Daniel. William and Anne; no, Anne; here, Anne; t'other side, William. John and Mary; here, John; ah, John; gently, John.*' And then addressing them all together:—'*Now all of you give your hats to some person to hold.*' Although the marriage service appeared to me to be generally addressed to the whole party, the clergyman was scrupulously exact in obtaining the accurate responses from each individual No difference was shown towards the *exclusive* party, other than by being placed on the extreme left."

From Manchester, the tourist made an excursion to Buxton, Matlock, and the Caves, throughout which he maintains his usual inimitable humour and facility. To sights and scenery, we, however, prefer such live-lumber—such grubs in amber—as Sir George has seen fit to preserve. He is going to Matlock:—

"I took my place in a two-horse coach, which departs every day from Buxton, wherein a young lady, and her very young bridegroom—for such I took him to be—occupied the opposite seat. Having passed their honeymoon at Buxton, they were returning, as they said, to Sheffield. Their looks and behaviour caused me to arrive at the above conclusion, as well as other indications, such as the ring on the lady's finger, and the various frivolous changes she insisted on among parceles carried in the gentleman's pocket; besides, both simpered on the subject of domestic felicity, and declared that the walks, shrubbery, and hermitage at Buxton were quite enchanting. The young gentleman was an arch-looking little being, but certainly an apology for a husband; he had youth on his side, being under twenty, but he was a starveling, very probably an abortion, for the lids of a pair of large eyeballs were imperfectly separated, as in case of a little dog ten days old. The lady, on the contrary, was at least half-a-dozen years older, of fine features, and a showy figure. On my side sat a fat married lady, holding a healthy little child on her lap with remarkably large staring eyes. The bride shewed much attention to the child, and although with a patronizing air, talked very graciously to it, and to the fat lady, its mother, now and then: and, moreover, being laden with ornaments, she at last

> drew from her wrist a broad golden bracelet, and gave it to the little girl to play with. The child soon grew restless and cried, till other measures having failed, the fat lady, flattered by the attention paid to her infant, very reasonably resolved to consider herself as if at home and in her own nursery, at the same time making preparations that caused the whole party to look different ways. In the first place, the young gentleman looked at the bride, saying something in her ear at the same time that made her frown; the young lady, drawing down a thick, white plaited veil, looked discomposed, and as if she wished to find a way out of the coach; the little child, with open mouth and outstretched arms, looked as if it were ready to devour its mamma; the fat lady, resting her chin upon her throat, looked as if she thought the child's swallaw not half big enough; and I looked, as far as I was able, passive, and quite determined to see nothing improper."

We purposely refrain from the *utility* portions of this tour; as those can only be read and inwardly digested in a leisurely persual of the complete work. Yet, without the loss of a day; we should like to put our fair readers upon their guard against a villanous woollen compound, made of filthy rags, and named *shoddy*, and imitating wool most abominably, with which their flannel petticoats and merino gowns are but too often adulterated, in those days of improved machinery and low prices. Dewsbury is the native place of *shoddy*; but we suspect it travels father, and is applied to more uses than are dreamed of by the purchasers of great bargains in cheap shops.

It may be accounted among the chief felicities of Sir George's Tour, that, when at Wakefield, he found AT HOME, Squire Waterton of Walton Hall, Yorkshire. We are almost sorry to find that so genuine an Englishman in his humours, and one himself free of the forests and savannahs of the New World, should have found it necessary to surround his paddock of two hundred and sixty acres in the Old one, with a very high wall, and to fall upon sundry novel and engenious devices to cheat the poachers, and even to erect circular sentry-boxes in which to station the keepers. Walton Hall will henceforth, to many, be a disenchanted place. How thankful ought all Christians to be, who are not exposed to the temtation of keeping game preserves!

The Watertons of Yorkshire are an ancient Roman Catholic family, that have suffered for adherence to the faith of their ancestors. The present celebrated Squire is rather popular, by Sir George's account, in his own neighbourhood; and, though his line of circumvallation is from nine to nineteen feet high, he keeps open doors to all who come to see and admire his curiosities. Upon this understood general welcome to a "Show-place," Sir George Head advanced.

> "Having tied up my horse, I entered the lawn by an invisible wire fence, and made my way to the drawbridge, from which a straight paved walk led to the drawing-room windows. However, it was now too late to stand upon ceremonies; so, as the windows, which were cut down to the ground, were wide open, and an excellent fire appeared blazing in the grate, I walked straight forward and entered a room elegantly furnished; besides handsome pictures, with which the walls were ornamented, articles, of *bijouterie* were tastly arranged on the tables; the general decorations well chosen, everything in its proper place, and the whole in first rate aristocratic order.
>
> A servant in a well-appointed undress livery, at this moment entered the room, and conducted me, apparently as a matter of course, to a roomy, old-fashioned hall, from which the staircase, of ample dimensions, leads to the upper part of the house. The staircase was one of those ancient models where each flight of steps is devided from the next by a large square landing-place; so that, in fact, it might fairly be termed a gallery, with pictures arranged upon the wall, all the way to the top, and the birds and animals disposed in order, in glass cases, on the right hand and on the left, in attitudes and positions calculated to exhibit them to the very best advantage. The servant, having ascended to the first landing-place, prepared to leave me to examine the collection alone and at my leisure, and put into my hand a printed catalogue of the exhibition, as well as a copy of "The Wanderings."

Among the curiosities of the hall, is the renowned crocodile or cayman, which the Squire mounted and rode to the admiration of all mankind; and also an oil painting of this memorable equestrian feat, if we may so term it. Mr. Waterton is, indeed, surrounded with trophies of his early prowess. He dwells among his conquests in the American forests. But the high wall, the moat, the sentry-boxes, and the counterfeit pheasants of painted wood to cheat the poachers, disenchant the whole domain, and from Fairy-land recall the imagination to Quarter Sessions and the county bridewell.

The tourist in the manufacturing districts naturally bestows a good deal of attention upon Leeds, its cloth trade, exports of coal and building-stone, and numerous outlets by canals and railroads. From this busy and thriving town, he went to Selby, by the lately opened railroad, along which the train of carriages is dragged by a locomotive engine, which performed the distance of nineteen miles in one hour and four minutes, including several stoppages. The tourist admires this easy mode of progression much more than when dragged by the panting, reeling exhausted horses, urged, beyond their strength, along the canal towing-tracts. A train, the first of the day, arrives at Selby from Leeds at eight in the morning; and at that hour precisely, the steamer sets off daily for Hull. When it shall arrive there is a different question. The navigation of the Humber is troublesome and tedious, and was not last year conducted so well as it might be for the accomodation of passengers. After grounding and getting off several times, they stuck at last.

> The captain now was so well prepared for the catastrophe, that not an oar was plied, or the least exertion of any sort made; but here she remained for three hours, during which time an opportunity was afforded to those inclined to reflection to determine the cause why this packet-boat might not, by starting some time later, have allowed the people to pass their time at Selby instead of upon this mudbank. On asking eagerly for information on this point, it was hinted that the liquors on board were excellent; but this is a mere hearsay. Some of the

passengers, after remonstrance, were put on shore in a boat, and walked about three miles to the new town and port of Goole, where we re-embarked at two 'clock, arriving at Hull at six o'clock in the evening.

Such accidents, it is said on the spot, are of rare occurrence, taking place only at neap tides. At all events a similar fate to the above related betided the passengers who arrived the two subsequent days at hull; and an iron passage-boat recently placed on the station, notwithstanding her lighter draught of water, meets frequently with like disasters.

The navigation of the Humber must now be much better managed, and the railroad which is to be continued from Selby to Hull, a distance of twenty miles, will soon bring Leeds to the coast. A cheap line of travelling lately opened from London to Manchester by means of the Hull steam-vessels, *via* Goole, Doncaster, and Sheffield, was in full activity last summer in consequence of competition. Hull is, we believe, the centre of more furious competition in the present year; nor should we have noticed the favourite modern English sport of coach-racing and breaking necks, save for the following vivid description of the national pastime.

"Having arrived thus far from Sheffield by a well-regulated conveyance, I certainly felt disenclined to quit a quiet channel for this unexpected bubbling of the waters, and was actually beginning seriously to weigh in my mind the risk of the experiment against its advantages; but once in the current, reflection comes too late. Some of the helpers had already shouldered out of the way the smoking cattle; others held a finger and thumb each on the corner of the fresh steeds' clothes; so that I had but barely time to take my seat inside, before somebody, the Lord knows who, said "All's right," the door was violently banged into its place, and away we went. The boys ran hallowing after us as we rattled over the stones—the children threw up their hats—the old men and women took off their spectacles—every mouth was distended with a smile—the dogs hung their under jaws and wagged their tails in silence, and every cobbler turned out of his stall to see our fleet of coaches. Like a pack of fox-hounds, carrying a breast-high scent across a country, we bore with us the sympathies of the young and the old, the halt and the blind, and imposed, for the time being, a stop to all domestic and other occupations. Two vehicles had departed a few seconds before us, but these we soon overtook; and there we lay, favourites of fortune, inasmuch as no accident occured, yard-arm and yard-arm, as it were, for the rest of the journey."

Sir George bestows great pains in explaining the internal communication of this part of the country by canals and rivers, and he navigated many of them himself. Upon Hull, a place rising every day in importance as an emporium of commerce, the tourist expatiates at large; but, as we have said, it falls in with our plan to skip the utilities—namely steamers, whalers, factories, ship-building, blubber-boiling, and the vast importation from the continent of animal bones and the wollen rags of which the *shoddy* or mock-wool is made.

The Holderness country presents more attraction and novelty. Coaches leave Hull every afternoon for Patrington—the small metropolis of this fertile region. The distance is eighteen miles; the landscape Dutch-like, and almost unique in England:—

"On leaving Hull, the number of windmills that meet the eye together are sufficient to give a character to the flat range of country which constitutes this district.—Standing still in one spot, within a mile of the town, I counted no less than twenty-five, all built of brick, beautiful structures, unusually high, and circular. *This style* is now so perfectly understood, and the bricks so *well made* and assorted, that the buildings suffer not in the least from the stress and jar of the machinery; in short, they are models of windmills, each with an ornamental cap or dome of wood, cast-iron wind-shaft, and fan-tail.

"On entering the Holderness country, it is difficult to reconcile the idea of being on a narrow strip of land hemmed in on three sides by the sea, with the appearance of expansion created by the magnificent width of the roads and vast size of the fields; the whole of the level is moreover drained by wide cuts, which, *though not* so broad as the main drains in Lincolnshire, are, *nevertheless*, of unusual dimensions.

"In many parts, large quantities of lime are used as manure, and capital, where it exists, is distinctly *marked*, yet there is no part of England where the depressed state of agriculture is more observable. Generally speaking, the noble pastures are running out and going to ruin."

The cattle have deteriorated, as well as the pastures. Indeed, the one is the cause of the other; and the small Irish and Scotch breeds now pick up a living where the large *Holderness* cows could not feed. Yet this is a *rich agricultural* district.

"Specious level fields, consisting of fifty, sixty, and as far as eighty acres, fenced by lofty, solid, impenetrable quick hedges—the farm-houses, magnificent models of what a farm-house should be, according to an Englishman's taste, where substance, not shadow, is the criterion of beauty: all these objects create vivid impressions in the mind of the stranger passing through the country. The farm-houses are indeed remarkable, for though the dwelling itself is of little pretension—merely well built and convenient, the outbuildings may be termed gorgeous:—embellished with a handsome cluster of stalks, and surrounded by a belt of thriving plantations, the whole together, seen from a distance, resembles a small village. The unusual breadth of the furrows in the enormous fields aforesaid, and the regularity and perfection of the quick hedges, contribute more and more to engender ideas of magnitude: and in addition to these appearances, the directing posts, which are placed at every rectangular crossing, are worthy, in point of size and the numerous list of places to which they refer, of the country about Staines and Hownslow."

Sir George perambulated the Yorkshire coast, and was so unfortunate as to reach York just in time to be subjected to his share of the general mulcting of all travellers, which marks the recurrence of the Festival. He says truly:—"On such occasions as these, Englishmen by no means appear to advantage; for, to say nothing of the trickery exercised by coach-proprietors, inn-keepers also take an opportunity of reaping the harvest of their servility, by exacting from the public, usurious remuneration—a reflection which certainly tends to diminish the value of their attentions." For his night's lodging in a delta chamber in the garrets, "the charge was precisely, compared with that on ordinary occasions, *tenfold*."

The young Quaker town of *Middleborough*—the *Clarence Railway*—the *Quaker Railroad*—and the navigation of the Tees, will be new to most readers. Indeed, many thriving towns described in this volume, have sprung up so recently, and with such rapidity, as not to have yet found place on the map. A visit to the Dinsdale Spa, at which the Earl of Durham has lately erected a spacious mansion, introduces the public to one of those new scenes. The tourist repaired to this resort from Stockton, by a steam-carriage on the Darlington Railroad. His description of his sojourn there is inviting.

> "The mansion is embellished with lawn and pleasure grounds, and situated on an eminence commanding a magnificent view over the broad vale of Cleveland, as a foreground, and in the distance bounded by the Yorkshire mountains. Immediately below, the river Tees, almost equal in beauty to the Thames at Richmond, forms an ample and a graceful bend; and on its hither bank, plantations afford a retired and shaded walk, nearly two miles in extent. The hotel, the lawn, and plantations altogether, bear the appearance of a good, comfortable gentleman's residence, rather than of an inn. As to the style of things within the house, I was induced, after one experiment, to make a second: on which latter occasion I remained there several days, and was really delighted by the tranquillity of the spot, and the quiet, comfortable habits of the inmates. Upwards of a dozen people met daily at breakfast and dinner at the common table, as well as at tea, in the evening in the drawing-room: the remainder of the day everybody managed his or her time as if the house belonged to them. The fare was most excellent, and the terms even less than might be called reasonable; besides the party at the *table d'hote*, several people occupied private apartments."

Another of those watering-places, unknown, save to local fame, was met with in the Cumberland mountains; and, as it is of easy access, and offers a fair resting-place to pilgrims and wayfarers to the lake country, Shap Wells merits to be better known. It is but one mile off the turnpike road between Kendal and Penrith. The mineral spring is on the estate of the Earl of Lonsdale, who has erected a handsome hotel for the accommodation of visiters. Sir George gives warning of the tricks put upon travellers in reaching the Shap Wells. The hotel is exceedingly comfortable, and the charges "unreasonably moderate." It, moreover, affords reception to the three estates of these realms, in a suitable scale of expense, we presume, else why the distinction? There has, however, been a schism between the Lords and Commons about the dinner hour; and now they sit in different chambers.

When Sir George Head was at Shap Wells—

> "For one set, breakfast was provided at nine, dinner at half-past one, tea at six, and supper at nine: for the other, the time of breakfast was *ad libitum*, that of dinner four, and tea eight. Conceiving the latter arrangement better suited to rambling excursions on the hills than the former, whereby the day is absolutely frittered away in attending to eating appointments, and time subdivided into so many small portions, that each becomes of little value—I decided on joining the latter coterie, but was then informed that, on the last division on the question, when 'the half-past one gentry' carried the day, 'the four o'clock party' had retired from the field.
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> "Temperance at this meal was the order of the day; indeed, neither at dinner nor supper did I see a glass of wine drank during two days I lived in the house. The party consisted chiefly of Cumberland yeomen, with their wives and daughters: of these, some of the ladies drank tumblers of milk, others swilled water-gruel, nor, with one or two exceptions, was any stronger beverage introduced. Ginger-beer, I may observe, was now and then called for, and *bien moussu* it really was. A better panegyric as to its quality cannot be pronounced, than a simple matter of fact, in the means adopted by a gentleman who sat near me to restrain its effervescence. He thrust his forefinger up to the first joint in the neck of the bottle: even then it continued to hiss, and though, as he drank, he sternly fixed his eyes in the direction of the sound, the air was so obstreperous that it was with extreme difficulty he secured the remainder of the liquor.
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> "It would seem that the spare time of the visiters is entirely taken up, either in drinking the waters, or in attending to their effects, for, as to the resources of dissipation or amusement at the hotel, all may be comprised in a small jingling piano forte and a bagatelle-board in the drawing-room, as well as implements for the game of '*les Graces*' on the lawn—considerable energies are, however, imparted by the medicinal properties of the spring, which, besides, being highly sulphuretted, contains saline particles in abundance."

While, upon the subject of temperance and water-drinking, we may notice that the tourist attended a temperance society meeting in Bolton, where he admired the strong talent, if not the classic or severe taste of the orators. One man described his own case and held himself out as a beacon to his neighbours.

> "This person, quite an illiterate man, possessed humour and considerable natural talent; he spoke with great fluency for nearly half an hour; in the course of which speech or confession, he described his services as a soldier in India, and bore testimony to the strength, courage, and hardihood of the natives, sheer water-drinkers: emphatically contrasting their constitutional vigour with that of Europeans. He then proceeded in the following strain:—'A drunkard!' said he, 'why everybody gets the upper hand on him! A fool gets the upper hand on him! A child gets the upper hand on him! A wife gets the upper hand on him!' Which latter sentence especially, delivered with great *naivetè*, set many of his hearers laughing, and made a powerful impression; neither was it averse to the present purpose thus to enliven the subject as much as possible by reasonable merriment; all the orators, in fact, availed themselves of the *jeux d'esprit* that lay in their way."

From Yorkshire and Durham the tourist transferred himself, as often as possible by steam, to the principal coast towns of Northumberland; and thence into Cumberland, by the line of the Newcastle and Carlisle railroad, sixteen miles of which were then open. The Carlisle and Annan Navigation Canal speeded him onward in the Arrow, a swift boat, sailing from Carlisle Canal Basin to the Solway Firth at *Port Carlisle*, where the Liverpool steamers duly arrive, touch-at this sudden insight into my own heart—wrathfully, and with shame, did I confess that I was the son of Adam and a brother of Cain. "Oh!" I exclaimed, as I tossed upon my restless bed, "if this panting to destroy is thus strong upon you, Ardent Troughton, from provocation so slight, from an impulse so apparently causeless, what is the guarantee against the murderous hand, when injury tramples upon, insult, mocks you ? There is a black coal smouldering with an unholy fire in your heart, quench it, and at once, or by it you will be consumed."

I flung myself from my lair, and humbled, ill, and wretched, I crawled upon the deck. The view there, and from thence, was disconsolate. The sea had increased with our distance from the land, and the ill humour and sullenness of the mate, who had charge of the watch, had increased with the sea. The vessel was holding her course for the Straits of Gibraltar, with the gale on her larboard quarter, and with nothing set but her reefed foresail and storm stay-sail. She was making rapid way, but the night was excessively dark, the cold extreme, and its bitterness much increased by the frozen, arrowy sleet, that drove aslant across the decks.

When I gained the deck, it must not be supposed that I was in the blandest frame of mind. As I made my appearance above the hatchway, I distinctly heard the man at the wheel say, with a contemptuous roll of his quid, "the long-shore dandy."

As I stumbled across the weather side of the little space, dignified by the high-sounding title of the quarter-deck, I came in contact, certainly not willingly on my part, with the surly mate. His name was Gavel. Yes, James Gavel, I remember was the name of this man with the unfortunate temper.

"Out of my way, sir," said he to me, pushing me aside with his arm.

"This to me?"

"Yes."

"You are rude, sir."

"I am doing my duty. You are in my way. On duty, if you were the king's son, and got in my way, I will send you out of it thus," and he thrust me over to leeward.

I staggered with the violent motion of the brig, and came with great force against the iron belaying pins, and was much hurt. I did not feel *that* pain then. The action of the mate could not be called a blow. It was a push—a something with which to put aside an obstruction. I glared upon my assaulter, and looked eagerly round for some weapon with which to avenge the insult. Even Bounder, the large Newfoundland dog, of whom I have made honourable mention, recent as was our acquaintance, sided with me. He placed himself in a hostile attitude before my person, as if to protect it from further injury, and growled defiance at my aggressor. This sudden action of the dog seemed to strike Gavel forcibly, and he exclaimed with a horrible oath, "Is every thing that breathes my enemy?"

I felt the infirmity of passion fast mastering me; but, remembering my horrible impulse in the cabin, with one mighty effort I subdued it. What a mystic entanglement of thoughts and feelings is the human mind! For no intentional injury or insult, I had just thirsted for blood, and now that both had been inflicted upon me, and that, in no measured degree, I thought only of vindicating my injured honour, and of simply chastising my insulter.

After the first burst of resentment had subsided, I made my way to Gavel, and placing my hand heavily upon his shoulder, I said to him slowly and distinctly, "You have grossly wronged me. You must apologize."

"See you d——d first."

"But indeed you must. Here, upon your own element, and on a planking on which I cannot even keep my footing—annoyed in mind, and dreadfully enfeebled by a sickness that is to you but a source of your derision, I am unable fairly to cope with you. Do not put, therefore, the assassin's thought into my head, for your sake and mine. Apologize—I even entreat you."

"Tell ye I wont. To a man as is a man, if so be as I have wronged him unlike a man, I am willing, heart and soul, to ask his pardon; but that I, a thorough seaman, should demean myself to beg pardon of a tooth-polishing, pomatum-smelling, white-handed thing of starch like yourself—no, not if you were standing over me with the stiletto at my bosom, that your d——d cowardly countrymen are so fond of using. Ask *your* pardon!—even if the point were in my heart, I would curse you, and with my last struggle spurn you. Ah! you are feeling for your knife or your dagger, are ye? Well, there is my broad chest, strike if you dare. I may as well die by the base hand of a mongrel Spaniard, as live the cursed life I now do; for I am sick, sick, sick of the world, and all that is in and upon it."

Notwithstanding the towering passion which the principal part of this speech had thrown me into, the last sentence of it was uttered with such a touching and deep tone of melancholy—a tone in complete contrast with his usual reckless and ferocious bearing—that I was suddenly checked in my intent of summary vengeance, though I hardly knew how that intent was to be worked out. Holding on, therefore, by the weather main rigging, I answered with a calmness that surprised myself. "Mr. Gavel, you refuse me justice because you hold me not to be a man, but as, in your acceptation of the term, something inferior to one. Your profession is not mine—nor your knowledge, nor your capability to bear hardship, nor your power of keeping footing in this terrible sea—all these, I repeat, are not mine. A man may want these, and yet have a nobleness of heart, a firmness of purpose, and a sublimity of true courage, which the uneducated cannot even comprehend. These qualities I do not, to any great degree, arrogate to myself; but I trust that I have enough of them to write myself as good a man as James Gavel, chief mate of my father's hired brig, the Jane."

"Prove it," said my adversary sullenly.

"I will prove it, when occasion offers itself—

and when I have, you will confess your error—you will apologize. This is the first quarrel that I ever had upon my hands, I humbly beseech of Heaven it may be the last—it seems to be changing me into a demon."

"Well, you speak fairly, Mr. Troughton. Occasions enough will soon offer themselves. This is a doomed vessel. The death-fires were playing last night round the foretopmast head, a whole hour by the glass; and there was a strange animal seen forward by old Huggins, half fish, half hyena—it lives upon sailor's carcases, and knows better than the shark when fat corpses will be tumbling into the sea. Take that, you lubber," he continued, giving the man at the wheel a tremendous blow on the face, that covered it instantaneously with blood, at the same time seizing the spoke itself, and rapidly righting the course of the vessel—"take that, and learn to mind your trick at the wheel, and don't founder us before our time."

I was not altogether sorry for the chastisement, albeit it was so severe. The fellow was cowed in a moment, and without wiping the blood off his face, he resumed his office. In listening to the mate, he had neglected the steerage, and suffered the brig so far to broach to, as to bring the wind right abeam, and a deluging sea swept clean over her. As every thing was well secured, no other damage was sustained, than that arising from adding a salt water wetting to the fresh one that we were so patiently enduring.

"You think then, Mr. Gavel, that we are in danger?"

"Know it—not sorry—tired of the world. No preferment for a man as does his duty. Look at that beast, our skipper Tomkins—with his means I might be happy, and make my poor mother comfortable and happy too."

"But is he not reckoned a good seaman?"

"This is the exact case, sir; he is fit to command this or any other vessel just two half hours in the four-and-twenty—those are the periods, just before he gets outrageously drunk. Before he has had a sufficient quantity to wind him up, he is as fearful as a hare, and as weak as a spoilt lady who lives upon green tea; when he has had too much, he is as rash and as reckless as a ruined gamester, with a wife and young family; and, excepting during the two half hours that I have mentioned, he is always either in one or other of these states. But, never mind, it's all one now—his green shroud is ready for him—he'll find it wide enough, I'm thinking—he'll shortly lie in a deeper grave than his father's."

"But why all these misgivings! You know that, as yet, I am a wretched sailor, or you should not have thrust me from you as you did, with impunity. You'll have to answer for that yet. But why all these doubts of our safety! The vessel rolls, but she seems to be now in no more danger than she has been for the last eight-and-forty hours. Really, your dismal prognostications look like superstition."

"Do they? Well, call it what you like. The rats are much better judges of those matters than we—poor blind mortals that we are. This is an old craft, mark you, and was, erewhile, overrun with these black gentlemen with long tails and black whiskers. There was not a finer colony in any vessel in the Thames from London Bridge to the Nore light. Well, I'm blessed if I did not see them, the very night, that you came on board, at Gravesend, walk down the chain cable, as leisurely and as orderly as if they had been soldiers at a parade, and take to the water in three divisions, some of the mothers and fathers taking the little ones in their teeth."

"Incredible!"

"True! One line swam on board the George Indiaman. She is a safe ship for this voyager The owners and merchants, if they knew all might have saved their insurances."

"Where did the other two divisions go?"

"I didn't watch. A good way down the river, I'm thinking. I should like to know myself—but I was so much taken up with the last of the train that left the brig. It was a large rat, grown grey with age. As he stood upon the last link of the chain cable, and just before he plunged into the water, he turned himself round very leisurely, and then shook his head at the craft, with quite as much gravity and wisdom as a judge upon the bench. I had a great mind to have flung a marling spike at him, that I happened to have in my hand, only the hooker is not too well found in stores. Upon my soul, I had a great mind to have cut my stick, and walked off with them."

"So, you judge from this that we shall perish?"

"Certain: besides, we have a murderer on board."

"Horrible!" I exclaimed, my own vile thoughts in the cabin rising up in judgement against me. "This is grave accusation, Mr. Gavel;—how know you this?"

"The deed may not be committed, but it is predestined; and the man that is to do it, or has already done it, is now in this condemned barky."

"But, if, according to your ridiculous omens, the vessel is so soon to be lost, and this murder is not committed, there can be no murder at all, since we shall all share one common fate." I spoke this with a dreadful mistrust of myself.

"Mayhap it is, mayhap it ain't. If it t'aint't yet done, short as is our time, it will still be long enough to commit wickedness to plunge us all into hell. You yourself looked just now at me as if you longed to cut my throat, merely for pushing you out of my way. I dare say, that if just then you had had a knife in your hand, you would have clapped it between my ribs—you shudder.—Why, Master, Troughton, what a trivial accident only intervened between you and murder!—you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

My cheeks burned with contrition at this reproof from the rough and sullen seamen, but stil I was too proud to betray my feelings in words, and I coldly replied, "You will give me satisfaction for that outrage when you have proved me: it is a quarrel that we will suspend, yet not forget. In the mean time, let us act generously towards each other. I have already learned to esteem your sterling good qualities,—already I know that on you only, the salvation of this ship depends, if she may be saved: it is a pity that you should mar those good impressions by your ruffianly deportment."

"My ruffianly deportment, as you are pleased to call it, is neither here nor there. Concerning this matter, the craft is not to be saved, without, Jonas-like, we could pitch the murderer overboard. If he was struggling in that eddying whirl to leeward there, we might have fine weather and a quiet sea in an hour's time. I wish he was, from the bottom of my heart!"

"Mr. Gavel, you shock me! Are these the impressions of a Christian? It is meet that crime should be punished, but unmanly and unnatural to rejoice in the punishment; had I said diabolical, I should but have characterised the feeling too truly."

"Self-preservation, Master Troughton—but hark! there is a fresh hand at the bellows:—and, mark me, fair and delicate sir, how pitchy dark it is suddenly grown—you are not sea-sick now—no, fear has overcome it—lift up your head, and look over the bulwark if you dare, and then tell me what you see."

I obeyed fearfully; at first the intense violence of the wind nearly took away my breath, and the sleet almost blinded me; but shading my face partially with my hands, I was enabled to preserve my watching and look-out for a short space.

"Another hand at the wheel. Mind your helm, my boy, mind your helm,—steady so—meet her, boys, meet her—she reels like a drunken man-o'-war's-man on the Point. Well, Master Troughton what have you seen?" he continued, turning to me, who had been fairly beaten off by the wind, and was now endeavouring to recover my breath as I crouched down beneath the weather bulwark.

"All above was black, black, black; the only light seemed to be emitted from the angry foam of the vexed waters, and the horizon marked by a pale, sickly stream of colour, seemed fearfully near us, as if approaching to compass us in on every side. That pallid light, Gavel, from the hissing waves is very horrible to look upon."

"It is—but did you not see the corpse-lights dancing here and there, just where the opening gulfs of the waves look the blackest?"

"Describe them to me."

"Oh, they are nothing when one is used to them. They always appear to me as if, through the black depths of the unfathomable ocean, they were each lighting a condemned soul down to hell; and yet they are nothing but quivering little bits of sickly-looking blue flames, after all. They were dancing round the maintop-head last night—there—there," said he, seizing my arm with the grasp of a Sampson, "look at the fore rigging:—there they are! As sure as God is in heaven, the murderer is on board."

I gazed and shuddered. There were many small, wiry, and snaky streams of electric fire playing among the shrouds: though I knew that these proceeded from natural causes, I could not prevent the chill of superstition from creeping through my blood to my very heart; however, I mastered my fears as well as I could, and turning to the mate, said, "These blue flames, that you call corpse-lights, are nothing but indications that the atmosphere is overcharged with positive electric matter, attracted, no doubt, by the working of the wood and rope against the iron at the head of the foremast: instead of showing us that we have a murderer on board, it merely prognosticates that we shall have thunder and lightning."

"I know that too: but this comes of your book learning—you believe nothing—just like you all, with your philosophy. Why, you have philosophised away all the truths of the Bible already:—fie upon your natural causes—you will have everything proved and nothing believed. Because thunder generally follows these corpse-lights, it is no rule that they do not indicate the presence of a murderer on board; and because the rainbow is produced merely by natural causes, it is no reason why it should not be regarded as a perpetually-recurring miracle, placed there as a sign by God himself to *all* men and to all nations, that water shall never again drown the world, though it is likely enough it will drown all of it that there is in this condemned barky. However, Jem Gavel, with the ruffianly deportment, will do his duty to the last, blow high blow low. I wish that foresail was off, but I doubt whether we have beef (*i. e.* men) enough to take it in, without splitting it to ribbons;—upon my soul, those corpse-lights are making a merry dance of it." No sooner had he uttered these words than a crash that seemed the very bursting of the heavens, accompanied by an intense and blinding light, threw us all into a state of momentary stupefaction. The maintopmast was shivered, and with its encumbering rigging fell over to leeward. The stupendous thunder-clap produced a sudden calm. Hitherto, the roaring of the winds had prevented my hearing the dull, monotonous, yet angry dashing of the waves; the whole surface of the sea seemed now suddenly imbued with the voice of countless multitudes, and the moaning came up from the face of the ocean near and far, like the groans of a sinful world from their graves on the awful day of resurrection. In dreadful contrast to this universal and harrowing clamour below, all was again dark and unnaturally still above.

"All hands up foresail—clear wreck!" shouted the mate. "Now's the time—oh, for half a dozen good hands—up—up!" but before the first man of the watch below had shown his shrinking head above the hatchway, the tempest renewed its fury with a redoubled vengeance, but from nearly an opposite quarter, throwing the foresail dead aback. In an instant the brig had terrific stern way, the wheel span round, and the man at the helm was very nearly tossed overboard by the shock, whilst the rudder was jammed hard the wrong way, which counteracted the effect that the backed foresail and the inclination of the foreyard would have naturally had to make her pay off to port. The mate and myself first flew to the wheel, but we could not move it. In less than a minute the dead lights of the cabin windows were driven in, the cabin filled with water, and Mr. Tomkins, our drunken master, was washed out of his cot, and up the companion hatchway in his shirt.

The wretch was despicable in his fears. He ran about helplessly wringing his hands, and beseeching God to forgive him. He made no effort, he gave no orders—no one regarded him. The vessel all this time going furiously astern. The water was now pouring into her from the cabin windows, and she was filling fast—no staying below for the skulkers. The cold waves washed them out of their hammocks.

"All hands forward," shouted Gavel, "we must cut away the foremast—it is our only chance. Quick, quick, my lads—come along, Troughton. Shall we leave the bewildered sot to his fate?" pointing to the master. "The mast will fall upon and crush him."

"Who is the murderer in thought now, Gavel? No." So we hurried him with us on the forecastle. The mate seized an axe, and a very large and active black fellow another. Gavel cut away at the fore, and the negro at the foretopmast stay, and, in less than half a minute the whole of her masts lay fore and aft upon the deck. The effect of this manœuvre was instantaneous. The brig heeled round immediately and presented her broadside to the wind, and thus our lives were, for the present, saved.

When we scrambled aft, to add to our misfortunes, we found the rudder wrenched from the pintles, and, held on by the rudder chains, dashing about under the counter. After a few ineffectual attempts to secure it, it was cut adrift lest it should beat a hole in the vessel's side. "She is half full of water:—all hands to the pumps." I just gave one passing thought to my father's dry goods, and stripping to the waist, took my spell, and gloriously I worked. As we freed the vessel from the water rapidly, we had no reason to apprehend that we had sprung a leak. About midnight, there was only six inches in the pump well, and, as no immediate danger was threatened, Gavel came up to me and said with a grim courtesy, "Well, Master Troughton, I can't but say, that you have proved yourself a man to-night; and I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that I am heartily sorry that I shoved you to leeward. I suppose that I must not offer my hand to a gentleman born like yourself, but I will say this, that I am heartily sorry that you ever embarked aboard this craft—for she is doomed. However, let me recommend you to go and turn in. The steward will help you to a dry suit; make yourself comfortable and your mind easy; for, depend upon it, we shall see how each other can meet death before many days are past and gone."

I took his advice, but not his proffered hand. I refused it from no motives of malice, but because my pride would not permit me yet to think that I had given any great proofs of manliness. When I reached the cabin, I found the carpenter had just finished securing the dead-lights, and that the steward and the cabin boy had made my berth tolerably dry. The water that had rushed into the cabin when the brig had stern way had not penetrated into my trunks, so I easily contrived to get into a complete suit of dry clothes. My sea-sickness had entirely disappeared, and I was never troubled with it again.

The master had also dressed himself, and with great assiduity was again getting brutally drunk. To his maudlin intreaties for me to join him in his debasing debauch, I returned only a contemptuous refusal, and, breathing vengeance against me, and imprecating every thing possible and impossible, he was, in the space of a short half hour lifted into his cot in a state of the most beastly insensibility.

Before I went to sleep I made a vow, that if ever I reached Spain in safety, the Jane was the last vessel that Josiah Tomkins should ever command, though whether I would intercede for James Gavel, I had not yet made up my mind. I soon fell asleep, and, contrary to my expectation, I slept soundly, and I awoke late the next morning in health, and not only refreshed, but almost in good spirits.

It was nine o'clock before I again got on deck. The men were slowly and doggedly clearing away the wreck that lay all about the decks, and the surly mate was kicking and handspiking them with a savageness that immediately recalled the unfavourable impressions that his activity and gallantry of the preceding night had partly obliterated. However, I did not think myself justified in using any interference, for the crew, perhaps, deserved the castigations that were lavished upon them so unsparingly. To amuse myself, having cleared away the rubbish and the remnants of rope from a small space under the lee of the quarter-deck bulwark, I called my friend Bounder, the large Newfoundland dog, to me, and began to propitiate his good graces by commencing a hearty and rough game of romps. My overtures were most graciously received, and my tokens of friendship most warmly returned.

The weather had now settled into a steady and staggering gale (a connexion of adjectives well understood) directly from the westward. We were completely at its mercy, and lay, as the seamen say, like a log upon the water. We had not a stick standing, with the exception of the bowsprit: yet all but the superstitious and sullen mate now entertained sanguine hopes that we should reach port in safety. Indeed, with the exception of the gale and the wreck before us, every thing wore a cheerful aspect. We had been driven well south, and the day was genial, the sun shining brightly out from an unclouded sky.

Notwithstanding the amenity of my disposition, I could not play with a dog for ever, and being really ennuyéed for want of occupation, I rose, and went to Mr. Gavel, and asked him, with a becoming humility, if he could not make me useful.

He repaid me by a stare of unsophisticated surprise, and then stammered out, "Willingly—

most heartily; here, lend us a hand to unbend this sail—do it thus—come, we will work together, and you can thus learn to do it in a ship-shape fashion. There is the true heart of oak in your bosom after all; only, methinks that the tarry sinnet will soil those pretty long white fingers of yours. Well done—by the holy—that's the true Jack way. Why, the Lord love you, they should have made a sailor of you."

"Well, you see, Gavel, how agreeable I am willing to make myself—you're improving me fast—oblige me, and let me try to improve you."

"With all my heart—I'm perfect in nothing but in seamanship."

"It is in seamanship that I wish to work the improvement."

"Well, that's good—what next?—should like to hear, however."

"I want to teach you how to make the most of the force, strength—I think you call it beef—that you have at your disposal—to get the most, and the quickest work out of your very ragged and grumbling crew."

"And so I do, don't I? Look at the station-book—every man knows where to go and do his duty, if he would only be man enough, and do it."

"Pardon me, Mr. Gavel, they do not work for you willingly, therefore all the work is but imperfectly done."

"Know it—the nest of lubbers! God knows, that my tongue is tired with cursing, my hand sore with hiding them."

"The very thing that I deplore—try fair means."

"My ruffianly deportment, hah! I understand you. But I should like to prove to you that you're quite wrong."

"No, let me prove to you that I am quite right. Neither curse nor strike any of them for the next half hour—point out the offender to me—let me speak to him. If you don't like my method, you need not adopt it, I only ask as a favour that you should see it tried."

"Very well, Master Troughton, I begin to like you—go to your work. Look at that lazy, grumbling rascal, that has just thrown down his serving mallet, not only idling himself, but hindering, with his damned lawyer's tongue, all around him from working."

I went up to him, and said a few words in a conciliatory and kind tone, and when I returned to my own labour along side of the mate, to the utmost surprise of the latter, he saw the recent offender working in silence, as if for his very life, and that cheerfully too. I had occasion to rise and address three other culprits, and with the same beneficial effects, before my half hour of delegated authority had expired. At first, the mate was mute with astonishment, and then begged me either to give him my recipe for making men, not worth their salt, work like sailors, or else to keep my authority over them as long as w sailed together.

"It lies in a nut shell—*teach them self-respect*, by showing them *you can respect them*. O Gavel, do you think that there is any thing that God created in his own likeness and in yours, that he meant to be knocked about, like the brutes that perish, by his fellow man? Abuse, contumely, and blows, are not the greetings that one sinner hould besstow upon another. Every one of those men that you have so inhumanly buffeted, and so impiously cursed, has, like yourself, an immortal soul. Then, for the sake of that glorious privilege, that you share with them, respect it. Yes I know what you would say, that they are debased beings—that some of them are radically vicious, and that all of them are desperately wicked. But believe me, in the very worst of us there is much that is good—in the very best of us, there is much that is bad. Let us, Gavel, work with the good that we find in them, and depend upon it, you will find the bad that is in them rapidly decrease."

"Well, Master Troughton, you put this in a new light. I'll try your plan. Be near me as much as you can, to assist me when I am steering right, and to check me when I am in the wrong course. In payment for which, I'll undertake to make you a perfect seaman."

I agreed to the bargain, and the benefits were great and mutual. The gale continued unabated; our prospects were, in the first instance, to endeavour to make ourselves visible to some passing vessel, and thus, to receive succour; and, if this failed, to depend upon our own resources when we had got up the jury rigging. To the effect first, we had, even on the first day after the wreck, elevated a tall spar, which we lashed to the stump of the main-mast, and on which we displayed the ensign, union downwards. But some days had now elapsed, and we were rapidly increasing our distance from the shores of Europe, and with that our chance of rescue. On the eighth day of the gale, of our latitude, which was 31°, 50', we were well assured, from solar observations, but we had no idea at all of the westing that we had made.

The captain continued in a state of drunken stupor, equally avoided by the mate and myself. The men worked cheerfully, and on the ninth day we began to attempt to get jury lower-yards across. This was on the second of April 18—, and the next day we shipped a make-shift rudder. During all this I had laboured incessantly, under the directions of the mate, and thus imperfectly learned to rig a ship. I kept watch with him, I made myself as useful as I could in every department of a seaman's life, and thus gained invaluable knowledge. On the fifth of April the wind failed, the sea became smooth, and the weather delightful. At noon it was a perfect calm. Indeed every thing seemed again to wear a smiling aspect. Even Mr. Tomkins, the master, felt the renovating influence of our changed condition, and kept himself sober the greatest part of the day, and was much on deck. He could not help expressing his admiration and astonishment at the improved condition and discipline of the crew. The men did their duty with alacrity and cheerfulness. Mr.

Gavel too had ceased bullying, swearing, and striking. The lesson of the last fortnight had been to me invaluable. It had taught me how to make use of my resources, and the full value of the beauty of that science, known to none so perfectly as to sailors, and recognized by the humble title of "Make-shift."

We had now three days of perfect calm, during which our jury rigging was completed, even to the rattling down the lower rigging. I now went aloft, laid out on the yards, and soon acquired the art of reefing and furling. I also took lessons in navigation of the mate, and learned the use of the quadrant, the sextant, and the azimuth compass. Gavel smiled sorrowfully at the ardour with which I entered into all these pursuits, but said nothing whatever to repress it.

On the tenth of April a light breeze sprung up from the northward, when a consultation was held by the skipper and the mate to which I was invited out of courtesy, to decide upon what course we should pursue. We had only shipped, when we left for England, six weeks' water and provisions—we now had been at sea nearly one month. Still there was no occasion for alarm. At length, we decided to run farther to the south, with the present fair wind, into the latitude of the Canaries, and then westward, until we made the lofty peak of Teneriffe. We did so, and next day at noon, found ourselves in the exact latitude.

In this parallel we ran on for two days, and, making no land, we began to grow alarmed. On the third day it again fell calm, and the mate and a couple of old sailors began to surmise that we had got too far to the westward, and were now in those variable climes that are always met with before the regular trade winds are reached.

This disagreeable suspicion was too surely verified the next day, by the means of an imperfectly-taken lunar observation, made by the mate. Our situation again became alarming, and we found it necessary to put the crew upon half allowance. At this there was a good deal of murmuring, which Gavel, returning to his old system, wished to allay with the handspike. I overruled him, and, with his permission, calling them all aft, I in the first place threw the whole of my private provisions into the public stock, reserving to my sole use, for the present, my wine only, and then with a few calm and firm words, I reconciled them to the necessary privations, and was rewarded with a cheer for my exertions.

These unfortunate accidents were rapidly educating, and fitting me to act hereafter with decision in those trying and singular events with which it was my ill fate to struggle for so many years. We now kept the vessel's head eastward, endeavouring to make some one of the Canaries, but we had nothing but calms, intermixed with light and baffling winds. We made no progress on the ocean, though the progressive disappearance of our stores was rapid. I need not say that the mate, with whom I had entered into a strict alliance—friendship I will not call it—joined heartily with me in making his private stock common with that of the rest of the crew. He and I consulted together, and we now resolved to propose to the Master, Tomkins, to follow our example. I have shown how much I despised, I hated this man, but with a prudence, the remnant, perhaps, of the former quietism of my character, I had as yet refrained from coming to any thing approaching to a rupture with him. We debated, for some time, as to the most fitting time to make to him our disagreeable overture, but we soon found that this procrastination was useless. Latterly he had never been perfectly sober. So, at noon, we quietly walked into the cabin, and told him what was expected of him. His rage was ungovernable. He heaped upon us the most unlimited abuse, and accused Gavel of being the primary cause of all our disasters; and, finally, he shouted for the steward to bring his pistols, swearing that he would shoot us on the spot, as we were in the act of open mutiny.

Before we entered upon this conference, I made Gavel swear to me that he would command his temper. This he did, if preserving a sullen and ferocious silence can be called so; but who was to control mine? It was now Ardent Troughton who spoke. I hurled at him my impassioned vituperations, my ineffable scorn—I placed his character before him; I dwelt upon his drunkenness, his bestiality, his incapacity, his cowardice—I was carried away by the torrent of my fury. He first of all sate aghast, gazing at me with a drunken stupidity, but his eye began gradually to illumine, the muscles of his face to assume a stern rigidity, his countenance a demoniac expression, but he sat perfectly still, with the exception that he began to handle one of his pistols with his right hand, as if unintentionally and mechanically.

The steward, a venerable and respectable grey-headed man, alarmed by the appalling look of Tomkins, crept cautiously behind me, ever and anon peering over my shoulder at his baited and deadly-looking master. But I had not yet brought my philippic to a climax, and transported with indignation, and stamping violently on the deck, I thus concluded—"Degraded brute as you are, in the scale of creation, infinitely beneath the noble dog upon deck, if we did our duty to ourselves and to the crew, we ought to dispossess you immediately of the command, and thrust and lash you in the animal's kennel, that I tell you you would pollute—handle your pistol, coward! I scorn it and you—and then feed you with the offal of the meanest in the ship; and as sure as there is a God in heaven, if you do not henceforward do your duty—if you do not share with us your hoarded stock of delicacies—if you do not keep yourself sober—I speak in the name of the crew, in the name of the owner, that has foolishly entrusted you with his rich merchandize—I speak in the name of my father, this thing we will do."

"You will, young mutineer!" was his quick reply. He lifted his pistol, and discharged it. I had my eye upon him, and leaped aside, and the ball entered the breast of the old man behind me. Ere Tomkins could reach the other weapon, Gavel and I flung ourselves upon him, threw him to the ground, and instantly bound him hand and foot.

"This is the murderer, then," said the mate to me, in a husky whisper; "we must give him the fate of Jonah, and thus save all our precious lives."

"Send the men here. All, all!" exclaimed Gavel, as he rose from binding the drunken and felon master. Terrible and revolting was the scene that ensued. The growling brute, whom we had just overthrown, lay bound and helpless upon the deck of the cabin, gnashing his teeth in the impotence of his rage, and giving vent to his exasperation by the most horrid blasphemies. Also, on the deck, the poor old steward, with his silver hair, dabbled in his own blood, was supported in my arms, his life ebbing fast away from the mortal wound. I was vainly endeavouring to staunch the stream that, trickling along the deck, actually came and licked the very hand that had thus ruthlessly wasted it, and life together.

The haggard and worn-out crew assembled in the cabin.

"My men—my good, my dear men," began to whine from the deck, the overthrown and pusillanimous Tomkins, "come to my relief. You see there is mutiny and murder here—I am innocent, totally innocent. It is a vile plot between the passenger and the mate to take the command from me. They have begun by murdering my faithful Williams;" and he looked askance at the poor old man in my arms, but the dying steward neither spoke nor moved. "Up, my men, and fall upon Gavel and Troughton—up, my good fellows, and I'll give every man of you a bottle of rum."

"Liar as well as murderer!" exclaimed the sullen mate, "though dead men cannot rise up and accuse you, your own pistol will. My men, do you believe this drunken assassin? or this gentleman, Mr. Ardent Troughton, who has been so good and so kind to us all!"

"Don't know what to think," said the boatswain, luxuriating in idea upon the promised bottle of rum. "We know, Mr. Gavel, that neither you nor Mr. Troughton bore the captain any good will; now I calculate, seeing as how short we are of hands, that if Captain Tomkins means to be as good as his word, and he'll hand out the rum, I'll vote that he be released, and all this murdering affair left to be sifted out by the big wigs when we get on shore—now that's my notion."

"And mine—and mine—and mine!" said the rest of the fellows, with one exception.

"Ardent Troughton," said Gavel to me solemnly, "these are your reformed crew—the images of the Deity that it is a profanation to handspike. Not only will they lick the foot of the murderer still wet with his victim's blood, but they would sell their own souls for the privilege of getting drunk. Let the brutes have their way. There is a curse upon the vessel—it will be all one a week hence. She is doomed to destruction, and every living creature in her."

"Thank you for me," said the boatswain; "but all this lingo is neither here nor there. One man's word is as good as another's. So here goes to cut the lashings, and, my lads, we'll have a night of it."

"Hurrah!" shouted the men, and the boatswain advanced to release the wretched homicide, when an unsuspected impediment presented itself.

I have mentioned before, a great and strong negro, that was very active in cutting away the foremast in our late dangerous situation. Of this man I had taken less notice than of the others. I never remembered to have spoken to him. Of course I was a little surprised to see him start out from the group of his shipmates, and, bestriding the prostrate man, seize the other undischarged pistol, and threaten by action, though not by words, to shoot the first man that might attempt to unbind him. The crew gave back, and the mate, at this turn of affairs, indulged himself with a low, deriding laugh, that seemed horribly out of character in this scene of horrors.

For myself, I was still occupied in supporting the dying steward, holding to his wounded breast my handkerchief saturated with blood. The would-be liberators and the boatswain, to use the language of the latter, were taken aback. The black had now his right hand upon the throat of his master, his left still holding the pistol, looking first at me, and then at Gavel, watching for the slightest indication from us to end this dilemma, by strangling him with his neckerchief. The mate gave the ready and self-constituted executioner a grim smile of approbation; but I motioned to him energetically not to harm the prisoner. He obeyed me immediately, making a harsh guttural sound that was frightfully startling.

At length, the boatswain said to Tomkins, "I and the ship's company are very sorry to see you hove down there, captain, and belayed to the deck. All we can do just now is to remember what's going on when this comes before the coroner. Are you, captain, innocent of the poor old man's death?"

"I am."

"Will you swear to it?"

"I will."

"So help you God?"

"So help me God."

Then there was a silence, when, to the astonishment and dismay of all, the dying steward half rose from my arms, and said distinctly, "Captain Tomkins shot me. May God forgive him!" and fell back dead into my arms.

"He is gone," said I, speaking for the first time. "My good men, take the advice of your true friend. Go to your different duties in silence, and praying inwardly for the deceased, commune with your own hearts. Mr. Tomkins can no longer have any control in this vessel. The moment that we arrive in harbour he shall be handed over to the civil power, and be made to answer for the deed that you have partly witnessed. Go, be serious—know me as your friend, and be obedient to Mr. Gavel."

They retired humbled, but not contumacious. As the negro, who was the last about to retire, passed me he knelt down, and taking my hand placed it respectfully to his forehead and his lips, and then rose to depart; but, before he had gained the cabin door, Gavel called him.

"Jugurtha, I want you. Help me to remove this dead body and this living lump of beastiality, into the after cabin. They shall keep each other company. And I'll take care that the watcher of the dead shall remain sober. Away with him."

The whining supplications of the debased drunkard were most disgusting; but, in the sinewy arms of Jugurtha, he was soon conveyed to his place of imprisonment, and afterwards, with much more reverence, the body of the old man was placed beside him.

As the moans and the pitiable howlings of Tomkins were unintermitting and most dolorous, I repaired to the deck, and in the afternoon, the weather being still fine, with baffling winds, I there dined upon the reduced allowance, and on the same sordid fare as the men. James Gavel ate nothing. He seemed absorbed, absent, and at times transported, ever and anon muttering to himself various texts from Scripture, and pious ejaculations, "Lord have mercy upon his soul," being the most frequently repeated.

About five in the afternoon he went below, and I, going a short time afterwards into the fore-cabin, principally to listen if Tomkins was still moaning, I found Gavel on his knees, praying so devoutly, with the Bible open before him, that he did not perceive my entrance. I looked over his shoulder, and found the holy book open at that part that narrates the sacrifice of Jonah. I shuddered, a fear crept over me, that I too well understood the workings of his distracted and superstitious imagination. I laid my hand on his shoulder, he started, trembled, and looked up.

"This will never do, Gavel," I said, mildly. "Your thoughts are unholy, unchristian—damnable. In that same book that lies before you, there is an express command, 'Thou shalt do no murder.'"

"A tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye, and a life for a life. But fear not, I will do no murder. And, Ardent Troughton, if I did, you at least should be grateful for it. This murder, as you improperly call it, will restore you to your father, to your mother, to your sister. But I fear not. The Lord himself will decide this question. I am but an instrument."

"You fill me with horror. Let us leave this unhappy man to the laws of his country, administered with due form, and by impartial judges. Do not give way to these wild dreams. We shall make Teneriffe to-morrow. We may then hand him over to the civil authorities, if we do not find a man-of-war in the roadstead. The British consul will advise us what to do."

"We shall never again reach land whilst the murderer is on board. No, not one of us," answered Gavel, doggedly.

"Well, let us then all perish together, rather than peril our souls by a contrived assassination."

"Who talks of assassination, Troughton? The word is yours, not mine. I will not soil my hand with the dastard's blood. His fate is in the hands of the Lord."

"Do not thus prevaricate with me. What is blood? Starvation, poison, strangulation, or the cool depths of the unrevealing sea, are each as effectual. Shall even a man like Tomkins be shuffled out of the way like a loathsome reptile in our path, with no prayer—no rite—no Christian burial? Even if he be condemned by the laws to suffer death—the consolations of religion will not be denied to him during his passage to death, nor its rites afterwards. You have no right, guilty as you esteem him, to deprive him of them."

"He shall have them. I will go in and pray with him, and with the dead."

"Gavel, I swear by all that's sacred, I'll watch you. I will be a guard to this man until the laws determine his fate."

"Be it so. Fear me not. I swear to you that he shall have Christian burial."

"Must I be satisfied with this assurance? May I depend upon you?"

"You may. And see, I take this sinner food."

The mate then procured him one ration, exactly similar to those served out to the rest of the ship's company, with half a pint of fœtid cold water. I entered the after cabin with him. The master was in mental agony on the floor, still bound, and had removed himself as far as possible from the dead body. His haggard countenance was cadaverously pale, excepting where it was disfigured by the dark blue blotches of intemperance. He was a wretched spectacle, every muscle in his face quivering, every limb trembling.

"I have brought you food and water," said the mate sternly. "Eat, and then try to make your peace with God."

But he could not eat—he could not drink. He could only plead to be removed from his ghastly companion, and petition for his favourite rum. How ardently, how passionately, did the abject wretch pray for the draught of intoxication! His language was by turns bold, figurative, pathetic, and touching. I had no conception of the powers of his eloquence. What impassioned oratory was wasted, for the privilege of making himself a beast! To all these moving appeals, Gavel answered only by tightening the bands upon his hands and feet, and lashing him more securely to a ring-bolt in the stern-port. His arms had been previously loosened, in order that he might, if he had chosen, feed himself. When the mate thought him properly secured, he locked the door of the cabin, and, with myself, proceeded on deck.

To all my remonstrances on this unnecessary cruelty, he was sternly unheedful. There was a light wind from the right quarter. Every sail that our jury-masts and make-shift yards could carry and spread, was extended to take advantage of it. As the bright haze of the heat dispersed, and the evening approached cool and clear, the high and snow-white peak of Teneriffe distinctly appeared right before us, singularly and beautifully relieved by the intense blue of the sky. There was joy came upon us all but Gavel, and the prisoner in the cabin. My exhilaration was excessive—the mate, however, grew more and more gloomy. At that moment I could have embraced my bitterest enemy. Full of this gushing milk of human kindness, I addressed the superstitious zealot in the blandest and most friendly tones. I could not move him, I talked to him of his friends, his home, of happiness in store for him, of his approaching promotion. But it roused him not. I spoke to him of his mother, and he softened. But it was only a change from the stony rigidity of despair to its weakness. I could see by the contorted play of the muscles of his face, that he could have wept, had it not been for very shame. He thanked me with a tremulous voice for all my kindness to him—made me write down in my pocket-book the address of his mother—described to me exactly where she lived, in some bye-street leading from the Commercial Road—and asked me to be kind to her. Indeed, had he been standing on the scaffold, with the headsman near him, he could not have taken a more solemn leave of me, or bade God bless me more fervently—and we all the time nearing land with a favouring and rapidly-increasing breeze.

It was nearly dusk, when we found the wind had risen so much, that we were forced to take in sail. It was done cheerfully and rapidly.

"It is coming," said Gavel to me; "we are drawing near the end of this frightful chapter: before midnight we shall have learned the great secret: I am awed, but yet I am happy."

"Nonsense."

"But I have much to do. I will save as many of you as I can: it is a bitter cup that is offered to me, but I will not, I may not refuse it."

He then again turned the hands up, still further to shorten sail. After this was done, and we were again running along under the foresail,—that unlucky foresail,—he called the men aft, and spoke to them to the following effect.

"My men, we shall have hard work to-night;—prepare yourselves. I know by signs that you cannot understand, that, before midnight, we shall have the sea and the heavens raging. Let us be prepared. He who is below promised you each a bottle of rum; but I know that you would not now take it if it were offered to you. Let us not stand like beasts upon the brinks of our graves; but, as there has been much malice between me and you, as a peace-offering, I will give to every man on board a half-pint of spirits."

"Too much, too much," I exclaimed; but Gavel did not take the least notice of the interruption.

"Now, if there is any man among you whom I have wronged or insulted, let him come forward, and I will right him if I can. None:—well then, I am, from my very heart, glad to see that there is no ill-will among us. Let us all shake hands. At four bells (10 o'clock, P. M.) in the first watch, we will bury the dead. If any man thinks his half-pint too much for him, let him refrain. We must not disgrace the last of poor old Williams, for you all know that he was yours and every sailor's friends. Let us attend his burial like men and like Christians. Join me, my dear friends, as fervently as you can in the burial service,—we are threatened with much calamity, for *there is a murderer on board.*"

The men were then all sent down except the men at the wheel and one look-out ahead. Gavel then walked the deck with me, labouring under a great depression of spirits. At length, he ordered Jugurtha, the negro, to be sent to him, and then it was, for the first time, that I discovered that the poor fellow was dumb. However, the mate made himself understood sufficiently, and the dark countenance of the black grinned with a satisfaction that I thought almost demoniac.

It was now early eight o'clock, or, as it is nautically termed, the beginning of the first watch. By this time, I had become a very tolerable seaman; my schooling had been severe, but not only salutary as regarded my present position, but also of the most vital importance to me in my after-life.

Gavel advanced to me with a great deal of respect in his manner, and said, "Mr. Troughton, will you do me the favour to keep the first half of the first watch? You perceive that the wind is bustling up into a gale; there is a good man at the wheel, and a good look-out placed forward. Do not, if you please, disturb the men from the enjoyment of the spirits that I have served out to them, without there is the most pressing occasion."

"Considering their long abstinence, they will get drunk."

"I know it; but only partly so. I speak under an invisible and supernatural control; they will be sober enough four hours hence. Do not disturb me on any account. Jugurtha and I must go and sew the dead up in his winding-sheet. You know that we bury to-night. A body should not be kept long in these warm latitudes: besides, it is unlucky, and with a corpse on board, one does not feel comfortable. Besides, I wish to offer religious consolation to the drunken reprobate below."

"James Gavel!"

"Ardent Troughton, I meet your look with a calm brow and a clear conscience. We are doomed. In spite of human skill, most, if not all of us, will go down, this night, to their watery graves. It is unsafe to let the drunken madman loose who is below. In the crisis, when the timbers part, and the cold, black death of the wave is amongst us, *can* he be saved!—ought he to be saved? and steeped, as he is, in sin, ought I not to endeavour to awake in his mind some religious thoughts? The parable of the eleventh hour is honey and balm to the sinner."

"Well, go. Do we not all want those consolations?"

"None so much as he."

He then went below with Jugurtha; and every time, as I turned aft in my solitary watch, I heard a low moaning rise out of the after-cabin, and mingle sorrowfully with the whistling of the winds that came shrieking after us as we hurried on our course.

The night was excessively dark, for the flying scud had appeared with the gale, and obscured what little starlight we might have expected. The moon was voyaging round the earth, the fickle companion of the sun, and was with him now, far beneath the horizon. That my thoughts should have assumed a sombre hue was most natural. The office going on immediately beneath me of sewing the slain steward up in his hammock, at once his coffin and his shroud, the dire events of the day, and the dreadful prognostications of the mate, which I could not, though I wished, despise, altogether lay heavily on my bosom.

I would have conversed with the man who was steering, were it not that all his attention was necessary to keep the brig from broaching to. I continually hailed the man forward to keep a good look-out, but his monotonous, dismal, "Aye, aye, sir," did not in the least tend to dispel my melancholy or distract my thoughts. As is usual in these cases, my mind ran back to the scenes that I had left, and the memory of other days came over me with a mingled bitterness and pleasure. For the first time, I felt a strange tenderness come over me for the little Mira. I dwelt upon her pure and fair complexion, and the honest yet intellectual frankness of her countenance. I recalled to mind the social board of the good old merchant, with all its luxuries, and the smiling and cordial faces around it. I contrasted all this, and much more, with the reeling and crazy vessel that was staggering on, like one just recovering from a fit—the vagabonds of the sea, who were now my companions, and, above all, with the morose and superstitious, though manly mate, with the terrible idea of murder so familiarized to his mind, that he had by some strange and perverted manner of reasoning sanctified it by the approbation of religion.

What I am going to relate may be deemed a wild fiction. I cannot help it. I wish that it were so. To me, it was a dreadful truth, and taught me an awful lesson of mistrust in our weak natures, and the necessity of guarding against presumption, that nursing mother of superstition; but I will hurry over this part of my biography as rapidly as I can.

It was just eight bells, ten o'clock, when James Gavel again came on deck. His features were rigid and stern, yet there was a wild excitement in his eye that was painful to look upon, and which appeared the more startling, from the concentrated light of the lanthorn that he held. He first of all, with studious phrase, thanked me for the diligent watch that I had kept. Indeed, latterly, I had perceived a refinement in his language much at variance with his former nautical phraseology. He then requested me to turn up the hands for burial of the dead. The wind was mournfully singing among the rigging, and hurrying along the decks, whilst the doleful cry of the boatswain, "All hands to burial," sounded strangely sad. The men did not hurry up quickly, as usual. They came up like so many shadows in the partial darkness, stealing quietly and reverently aft.

By the directions of Gavel, who superintended the preparation, instead of placing the grating on the gangway, as is usual, he ordered it to be placed on the taffrail, that, as we were running before the wind, when the body was thrown overboard, it might the sooner be clear of the vessel. The line was made ready, another lanthorn was lighted, and Jugurtha, the dumb black, with the boatswain and Gavel, went below, and shortly afterwards the corpse was handed up, covered with the ship's colours for a pall. It was then put upon the grating, in order to be launched overboard.

The manner of burial at sea is this. The body is sewn up in the hammock of the dead, and if he died of any disease considered epidemical, the bed-clothes are also contained in this canvass shroud. Two or three heavy shot are also sewn up at the feet, to ensure a rapid sinking. The grating is used as a kind of bier, on which this mummy-like receptacle for mortality is placed, and that with the body is launched generally over the ship's side. The grating is afterwards, when the funeral service has been completed, hauled again on board by means of the rope attached to it.

The body on the grating, covered with the ensign, was, at the direction of the mate, made ready for launching overboard, the whole of the ship's company clustering round, and one of the seamen holding the lanthorn, Gavel prepared to read the funeral service. Hats were taken off.

"Axing your pardon, Mr. Gavel," began one of the men, "but it seems to me as if you had sewn up all poor Wilson's bed clothes, it is so bulky like. Now, as he didn't die of no fever—and my whole kit was washed overboard last gale, I'm willing to pay a fair price for his'n, and you can stop it out of my wages."

Jugurtha grinned, and the mate merely said, "Silence, do not disturb the service."

"Had you not better, Mr. Gavel," remarked the boatswain, "send for the captain? Sarve him right, I think, to be made stand by the man he murdered."

"He is near enough," said Gavel, hurriedly and with a slight shudder. "Let me have no more interruption. You man at the wheel, there, John Cousins, mind the ship's head, and keep your ears open."

Three times did Gavel begin, and, at each attempt, his voice was, as if in wrath, blown back upon his lips, and, at last, he was obliged to turn his face from the corpse, and thus standing to proceed. This omen, this apparent anger of Him to whom the hurricane is but as a servant, appalled not Gavel. Verily was he a man of strong nerve, or he was more than an enthusiast.

In a loud, clear, and sonorous voice, that the winds could not overcome, he began, "'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord,'" &c. &c., still keeping with the left hand a firm hold of the bier, whilst, with his right, he held the prayer-book. There was a savage solemnity about the scene, that did not elevate, but made but it roused his spirit, and, considering the impetuosity of his nature, he deserved great credit for not returning it. Twenty or five-and-twenty young men gathered round their companion, expecting that the stranger would have "shown fight," and the officer, as well as the elders of the party, stood between them; while the man who had been so grossly insulted, after a brief mental struggle, looked at the lad, and, in a voice quivering with emotion, said—

"It is not your friends, my boy, hinders me from punishing you; but I'd be loth to strike a child as if he was a man. There's as good blood in my veins, I make bould to say, as in yours. If any *man* thinks I deserved insult let him say so, and I'll talk to *him*. But as for you, poor child, I'd just like to have the whipping of you for ten minutes with a nate furzebush, and be sure it would bring some of the foolish heat out of your silly head."

The coolness of this reply turned the tables in Paddy's favour, and the English gentleman took hold of the youngster's arm, and almost forcibly walked him off down Grafton-street.

"This is the second row you have got into, to my knowledge, within a week, Edward," he said to the boiling youth. "If you were my son, you should apologize to the man you have insulted."

"What!" exclaimed the boy; "apologize to that bogtrotter? How dare he ask if that was King William's statue? Whose else should it be? I suppose he wanted King Dan there instead."

"Very likely he would have no objection to such an exchange."

"Upon my word, uncle Leslie," said the boy, "it is quite shocking to hear you talk so quietly to such fellows, and about such things. If you were not my mother's own brother I should doubt your loyalty."

"Because I did not knock a stranger down for asking if that was King William's *image*," replied the officer, laughing.

"Image!—image, indeed!" growled the tyro.

"Poor Ireland!" sighed the gentleman; "where nothing but disputes arise, where bitterness usurps the place of reason, and where parties are continually pitted against each other even in the public streets. Edward, I am ashamed of you, and ashamed of the state of the country. Why, if you committed such an assault as that in England, you would have been lodged in the station-house by this time. By the way, I ought not to have left that worthy countryman of your's surrounded by that hopeful college gang; it certainly was a scandalous outrage not to know King William by intuition. There, go into that shop and get an ice; it will cool your blood, I hope. And when you are cool, Edward, why then I must speak to you again on this subject."

Colonel Leslie was glad that he returned so quickly; for there was something evidently more than usual going on in College-green. Many persons had stopped, and the voices of sundry car and carriage drivers were heard in all the untaught and fiery eloquence of Irish debate. This riot, however, had nothing to do with the former fray. The countryman might or might not have been further annoyed, according to the variable humour of the party who had witnessed the event I have mentioned; but the loungers were in luck's way that morning—not one, but two events had occurred to dispel *ennui*. The College boys had been debating as to *who* the stranger *could* be that did not know King William! Some declared he was a Shanavest; others vouched for his being a Caravat; a little fellow, with sharp grey eyes and a snub nose, insinuated that he was Captain Rock; while another declared that Captain Rock would not surely venture to *look* even at King William! The object of this scrutiny was as careless about it "as if," to use little snub's expression, "he had been born a gentleman." After looking as long as he pleased at the "image," he twirled his shillelagh in his hand, and walking on a few yards, inquired of an elderly man, who was setting his watch by the Bank clock, "If them pillars were the Parliament House?"

The old gentleman started and smiled, while he repeated,

"The Parliament-house! No, my friend, the Bank! the Bank!"

"The Bank, I mean; thank you, Sir," *replied* the stranger.

But before he finished his examination of that beautiful building there was a rumbling and a crashing in the street. A jaunting car, conveying two ladies on one side, and one on the other, had been run against by a species of machine happily unknown in any other part of the civilized world; it is called the Naul car, forasmuch as it trades between Naul and Dublin. How it managed to stray into College Green on that particular day I know not—for its destination was at the other side of the City. This specimen of Irish coach-building is drawn by two, or sometimes three, animals called horses, though as such they would not be recognized in any other country upon earth: it *ought* to go on four wheels, but generally speaking one, if not two, of them are non-effective, and oblige their unfortunate companions to do double duty. The front part, intended for "dacent passengers," is a sort of outside car, where the people sit back to back, performing to their great discomfort a species of jumping *dos-ù-dos*, quite involuntarily on their part, but to which custom seems to reconcile them in an extraordinary degree. This division of the machine has an awning over it, which serves certainly to keep off a portion of the "pelting of the pitiless storm;" before this, the ragged driver is elevated on a piece of wood, directly over the tails of the horses; to the back of the *dacent* division is attached another compartment, without a covering of any kind, where people of all sorts sit, their backs bumping against the rail of what is called "the well," which is half filled with "a lock of hay;" upon this a calf, or some young pigs, with a sufficient quantity of ducks or geese, ride unconsciously to market; behind this living lumber—for the tail of the Naul car is almost as long as that of a distinguished Irishman—comes a car, or cart like a gigantic truck, going upon a wheel or wheels of its own, but attached to the miscellaing wretch replied not, contracted himself into as small a space as possible, trembling excessively. I was strangely situated; crouched down under what little remained of the weather side of the quarter-deck bulwark, Bounder, the Newfoundland dog, on one side, the grinning negro, Jugurtha, on the other, whilst the utterly prostrated mate lay rolled up at our feet. The dog from time to time looked up piteously, and licked my face and hands, and the black was the personification of a stoic.

The third swell came. For an instant, I perceived a curling white canopy high over the heads of this group, and the next, we were far, far to leeward in the open and dreary sea, and a little dispersed from each other. At that period I could not swim. Jugurtha was soon beside me, and the faithful Bounder too. The waves were huge and monstrous, but they did not break, excepting when they met with resistance, for they were heaving in the exact direction of the wind. I never once lost my perceptions; they were, instead of being confused by the dangers and horrors around me, painfully distinct. Bounder swam nobly. I merely placed my left hand upon his back and I was sufficiently supported. Jugurtha swam buoyantly on my right. We endeavoured to turn and face the brig, from which we had been washed. We did so at length, notwithstanding the violence of the spray: but she was no more; or, if she existed, the few yards of distance that we had been swept from her were, in the darkness, sufficient to hide her from our view.

I now despaired for the first time. I gave one thought to my unknown parents and sister, and addressed myself to prayer. After this, I felt considerably calmed and almost resigned. I even dared, without repining, to contemplate the agonies of a prolonged death, and felt no inclination to hasten it by plunging, at once, beneath the waters.

But a temporary relief was at hand. Through the obscurity the long-boat that was, with ourselves, washed off the booms came drifting towards us. Jugurtha struck out manfully; the excellent dog rivalled him, and the black first, and then myself and Bounder, were soon securely seated in it.

After a little while we heard a human voice, and on looking over the stern, I discovered James Gavel hanging on by the rudder-gudgeon.

"Ardent Troughton," said he, "shake hands with me;—you have proved yourself a better man than I——God bless you—pray for me—sometimes think of the poor deluded sinner, who sinned through ignorance more than hardness of heart:—you have my mother's address."

"Come on board," said I, endeavouring to haul him in by the hand that grasped mine firmly.

"Never: one murderer shall not again endanger two precious lives.

"As you hope for redemption, beware of suicide."

"I will, I do—God bless you—I will hope, and I will swim to the last. Remember Alfred Gavel, and your promise to his mother." Then. with a plunge, he wrenched his hand from my grasp, boldly turned his face from the boat, and struck out in the direction where the vessel, or some remnants of her, might be supposed still to exist.

In a few seconds, he was lost to my view. As my sobs involuntarily burst forth at the nobleness of this self-sacrifice, I could not help confessing, that, in the self-devoted visionary all the best requisites of a hero were concentrated, and ruined by a senseless superstition and an impious and degrading notion of a beneficent Deity.

He was never heard of more.

To be continued.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

HARRY O'REARDON.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"God bless you and watch over you, my heart's treasure—may the light of heaven rest on you—may the glory of the Lord be about you—may the saints protect you—may He who died for us remember you—may your sins never be heavy on you—may the blessing of the desolate widow (and that's myself) never leave you night or day—sleeping or waking—and may the holy Virgin make up to you what your lone mother has not to give—and that's every thing; for the walls are bare, and the cow's gone dry, and the horse sold, and the bit of land took from us, and soon the mother will have no son to look to for comfort! Oh! Harry, Harry! what will become of me intirely, when I miss your voice, and the sound of your whistle coming over the 'bohreen' before you! and your laugh, my own child! to say nothing of your kiss, that was as blessed to me as holy water!" And in an agony of grief Mrs. O'Reardon covered her face with her hands, and sobbed so that if a heart could break with sobbing, hers would indeed have broken. Do you laugh at the strange words in which Mrs. O'Reardon expressed her farewell to her only child? Alas! if you do not feel the deep pathos of the widow's adieu, I must despair of making you understand anything I may write illustrative of Irish character.

I have met but with few "real Irish" who did not, when under the influence of excitement,—and that is very frequently the case,—use metaphoric language, which, if expressed in good English; would be called poetry; but which, wrapt up as it is in brogue and blunder, seldom excites anything except laughter. Indeed, a conversation with an Irish peasant always leaves me something to think over. There is an originality, a vigour, and, under their compliments and civility, not unfrequently a lurking sarcasm, illumined by much wit, sparkling like diamonds amongst their rags—that furnishes to those more prone to listen than to converse, material for much earnest and deep reflection.

Let us analyze one or two of Mrs. O'Reardon's sentences.

She said to her son, "May your sins never be heavy on you," adding the prayer that "the blessing of the desolate widow (*and that's myself*) may never leave you night or day, sleeping or waking!" How perfect a picture does this present of a mother's anxiety that her child should be sinless!—and that her blessing might hover as with angel-wings over her beloved by day and night! "May the Virgin make up to you what your lone mother has not to give (*and that's everything.*)" Here is contrast! her blessing is full to overflowing, but she is a widow—and "*lone*"—and those who know the state of Irish destitution which the background of the picture exhibits, will understand how natural her prayer is, that the Virgin may make up to poor Harry O'Reardon what his mother has not to give, "*and that's everything!*"—"The walls are bare, the cow's gone dry, the horse sold, the bit of land"—returned; and the last of the widow's comforts is about to depart with the child, whom she had hoped would lay her grey head in the grave. How perfectly beautiful is the idea of the sound of the young man's whistle "coming before him!" and yet Margaret O'Reardon would have been puzzled if asked to explain what the word "poetry" signified, though her life has been little more than a dirge!

Harry was a singularly fine-looking man, in a district were beauty was not remarkable, because it was abundant: his was not the vulgar, broad, flat, turned-up sort of countenance, which the English (who, heaven bless them, know as little about Ireland as they do about Hanover) call "Irish:" his was the Spanish face, the heritage of the Milesian race; but though the expression of the deep-black eye, and firm-set lip, indicated pride, there was something about the lower portion of the face—the angle of the mouth, perhaps—which betokened, also, much shrewdness and humour. This expression (I am obliged to repeat the word) was not the general one; Harry usually looked like "a rock of sense;" and, poor fellow, he had all his senses perfect, except "common sense." He was industrious, good-tempered, observant, honest, sufficiently attached to his religion to have died for it, if necessary, and though meriting the distinction of a saint, was yet so frequently a slave to his passions, as to be very often a sinner!

I hope I am not about to say—what as a Protestant I ought not to say—but I cannot help admiring the devotion, so earnest and sincere, of the Roman Catholics to their religion. I am not thinking of the Catholics of France, but of the Catholics of Ireland—of the poor Catholics! How warm is their zeal—how perfect their belief—how truly do they confide in their pastors—how ready at all times to lay down their life for what *they consider* truth? Alas! that it is not truth!

I do not strive to convert them to or from any particular creed, but I would gradually inform their minds, and then leave them to choose their own. People can hardly be expected to "gulp down" what they are told is truth, when the new truth (as they consider it) flies in the face of the old truth, in the belief of which they are educated. They are so far behind England in civilization—the march of intellect has been so completely *bogged* in its attempts to penetrate into the interior, while impulse, as usual, has flown as high and as wildly as ever—that in no one respect can any comparison be drawn between the two countries. I would fain hope that now, possessing all they have fancied they require, they may be led to feel their *real* wants; though, while I hope the best for those I really love, I bethink me of the red Indians, who, being clothed and educated in the white settlements, still desire the green savannahs of their youth, and return in their *nakedness* to the wild forest-homes of their affections, and to the idolatry of their fathers! Well, if the Indians and the Irish will not be happy in our way, my woman's heart whispers, let them be happy in their own. I remember when I was a child, having a young pigeon and a kitten to rear at the same time, and I would force meat and milk down the pigeon's throat because it must live like the cat. I had not thought over St. Paul's beautiful expressions relative to the "diversities of gifts," which teach us not to think of our own possessions more highly than we ought to think. Nor did I remember that there is one flesh of birds and another of beasts; but I killed the pretty pigeon. Ever since then, *I leave food of many kinds to my favourites*, but suffer them to take what they like best.

I must however return to Harry O'Reardon. My stories are, I imagine, more attractive than my reasonings.

Harry, as I have intimated, was about to quit his home—perhaps his country—but certainly his home. His father had been a very extensive farmer—almost a gentleman—indeed too much of a gentleman to be a farmer; he was of an old family, and he was as proud of his descent as if he had been chieftain of many town-lands. And—the old story over again—he got into debt, and at last into gaol—and he died there; and all the "country" (people) cried shame upon those who put him there, because—(at least I never heard them give any reason for their outcry)—but I suppose it was because of his being one of the last of a race of *squireens*—a genus that has become extinct since the Union—and consequently entitled to prey upon everybody, though nobody must prey upon them. I must do Harry the justice to say, that the only quality that he inherited from his father was pride! He had achieved a character for truth, uprightness, and punctuality in discharging his engagements, that rendered him respected, and in any other country would have made him prosperous. Not that truth, uprightness, and punctuality are not prized in Ireland, but Harry O'Reardon, as I have said, was of an old family, and old families have their retainers, and so Harry was as firmly kept down as if a millstone had been tied about his neck. His father, besides what he rented, possessed more than a hundred acres of his own: those Harry boldly sold, and distributed the money amongst his creditors; then, by degrees, the large farms were given up—nor did he endeavour to intimidate those who took the land, which his own necessities would not permit him to keep; he was too proud for that. "No," he declared boldly, "that an O'Reardon had never asked for help, nor never would;" and his neighbours declared, that "Masther Harry was mighty high entirely in himself, or he'd be thankful for a faction—not all as one as he was, stiff and stately to himself, and too grand to be comrade with any one barring his old mother."

Harry's mind was too highly cast for his society; he afforded shelter, and shared the "bit and the sup" as long as the bit and the sup lasted; he could not endure that his poverty should be known, and yet he could not struggle against it. He thought his former landlord should have understood his character, and offered him a farm at a reduced rent in consideration of his good conduct; but his landlord seldom visited the country, and when he did he had no time, and perhaps no talent for studying human nature. The tenant who paid 3*l.* 10*s.* an acre was, in his agent's estimation, better by 10*s.* than a tenant who paid 3*l.*; and so Harry O'Reardon was, after years of severe struggling with poverty—the bitter heritage of his forefather's carelessness and extravagance—left with poverty and his aged parent as his sole companions, having nothing but the produce of four acres of bad land to subsist upon. The Irish peasant, to his honour be it spoken, does not desert his neighbour in his affliction; but Harry repulsed the attentions which would have been gladly paid.

When he had nothing to give, he would receive no visiter, and it was a melancholy picture of gloomy pride to see that high-minded—but mistaken—man cultivating his land *alone*, while the door of his dwelling was closely shut, lest his mother should be discovered in the performance of that necessary work which she had not the means of procuring even "a slip of a girl" to perform for her. Nothing of late went well with Harry O'Reardon; his potatoes failed—the cow went dry—his pigs died—and he was at last compelled to sell his horse. If these misfortunes happened to an English yeoman, bitterly though he might feel them, still he would not do as Harry did. He would not dream of leaving his country; he would look out other land, or a situation as bailiff to a gentleman's property; or the gentry, knowing his value, would keep him amongst them—but Harry remembered his lineage, and would till no land but his own, *where he was known*.

"I've been thinking, mother," he said, rubbing the left sleeve of his coat against the right, "I've been thinking, that while I have a good coat to my back, I may as well go seek my fortune in some other country; the world is wide—and the luck's gone from us. And if I go now I shall go without shame; and this house and the four acres, which, according to all justice, is yours, mother, you can let to Grimogue of the Forge; and live in Tullagh on what it brings until, may be, if the Lord looks down on us—I shall send for you, where the trees will be larger and the grass greener than it is with us."

The poor mother was paralyzed, yet she had lived for some time in anticipation of the blow. She knew that matters were growing worse and worse; and though her heart felt as if encircled by the walls where she had entered in the triumph and beauty of a bride, yet she did not like those same walls to witness her degradation. Her pride was as great as her son's, but its objects were inferior to his. She did not like to walk to mass, because she had been accustomed to go there on a car; and she had sundry secret misgivings that Harry might have acted more wisely if he had not sold his land:—"For sure the debts might have gone on as they always did before, and he not lose the credit of the land being his own."

"Let me alone till to-morrow," she said, in reply to her son's observation; "let me alone till to-morrow, and then I'll have strength to talk to you."

The morrow came, and Harry was agreeably disappointed by finding that his mother did not oppose his intention; she only stipulated that he was first of all to "try his luck" in Dublin. Dublin was a fine place. She had been there when a girl, and she knew that, though the respect paid to old families was not what it was in her time, still they could not but have some consideration for an O'Reardon. What did he mean to be?—a counsellor, or a doctor, or what? He had had Latin for three quarters—and five quarters of all sorts of figures. What would he turn to?

Harry smiled at his mother's simplicity, but eased her heart by assuring her that he would starve sooner than disgrace his family. This promise he made in perfect sincerity. His after-career proved his mother need not have feared that his pride would fail. I have recorded her touching farewell; but before Harry left the neighbourhood he had another adieu to make. The fair-haired girl at the end of the bohreen, from whence his whistle came so sweetly on his mother's ear, had long possessed an interest in his heart; and with the characteristic imprudence of his country he would have married her, though he had nothing to support her with. But, ridiculous as it may seem, he objected to her family!—her father was a tailor; her uncles were tinkers; and, worse than all, she was a Protestant. Moyna Roden deserved to be beloved—and was beloved; though Mrs. O'Reardon looked down upon her, and never would allow that Harry condescended to care for "a bit of a tailor's daughter." And had it not been for an irresistible impulse which drew Harry towards Moyna, he would have joined in the declaration. The fact was, he had honestly told Moyna that he would be her *friend* as long as she lived. And Moyna's woman-generosity outstripped his; for she assured him, she would not only be *his* friend, but his *wife's* friend, whenever he got one. And then Harry assured her, he never meant to marry; and then Moyna assured him, that she had resolved on dying an old maid. And so these *two friends* went on in the high road to love—fancying nobody perceived the drift of their friendship. But when Harry had really determined on leaving his home, then it was that he felt convinced Moyna Roden was dearer to him than any friend. She was half seated on the wheel of a car, that had been turned on end in a gap formed in the side of a deep ditch to answer the purpose of gate and turnstile, and prevent pigs and cattle trespassing on one of the most luxuriant fields of brown clover that ever clothed an Irish meadow, in perfume and in beauty—there she awaited Harry Reardon's farewell, looking like a figure cut out of one of Christall's pictures—save that the painter can give but one expression—and Mary's features and complexion were alive with emotion. Once or twice she caught herself listening for his whistle; and then thought to herself, "No! he is going away and his heart will be too full; if he tried to whistle now, it would choke him;" and then she heard his footstep, and her little dog, a shaggy underbred cur, ran as usual to meet his acquaintance.

Harry walked with a firm and determined step along the bohreen—looking neither to the right nor left. Although the day was warm, he wore a blue great coat—the tails of which were gathered behind, and thrown over his left arm, from whence they descended in heavy drapery; in his right he carried a stout blackthorn stick, with which at any other time he would have beat the bushes in tune to his whistle, but now, it almost hung from his hand; and though, when he approached his *friend* he summoned a smile to his sad features, it was a smile which was answered by Moyna's tears. I had almost forgotten that behind our traveller, and at a respectful distance, trotted a half idiot-boy of the neighbourhood carrying an old valise of large dimensions, that was braced to his shoulders by a rope of many knots. It was true that a handkerchief could have contained Harry's wardrobe, but his mother had insisted, that in case he met any of the neighbours, it would look "more respectable" to have a "gorsoon behind him with a thrunk." "When you've gone so far as to be clean out of your own place," she continued, "you can *roul* it up and carry it on the end of the stick, and but little trouble will it be to you—for, my grief—there's not much in it—only Harry, sit down as if to rest by the road side, and send Jemmy home—so that he may'nt *see* you on the way—like a pedlar, with your pack—that no one belonging to you was ever forced to carry yet—nor never may be, I pray God!"

Harry obeyed his mother's injunctions—for they tallied with his own inclinations; but when he came to where Moyna lingered, he desired Jemmy to "follow the road—and he would soon be after him;"—and consequently Jemmy went on. Nobody who knew anything of the matter, ever represented love as always "eloquent." There are times when man's passion will burst forth in words—woman's seldom does; and when men are continually talking of their love, I think it is rather to be mistrusted. Real, veritable love, is too deep for language, and Moyna felt it so; for when Harry had stood by her side for full ten minutes, she had not spoken—not uttered a sentence—not even a sound.

"You had almost as much instruction in writing as myself, Moyna," said Harry, at last; "and though many thought you had too much of it for a girl, I shall not think so, if you write to *me* sometimes."

"I will, Master Harry—in—all friendliness," she said at last. "We have been all the same as brother and sister—though you were far above me in birth, and all that—you have been like a born-brother to me; and though the neighbours thought you proud, I always denied it—and always will—at least you were never proud to me!"

Proud to Moyna Roden!—one might as well have been proud to the pet lamb of the fold!

"We have been *more* than brother and sister to each other," replied the young man, earnestly, and with much emotion; "far more—and if you do not feel it already, I tell you now, Moyna—you are a thousand—thousand times dearer to me than ever sister was to brother. I am going away now—and—my heart would have burst if I had not told you so—I love you so well—that though it is my duty—I cannot pray that you may be happy with another."

"You need not," she replied in a faint, low voice, "you need not; for—for—"

"For what Moyna?"

"For a reason I have," she replied timidly.

"And what is that, Moyna?"

"Because I could not—that's all;" and then she burst into tears, and covered her blushing cheeks with her hands.

Many adieus did they give and take; yet neither said much—their hearts were too full for words; but the parting must come at last—and then Moyna put into his hand a small parcel, containing a white waistcoat, and six collars—and that everlasting gift from an Irish girl to her *friend*—a black silk handerchief.

"Father says, I make waistcoats better than himself," said Moyna; "and it was as a remembrance, and not because I thought you wanted it, that I made it for you, Master Harry!"

It will be at once evident that Moyna's gift of a waistcoat showed she wanted tact; it put Harry in mind of her father's trade—the collars were in better taste.

"I carded the flax—and spun it—and bleached the linen myself," said the kind girl. "Five dozen to the pound it was; and the minister's wife judged me the prize on its account," she added, with a little pride as to her handywork.

"And you made them too?" said Harry, looking them over; for all men appear to be natural judges of shirt-collars.

"Yes," she replied; "Who else would make them?"

"And indeed that's true," he sighed; but before he could commend the stitching, Jemmy appeared on his return with the valise.

"Did I not tell you to follow the road, and that I'd soon be after you?" said "Master Harry," in an angry voice.

"You did," answered the urchin; "and so I did follow it, until I saw the Dublin coach, that your mother said you would go by, *pass*—guard and all; and as the coach was passed, I thought you would not come after me, and then I cum back to ax ye, if I was to wait to carry the thrunk to-morrow; its a beautiful thrunk entirely *and no great weight!*"

Harry assured Jemmy there was another coach to pass; and Jemmy replied there were a great many—but not that day! And Harry persisted that another would pass in about two hours, by another road; and this incident, perplexing though it was, lightened the agony of the parting, and Harry proceeded on his journey.

Having carried my friend so far on his journey through life, I must here for the present leave him, to detail his further progress.

It was one of those fine sunny mornings which, in the country, brings buds and butterflies to perfection; and in town—no matter, be it capital or county—draws every beau and every belle into the streets and promenades. In London even, the very aristocrats look as if *being* aristocrats gave them something to do, something to think about. In Dublin, the loungers, male and female, always appear as if any species of earthly employment would be a relief. The motion of the young men, as they move about the streets, is something between a lounge and a swagger: if you can understand my meaning, their idleness is *intense*. Up College-green, down Dame-street—up and down Grafton-street, again to College-green—again down Grafton-street—then up and down Sackville-street, again, and again, and again. If they have clubs they afford no novelty. There is no House of Commons—no opera—no concert! Is it to be wondered at, then, that their naturally active temperament, kept in order by what they imagine fashion, sometimes boils over in a row, or evaporates in a "shindy?" What else have they, according to their own expression, "to keep them alive?" Then the College youths—College *boys*, as they are most irreverently termed by their friends and companions—they effervesce occasionally; and altogether, taking one month with another, there are a considerable number of misunderstandings, which give them something to talk about besides politics and religion. To an English stranger, the idleness of the Irish metropolis has an extraordinary aspect. He wonders where, and by whom, business is conducted; he thinks within himself, that the greatest proof of the streets being never thronged, as in London, is the fact of the execrable conveyances (whose seats go flapping along like the inverted wings of a windmill) being able to drive with tolerable safety through the resorts of the "beau monde." He thinks the girls would be the most lovely creatures in the world, if they did not trip, and giggle and stumble quite so much; and if they could but learn how to make their toilettes with neatness and precision, he might pronounce them —perfect.

The sun shone, as I have said, most brightly; the young men lounged listlessly in its beams; and the young ladies tripped and giggled as they passed, or stared through the shop windows at some "illigant muslins," some "darlint ribbons," or "rale English prints," not to be known from "French challis." Grafton-street looked unusually gay. There were twelve or fourteen jaunting-cars swaying from one side of the street to the other, the drivers certainly not knowing or not caring which side was the right or which was the wrong. Now and then a private carriage rolled majestically on its way; and a few phætons and a "castle cab," that would not disgrace Hyde Park, made the English lounger (for the English, too, can lounge) think of dear London. The genuine Orangemen grouped opposite the College-gate rejoicing exceedingly in the prospect, interrupted midway by the "glorious and immortal" statue of their ugly, yet beloved, William. There it stood, the sun's beams hot upon its head; and one old gentleman descanted most eloquently upon the "spirit and beauty" of the royal deliverer.

It is well to see Dublin on a fine day, when it is not raining or going to rain—to stand just where those gentlemen stood—Westmoreland-street extending in its magnificence to the right, and the Bank, *once* the Parliament House, flanked by its pure and beautiful columns, like a temple of the olden time.

"I ask your pardon, Sir," said a fine-looking peasant, touching his hat, and addressing one of the admirers of the King who, according to the old toast, saved Ireland "from Popery, slavery, and *wooden shoes!*" "I ask your pardon; but is that the *image* of King William?"

"Yes, it is," replied the questioned, who was an English officer.

"You know well enough it is," exclaimed a fire-eating "college boy," proud in the new distinction of his cap and robe, and brimful of Orangeism and bluster.

"I did *not* know, young gentleman," replied the querist proudly. "If I had known, I would not have troubled his honour there with a question. Anyhow, when I did ask, I asked one who was old enough to understand, and civil enough to answer."

"Do you know who you are speaking to?" inquired the youth fiercely.

"I do not know *who* I am speaking to," replied the stranger; "but I know who I am *not* speaking to."

"What, you scoundrel! what do you mean by that?" said the young Hotspur, coming closely to the man.

"I mean I am not speaking to a gentleman," he replied calmly; "and, like a good boy, stand out of my light; for though you are nothing but a straw, still I can't see the image through your black cap."

Young Irish gentlemen are not in the habit of using much courtesy towards their inferiors; they are quick-tempered, and fond, like other youths, if they have authority, of showing it. In an instant the imprudent boy struck the speaker a blow on the face. It could not have injured the assailed, for he was much too strong and stout of frame to be affected by such a stroke;

neous machine by its shafts, and carrying luggage of various descriptions, with as much pomposity as if it really intended to convey it to its destination,

This ponderous and unwieldy machine had push'd against the car which contained the ladies, and a violent concussion was of course the consequence; the lady on the "off" side was fairly thrown out, while those next the Naul were in danger of being literally crushed to death; the drivers swore loudly at each other, and all the passengers screamed in concert. Both machines were instantly surrounded by persons of all ages and sexes, not knowing what to do to extricate the ladies, and yet fully sensible that if the horses moved nothing could save them. With the bound of a hunting leopard, the man who had inquired relative to the identity of King William sprang across the street, and in an instant comprehended the danger and understood how it could be averted.

"Off with ye every one!" he exclaimed to two old women, the only passengers who had stuck fast to the Naul. "Hurroo, old mother, never heed the geese! Now, hold the horses hard—that will do—I'll have the linchpins out of these wheels, and upset it on this side in a jiffy. Don't bother me, man," he continued, as the driver commenced a remonstrance as to his "beautiful car being split in the street,—"Don't you see it's the only chance for the ladies' lives!"

The pins were not hard in; had they been so, his task could not have been so quickly performed: it was done in a moment: every one was so intent on watching the stranger's operations, that they were not prepared for the rebound when the Naul car fell and gave freedom to the other,—it would have thrown the ladies off but for the coolness and presence of mind of their preserver,—and a loud and cordial shout from the quickly-assembled people rewarded the almost supernatural strength he exercised to compel the small machine to retain its equilibrium.

"The danger's over, ladies!" he exclaimed to the almost fainting women.

And as he so said, Colonel Leslie arrived on the spot. It was his sister and his niece who had been preserved by the stranger—the mother and sister of the boy whose hot-headed impetuosity had wounded a brave and a proud spirit! The man wiped his brow, and was walking away, when Colonel Leslie called him back.

"Come to my house this evening," he said, placing his card in his hand. "You are a noble fellow, and I must know more about you."

When the evening came, the stranger presented himself at Colonel Leslie's, and the first person he saw when fairly in the hall was the college youth of the morning's adventure.

"I am sure I beg your pardon, I do, with all my heart!" he exclaimed, running up with the same overboiling warmth which had whizzed over in a different way before. "I beg your pardon—there, shake hands—you know I could not tell that you were going to save my mother and sister from the wheels of the Naul car; and I thought—but no matter, I am sure you have forgiven me—I know I was very much to blame. There, walk into the breakfast-room, I'll fetch you a *skreeching* hot tumbler of punch, and, by the time you have drank it, Uncle Leslie will be ready to see you,"

And the warm, frank-hearted boy, who was never insolent or violent but when excited by the demon of party, danced out of the room, calling to all the inmates that "the brave fellow who saved *them* this morning was come." The stranger looked round the apartment and thought was it possible the rooms in "the Castle" could be grander! There are few persons brought up in an Irish village who have not some established favourite residence which is their standard of household perfection: they fancy that whatever is great and beautiful must be like the lord's, or the 'squire's, or the clergyman's. Their minds revert to it unconsciously—it is the perfection of their youth, and what perfection is like unto that?

Blessed, happy spot where my own childhood was passed! Years of mingled joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, have flown since then. I have seen much that was splendid and celebrated in many lands; and yet, even now, when anything beautiful in nature or art comes before me, I find myself comparing what I see to what I saw *there*. It is very ridiculous, I know, and yet I cannot help it. In the Louvre, I remember, a portrait painted by—I forget the name, but it was one of the wonders of art—and my companion pointed it out to me as a *chef d'œuvre*,—the head of an old gentleman bent forward, one hand resting partially in the bosom of his coat, the flesh shaded but not obscured by an elaborate ruffle; it was a face, a dear old benevolent face to look upon and love.

"Did you ever see such effect?" whispered my friend.

"Yes, it is the repetion of a portrait hung in the dining-room at G——, one ——"

"You are ever thus," interrupted the gentleman; "you bring everything in the most absurd way to your remembrance of that place—it is too bad!"

And so it is;—and I have tutored my tongue not to speak of thoughts which for once would make it eloquent. I cannot see a stately high-backed chair without calling to mind those ranged with such precision along the pale gray walls of our old dining-room. When I examined the wonderful carvings at Petworth, which render the name of Gibbons immortal, the remembrance of our old carved sideboard, which in my childish days I thought magnificent, came full upon me, but I did not say so—I remembered the picture at the Louvre, and held my tongue. It was but this morning I gathered some sweet flowers from my small garden—their perfume carried me back to the bank of the terrace-walk where I could walk over beds of violets white and blue. I never see an antique carriage, or a pair of sleek, well-fed, and venerable, bays, without having a vision of old Frank's "turn-out," which now-a-days in Hyde Park would excite almost as much attention as her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria. Oh, those clear visions of what we loved and what we were in ohidhood! How sweet they are, and how distinct! How very blue were the blue waves that washed the rocks which guarded that domain—guarded it from foreign foes, but not from sad mismanagement—the canker of the country which lives and preys upon its vitals! The sunsets, too!—how gloriously they laved the sea with gold—gold and purple, touching the clouds with that transparent brightness which painters cannot imitate! I never see a sunset now but I sigh and think of those I witnessed then.

This is sad prosing, nor would I have yielded to it, but that I trace the same train of feeling in the poor stranger. He gazed on the fine furniture—his eye wandered from the carved bookcases to the carved chairs, from them to the fine picture-frames, until at last his gaze fixed upon a drawing—a simple drawing—a girl sitting at a cottage-door, her foot upon the bar of a spinning-wheel: it was as faithful a representation of an Irish cottage as if M'Clise had held the pencil. He stood and gazed at it until his eyes dimmed, and then he wiped away the tears with the sleeve of his coat, and looked again, until his reverie was interrupted by his former antagonist, and the *skreeching* tumbler.

"Sit down," said Colonel Leslie, who entered soon after, "tell me your name; and tell me also if I can serve you—and how. You showed more temper, more *good* temper, I confess, than I expected from an Irishman, and your presence of mind far exceeds what I imagined any person like you could possess."

The stranger coloured at this equivocal compliment, while he replied that "his name was O'Reardon, that he wanted to better his fortune,—that it wasn't by striking a boy he expected ever to *show* good temper, and that, as to presence of mind, he thought it could live as snug under a frieze coat as under an English cloth."

There was a manliness in his bearing while he spoke which pleased Colonel Leslie: it was more upright, more straight-forward than the usual manner of the Irish peasant, whose servility is often little more than a cloak for cunning, and he thought he had got hold of a new reading of the Irish character; he was not exactly right, it was only the old one with the variations which circumstances and temperament occasion. There are no people in the world whose general features so resemble each other as the Irish.

"And how would you wish to better your fortune, my good friend?" inquired the Colonel after a pause.

Our old acquaintance looked at him and smiled; it was a difficult question to answer.

"You see, Sir," he said at last, "I am of an old and rather a high family, and though I am forced (through the badness of the times) to earn my bread, still I should not like to do anything to disgrace my people."

"Certainly, certainly," repeated Colonel Leslie, "nothing more natural or proper; but honest industry is a credit, not a disgrace. Have you then many relations."

"No, Sir, none that are not far off, except an old mother—God bless her!"

"Because you spoke of not disgracing your people."

"Yes, Sir, those who went before me."

"Went before you!" repeated the English Colonel, rather puzzled as to Harry's exact meaning.

"Ay, Sir, went before me on earth, and are gone before me to heaven, please God!"

"O! yes, I understand you now. Have you ever been in service? service of any description; I mean as steward or valet."

"No, Sir," replied Harry, his heart swelling within him; "never, no one belonging to me ever came to that."

"Oh! then service is not your object. Well, then what say you, will you enlist? I am sure you would soon be a sergeant, for you are both cool and brave."

"Thank you, Sir, but that would not quite suit me either; I should not like (asking your pardon) to wear even the King's livery."

Colonel Leslie looked at Harry in silent astonishment—he could not quite make him out; a poor man, evidently not of the upper class, yet objecting to earn a livelihood in two honest, and in the Colonel's opinion not discreditable, callings.

"Then what do you desire?" he asked, "I should like to serve you, but hardly know how. I feel grateful for your forbearance towards my nephew, your preservation of my sister." He put his hand in his pocket and drew out his purse.

"Thank you, Sir," said the countryman, replying to the movement, "but I do not want that yet; a gentleman's word like yours would go a great way. I have no one but God and your honor to look to, and He has already raised me a friend where I had no right to expect it; all I want is employment such as I can take; if I had people to look to me the case would be changed, but I have not: as I said before, I have only God and you."

"You have another person whom you have not counted on, and whom I regret to say your countrymen, individually considered, rarely look to, *I mean yourself!*" said Colonel Leslie.

"What can a poor fellow do in a great place like this without friends?" replied O'Reardon.

"Do not mistake me," answered Colonel Leslie, "I have no desire to withdraw my offer of assistance; I only wish to convince you that if Irishmen depended more on themselves and less upon others, it would be one great step towards success; you acted to-day from the impulse of your own feelings, did you not?"

"You spoke the true word there, anyhow," replied Harry, looking modestly down on the carpet.

"Well, my good friend, if you always did so you would get on famously."

O'Reardon smiled, while he said "Not *always*, Sir; my feelings have got me into many scrapes. The worst was when I hurled a gauger into a marl hole, thirty feet deep, and left him there!"

"My God!" exclaimed the Englishman, "did you murder him!"

"Oh! no murder at all, Sir, I only threw him over, and I know he got out—for a reason I had; he'd have sworn his life against me at the next assizes, only he was afraid of the country!" Colonel Leslie threw up his eyes at the idea of a country being in such a state that a man dare not swear to the truth, and felt again convinced of the difficulty of legislating for a people—even the bettermost sort of whom either pursued the madman's course, and argue *right* from *wrong* principles; or the idot's, arguing *wrong* from *right* ones.

He had not been long enough in Ireland to learn that in those days gaugers were as much hunted as tythe-proctors are in the present.

"Will you then," said Colonel Leslie, shifting his ground,—thinking doubtless he had better let the *feeling* question alone,—"Will you then tell me exactly what you want?"

"I would manage a gentleman's farm as a sort of agent like; I would go into a merchant's house and keep books."

"You can read and write then?" interrupted the Colonel.

"Thank God, I can, Sir, though I say it myself, and well; or I would tutor young gentlemen, teach them English and the like, and a trifle of Latin."

"You wish, in fact, for the situation of a gentleman?" said the Colonel.

"What else, Sir! no one belonging to me ever thought of any other: and why should I demean myself?"

"I really fear you are not suited for what you have mentioned, and, under any circumstances, such situations are difficult to be obtained: however I will try."

Colonel Leslie like the generality of his countrymen, kept his word; he did try, and he did succeed to his own satisfaction, but not quite to Harry's, who at the end of three months dispatched a letter, of which the following is an exact copy, to his mother.

"My dear mother,—I told you in my last of the luck I had, and how Colonel Leslie got me to a merchant's, where, mother, your son was to do as he was bid, and learn trade; for trade it is, for all their boasting; I was to write out bills, and make parcels, and so I did, and my handwriting was greatly praised, and from eight in the morning till any time at night, there I was stuck up upon a high stool in a place darker than our cow-shed, until my heart ached and my eyes grew sore for want of the light of heaven; and the air, mother, would poison a chimney-sweep: but it is not that only that has come over me; if you but knew how I miss the sun and the smell of the fresh hay, and the blessing of my poor mother, and the respect of the neighbours. Still I knew what I left, though I did not quite know what I was coming to.

"I bore it all, though my back was growing like the bow of a bill-hook, until a messenger left, and then the master asked me *to carry out parcels:* now, mother, I might have done it if a *born* gentleman had asked it, because no one knows me here; but who do you think the merchant is? A tinker's son!

"I could not stomach it, so I left with about forty thirteens in my pocket, and the anger of the only friend I had in the world: I don't know how it is, but the English have mighty queer notions, so shocking fond of money, and have no feeling for those who have nothing to be proud of but the drop of blood in their veins. Colonel Leslie does not say so, but I am sure he thinks me an empty fool! Still, mother, dear, I am your own child, not on account of the folly, but the pride: sure they'd have flesh and blood the same as a stone, to be trod on; but keep a good heart, mother, I'm off for Liverpool to-morrow morning, and the world's before me, and my life is young! Do any remember me now? Do you ever see little Moyna Roden?

"My dear Mother, till death,

"I am your affectionate, dutiful son.

"Dublin, I'm thinking, is much as you left it thirty years ago."

When Harry arrived in Liverpool, he presented two letters of introduction which he had obtained—one was to a grocer, the other to a builder: but Harry would neither weigh out figs nor carry a hod; how could the grocer or builder serve him? He stood upon his pride; but at length his limbs failed him, and he stared starvation in the face until it nearly out-stared him. Poor Harry! it was a trial he could ill brook; for he was not of an idle disposition, and, he could still less endure to be classed with the *mere* Irish, whose conduct in England is, in nine cases out of ten, anything but creditable to their country. And here I would entreat my English friends not to judge of the real character of the Irish by the specimens they too often meet with; the worst generally leave their own country, and imbibe vices which are easily acquired, while virtues, more difficult both to gain and practise, are beyond their reach. In their own land, they are certainly more civil and obliging than they are in England—more upright, too, and kind to each other. They throw off the restraint which their priests command in Ireland, and having experienced the harshness, and become emancipated from the only law whose legitimacy they ever acknowledge, they are very unlikely to take up any other, much less one they have been taught to hate in their youth. If Harry was uncomfortable in the confined room of a Dublin office, what must he have suffered from the atmosphere where a dozen of human beings were crowded together in a wretched cellar or heated garret! His feelings, poor fellow, were sufficiently bitter, when he thought of the green fields and freedom of his dear home; compelled to pledge even the white waistcoat—pretty Moyna's gift—and to herd with the lowest of the low, who hated him because he was unlike themselves. After undergoing nearly a month of this discipline, his pride for a time began to give way, and he would have accepted any employment to save him from starvation. "Sure nobody knows me," quoth our adventurer, "and it 'll never travel home; and I'm thinking if it did, none of the neighbours would believe that Harry O'Reardon and his pride had parted company! Still the fates were against him; it was in vain that he applied to grocers, cheesemongers, and master bricklayers—those who had known him before knew his pride: the English cannot sympathise with any pride but that of wealth; and those to whom he was a stranger did not require assistance. He haunted the neighbourhood of the dock-yards, but employment he could not procure. Poor Harry! the person he most frequently thought of was his own Moyna—the love that lives through adversity is love indeed!

He wandered one morning along the London-road, beating the green hedges with his stick, and whistling—not for want of thought, but through thoughtfulness—a sort of musical accompaniment set by sadness, when he was aroused from his musing by an accident, which from his position he distinctly saw. A gentleman driving a phaeton persisted, very properly, in keeping to his own side of the road, while a servant, driving an Irish jaunting-car (luckily an empty one,) kept pertinaciously to the wrong, and thus a concussion ensued between the meeting vehicles. Harry was the only person in sight, and was called upon simultaneously by both parties to witness the event.

The gentleman was a quiet, resolute Englishman. The servant, a boisterous Irishman; evidently more newly caught than even our friend Harry.

"I was on my own side of the way," said the gentleman, "and you drove directly against me."

"I was at the same side of the way as you, I own—I'll own to that," replied Paddy; "but, sure, wasn't the road wide enough? Wasn't it as easy for you to turn up it as me? Sure I left the whole road to you, and what more did you want! To be turning me off the taste of way I had, and *I* so long on it!"

"What do you mean by being *long* on it? and what has that to do with your being on the wrong side?" said the gentleman.

"Sure you can't deny you just left Liverpool, and I'm on the road from Birmingham since Tuesday, and my master says, says he, 'Mick,' says he, 'whatever you do, keep to the right side,' and I done his bidding, in spite of every thing said to me as I came along, and sorra a thing happened me till now."

"You hear, my good man," said the gentleman, folding up the dash-leather of his phaeton, which the step of the car had torn to pieces, and appealing to Harry O'Reardon; "you hear he confesses he kept to the wrong side of the road!"

"I confess to no such thing," exclaimed the irritated driver; "I say I kept the right side, and I maintain it." The gentleman smiled contemptuously.

"A magistrate will settle it, that's all, my fine fellow, and teach you what I suppose no Irishman ever learned yet—the right from the wrong."

"A magistrate!" exclaimed the youth, "why, thin, sure it isn't for a bit of a scratch like that you'd be coming the law over us; and as to larning, faith, Sir, I'm noways more knowing than my countrymen—so I can't learn."

At this moment two policemen came up, and without any further parley, the English gentleman consigned the mistaken driver to their custody.

"Won't you listen to rason!" shouted Paddy; "won't you listen to rason? Set your bit of a scratch against mine—my master's, I mean; look at the damage done by your car to mine—see the step of the beautiful craythur all scrawled and riz, and it on its way as a present to master's own sister. To take the law of me for nothing! Well, faith, maybe it's enough of it you'd have before you die, plaze God—after my fair offer, too! Well, the blessed Virgin send me safe home! Afther that—Oh! Mick Toole, Mick Toole, to think you, or one belonging to you, should ever come to a coort of justice!—Oh! to think of my being murthered after this manner!"

But his appeal was in vain; the gentleman cared much less about the damage done to his carriage than for the necessity of proving that he was *right* by being on the *left* side of the road, and insisted on Harry O'Reardon accompanying him back to Liverpool. Harry had his national prejudices also against a "coort" of justice, but he went with a hope that it might lead to something; that a car brought a little luck to him in Dublin, a car might bring him "a trifle more" in Liverpool. When he entered the office the magistrate was occupied in investigating a burglary that had been committed in a private house the night before; two young women and a man were placed in the dock, one of the females was weeping bitterly, the other stood by her side apparently quite unconcerned, quite heedless of the proceedings. The case had been brought home to the man and the woman whose effrontery so disgusted the magistrate; it was the old story over again: the hardened creature had been some time connected with a gang of thieves, and had introduced one of them occasionally into her master's house as her brother. One night he managed to conceal himself in the house, and perpetrate (with the assistance of his accomplice) a very complete robbery; as I have stated, their guilt was sufficiently proved, and they were committed for trial; and then the magistrate asked the trembling, weeping girl what she had to say in her defence, as there was every reason to believe she was an accessory after the fact. She withdrew her hands from her face, and, looking with an imploring countenance towards the judge, she replied,

"God! he knows, my Lord, I am as innocent as the child just born."

How the voice thrilled through Harry! The strong man trembled like a wounded bird, he could neither speak nor move; he stretched forward, but he could not see her face, his eyes felt hardened in their sockets, and he would scarcely suffer himself to breathe; he longed to rush to her side, but his feet were rooted to the earth; again he heard her sobbings—it was Moyna! A mist obstructed his sight, the court turned round and round, he could not hear what the magistrate said, but, when she again spoke, the tones of her beloved voice smote upon his heart.

"I can't prove it, my Lord, to man; but if your honour will have patience with a poor girl away from her own country, maybe the Almighty would make it clear to you for the sake of the thruth."

The magistrate was of a kindly nature, he had not been long in office, and he did listen.

"Please your honour, I felt lonely at home and didn't get my health well, so our minister's daughter (please your honour, though I'm an Irishwoman I'm a Protestant) said to me, 'Moyna,' said she, 'I'm going to Wales for two months, and if you like I will take you as my maid instead of one of my father's servants, for you're handy with the needle——."

"Never mind that," said the magistrate, "but come to the point at once."

"She was coming to the *point*, your worship," said the Liverpool *court*-jester, "she had just got hold of the *needle*."

The magistrate smiled and frowned, and Harry O'Reardon thought the punster the greatest brute the Almighty had ever created; how horridly does a pun rasp against agitated feelings!

"I came with her, your honour, but I didn't get much good of the change of air; there was a heaviness in me, and a weight over my heart."

"Young woman, young woman," interrupted the magistrate, "I don't sit here to hear about girls' hearts."

"I ask your honour's pardon then," she replied, curtseying, "but it's in the fault all through, and I can't get on without it."

"Go on," said the magistrate, and though he smiled he did not then frown.

"Thank your honour. Miss Dalrymple (she's own cousin to the great Sir Hugh Dalrymple) heard of an aunt of hers that was dying in France, and it was her duty to go to her; but the weakness and the pain in my heart hindered me of travelling, and so I stayed in the lodging the good young lady took for me, waiting till she'd come back, and she had not been gone a week when a change for the better came over me, and the woman I lodged with recommended me to Mr. Maberley's, (God help us, we little know what's before us!) and there I had to wait on two young ladies, kind and good they were to me; the worst thing I ever got from them was a smile, and the hardest word a blessing. And oh! Sir, do you think I could injure those, who, though I was a stranger, were like parents to me?"

"Assertion is no proof," said the magistrate, "go on with your story. You saw the misconduct of your fellow servant, did you not?"

"Please your honour I saw nothing that I could call misconduct, believing as I did that *that* man was her brother. I thought once or twice to myself how fortunate she was in having a brother so fond of her, and I told her so."

"You slept with your fellow servant, did you not?"

"I lay in the same bed with her, Sir, but it's little I trouble sleep, for that pain in my heart often comes upon me in the night, and maybe I don't close an eye till the morning."

"It has been clearly proved," said the magistrate, "that on the night in question, when it was nearly twelve, that unfortunate girl got out of her chamber window, which opened on the leads, walked along those leads to another window, which fastened on the outside, and entered the stable loft where she had concealed her pretended brother, remained there a few minutes, and then both entered by the window she had at first opened. You say you do not sleep soundly, how then could all this have taken place without your knowledge?"

"Please your honour," replied the girl blushing burning crimson, "please your honour, I was not in it."

"What! what do you mean?" inquired the magistrate, whom she had evidently deeply interested, "what do you mean? were you not in the house, in your room that night?"

"Part of the night, please your honour, I *was* in the house, and part, *that part*, I was not."

Harry O'Reardon felt a cold dew upon his temples, and *his* heart grew faint.

"Here's depravity!" exclaimed the magistrate. "A young woman confesses with all the apparent innocence and modesty in the world that she is out of her master's house at twelve o'clock at night, in such a place as Liverpool. What is the world come to! But go on—go on; and mind—mind you speak the truth—the entire truth."

"Sir," said Moyna, looking perplexed, and yet dignified, "I have done nothing to be ashamed of—and my mother, on her dying bed, could say (though it's little, thank God, she knows where I'm standing this blessed day) that I never told a lie in my life. The same window that my fellow-servant got out of, as your honour says,—for I did not see her,—I had stolen from with a bating heart, when it wanted a quarter to twelve; but for no harm, your honour—no harm in life!"

"Where did you go to?"

Moyna blushed still more deeply than before.

"I'd rather not tell, plase your honour, for you won't get at the sense of it, or have any sort of belief in it—only maybe laugh at me altogether."

"Sense!—belief!" repeated the man of justice, shaking his wig, which doubtless felt insulted at its divination being questioned; "this is impertinent. If you do not tell I shall commit you for trial."

"Moyna paled, and then looked up to his face with a sweetly serious expression of countenance, which seemed to say, "*Could* you do it?" She then spoke in a low and trembling tone.

"Why, then, first of all (saving your presence), I tied my garters across in three knots, and laid them under my head, where they are still—the head of the bed, I mean, if it has not been disturbed—and Ellen was lying fast asleep at the same time, at least so I thought—then I slipped on my clothes, and took care not to look at the glass, though the lamp *forenint* the window made it as light as day; and I stepped out of the window, taking my three handsful of flax-seed in my apron, and a little bottle full of cold water in my hand. Your honour knows the back of Mr. Maberley's house faces the churchyard; so I walked along the leads, and let myself down into it, as the three-quarter chimes were going. I then walked three times round the churchyard, and told over the charm, while I threw the seed, —not, plase your honour, that I have any great faith in it, and my father would be very mad with me if he thought I gave way to a thing of the sort; but somehow when the mind's not easy—your honour can think of yourself—you take to anything, however small, that gives a morsel of hope;—then the clock struck, and I took a mouthful of cold water, and—your honour may believe me or not as you think fit and right—but as I walked for the second time round the church—your honour knows the corner that turns to the street—there——"

Her voice, which was so very low that but for the intense silence in the court it could not have been at all heard, now sank into a whisper, and she trembled so exceedingly that one of the people offered her a glass of water.

"Plase your honour," she continued, when a little revived, "plase your honour, I'll never try to work a charm of a Hollow-eve night again! It may come and go for me for ever! I'm done with it! for there *he* stood in company with another man at the corner, looking over the church wall——"

"He! Who?" interrupted the magistrate—"one of the burglars? housebreakers?"

"Oh no," said Moyna, clasping her hands energetically, "he's nothing of that sort, nor never was, nor one belonging to him—never—never—never! *Him* I was thinking of, your honour, to my sorrow and my shame, is now to be forced to save my character, by owing to my foolishness in an English court of justice!"

"Moyna! Moyna!" exclaimed Harry O'Reardon, rushing forward, and overturning a policeman by the energy of his movements; "Moyna, lay no blame to the charm, for it was *me* you saw! Moyna, was it not *me* you thought of?"

The English assembly caught Harry's enthusiasm at the very moment that *he* caught Moyna to his bosom; and the English gentleman, who would not yield the eighth of an inch of his right to the correct side of the road, felt his eyes uncomfortably moist and misty. After the lapse of a few minutes, O'Reardon glanced from Moyna's beautiful face to his own thread-bare coat, and desiring that no shadow of suspicion should for a moment rest upon her, he drew himself up and addressed the magistrate.

"Plase your honour, I was uncomfortable last night in my bed, and I don't deny but I thought a good deal of the different way I *used* to spend Holly-eve, and so I got up and dressed myself, and as it was a fine night I wandered down to the near churchyard, and at the far corner of the wall I saw a policeman looking over it; and as I had a small acquaintance with him I asked him what he was looking at, and he told me he had been for ever so long watching a young woman who kept going round and round the churchyard. And then I looked over, little thinking who it was; and as the lamp shone on me, she saw me distinctly enough, for when she came opposite she screamed, but before the policeman could get over to her she had disappeared."

"Can you tell me what policeman witnessed this?" inquired the magistrate; "because, if Moyna was really in the churchyard at the hour the robbery was committed, and engaged in the foolish superstitions that have been described, there is not even presumptive evidence against her."

"I saw her," said the officer O'Reardon had tumbled over; "I was on duty, your worship, and observed her before this man came and spoke to me. I thought she was crazed at first; but there's no being up to the ways of these wild *Hirish*. The next time," he added, turning to O'Reardon, "that you intend to walk over a man, it would be as well that you pulled the nails out of your brogues."

"I feel it my duty to state thus publicly," said Mr. Maberley, who was present, "so perfectly convinced am I of Moyna's innocence, that I am quite willing she should remain at my house until Miss Dalrymple's return. We must, however, cure her of her superstition, and inquire into the character of the apparition that distured her midnight walk. The Liverpool churchyards are not, I fear, as safe for those excursions as the Irish ones."

Moyna blushed, and cried, and curtsied, but was too much overpowered by her mingled feelings to speak. Harry remained in court to give his evidence, and felt, notwithstanding his threadbare coat, as if his star had passed the horizon. I hope he was right.

From Frazer's Magazine.

REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

We endeavour to vary the attraction of our Gallery by selecting now the London lion, whose outward Adam may be unknown to nine hundred among a thousand of our provincial admirers—now the ornament of some rural district, who has never, perhaps, breathed the air of the metropolis for a week on end. Here, for example, is the Rector of Bremhill, one as much the observed of all observers in the west of England, as Wordsworth is in the north; but who might probably walk from Whitechapel to the White Horse Cellar without being recognised, by a single, passer-by, for any thing more than a fair specimen of your old-fashioned shovel-hat.

The last time he came up, it was to attend the musical festival in Westminster Abbey; on which occasion he penned fourteen lines, worthy of the only English sonnetteer who can claim a place in the same file with Milton and Wordsworth. He then lodged under the roof of the most urbane (who is also the most *Urban*, as contradistinguished from *Cockney*) of our poets. Bowles amused himself now and then during his stay, as old Crabbe had done in like circumstances before him, with an evening stroll to the theatres; where, in the sweet security of *incog.*, he might either laugh his sides sore at Liston, or strain his optics dim at Taglioni. The first night he did not come home till somewhere between one and two. "My dear friend," said his host,—"I was afraid something had happened—you must have lost your way!" "I did," quoth Bowles; "I turned east instead of west, I believe, and I don't know how far I might have gone astray, had I not fallen into conversation with two very elegant ladies, who were so kind as to conduct me in safety to your door." "Lucky man!—and did you part company without finding out who they were?" "No," said our original, "they gave me their tickets; and one of them was a particularly merry young lady—perhaps you know her [here he handed a card across the table]. And she said, to make sure of my calling to thank her for her convoy, I must give her a keepsake by way of pledge." "By all means," grunted Sam; "be sure you call on *Mrs. Stafford*, 15 *Lisson Quadrant*, and reclaim the *little sixpence*." "Stafford!—'tis a high name!" observed the sonnetteer; "I should not wonder if she were an honourable." Moore did not mention if Rogers actually allowed the old boy to make out his visit to the lovely aristocrat of Paddington.

We do not wish to be very particular in our biography of this poetical Parson Adams, because he has himself begun the publication of his Memoirs in monthly numbers; and we should be sorry to interfere with a work so sure to deserve extensive circulation. Moreover, who but himself could fill up, with satisfactory details, the outline of a personal career so calm, so innocent, pursued from youth to age in the happiest of all human localities—that of the vine-mantled rectory of the sequestered English valley—only varied latterly by an annual migration of three winter months to the well-spent, wide-echoing *close*, that adjoins the most graceful of cathedrels. Since he left Oxford, even then distinguished beyond her walls by that 12mo, of which both Wordsworth and Coleridge have recorded, that to it they owed their first *impetus*—since the blooming youth left the bowers of Charwell, until the gray-haired sage gave, all-unconscious, his sitting to Croquis, such has been the peaceful lot of him who certainly has a far better title than Rogers to be called "the grandfather of our living poets." A couple of his self-affiliated progeny have already been alluded to—thumping twins, it must be allowed; and if we were to reckon up *their* intellectual seed, we think our patriarchal designation would pass *nem. con.*

It has pleased Jeffrey to say, that Bowles will only be remembered for his controversy with Byron. We think he was wrong in that dispute; but we reject the sentence of the Northern, as false, faithless, and worthy of no acceptation. Bowles is an original genius, if our age has produced one; and, if he had never penned a single syllable of prose, his place would have been as secure as even Byron's own—to say nothing of the puisne judge's.

Farewell, dear old bard! Long may you continue to enjoy your morning fiddle and your evening pipe—the affectionate respect of your parishioners, and the worshipful admiration of your brethren of the clerisy. And whenever you revisit the great city, even Babylon, the mistress of abominations, be sure you remember not to forget that Oliver has a rump and dozen at your service—and that our niece, Miss Fitz-yorke, will see you safe home to No. 22.

From Fraser's Magazine.

FRANCIS PLACE, ESQUIRE.

This hero was found, we believe, in a dust-pan, upon the steps of a house in St. Jame's Place, about sixty years back, by an honest Charlie, who forthwith conveyed him to the next work-house, where (for these were uninlightened times) the little stranger was kindly taken care of. He was christened *Francis*, that being the *surname* of his wet-nurse; while, in lieu of patronymic, they gave him *Place*, as a memorial of the locality where he had been discovered. Such were the bulrushes out of which Westminster drew the future Moses of the Preventive Check,—a philosophical decalogue well worthy to supersede the first, which it so boldly contradicts, particularly in the absurd article about *murder*.

The Mount Sinai of the new lawgiver is, we need hardly say, a certain tailor's shop at Charing Cross. It was there that Johnson said he delighted to contemplate "the full tide of human existence." It is there Place has erected his grand *Mill*-dam, for the salutary purpose of arresting this same tide, and causing it, utterly deserting the ancient and perilous water-course, to wander innocuous amidst the sands and shallows of the Palus Pseudaphrodisiaca.

This is the *magnum opus* of the sagest of the snips; but he has also contributed, in many lesser matters, to the expansion of our intellects. Place soon learned to take a just measure of the fundamantal features of the old system; and declared war, to the scissors' point, against those grievous humbugs, the Boroughs, the Peers, and the church. Not finding it convenient to withdraw his attention wholely from the shop, he delegated the task of parliamentary warfare to various subservient journeymen in succession. Such was Burdett—such was Hobhouse—and such is Evans: we say *is*, for we hope there is no chance of the gallant lieut.-general having been personally dealt with after the tender mercies of Mina. We understood, however, that Place has now feathered his nest to a comfortable extent; and trust we may therefore look with confidence to see himself at no distant period within the walls of the House, not of Call, but of Commons. He is as well entitled to sit there as any philosopher of æra—we don't except Buckingham, Wakely, Bowring, or Roebuck; all his equals in birth, his inferiors in wealth, and his superiors in impudence alone. Like him, they all are, we believe, or have been, Westminster Reviewers; but it is well known that Place's articles were always more prime than any of theirs. He had a wider range, too; being, in fact, in its palmier days, at once the Jeffrey, the Playfair, and the Sidney Smith, the critic-poetical, the critic-mathematical, and the critic-theological, of the grand organ of Benthamism.

We desire to see such men in parliament—

nay, in office: it is our fervent wish to see Place himself in Downing Street, where he would certainly look the thing a good deal better than Spring Rice, whom we are confident he would pronounce a disgrace to any reputable shop-board. We are weary of seeing the loaves and fishes abandoned, by those who have the real power in this land, to such miserable mendicant imbeciles, the very dregs and sweepings of the doomed and fatal aristocracy, as Johnny Russell, Morpeth, Mulgrave, and Duncannon, together with such a handful of time-serving scamps, traitors to the *Plebs* that spawned them, as Hobhouse, Rice, Ellice, Wood, and Tallow Tomson. Away with these paltry mines;—the time is come when the real actors ought to be bounding on the stage; while such despicable tools should shrink behind the scenes, there to perform the obscure, as well as dirty work, for which alone nature and art have qualified them. Away with these dwarf monsters! despised, far below the mark of that rather respectable sentiment called hatred, by every Tory—loathed in his secret soul by every Liberal, who does not happen either to have been begotten by "some tenth transmitter of a foolish face," or to have first fawned upon and then spurned the crawling nastiness of his native mud. Away with all such, we say. Give us men to whose proceedings we can apply some rational standard of calculation—honest, out-spoken fractions of men even; any thing but this base convention of hypocrisy and cowardice, whose God is their belly.

From the Examiner.

EXTENSIVE ACQUAINTANCE.—In the earlier stages of a man's career he will find it his interest, if it be consonant to his character—(for nothing, be it observed, can be for a man's interest in the long run which is not founded upon his character,—I say if it fall in with his nature and dispositions, it will answer to his interests, to have a speaking acquaintance with large numbers of people of all classes and parties. A general acquaintance of this kind can be kept lightly in hand at no great cost of time or trouble. By taking care that it shall cover a due proportion of men of obscure and middle station, the discredit of courting the great may be partly escaped; and he who has a speaking acquaintance with a thousand individuals will hardly find himself in any circumstances in which he cannot make some use of somebody. Out of the multitude of obscure some will emerge to distinction; the relations with this man or that may be drawn closer as circumstances suggest; and acquaintances which could not be *made* at particular conjunctions without imputations of interested motives, may be *improved* at such moments with much less inconvenience. It is always to be borne in mind, that as in commerce large fortunes are most commonly made by dealing in articles for which the poor (that is the multitude) are customers, so in this traffic with society, a man should take into account not the rich and the great only, but the many. When a man shall have mounted to a higher level of fortune, he will doubtless find the numerousness of his acquaintance in obscure life to be more troublesome than useful. But if he have taken proper care not to lavish himself in wanton intimacies, and whilst multiplying his *potential* friendships as much as possible, not to cultivate them into actual friendships oftener than his occasions required, he will find the burden of his superfluous acquaintance lie hardly so heavy upon him in any circumstances as to make it worth his while to throw it off. In his more exalted station bows and smiles will be abundantly sufficient for those with whom bows and smiles had at all times constituted the warf and woof of his connection. From those with whom his intercourse has gone further he may probably be enabled to earn a dispensation for the future, by doing them some substantial service which costs him nothing. And with regard to any still closer alliances in which he may be entangled with obscure and unserviceable men, he will do well to single out some individual from time to time, in whose behalf he should make some great and well-known exertion as a tribute to friendship. This will enable him to spare trouble in other instances, and yet avoid being charged generally with the pride of a *parvenu*.

From the Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

HABITS OF SHEEP.—They perseveringly follow their leader wherever he goes: but if, in case of sudden alarm, any one of the flock runs forward to escape, and thus takes the lead, the rest generally follow him, regardless of any obstruction. Of this singular disposition, Dr. Anderson once witnessed an instance in the town of Liverpool. A butcher's boy was driving about twenty fat wedders through the town; but they ran down a street, along which he did not want them to go. He observed a scavenger at work with his broom a little way before them, and called out loudly for him to stop the sheep. The man accordingly did what he could to turn them back, running from side to side, always opposing himself to their passage, and brandishing his broom with great dexterity; but the sheep much agitated, pressed forward, and at last one of them came right up to the man, who, fearing it was about to jump over his head whilst he was stopping, grasped the short broomstick in both hands, and held it over his head. He stood for a few seconds in this position, when the sheep made a spring and jumped fairly over him, without touching the broom. The first had no sooner cleared this impediment than another followed, and another, in such quick succession, that the man, perfectly confounded, seemed to lose all recollection, and stood in the same attitude till the whole had jumped over him, not one of them attempting to pass on either side, though the street was quite clear. As this took place during wet weather, the man was entirely bespattered over with dirt before they had all passed: and it is impossible to conceive a more ludicrous appearance than the poor fellow made on the occasion.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WHAT IS OUR EXTERNAL POLICY AND CONDITION?

THAT England has now taken up the trade of propagandism, by which France long brought such incalculable miseries upon Europe, is now not only certain from their actions, but admitted by our rulers themselves. Lord Palmerston has said in the House of Commons that it was for the interest of England to establish liberal governments in the adjoining states, and therefore they had concluded the Quadrupartite Alliance; and since it had proved not adequate to beat down the Spaniards, they had resolved upon openly giving them maritime assistance along the coasts. They did the same thing in Flanders, and thereby partitioned the kingdom of the Netherlands, and conferred half the dominions of their old ally on a revolutionary monarch. They did the same thing in Portugal, and thereby imposed a revolutionary yoke on the unwilling Portuguese people. They are doing the same thing now in Spain, and thereby keeping alive a civil war, attended with unexampled horrors and suffering throughout all the north of the Peninsula. What more unjust, tyrannical, or atrocious deeds did the French Directory commit when their revolutionary propagandism drew down on them the deserved hostility of Europe? They revolutionized Flanders; so have we. They nourished a civil war in Switzerland; we have done the same in Portugal. They spread the seeds of liberal principles through the states of Italy, and devastated its beautiful plains by hostile armies. And we have done worse; we have let loose, not the dogs, but the furies of war on the Spanish Peninsula, and overwhelmed its smiling valleys with an inundation of horrors worse than the imagination of Dantê had feigned, or the Jacobins of Paris executed.

We have seen what conduct of this sort occasioned to France: we have been the instruments under Providence of its righteous punishment. Year after year the system of propagandism went on. It was loudly proclaimed by the Jacobin rulers, as it is now by our Reform Ministers, that it was for their interests to establish liberal governments in the adjoining states. And was war the result? Did France enjoy in quiet and peace the fruit of its revolutionary injustice? Was she permitted to sit down in tranquillity herself while she sent the dagger into the bosom of every other people within her reach? Was she not, on the contrary, involved in a career of foreign aggression, to which no limit could be placed, and compelled, in order to maintain the fruits of early injustice, to persevere to the end in a course of external conquest? For long this course of iniquity continued; for long the Imperial eagles were fanned only by the gales of triumph. No limit appeared to be possible to the course of revolutionary injustice. But what was the end of these things? Did not the Roman poet say with truth of the affairs of nations, as well as individuals,—

Sæpe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem
Curarent superi terras, an nullus inesset
Rector, et incerto fluerent mortalia casu.
Abstulit hunc tandem Rufini poena tumultum,
Absolvitque Deos—jam non ad culmina rerum
Injustos crevisse queror—tolluntur in altum
Ut lapsu graviore ruant?

And do we suppose that we are to be an exception to the same external laws? Is England, secure in her sea-girt isles, to carry the firebrand and the dagger with impunity into every adjoining state, and never to feel the just measure of retaliation in her own bosom? Is a non-intervening administration, which professes so tender a regard for the liberty and independence of every other nation,—which pretends to hold in utter horror any interference in the internal concerns of another state, or coercion of its inhabitants in their choice of a government for themselves,—to be permitted for ever to aliment a sanguinary and atrocious civil war in the bosom of its ancient allies? Are the British people never to feel the unutterable evils which they have permitted their Reform rulers to inflict on other states, and enjoy all the blessings of peace and prosperity under their own fig-tree, while they distract their old comrades in war with revolutionary passions, and, by insidious aid rendered to one of the factions, hinder the people from exercising their free choice in the formation of their government? Let us not deceive ourselves; such things neither can nor ought to go unpunished. We have voluntarily plunged into the same system of revolutionary aggression and insidious propagandism as France, and we must look for the same fruit to our labours. The time will come when the monstrous injustice, aggression, and perfidy of the last five years will recoil on our own heads —when the old and undying jealousy of other nations at our maritime superiority will provoke, under darker auspices, another armed neutrality—when no Pitt will be at the helm to dissipate the cloud by the wisdom of his councils, and no Nelson at the head of its fleets to strike dead the enemy by the lightning of his arm—when, instead of being supported by the consciousness of a just, we shall be weighed down to the earth by the shame of an unjust cause—when, in place of bearing on our flag the ensigns of freedom and honour, we shall be overshadowed by the streamers of rebellion and tyranny—when the cannon of Antwerp will seem the knell of our fleet, and the blood of Navarre will call for vengeance on our heads.

That the northern powers are unalienably separated from our cause—that Russia and Prussia are only waiting for the favourable moment to make an attempt on our naval supremacy, and wrest India from our arms—that France is joyfully watching the growing disgust at our external conduct, and preparing, when the time comes, to join in the general crusade which is to assert the freedom of the seas, and avenge the maritime wrongs of three centuries—that America will gladly join her forces to the general league, to beat down her old and for-

J. C. [illegible]

AUTHOR OF "THE MISCELLANY."

my's flag in our own territories. Can these things be? Ought they to be, under the government of a righteous Providence? We tell the people of England, that the day of reckoning will yet come, and a woful day it will be: we perceive the signs of its approach only the more clearly, that the inconsiderate multitude repose securely in the belief that the time of all danger from external power is over, from the march of intellect and the spread of republican ideas.

If you ask a partisan of Government what preparation has been made to meet the storm which our propagandist efforts in Western Europe must sooner or later cause to burst on our heads, he will answer that the nation never was so powerful; that our population is advancing in every part of the empire with extraordinary rapidity; that our exports are seventy-six, and our imports forty-eight millions; that commerce is active, speculation abundant; that railroads are every where forming, and joint-stock companies universally set on foot; that our artisans are in full employment, and our husbandmen contented in their fields. That great present prosperity pervades the land (whether founded on a secure basis or not time will show) is indeed certain; but these appearances are suited to a period of profound peace: and afford but slender preparation for a warlike struggle. If we go to war with Russia, Prussia, and France, it will be neither our joint-stock companies nor our railroads which will avert the public danger, and hurl back from the Channel the combined fleets of Europe. Herein, therefore, lies the extraordinary infatuation of the present times, which strikes us as in an eminent degree fraught with future danger; that while our external language is unconciliatory, our external conduct, at least to all lesser states whom we can reach, is ambitious, faithless, oppressive, and injurious; our internal habits, speculations, and scale of taxation are suited for a period of profound peace, and adapted only for a nation which sedulously avoids inflicting any injury on its neighbours. Read the democratic journals; they are furious against Russia, indignant against Government for not engaging in a crusade for the restoration of Poland, and clear for a peremptory demand of the abolition of all duties on the Danube, and opening of the Hellespont to the armed vessels of all nations. But if any proposal is made to increase the taxes or augment the army or navy, the necessary antecedent or concomitant of such a policy, they are still more indignant, and exclaim against the monstrous and unnecessary warlike establishment which is maintained. Such expectations and ideas are inconsistent; they cannot co-exist. If we will take up the system of democratic propagandism after France has laid it down, and devastate our allies with an interminable civil war, let us at least be prepared, like resolute though iniquitous men, to bear the burdens and face the dangers which it necessarily induces. If, on the other hand, we are anxious to withdraw from strife and enjoy in external tranquillity the period which is to witness our internal regeneration, then let us at once, and in good faith, abandon our insidious support of the democratic bloodthirsty faction of other nations, and cease to think it necessary to impose upon every state within our reach a liberal tyranny at the point of the bayonet.

Let us, then, in anticipation of a collision, which may possibly be postponed for some years, but must, sooner or later, arise between our democratic rulers and the conservative powers of Europe, take a survey of the resources which are at the command of the nation for such a contest.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his financial statement on opening the budget on May 9, 1836, stated the revenue of the empire at £46,000,000; and the charges of the debt and consolidated fund at somewhat above £30,000,000. The surplus available towards the reduction of the debt, after providing for the charges of the West India loan, and making the proposed reductions in the newspaper duties, was only £660,000. The debt is £770,000,000. Practically speaking, therefore, we have no *sinking fund*; for a few hundred thousands a-year is evidently no fund at all for that purpose, after twenty-one years of unbroken peace. Here, then, is the first leading feature of our political situation,—that we have no sinking fund. Mr. Pitt left us at his death a sinking fund of ten millions. It had grown up to fourteen millions at the conclusion of the war; but now it may be considered as to all practical purposes destroyed, and the nation must sit down for ever with seven hundred and seventy millions of debt, and eight-and-twenty millions annually to pay as its interest. The public revenue is about forty-six millions, of which nearly two-thirds are absorbed in the charges of the debt. It is easy to see to what this lamentable financial situation of the nation is owing. The power of the democratic classes in the House of Commons has become so inordinate that no fixed system of finance is practicable, and the measures of government are ruined by that "ignorant impatience" and disregard of every thing but present relief, which is the invariable characteristic of the masses of mankind. The very last budget has afforded decisive evidence that Government are noways emancipated from their blind democratic taskmasters; for out of a disposable surplus of £1,600,000 a-year they were compelled to surrender no less than £600,000 to their formidable allies, in the form chiefly of a remission of the taxes on what they call knowledge, but which in truth is falsehood and malignity; leaving, when the charges of the West India loan were taken into account, only £660,000 a-year to meet a debt of £770,000,000!

The army is now reduced to so inconsiderable a scale that it may be considered as almost totally powerless in a national point of view. About 96,000 men are scattered over the immense extent of the British empire, of whom 20,000 are required in Ireland to prevent a rebellion from breaking out among the grateful receivers of Catholic emancipation; 20,000 in Canada and the West Indies, to stifle the seeds of revolt consequent on achieved slave emancipation, and anticipated equalization of timber duties; and 20,000 are buried in India, to overawe the native army, and hinder the discontents consequent on the niggardly reduction of its pay from tearing that splendid dominion from our empire. Not 30,000 men remain for Great Britain and the fortified ports in the Mediterranean; a force less considerable than the Grand Duchy of Warsaw or Bavaria could at a moment's warning bring into the field. To save the people from slavery, and the empire from destruction, no possible efforts of Government could now assemble above 15,000 British soldiers at any point of Europe, Asia, or America! It is with this force that our insane democratic journals would have us provoke the hostility of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, who could, without difficulty, bring 300,000 admirable troops into the field. And it is with such preparation for a revolutionary contest that we have actually taken off the mask and begun hostilities to beat down the free-born peasantry of Spain to a vile slavery at the feet of the urban revolutionists of the southern parts of the Peninsula! Such is the admirable foresight and sagacious wisdom of the Government of the masses!

But the navy, it will be said, is the real strength of England; the wooden walls are its true fortifications; while they are undecayed, no weakness in our military strength or financial resources need give us any uneasiness. Softly, is the navy undecayed? Could we fit out now the fleets which carried the thunder of our arms to the Nile and Trafalgar? In the small remnant of that once glorious establishment, indeed, we firmly believe that the skill, and valour, and patriotism exist worthy of the days of Rodney and Nelson; but what is the size of the fragment which democratic stinginess has suffered to remain of the wooden walls of England? Twelve or fifteen ships of the line are in commission, and twice as many frigates, to face the navies of Europe, whom our revolutionary inroads into other States may any day array against our independence. With great difficulty, and as a prodigious exertion, Government this Session prevailed on their Radical ruler to allow an addition of 5,000 men to be made to the sailors of the Royal Navy. Why, if they had proposed an addition of 50,000 it would have been hardly adequate to preserve us from most serious danger, in the revolutionary course of propagandism into which we have blindly, and with no sort of preparation, had the infatuation to rush. Sir Edward Codrington told us lately in Parliament, that he recently saw twenty-five ships of the line in the Baltic, manned and ready for sea, in the Russian harbours. We should be glad to know what would come of our democratic transports, if these five-and-twenty ships of the line were some morning to make sail for the German ocean, and pick up on their way twenty-five more from the harbour of Copenhagen and Carlscrona, and cast anchor off the mouth of the Thames.

Meeting us with our own language, would not they be able to say, with at least as much truth as we have done, that it was for "their interest" not to allow a democratic regime to prevail in this country; that the monstrous anarchy of Ireland could no longer be endured by the adjoining states, and that the focus whence revolutionary doctrines were incessantly impelled into other states could no longer be permitted to exist? How could we, who sailed into the harbour of Navarino, and burned the Turkish fleet during profound peace, to stop the bloodshed of the Morea which the Porte was unable to put down, complain if a similar step was taken to extinguish, by a grand conflagration at Plymouth, the anarchy of Ireland, which half a century of ineffectual efforts have shown we are unable to allay? How could we, who blockaded the Scheldt and besieged Antwerp, to give the finest harbour in Europe to a democratic power, remonstrate against a similar course being adopted by the combined French and Russians, in order to place the arsenal of Woolwich at the disposal of the Conservative forces of Europe? How could we, who partitioned the kingdom of the Netherlands, in defiance of the Treaty of Vienna, and gave the malecontent portion to a revolutionary monarch, be surprised if the northern powers were to propose to "arbitrate" in the eternal dissensions between England and Ireland, by handing over the emerald isle, with its eight millions of souls, as a separate appandage to King Dan? Or have we, who for four years have kept alive a frightful civil war in Spain and Portugal, because it was for "our interest" to be surrounded by states with liberal institutions, any reason to suppose that we are to enjoy for ever a monopoly of selfish interference, or to be surprised, if 50,000 foreigners were landed to foment the divisions or consolidate the institutions of the British dominions? It is easy to find a Conservative cant which would be just as plausible in defence of such acts of aggression as our revolutionary cant to paliate our monstrous foreign iniquity during the last six years has been; and if the evil days thus come upon us, where, we beg to know, are the elements of successful resistance to be found?

Experience has recently taught us, in the attempt to raise the 5,000 men for the Royal Navy, how extremely difficult it is to provide any increase for the public service on a sudden emergency; impressment will not be tolerated by the emancipated sons of freedom, and where, we again ask, are we to find sailors to combat the sixty or eighty ships of the line which Russia, France, and Denmark could at a month's warning combine in the British Channel? It is easy to say the resources of the kingdom are undecayed, the countrymen of Nelson will never want defenders; but we here tell the people of England that they, just as well as other nations, stand in need of organization and foresight, in order to provide an efficient system of defence; and that without such foresight, which, with our present preponderance of democratic shortsightedness, it is in vain to expect in the Lower House, a calamity may ensue which may at once prostrate the empire, as that of Aigospotamos did the maritime power of Athens, by bringing the hostile fleets to the mouth of our harbours, and thereby interposing between the parent state and its immense colonial possessions. And if the Thames, the Severn, the Mersey, and the Clyde, are blockaded by the combined fleets of Russia, Denmark, France, and Holland, we should be glad to know how the millions of Middlesex, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and Lanarkshire would be able to exist for three months; or what it would avail Great Britain that she ruled a hundred million of Hindoos in the East, if a victorious hostile fleet was to cast anchor at the Nore? Of all powers, a maritime state having great and distant colonial possessions is most easily prostrated by a decisive stroke at the centre of its resources, because it may be reduced to starvation and irrevocably destroyed before the news even of the critical state of the heart can reach the extremities of the empire.

And is our colonial empire so very loyal and contented; are dissatisfaction and jealousy, resentment and indignation so thoroughly banished from its wide circle, that we could rely with certainty upon deriving aid from these distant possessions, if the parent isle were hard pressed by a combination of enemies? Is Ireland so thoroughly pacified; are its millions so completely united; is religious dissension so effectually banished, and gratitude for concession so universal, that there would be no danger of any portion of its population joining the enemy? Has the country been so effectually pacified since the days of Wolfe Tone; have the efforts of O'Connell and the priests been so uniformly directed to sopite ancient divisions, and diffuse an attachment to the English alliance, that the 200,000 united Irishmen who he tells were arrayed in regiments and companies at the approach of the tri-coloured flag, are no longer to be apprehended? Or if the Catholics are, notwithstanding the Relief Bill, still actuated by their old and undying animosity against Great Britain, is the support of the Protestants of the North so very secure, their gratitude for recent legislation so conspicuous, their confidence in a democratic government so strong and deserved, as to afford a reasonable ground for hope that they will make the same heroic efforts in defence of the British connexion and the British Government, which they did in 1798? Pressed by external enemies in the centre of her power, the utmost that could possibly be hoped from Ireland would be, that its antagonist forces would engage and destroy each other; but as to supposing that either could afford any effectual aid to the general defence of the empire, is altogether out of the question.

Turn to Canada. Is the prospect more cheering on the other side of the Atlantic? Is the allegiance of the magnificent Transatlantic colony which employs in its intercourse with the mother country 500,000 tons of our shipping, or fully a fifth of its total amount, secure beyond the reach of doubt? The reverse is unhappily and notoriously the case. It would far exceed the limits of this paper to give even a summary of the troubles and divisions of our North American colonies, on which we have already more than once dwelt, and to which we may hereafter revert. Suffice it to say, that the jealousies consequent on the influx of a vast and active population of British subjects upon the native and stationary French population have been so increased by the democratic feelings, which, emanating from the British isles as a common centre, have more or less pervaded all their dependencies, that the country is now almost in a state of rebellion. Nor is it surprising that this is the case. The Canadians see in the debates of Parliament, and in all the democratic journals of England, a constant assertion of the right of self-government; the indispensable necessity of giving the people of all parts of the empire a share in the great work of legislation, in which their knowledge and capacity have so peculiarly fitted them to shine. Are these doctrines confined to one side of the Atlantic? Are the Canadians not likely to imbibe them from England on one side, and America on another, and the freedom of their own forests on a third? Having done so, are they likely to submit longer than expedience may council them to a government in London, where they are totally unrepresented, and which, so far from evincing any regard for their interests, is avowedly about to deprive them of the protecting duty or the staple branch of their industry, which alone compensates to them for the want of a government of their own, and all the vexations consequent on colonial regulation?

This is a point of vital importance, and has never yet received nearly the attention which it deserves. The timber trade is the staple of the British North American provinces: it is the cotton and woollen trade of their industry. It employs the greater part of the 500,000 tons of shipping annually absorbed in its trade. Of this vast and lucrative trade, about two-thirds come to England, and one-third to the West India Islands. The great difference of duty is the cause of this immense market having been opened up for their industry; the import on Baltic timber being 55s. the load, while that on American is only 10s.* Ministers are known to be determined to equalize, or make a step towards equalizing, the duties: the Commons' committee of last Session have proposed that the Baltic duty should at once be lowered to 40s. a load. The necessary effect of this must be to ruin the whole capitalists engaged in the Canada trade, crush the industry engaged in this immense branch of trade, and sever the last links which unite Canada to the British empire. The adoption of such a system at once demonstrates that our colonies are no longer regarded as our children; that we are resolved soon to give them no preference over foreigners, and that, provided we get good articles cheap, we care not whether it is from our friends or our enemies—are indifferent though our whole colonial empire goes to the bottom. Being actuated by such a principle, can we be surprised if the feeling of indifference becomes reciprocal? Canada is preparing, on the first convenient opportunity, or the first serious reverse to the parent state, to sever a connexion from which they have ceased to derive any benefit.

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* The trade in timber with Canada is four times as great as that with all the world besides, as appears from the following returns: 1835, loads of Canada timber, 439,288; all other countries, 118,446: 1836, loads of Canada timber, 563,935; all other countries, 131,024.—*Parl. Pap.* 26*th Feb.* 1836.

The tenure by which we hold the West Indies is, if possible, still more slender. The wounds inflicted on those splendid but unhappy possessions have been so deep; the injustice worked upon them by democratic tyranny at home so flagrant; the confiscation of property by rash and ill-judged legislation so enormous, that reconciliation is impossible; the injuries done can neither be forgotten nor forgiven, and a connexion is kept up with the mother country only till it is possible or expedient to dissolve it. In the long catalogue of West Indian oppression, all parties must take shame to themselves, the Tories eqally with the Whigs must take their full share of the general blame; but the great and crowning act of confiscation and infatuation could only have been perpetrated by the mingled madness, conceit, ignorance, and benevolence which were let in tumultuously to the legislature by the Reform Bill. For the last twenty-five years West India produce has been loaded with a duty of from thirty to twenty-four shillings a hundred weight on sugar; equivalent, even at the lowest rate, to a duty of fifty per cent on wheat and barley. We should like to hear what our domestic cultivators would say to such a burden; but West India cultivators must groan and submit in silence. Not content with this enormous and withering direct burden, the Reform legislature have by one sweeping act confiscated property to the amount of £40,000,000 in the sugar islands, absolutely and irrecoverably, supposing the emancipation system to work as well as its most ardent supporters can desire. The sum awarded by the nation for the emancipation of 800,000 slaves was £20,000,000, or about £22, 10s. a-head. Before the Reform Bill was passed, there was not a West India proprietor who could not have sold his slaves for an average of seventy or eighty pounds a-head: we have known as much as £300 a-head given. Not more than *one-third* of the value of the slaves taken over the whole islands was given;[*] in other words, forty millions were destroyed without any compensation. We know one property in St. Vincents where, on a stock of two hundred negroes, for which £80 a-head had been recently given, only £20 a-head was received; in other words, £60 a-head was lost, that is, on this small stock, £12,000 was confiscated. We know an estate in Nevis, where the loss on the negroes by the emancipation act was £70,000, and land to double that amount was rendered totally valueless. It is the same in all the other islands. The high lands in Jamaica are going rapidly out of cultivation, as the rise in the price of sugar proves; the produce of the island was some years ago 100,000 tons a-year; this year it will not exceed 60,000 tons. Supposing, therefore, that the negroes all work quietly at the close of the apprenticeship (which present appearances give no reason whatever to hope will be the case,) still the property destroyed by the emancipation act, without any compensation whatever, was at least forty millions sterling: an instance of wholesale revolutionary confiscation well worthy of being placed beside the most illustrious deeds of the Jacobins in that line; and which, when its ultimate effect on the negroes themselves comes to be fully understood, will deserve to be classed with the most inhuman deeds which human rashness and delusion ever yet perpetrated on mankind. After such treatment, it is unnecessary to say, that all reconciliation between the colonies and the mother country is impossible: and to close all avenue even to such a chance, it is whispered that it is in the contemplation of Government to equalize the duties on West and East India sugars: thus striving to obviate the rise of prices arising from the commission of one deed of injustice by the perpetration of another.

Even the magnificent dominion on the shores of the Ganges stands on a tottering foundation. It enjoys a revenue of twenty-three millions, and boasts an army of above two hundred thousand men; but the shortsighted parsimonious spirit which has sprung up with the growth of democratic power at home, has loosened, to a degree which to those unacquainted with Indian affairs would be deemed incredible, the loyal and affectionate disposition of this vast host, especially the British officers by whom its character and disposition are formed. Looking to nothing but the saving of a few hundred thousand pounds a-year, the Government of India have ventured upon the hazardous step of making a great and simultaneous reduction in all branches of the service: the number and pay of almost every grade has been materially lowered. The disgust and heart-burnings which this injudicious step has excited throughout India are indescribable. Nor is this surprising—the officers of the Indian army left home early in life, renouncing all their relations and friends, the enjoyments of home, the love of country, probably for ever, in order to earn a competence and perhaps collect an independence on the sultry shores of the Ganges. In the midst of their exile, after the best period of their life was past, and all hope of getting into any other line was utterly extinguished, they found a considerable part, generally about a third of their income suddenly withdrawn, and themselves reduced for the remainder of their life to such a pittance as precluded all hope of making a fortune, and to most prolonged the term of their banishment to an indefinite period. Is it surprising if such a flagrant breach of faith to men so situated, and who have irrevocably made such sacrifices, should lead to the utmost dissatisfaction? The only surprising thing is how the officers of a hundred and eighty thousand native troops with bayonets in their hands submitted to such an injury. It affords the strongest proof of the mingled loyalty and virtue of that upright and meritorious body, the Ind officers, that under such provocation, and with such power in their hands, they submitted in peace to the change. But let it not be imagined that because they have done so in time past they will continue to do so in time to come. There is a limit to human patience, even in the most loyal and upright breasts: the embers of discontent are smouldering, not extinguished: and a repetition of the same mingled injustice and impolicy may at once, by a general revolt, sever the empire of the East from our arms.

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[*] *In some places it was a half, or even two-thirds, in others not a third or a fourth.*

Nor is such a catastrophe less likely to arise from another cause. Under the new bill prepared by the Reformed Parliament, all settlers from the British islands are allowed to go to Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay; while by a recent regulation of Government, emanating from the same supreme influence, all restrictions on the press are removed from these settlements. Thus are the three capitals of India to be deluged at once with an unlimited inundation of British emigrants, and an unrestrained freedom of public discussion. This, too, is to take place in a country situated in such very peculiar circumstances as Hindostan, with thirty thousand whites dispersed among a hundred millions of blacks, and twelve thousand miles from the parent state or any effectual succour. It is upon an empire so situated, in circumstances unparalleled since the begining of the world, that we have let in at once an unrestrained flood of foreign settlers and democratic discussion! It is on a people buried in ignorance, embued for three thousand years with superstition, and requiring above all others in existence care and delicacy in the details of practical government, that we have thrown at once a firebrand sufficient to wrap in conflagration the oldest and best consolidated empire of modern Europe. Of a truth it may be said, that the curse of judicial blindness has been pronounced upon our rulers, and unless the good sense, or necessities of the Government in India allows these enactments to remain a dead letter, which, with the present temper and composition of the House of Commons it is extremely doubtful whether they will be permitted to do, it may be affirmed with perfect certainty that the seeds of irrevocable ruin, and that too at no distant period, have been sown in our eastern dominions.

As if, too, our democratic rulers had been resolved to excite a flame in all, even the most remote and inconsiderable of our colonial possessions, they have contrived, by a most absurd and unjust regulation to excite a ferment even in the convict colony of New South Wales. This has arisen from their having imposed the expense of the police of that colony, a very heavy burden in such an unruly population, and amounting to £40,000 a-year, not on the mother country, as heretofore, but the colony itself. This tax the colonists complain of, and apparently with reason, with great asperity. They assert, that they are first saddled with a convict population, the refuse of all the jails in the British isles, to the immense relief of the mother country, but their own great discomfort, and then burdened with an enormous annual tax to keep them in order. The advantages of convict labour, though great at one period, they assert is now altogether nugatory, as, if the stigma arising from their presence were removed from the colony, it would be sufficiently stocked with free settlers of a higher moral cast and greater capital; and that when, instead of persons of this description, they are flooded with others of the most abandoned description, who necessarily by their presence keep off, in a certain degree, a more eligible class of free settlers, it is to the last degree unjust to burden them in addition with the cost of a police to restrain these periodical discharges from the English prisons. So it is, however, that these complaints, as coming from persons not represented in the legislature, are disregarded, and it is only necessary to take up a file of Sidney papers for the last nine months to see the angry feelings which have in consequence become general among the inhabitants of the colony.

Serious, however, as these evils in our financial, naval, military, and colonial situation undoubtedly are, they are trifling compared to one, to which public attention has never been sufficiently drawn, viz. the *rapid decline in our shipping interest* engaged in the foreign trade, and progressive increase in the tonnage of foreign ships in carrying on British commerce since the fatal era when the reciprocity duties were introduced. This is an evil of first-rate magnitude, because it tends at once to rear up in our harbours a race of foreign seamen who will speedily equal our own both in numbers and efficiency; and who may at a moment's warning be summoned away by their respective flags, and after having learned the art of seamanship in carrying on British commerce, employ their skill in destroying our navy. To this vital subject public attention has hitherto been very casually directed; but the facts we are now about to communicate are of such a kind as to cause the most inconsiderate to reflect.

The reciprocity system, it is well known, was introduced by Mr. Huskisson in February 1823; and let the result be attended to upon the comparative growth since that period of British and foreign shipping in carrying on our extensive commerce.*

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* VESSELS BELOGING TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

	UNITED KINGDOM AND POSSESSIONS IN EUROPE.		COLONIES.		TOTAL.	
	Ships	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.
1821	21,969	2,449,029	3,284	201,564	25,036	2,560,203
1822	21,238	2,355,853	3,104	203,641	24,642	2,519,044
1823	21,042	2,302,867	3,500	203,893	24,542	2,506,769
1824	21,280	2,348,314	3,496	211,273	24,776	2,559,587
1825	20,701	2,328,807	3,579	214,875	24,280	2,553,682
1826	20,968	2,411,641	3,157	224,183	24,625	2,635,644
1827	19,524	2,181,138	3,675	279,362	23,199	2,460,500
1828	19,646	2,193,300	4,149	321,891	24,095	2,518,191
1829	19,110	2,199,959	4,343	317,041	23,453	2,517,000
1830	19,174	2,201,592	4,547	330,227	23,721	2,531,819
1831	19,450	2,221,376	4,792	357,608	24,242	2,581,964
1832	19,684	2,260,980	4,771	356,208	24,655	2,617,638

Years.	Imports.	Exports.	British Shipping.	Foreign Shipping. Outward Tons.
1820	L.31,484,108	L.48,343,051	2,560,203	433,328
1821	29,724,173	50,796,982	2,519,044	383,784
1822	30,401,264	52,770,116	2,506,769	457,542
1823	34,591,263	51,733,461	2,559,587	563,571
1824	36,111,339	58,218,633	2,553,682	746,707
1825	42,661,054	55,618,327	2,635,644	905,520
1826	36,069,999	50,101,292	2,460,500	695,140
1827	43,467,747	61,082,695	2,517,000	767,821
1828	43,396,527	61,957,805	2,531,819	608,118
1829	42,311,648	66,072,163	2,581,964	730,250
1830	44,815,397	69,028,123	2,617,638	758,368
1831	48,161,661	70,820,066		896,051

From the Parliamentary returns quoted below, it clearly appears, that down to 1832, our shipping employed in the foreign trade was rapidly declining, and our tonnage was kept up solely by the vast increase in our colonial trade, which is of course entirely our own. From 1823 to 1832, the tonnage of foreign shipping in British harbours had increased from 433,000 to 896,000 tons, or more than doubled; while the British engaged in the same branches of trade had rapidly declined. From a paper laid before Parliament in this session (Parl. Pap. 26th Feb, 1836), it appears, that since 1833 the progress of foreign vessels in carrying on the foreign trade of the empire is still augmenting; and that the foreign shipping now employed in carrying our trade with foreign nations is assuming such a magnitude as, but for the colonial trade of the empire, would speedily render their shipping, nursed in our harbours, superior to our own.*

It is of the highest importance, therefore, to reflect how large a proportion of our foreign trade is carried on in foreign bottoms. When we next resume this subject, we shall give a detailed comparison of the British and foreign tonnage to all other countries and our own colonies; from whence it will distinctly appear, that in all our intercourse with foreign states, foreign vessels are gradually encroaching on those of British construction; and that it is the colonial trade of the empire, and it alone, which enables us to maintain a superiority over them. Suffice it to say at present, that the number of British vessels annually passing the Sound is at present nearly two thousand less than it was three years ago. The general returns of the amount of British tonnage exhibit no insight into the progress and effect of the reciprocity system, because in them the whole trade, foreign and colonial, is mixed up together, and consequently the rapid increase of the latter compensates and conceals the progressive decay of the former.

When Mr. Huskisson repealed the navigation laws, and introduced a total change of system in 1823, he grounded his alteration on the impossibility of keeping up a lucrative commercial intercourse with other states, and especially Prussia, without making such an alteration. In truth, therefore, the change was a sacrifice of our maritime to our manufacturing interests. But let it be observed what has been the result of this great alteration. Has Prussia, in return, admitted British goods on favourable terms, and made us any return for the vast sacrifice of maritime security which we made to propitiate her good-will? So far from having done so, she has formed an anti-British commercial league, which, though nominally imposing only a duty of ten per cent, really loads our manufactures with a crushing impost of fifty per cent, and in this she has contrived to include twenty-five millions of souls. M. Thiers very recently, in the Chamber of Deputies, loudly protested against the supposition that France was to be seduced, by the insidious offers of England, into any relaxation of the duties on its manufactures, imposed for the protection of French industry. Thus the reciprocity system has not the excuse, even for its adoption, that it has obtained a boon for our manufacturing interests; for the conduct of the nations, to propitiate whom it was introduced, could not have been more hostile to our manufactures, if the navigation laws had stood as they were origininally enacted by the Long Parliament, and praised as the wisest regulations which could be adopted on the subject by Adam Smith.

But even if a benefit had accrued to our manufactures by their sacrifice of our shipping interests, what comparison could such an advantage bear with the enormous and lasting evils arising from nursing up in our own harbours a maritime force belonging to foreign states, which may at any moment be all arrayed under hostile flags against ourselves? In this view, the increase of our exports and imports only increases the dangers of our situation, by augmenting in a greater proportion than our own the foreign seamen employed in carrying it on. And if a struggle in the end ensues, it will little avail us that our manufactures are thriving, our merchants opulent, and our operatives in full employment; a blockade of the Thames, the Mersey, and the Clyde would soon prostrate all these resources, and convert what is now deemed the pillar of our strength into a source of fatal weakness. And in such a crisis, millions of starving and clamorous Radicals would not compensate for the want of a hundred thousand sailors who otherwise would have been at hand to man the British fleet, but have now by our tradesmanlike and anti-national policy been

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† VESSELS EMPLOYED IN THE FOREIGN TRADE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

An Account of the Number and Tonnage of Vessels, distinguishing the Countries to which they belonged, which Entered Inwards and Cleared Outwards in the Year ended 5th January, 1836, compared with the Entrances and Clearances in the preceding Year ended 5th January, 1835; stated exclusively of Vessels in Ballast, and of those employed in the Coasting Trade, or the Trade, Between *Great Britain* and *Ireland*.

COUNTRIES to which the Vessels belonged	ENTERED INWARDS.			
	Years ended 5th January.			
	1835.		1836.	
	Ships.	Tonn'ge.	Ships.	Tonnage.
United Kingdom and its Dependencies, - -	11,678	2,108,492	11,740	2,203,026
Russia, - - -	196	54,458	204	55,891
Sweden, - - -	111	15,765	130	16,849
Norway, - - -	711	119,151	734	115,914
Denmark, - - -	679	55,377	630	55,207
Prussia, - - -	545	117,909	572	121,815
Other German States, -	552	44,880	505	38,334
Holland, - - -	336	31,942	295	27,372
Belgium, - - -	275	26,918	282	29,215
France, - - -	829	35,441	769	32,058
Spain, - - -	33	3,269	33	5,077
Portugal, - - -	28	3,237	60	6,540
Italian States, - -	65	15,286	25	5,536
Other European States,	1	298		
United States of America,	505	208,802	546	238,112
Other States in America, Africa or Asia, - -	4	1,053	6	1,866
Total, - -	16,584 11,678	2,841,378 2,108,492	16,531 11,740	2,952,854 2,203,026
Foreign Ships and Tonnage,	4,906	732,886	4,791	749,828

forced to give way even in our own harbours to the nautical classes of hostile states.

Finally, amidst general present prosperity and profound external tranquillity, we discern the symptoms of approaching misfortunes and a just retribution for foreign injustice. We see a government at the head of affairs actuated by revolutionary violence in foreign transactions, and democratic parsimony in domestic arrangements; provoking thus the hour of external vengeance without any provision to avert its fury. We see a great and splendid colonial empire becoming disunited and falling to pieces from the blind selfishness of the dominant multitude in the British islands, and their determination to sacrifice every colonial interest to the interested views or inordinate passions of the classes at home installed in power. We see a navy, once the terror and glory of the world, silently melting away under the wish to buy good articles cheap; and our army, which once struck down Napoleon, suffered to dwindle into insignificance, lest its numbers should excite the discontent of the tradesmen in our manufacturing towns. We see that what Napoleon once said of us has now literally become true; we are a nation of shopkeepers, and a nation of shopkeepers is unfit to rule half the globe. The storm is not yet arisen; the vessel sails on majestically, with its sails filled and its motion still directed by the impulse of former times; but the breakers are distinctly visible a-head, and its beams begin to yawn with the progress of internal corruption. And tracing back these multifarious appearances of evil to their remote causes, they will be found all to be distinctly referable to one common source: the undue preponderance of ONE SINGLE URBAN CLASS in the national representation; and the constitution of government upon a basis which compels its impatience, parsimony, and selfish desires to be applied in every department to an empire far too extensive and scattered to submit long to so intolerable a dominion.

From the United Service Journal.

On the Breed of Horses from which our cavalry is mounted.

"Give me another horse!"—*Richard III.*

ENGLAND, in comparison with most other countries, may be considered as a riding nation. There is hardly a gentleman in England who does not know how to ride, and hardly any person who can afford it that does not keep a horse. Perhaps, indeed, a man who keeps a horse to ride for his own pleasure may be as good a definition of that undefinable word, gentleman, as any other. In France, it is nowise necessary that a gentleman should know how to ride. In Holland, nobody rides—they either go upon wheels or by water. A Venetian, perhaps, does not know what a horse is. In England alone, of all European countries, the national amusements are equestrian. The horse-race is a fête at which all classes enjoy themselves, a time at which all thoughts of business are laid aside—with the exception, perhaps, of the pickpocket and thimble-rig proprietor, to whom alone working-days are days of idleness, and holidays are days of work. Doncaster, Epsom, and Newmarket afford themes for discussion for every day in the year. Hundreds of persons think of nothing else. The news of which horse is the winner of the St. Leger is everywhere received with the same breathless earnestness as the event of a battle or naval engagement upon which the fate of the empire hinged. When the Derby and the Oaks are run for at Epsom, and at the time of Ascot races, no business is done in the House of Commons;—whatever may be the importance of the subjects waiting for discussion. Opposite those days on the notice books, Derby, Oaks, and Ascot are written, as a warning to all that it is useless to talk of business at such a time; for the House of Commons must go to the races as well as the rest of the world. In London, for the three weeks preceding the Epsom and Ascot races, the price of horses fit to be put in harness rises from ten to twenty per cent.; for all the world must go to the races that can find horses to carry them.

Our next truly national sport is hunting—a sport so peculiar to the English, that there is no corresponding term in any other language. The expense, however, attending hunting, limits it in a great measure to the higher classes. But so fascinating is it, that there is many and many an English gentleman who hunts every day in the season that is neither a frost nor a Sunday; or if he does stay at home at other times, it is because he either cannot find hounds to hunt with or a horse to ride. When a rich shopkeeper's son comes to his fortune, the first thing he does is to buy a horse and to go out hunting. When the apprentices of London enjoy their great holiday of Easter Monday, what do they do? Why they go out hunting in Epping Forest—that is, as many of them as can find horses. Nor is this pastime confined entirely to the rougher sex. Many a fair lady joins the field, and some we have seen ride well across a country; there are several, indeed, that we could name, who are a constant source of jealousy to their husbands, not, however, in the same way that Spanish ladies are said to rouse the vengeful feeling of their spouses, but because they beat their husbands across a country. If you want to astonish a foreigner, take him into Hyde Park on a fine day, and show him the same ladies, whose beauty and delicacy he admired the night before, scampering about on horseback like wild things. He will probably go home fully persuaded that the English ladies, like the men, are born on horseback. Indeed, if you want to have a horse well rattled, lend it to a lady to ride in the Park. If a chaperon wishes to take her young lady out in the morning to hunt for an elder brother, she must needs do it on horseback. We ourselves remember a case (calculating the length of Rotten Row at half-a-mile) in which a certain lady and her daughter chased a young baronet for upwards of a hundred miles, and missed him after all.

Take the road.—There can hardly be supposed anything more perfect than the present system of stage-coach travelling,—for we must confess that we are not yet reconciled to the idea of riding a kettle along iron bars, and shooting through tunnels underground. Barouch driving, indeed, has of late gone out of fashion. There remain, it is true, a few of the old school who, like the hand loom weavers of Glasgow, are not capable of turning their hands to anything else. But it is still the pride of the English gentleman to rival his neighbour's equipages by the beauty of his horses and the neatness of his turn-out, and not by the amount of lace upon his footman's coat, or brass buckles upon the harness.

Now a military man, considering the sort of natural affection that the English have for horses, and the great number of them that are kept in this country, would probably exclaim, what magnificent cavalry the English must be! But what is the fact! Why, if the truth must be told, our cavalry have never shown any great superiority over those of other nations. Colonel Napier, perhaps the best military authority that we could quote, goes so far as to say, that the French Cavalry is *superior* to ours. What! the French—a people who have no idea of fox-hunting, of racing, or the pleasures of a steeple-chase, —who, in short, appear to have no particular fondness for amusements connected with horses. Yet, says the Colonel, their Cavalry is superior. He cannot mean that when they come hand to hand, the Frenchman is the strongest, for the reverse is the fact—the Englishman is the stoutest: the French do not like crossing bayonets with the English. Is it possible that the Frenchman's horse can be the strongest, and better able to stand the fatigues of a campaign? Surely good cavalry horses can be easier procured in England than in France. This requires examination. Now what are the kinds of horse in England that are fit to mount our Cavalry?—The race-horse as a breed is not strong enough; there are of course individual exceptions, but these would come far too expensive. Then we have the hunter, the riding-horse, and the coach-horse. These, however, are pretty much the same kind of animal. The hunter is only a better sort of riding-horse, and the riding-horse a better sort of coach-horse. Some people, it is true, prefer a horse with a clambering sort of action for harness, that would be of little use out hunting, and some stumbling horses make very good hunters.

Now this is the fund from which we draw our Cavalry and Artillery horses; and it is natural to expect that, judging from the enormous prices paid for some hunters, and the extensive demand there is for all these kinds of horses, they must be a very perfect and pure breed. But what is the fact? Why we have no such breed at all: the horses we have just mentioned are almost without exception mongrels between the race-horse and the cart-horse. We have, in fact, only three breeds of horses in England—the racer, the cart-horse, and the pony. It is a common observation with those who have dabbled in breeding horses, that if you breed race-horses or cart-horses, you may make money; but if you breed hunters you will be ruined, the uncertainty is so great, and the number of blanks to a prize so many. If you breed two half-bred colts exactly in the same manner, one may probably turn out worth £100., and the other worth nothing. But this is only what might naturally be expected. If you breed from any particular race of animal, you may be perfectly certain that the offspring will be the same as the parents as to breed; but if you breed from totally dissimilar parents, it is quite a lottery what the offspring may turn out.

It is a well known fact that an animal does not necessarily partake of the nature of its immediate parents, but may take after its grandsire or grandam, and even two generations higher. So that you have nothing like certainty as to what the breed of the offspring may be, until you have bred consecutively through four generations of animals of a similar nature. Now as nothing can be more dissimilar than the thorough-bred horse and the cart-horse, the risk in breeding among the crosses between these two must be very great; and the effect of this we find in the enormous prices that are given for hunters, and the difficulty with which they are procured even at these prices. A hack also, with good action and sufficient bone, is an animal not to be got except by accident. And this, not because any extraordinary qualities are required, but merely because we have no breed of that kind; and an animal having the required proportions of racing and of cart blood is the result of mere accident.

If you talk to any old horse-dealer or sportsman he will tell you that he remembers a kind of horse that he now rarely, if ever, sees, and the same with regard to hacks. What has become of these horses, and why have they diminished as the demand for them has increased? The hunter of days of yore was a well-bred horse, and very often thorough-bred, and yet he was able to carry weight, and was purchased at a reasonable price; but how difficult it is now to get a well-bred horse able to carry any weight, and what prices are paid for them!

Has any change taken place in the thorough-bred horse? The best way of answering this question will be by looking at the feats of the horses of the last century, as compared with the present system of racing. If the reader, curious on this subject, will run his eye over an account of the principal races run between 1718 and 1768*, he will find that very few indeed of them were for a shorter distance than four miles, a great many were five and six miles, many as high as eight; some matches were even made for twelve miles. The weights they carried were also proportionably higher; nine to twelve stone were very common, some considerably higher†.

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*Vide "Observations on Breeding for the Turf," by N. H. Smith, 1827.

†1731, Lord Portmore's Whippersnapper beat Mr. Fleetwood's ch. horse; 15 st.; four miles, 100 gs.

A great many more heats were also run than at the present day. If the reader will now turn to a modern racing calender, he will at once perceive that speed for a very short distance is the only quality required; and the custom of breeding in and in has rendered horses more delicate. Now stoutness, and the power of carrying weight, and hardiness, are of much greater importance to a cavalry horse, and indeed for all common purposes, than extreme speed.

The sacrifice of the other useful qualities of the horse for that of extreme speed has produced another baneful effect, the evils of which are not yet fully developed. Most of our first racers are descended from Arabian blood; but as the system of modern racing requires extreme speed for a short distance, and this quality alone, breeders find that it does not answer their purpose to cross directly with Arabian blood, as these are not so speedy for a short distance. For the last twenty years they have discontinued breeding directly from Arabians. The consequence is, that the blood upon the turf is becoming year by year more contracted; and the degeneration of the useful qualities of the thorough bred horse may be expected to advance still more rapidly —added to these causes, the weight carried, and the distance run for King's Plates has been reduced to suit the diminished stoutness of modern horses. It has been said that the old distances and weights were too severe for any horse; but the fact that the old racers continued on the average a greater number of years upon the turf, is a sufficient answer to this objection.

The next mode of comparing the modern race-horse with one of the olden time is by examining their forms. If the reader will turn to the plates of modern and ancient race-horses, in a work recently noticed in this Journal*, of much originality and acute reasoning,—though, perhaps, a little more labour in the selection of examples would not have been misapplied,—place the portraits of Mambrino, Sweetbriar, Sweet-william, Shark, and Gimcrack, by the side of the portrait of Pericles, or other racers of the present day: there is as much difference between them as one would expect between horses respectively calculated to run four or six mile heats and one mile matches.

If the reader wishes to know where the old-fashioned hunter came from, let him study these plates of old racers. Why, these were perfect models of what a hunter should be. Horses bred from these, without being crossed with anything else, were strong enough for hunters. Those which were capable of running six mile heats, with twelve stone on their backs, must have been capable of carrying considerable weight with hounds. But the hunter is precisely the sort of horse we want for our cavalry. The cheaper good hunters can be procured, the greater chance shall we have of picking up good horses for our cavalry.

We do not mean to dispute there being individual horses at the present day that unite stoutness with speed; but we repeat that there is no such breed. It cannot be too often impressed upon the mind of the breeder, that it is not sufficient for the horse and mare to have the qualities he wishes to procure in the offspring, but they must be come of a race possesing those qualities; that is, their sires and dams, through three or four generations, should have possessed these qualities to produce any certainty in the results.

It appears that any quality may be preserved with certainty, by not crossing with animals not possessed of it. Thus, the foal of a Suffolk punch is pretty sure to be chestnut. The King Charles's breed of spaniels are black and tan. At the Zoological Gardens there is a specimen of a breed of cats without tails. We believe there is also a breed of shepherd's dogs without tails. How these originally lost their tails it is not very easy to determine. Perhaps being constantly cut off for so many generations, they concluded at last that it was not worth while to grow; and the shepherd, delighted to find his work done to his hand, bred carefully from these individuals; till at length, from its parents for many generations back having been without tails, the little puppy when he comes into the world, has no were to get a tail from unless he go back to some very remote ancestor, which might be beyond his reach. But though, by scientific, breeding, we may be perfectly certain that the puppies that are coming into the world will have no tails; yet, when we begin to cross this breed with another, we cannot, by calculating how many crosses they are from the tailless variety, prophesy how long their tails will be. In like manner, as long as we continue to breed our hunters and hacks by intermediate crosses between the cart-horse and the racer, we shall never be able to breed good hunters or hacks with any degree of certainty or economy.

We cannot leave this part of the subject without observing that a great many of the old racers were very small, and we beg to refer the reader to the plate of that pony-looking animal Volunteer, in the "Comparative View." We are not told its exact height, but it was evidently a little animal, and a perfect model of its kind. We have no such animal at present, and its loss is sensibly felt. It appears to be still more difficult to breed good hacks by a cross between the racer and cart-horse, than to breed a hunter or riding-horse.

There is another great cause of the number of loose leggy horses we see about, which is the custom almost universal of breeding from the largest mares that can be procured. Our ancestors, poor ignorant souls, used to imagine that Nature was right in making the horse larger than the mare: to which Mr. Cline, in his treatise, appears to answer in the words of Moliere's Doctor,—"Austrefois il était ainsi, mais nous avous changé tout cela." He says that the proper method of improving the form of animals "consists in selecting a well-formed female proportionally larger than the male. The improvement depends on this principle, that the power of the female to supply her offspring with nourishment is in proportion to her size, and to the power of nourishing herself, from the excellence of her constitution.

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* "A Comparative View of the Form and Character of the English Racer and Saddle-Horse during the Past and Present Centuries."

"The size of the fœtus is generally in proportion to that of the male parent; and, therefore, when the female parent is disproportionally small, the quantity of nourishment is deficient, and her offspring has all the disproportions of a starveling. But when the female, from her size and good constitution, is more than adequate to the nourishment of a fœtus smaller than herself, the growth must be proportionally greater. The larger female has also a greater quantity of milk, and her offspring is more abundantly supplied with nourishment after birth,"—with a great deal more reasoning of the same sort.

Now the fact is, that very large animals may be bred from small mares, and they are *always more vigorous* than those bred from large mares. It is the same with cattle: the Herefordshire breed is celebrated for its oxen, but the cow is "small, and it not unfrequently happens that she produces a bull-calf, that grows to three times her own weight." The breeders of Devonshire and Herefordshire prefer breeding from small cows and moderate-sized bulls,—even for the purpose of raising large oxen for the market. The author of the "Comparative View," commenting upon these facts, says that—"Either Mr. Cline is mistaken in his theory, or the breeders of Herefordshire and Devonshire are wrong in their practice."* With horses the case is much stronger: for here we not only want size, but energy and strength,—which can only be got by breeding from compact animals, whose structure has not been too much artificially enlarged by rich food.

The principles of Mr. Cline and those of the author of the "Comparative View," &c., are the very opposites to one another. Mr. Cline says, cross a female with a male that is somewhat smaller, because "by such a method of crossing, the lungs and the heart become proportionally larger, in consequence of a peculiarity in the circulation of the fœtus, which causes a larger proportior of the blood, under such circumstances, to be distributed to the lungs."† The author of the "Comparative View," on the other hand, does not attempt to investigate the peculiarities of the circulation of blood in the fœtus; but roundly asserts, that "vigour being derived from nature, is diminished, but never augmented, by art." (Animals in a state of nature he defines to be those raised upon wild pastures.)

We totally dissent from him in this opinion. It is perfectly true that every breed of animal is liable to degenerate, if not occasionally crossed with another race to a certain extent dissimilar. This is more particularly the case in those breeds in which some one quality is developed at the expense of the others: such as great speed in the race-horse, and great strength in the carthorse. The one quality sought for by the breeder is always obtained at a more than proportionate loss of the other valuable qualities. Thus the race-horse is very delicate, and can only be reared upon the most nutritive food, and but a very small number of them are capable of carrying any weight. The London dray-horse is hardly ever seen off the stones, and probably would be incapable of performing a long journey.

But there does not appear to be any reason why we should seek animals whose condition approaches nearer to the wild state to cross with those, when these breeds require an infusion of new blood. The dog does not degenerate, though we have no tradition even of the ancestors of any of the existing breeds having ever been in a wild state. Nevertheless, a horse of a hardy breed is the one that will best endure the vicissitudes of a campaign, though he may not look so well at a review.

But our hardy races of horse in England are the pony and the carthorse, and the latter, when crossed with the race-horse, is apt to become tender, and the produce is more uncertain, and, as before observed, the custom of running short distances with light weights at all races has produced a deterioration in the strength and stoutness of our thorough-bred horses, that renders them every year less and less fitted for getting stock sufficiently hardy and powerful to do credit to the courage and discipline of our cavalry.

There is another cause now in operation, which, though at first it appears to have little enough to do with the interests of the Army, may possibly increase the price of horses fit to mount our cavalry. We allude to the adoption of railways and locomotive engines upon all the great lines of road, and the consequent diminution of the number of stage-coaches. For the breeder, in producing a certain number of useful horses, produces at the same time many weedy ones of little value. A large proportion of these get into stage-coaches, the leaders of which in particular are often loose leggy animals, fit for little or nothing else. Now the breeder, if he is deprived of this market for his inferior horses, will be obliged to compensate himself by raising the price of those that turn out well. This, however, is of minor importance.

But we again and again repeat, that the great cause of the diminution in the number, and the increase of price of good horses, possessing a union of moderate speed 'and stoutness, is, that the race-horse, with which they have all been more or less crossed, is becoming daily more and more unfit for the common purposes of life. He is less capable of carrying weight, less capable of lengthened fatigue, and more delicate and expensive to rear.

If the stoutness of the foxhound is reduced, he cannot catch his fox. If the stoutness of the greyhound is reduced, he cannot catch his hare. In both these instances the animal that they chase is a standard by which their stoutness is measured, and their breeds are thus hindered from deteriorating. But, unless the publc interfere, the stoutness of the English thorough-bred horse will be only regulated by the gambling interests of persons on the turf, to whom it may be more convenient to run one-mile matches with featner weights, than four or six mile heats carrying ten or twelve stone.

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* "A comparative View," &c., p. 27.

† "Letter to the Board of Agriculture," by Mr. Knight

We therefore make this public appeal to all who regard the honour of the British cavalry, and desire to see the breed of horses in this country maintain its ancient celebrity; and entreat them, whenever they patronize races, to subscribe only to those stakes were long distances are run, and heavy weights carried.

From the Retrospective Review.

LUTHER'S TABLE TALK.

Dris Martini Lutheri *Colloquia Mensalia, or* Dr Martin Luther's *Devine Discourses, at his table, &c., which in his life-time he held with divers learned men (such as were* Philip Melancthon, Casparus Cruciger, Justus Jonas, Paulus Eberus, Vitus Dietericus, Joannes Bugenhagen, Joannes Forsterus, *and others) containing Questions and Answers touching Religion, and other main points of Doctrine; as also many notable Histories, and all sorts of learning, comforts, advices, prophesies, admonitions, directions, and instructions. Collected first together by* Dr. Antonius Lauterbach, *and afterward disposed into certain commonplaces by* John Aurifaber, Dr. *in Divinity. Translated out of the High Germane into the English tongue, by Captain* Henrie Bell, London, 1652.

The history of this remarkable book is almost as extraordinary as its contents. It seems, from the preface of the translator, that nearly all the copies of the original work were distroyed by order of Pope Gregory the Thirteenth; and that a gentleman in 1652, on digging the foundation of a house, on a site occupied by his ancestors, turned up a book carefully wrapped in coarse linen cloth and covered with bees-wax, which proved to be the "Divine Discourses" of Luther, as buried by his grandfather, in order to evade the edict of the Pope. As at that time Ferdinand the Second filled the imperial throne, a bitter enemy of the Protestants; the gentleman, Caspar Von Sparr by name, only thought of getting the book safely out of his hands without destroying it. He happened to have an intimate friend in England, one Captain Henry Bell, well versed in the German language: to him, therefore, he despatches the sacred deposit, and accompanies it with strict charges to translate the work for the benefit of the protestant church. These injunctions appear to have made a serious impression on the mind of the Captain; for, neglecting to obey them for a time, he was visited by a phantom, who repeated the commands of his friend Sparr, and added a threat which was but too shortly after carried into execution.

> "Then about six weeks after I had recieved the said book, it fell out, that I being in bed with my wife, one night between twelve and one of the clock, she being asleep, but myself yet awake, there appeared unto me an ancient man, standing at my bedside, arrayed all in white, having a long and broad white beard, hanging down to his girdle-steed, who taking me by my right ear, spake these words following unto me. 'Sirrah! Will you not take time to translate that book which is sent unto you out of Germanie? I will shortly provide for you, both time and place to do it.' And then he vanished away out of my sight."

About a fortnight after this, Captain Bell was imprisoned at the Gate-house, Westminster, where he spent ten years of captivity. Five of these he employed on the translation of the work before us. It happened to reach the ears of Archbishop Laud, that he was so occupied, who sent his chaplain to demand the loan of the translation. This he kept about two years, and then declared that he had perused it with the utmost satisfaction, and promised that he would interfere in behalf of one who had employed his time to such good purpose. Soon after, the prisoner was set at liberty with a present from Laud; and the House of Commons in 1646, having notice that so valuable a work was completed, ordered it to be printed, which was accordingly done, though it did not make its appearance until after the death of the worthy translator.*

The contents of this book were chiefly collected from the mouth of Luther by Antony Lauterbach and John Aurifaber, more particularly the latter, who was much with Luther towards the latter end of his life. They consist of notes of his discourses with his various friends and desciples, his opinions, his cursory observations and familiar conversations in society, in the intercourse of private friendship, in his walks, during the performance of his clerical duties and at table. To use the words of an eloquent letter to the translator prefixed to this volume, "Herein is a full character of the free and zealous spirit of Martin Luther, who was a man of God raised in his generation with invincible courage to beat down the strongest holds of Satan, wherein for manie generations he had captivated the spirits of our forefathers under poperie. The depth and soliditie of his judgment may be discovered in the writings which he himself did publish in his life-time: but in this collection of his extemporary discourses published since his death, the fullness of his affection, and genuine readiness of his spirit, may be seen, which did incline him to advance the truth of the gospel, and manifest the testimonie of Jesus upon all occasions. And truly, I have met, (in that which I have looked upon) with many excellent and fundamental truths, necessarie to be minded in this age, as well as in that wherein he spake them; and the gracefulness which they have in their familiar and careless dress doth make them the more commendable to all men of ingenuite, not only of popular capacities, but even of more raised thoughts. Whence I do probably conjecture that the plainness and great variety of matters contained in these discourses, did in the first reformation ingratiate the delivery and insinuate the consideration of most eminent truths with acceptance into all men's apprehensions so far, as to cause the enemies of those truth, to endeavour the suppressing of this book, which they found to be so much taking with every body, and so full of deadly blows given to their superstition and hiearchie, to their profaneness, hypocrise, and impietie."

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* The order of the House of Commons runs thus "Whereas, Captain Henry Bell hath strangely discovered: and fonnd a book of Martin Luther's called his *Divine Discourses*, which was for a long time marvellously preserved in Germanie: the which book, the said Henry Bell, at his great cost and pains, hath translated into English out of the German tongue," &c.

It is, however, to the "full character of the free and zealous spirit of Luther," herein contained, that we chiefly intend to direct our attention; for such is the nature of its contents, that we should in vain seek elsewhere for more striking and interesting specimens of the talents, the disposition, and the manners of the great Reformer, than in this volume of his "*Table-Talk.*" And certinly if the personal character of any individual deserves to be dwelt upon, it is that of Luther. In no other instance have such great events depended upon the courage, sagacity, and energy, of a single man, nor can there be found a more profitable study than the temper and peculiarities of one, who, by his sole and unassisted efforts, made his solitary cell the heart and centre of the most wonderful and important commotion the world ever witnessed; who, by the native force and vigor of his genius, attacked and successfully resisted and at length overthrew the most awful and sacred authority that ever imposed its commands on mankind.

In persuing the extracts we shall make from this book, it must always be recollected that they shew the reformer in his undress, and are not to be taken as specimens of what he wrote or preached when girded up for great occasions;—though it may be observed that, like most men of genius, there was less difference in the language and manner of Luther in private and public, than is the case with those who cannot afford to be free, homely, and familiar:—a great peculiarity of both his preaching and writing was, that, despising all form and authority, he went straight to the hearts of his hearers and readers, and never hesitated to use an image or impression, however coarse or homely, provided it conveyed his meaning with liveliness and force.—We will commence our quotations by his occasional observations on this subject of preaching, which will confirm our remark.

Luther's Preaching and opinions of Preachers.

"When I (said Luther) am in the pulpit, then I resolve to preach onely to men and maid-servants. I would not make a step into the pulpit for the sakes of Philip Melancthon, Justus Jonas, or the whole universitie; for they are alreadie well seen in scripture. But when preachers will direct their sermons to the high learned and deep understanding, and will breathe out altogether *Rabinos* and master-pieces, then the poor unlearned people present do stand like a flock of kine."—p. 289.

"Luther's wife said unto him —Sir, I heard your cousen John Palner (who attended on Luther) preach this afternoon in the parish church, whom I better understood than Doctor Pommer, that is held to be a very excellent preacher. Whereupon Luther made her this answer, John Palner preacheth as ye women use to talk; for what cometh in your minds, the same ye also speak. A preacher ought to remain by the propounded text, and should deliver that which he hath before him; to the end, people may well understand the same. But such a preacher as will speak every thing that cometh in his minde, I liken to a maid that goeth to market, when another meeteth her, then they make a stand, and hold together a goose-market, &c."—p, 284.

"The defects in a preacher are soon spied; let a preacher be endued with ten virtues, and have but one fault; yet the same one fault will eclipse and darken all his virtues and gifts, so evil is the world in these times. Doctor Justus Jonas hath all the good virtues and qualities that a man may have; yet by reason that he onely often hummeth and spitteth; therefore the people cannot bear with that good and honest man."—p. 284.

"Thereupon answered Luther, and said, I use not to collect and fasten every point in particular, but onely the chief and head points on which the contents of the whole sermon depend, as, namely, in this sermon, I directed the admonition to God's chiefest service, as the hearing of his word. Afterwards in speaking, such things fall into my minde, of which before I never thought; for if I should comprehend every word which I deliver, and, in particular, should speak of every point, then I should not so briefly run thorow. I much commend the expertness in Doctor Casparus Creutziger, who excellently comprehendeth and catcheth up his words: I hold (said Luther) that he goeth far beyond me."—p. 283.

"No divine in this our time (saith Luther) declareth and handleth the Holie Scripture in such sort, as Brentius, insomuch that oftentimes I very much admire his Spirit, and dispair of my abilitie. I verily believe none among us were able to perform what he did, in the exposition of John's Gospel, howsoever now and then he somewhat hangeth upon his cogitations, yet he remaineth in the true and upright sense and meaning, and strideth not over the plain simplicitie of God's Word; therefore, he is well to be born withall touching the other, and the same in no wise to bee upbraided."—p. 510.

The plainness and strength of the style of Luther's conversation is very evident in these extracts; the force and richness of his language, and the homeliness and beauty of his illustrations, will appear in the quotations which follow.

The Reconcilement of Fear and Love.

"I (said Luther) would fain see one that could make these two agree together: [*To bee joiful*] and [*to be affraid*] —I cannot behave myself in that manner towards God; but my little son John can shew himself so towards me; for when I sit at my studie and write, or do something else, then my boye sings me a song, and when he will be too loud, then I check him a little, yet nevertheless he singeth on, but with more milde and softer voice, and somewhat with fear and reverence. Even so will God likewise us to do, that we should alwaies rejoice in him, yet ear and reverence."—p. 18.

The Bible compared to an Orchard.

he Bible or Holie Scripture (said Luther) is like a d spacious orchard, wherein all sorts of trees do ; from which we may pluck divers kinde of fruits; the Bible we have rich and precious comforts, learn- dmonitions, warnings, promises, and threatnings, &c. is not a tree in this orchard on which I have not 't (said Luther) and have shaken at least a couple of or pears from the same."—p. 1

Schenck's Preaching characterized.

nno 1538, the 18 of September, Luther (having no- hat the preaching of Jacob Schenck everie where was d and praised) said, O! how acceptable were these s and reports to me, if with his preaching he brought such sweet-mouthed, smooth and stately words (of St. Paul complaineth to the Romans) whereby the s most of all are decieved. They are like to the Cecias, which bloweth so mildely and still, so soft arm, that thereby the blossoms of trees and other and flowers are enticed to spring forth to their des- n. Even so likewise doth the Divel, who when he eth Christ in his ministers, even then he intendeth troie Christ; and although he speaketh the truth, yet herewith he lieth. An honest man may well go up airs, when a knave lieth hid behinde them: for the can well endure that Christ sitteth upon the tongue, in the mean time he lieth hid thereunder; inso- that the people's ears are tickled and enflamed with they willingly hear: But (said Luther) such tatt- asteth not long; for Satan through the Gospel will t the Gospel, in presumptuos and secure spirits ack- dge not their sins. And where no matter or tinder ake it apt to catch, Christ hath no room or place in he may work; for he onely is come to them that ' perplexed broken hearts and spirits, as he saith." *poor is the Gospel preached.*—p. 429.

Why Luther liked Chymistry.

he upright Art of Alchimie (said Luther) liketh me well, and indeed, it is the Philosophie of the antient. it not only for the profit's sake which it bringeth in g of the metalls, in excocting, prepareing and ex- g, also in distilling herbs, roots, and in subliming. lso, I like it for the sake of the Allegorie and secret ication, which is surpassing fair; namely, touching surrection of the dead at the last daie. For like as urnace the fire extracteth and seperateth that which best out of the matter, yea it carrieth upwards the the life, the sap, and strength, so that it possesseth permost part of the Still, it cleaveth thereon, and rickleth downwards; insomuch, that the fat swim- above, and the best thereof hovereth alway upper- but the unclean matter, or the dregs, is left at the a like a dead carcase and worthless thing."—p. 480.

ther compares the Preaching and the Gray Friers.

ther took in his hand a young sparrow, and said, bare-foot frier with thy graie coat, thou art the most ievous bird. I would wish that some one would a declamation of a passage that happened at Erfurt, time of my being there in the monasterie, namely, ching frier and a bare-foot wandered together into untrie to beg for the brethren, and to gather alms. two plaied upon one another with unprofitable words ir sermons. The bare-foot frier preaching first, said, Loving countrie people, and good friends! Take heed of that bird the swallow, for it is white within, but upon the back it is black; it is an evil bird, always chirping, but profitable for nothing; and when it is angred, so is it altogether mad; it pricketh the kine, and when it fouleth, so maketh it people blinde, as in the book of Tobit ye read thereof. This bare-foot frier hereby intended to paint out the preaching friers that wear on the outside black coats, inward they wear white bandillions. Now as in that afternoon the preaching frier came into the pulpit, he plaied likewise uponthe bare-foot frier, and said,--Indeed (loving friends!) I neither may nor can well defend the swallow, but the graie sparrow is far a worse and more hurtful bird; for he robbeth, stealeth, and devoureth all he can get, as, oats, barlie, wheat, rie, apples, pears, peas, cherries, &c.; moreover he is a lustful and leacherous bird; his greatest art is to crie, *Scrip, scrip, scrip,* &c."—p. 416.

Luther worn out.

" At Coburg, I went about and sought me out a place for my burial, I thought to have been laid in the chancel under the cross, but now I am of another minde; I know I have not long to live, for my head is like a knife from which the Steel is wholly whetted away and is become merely Iron, the Iron will cut no more, even so likewise it is with my head; Now loving Lord God, I hope my hour is not far, God help, and give mee a happy hour, I desire to live no longer."—p. 472.

Luther of Popery, Law, and Lawyers.

" The Papists differ among themselves, they cannot agree in their own pedleries. For Anno, 1530, in the proceeding at Auspurg, they made no mention (no, not so much as one word was spoken) of the Article of the Pope's Primacie, or Vicarage of St. Peter, which was wont to be the chiefest Article of whole Popedom. We ought (said Luther) to set upon such an evil, such an ungodly and insolent creature, we ought to preach, to teach, and to write against him. If God spare me life nnd health but only one half year, so will I fetch a dance with that bride over block and stone. I would wish that the lawyers also appeared in the game, so would I thoroughly tug and teach them, what *Subjectum juris* is. I acknowledge *Jus* is altogether a fair spouse, so long as she remaineth in her own bed; but when she strideth into the bed of another, (and will rule devinitie in the church) then she becometh a great strumpet and a whore, therefore, *Jus* must stand uncovered before divinitie. Luther (still continuing his discourse touching this Cardinal and other Bishops) said, I never read such fundamental and fearful examples of hearts hardning as even in them; they far surpass the Jews, Pharaoh, and others; in a word, they are next neighbours to the Divel, my heart panteth and quaketh when I tihnk on them."—p. 418.

In the course of this volume there occurs a great number of hints and anecdotes of the life of Luther—more particularly of the circumstances which led him into his great contest—of the spirit and magnanimity which maintained him in it—as well as little notices of his personal character habits, and opinions.—To these we shall turn.

Luther's Resolution.

" I Martin Luther, am called out and constreined against my will to be a preacher; when I received that office, I vowed and sware to my dearest beloved, the sacred Scripture, purely and truly to preach and teach the same; upon teaching whereof, Popedom fell in my waie, intending to hinder me; therefore it is come to that pass with the Pope, as now apparently doth appear, and it shall go still worse with him; he shall not be able to resist me. In the name of God, and of my vocation and calling, I will go upon the lion and adder, and with feet will tread under the young lion and the dragon. And the same shall begin in my life time, and after my death it shall be accomplished."—p. 537.

Luther's joyful Opposition to the Pope.

"When I (said Luther) write against the Pope, I am not melancholie; for then I labour with the brains and understanding, then I write with joie of heart; insomuch, that not long since Doctor Reisenpusch said unto mee, I much marvel that you can be so merrie; if the case were mine, it would go near to kill me. Whereupon I answered him, and said, Neither the Pope, nor all his shaven retinue, can make me sad; for I know that they are Christ's enemies; aherefore I fight against him with joiful courage."—p. 388.

Luther's History, by himself.

✓ "Neither Philip Melancthon nor no man living (said Luther shall make me believe, that Astrologie is a sure acknowledgement and an art, the whole buisness concerning Astrologie, is opposite to Philosophie: I oftentimes have discoursed with Philip Melancthon, and in order have related unto him the course and manner of my whole life, and how I have lived. I am the son of a Farmer; my father my grandfather and great-grandfather were farmers but my father left his farm, and went towards Mansfield, and there he became a miner in the silver mines, one mile from which place (at Eisleven) I was born and bred. But insomuch as I became a Baccalaureus, a Batchelor in Arts, a Magister, or Master, a Frier, &c. the same was not written in the Planets. Did not I (said Luther) purchace great shame, in that I had laid aside my brown beard and became a nastie Frier, which much vexed my father, and it was very grievous unto him, yet nevertheless, I fell to buffets with the Pope, and he again with me. I took a wife (a fled Nun) and on her I begat certain children; now I demand, who saw these things in the Stars? who told me before, that thus and thus it should happen with me. An Astrologer or a Star-peeper, is to likened to one that selleth dice, and saith, Behold here I have dice that alwaies run upon twelve, the rest of the fiftie casts they run upon 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. Even thus is it with the Astrologers, when once or twice their conceits and fantasies do hit and happen, then they cannot sufficiently extol and praise the art, but touching the other so oftentimes failing, of the same they are altogether still and silent. I accept of Astronomie (said Luther) it pleaseth me well for the sake of her manifold profits."—p. 505.

Luther was much attached to music, and almost always listened to it during dinner. This taste together with his merry and jovial disposition, gave the adherents of papacy a handle which they did not fail to use. Every calumny which industrious malignity could invent was heaped upon him, and the most innocent action of his life distorted into the most abominable wickedness. We only need, in proof of this, to refer to Bayle, who, instead of writing the life of Luther, amused himself with answering the charges that had been made against him. Most of them refute themselves, but, as some of the accusations are curiosities in the history of human depravity, they were well suited to catch the attention of Bayle.

Luther's Attachment to Music.

"Musick (said Luther) is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemie;—therewith many tribulations and evil cogitations are hunted away. It is one of the best arts, the notes give life to the text, it expelleth melancholie, as we see on King Saul. Kings and Princes ought to preserve and maintain Musick, for great Potentates and Rulers ought to protect good and liberal Arts and Laws, and although private people have lust thereunto and love the same, yet their abilitie cannot preserve and maintain it. We read in the Bible, that the good and godly Kings mainteined and paid singers.

"Musick (said Luther) is the best Solace for a sad and sorrowful minde, through which the heart is refreshed and settled again in peace, as is said by Virgil, *Tu calamos inflare leves ego dicere versus*: Sing thou the notes, I will sing the text. Musick is an half Disci pline and School-mistress, that maketh people more gentle and meek-minded, more modest and understanding. The base and evil fidlers and minstrels serve thereto, that we see and hear, how fine an Art Musick is for white can never be better known, than when black is held against it.

"Anno 1538, the 17. of December, Luther invited the singers and musitians to a supper, where they sung faire and sweet *motea*, then he said with admiration, Seeing our Lord God in this life (which is but a meer Cloaca) shaketh out and presenteth unto us such precious gifts, what then will be done in the life everlasting, when every thing shall be made in the most compleat and delightfullest manner, here is only *materia prima*, the beginning. I alwais loved Musick, (said Luther) whoso has skill in this Art, the same is of good kinde, fitted for all things, we must of necessitie maintein Musick in schools, a School-master ought to have skill in Musick, or otherwise I would not regard him, neither should we ordain young fellows to the office of preaching, except before they have been well excersised and practised in the School of Musick. Musick is a fair gift of God, and near allied to Divinitie, I would not for a great matter (said Luther) be destitute of the small skill in Musick which I have. The youth ought to be brought up and accustomed to this Art, for it maketh fine and expert people."—p. 500.

Luther displeased with his Bretheren.

"I should (said Luther) now in my old age in (reason) have some rest and peace, but now those that should be with and for me, do fall upon me; I have plague enough with my adversaries, therefore my brethren should not vex me. But who is able to resist all? They are fresh, lustie, and young people, have lived in idleness; I am now aged, have had much labour and pains. Nothing causeth Osiander's pride more than his idle life; for he preacheth but, twice in the week, and hath an yearly stipend of four hundred gilders."—p. 292.

"When I began first to write against the Pope's indulgences, (said Luther) then we neither heard nor knew any thing of Grickle or of Jeckle, nor of any other, then they drew in their pipes; for the space of three years I was utterly forsaken and left alone, no man offered unto me the helping hand, they all suffered me to wrestle alone with the Papists. But now when the business is finished to their hands, they will triumph, and shew their nodheads in writing books. Therefore, Solomon rightly said, *Non est finis scribendi librorum.* When I once lie in the dust, then there will be old writing of books."—p. 292.

How Luther learned Divinity.

"I (said Luther) did not learn my Divinitie at one only time; but I was constrained to search deeper and deeper, to which my temptations brought me: for no man, without trials and temptations, can attain to the true understanding of the Holie Scriptures, Saint Paul had a divel that beat him with his fists, and with temptations drove him diligently to studie the Holie Scripture. I (said Luther) had cleaving and hanging on my neck the Pope, the Universities, all the deep learned, and with them the divel himself; these hunted me into the Bible, wherein I diligently read, and thereby (God be praised) at length I attained to the true understandiug of the same. Without such a divel, we are but onely speculators of Divinitie, and according to our vain cogitations we dream, that so and so it must be, as the Monks and Friers in Monasteries do. The Holie Scripture, of itself, is certain and true enough, but God grant me grace, that I may catch hold on the right use thereof; for when Satan disputeth with me in this sort; namely, whether God be gracious unto me or no: then I must not meet him with this text:—*Whoso loveth God with all his heart, with all his soul and with all his strength, the same shall inherit the kingdom of God;* for then the divel presently objecteth, and hitteth me in the teeth, and saith: Thou hast not loved God with all thy heart, &c. which indeed is true, and my own conscience therein witnesseth against me; but at such a time I must arm myself, and encounter him with this text; namely, that *Jesus Christ died for me, and through him I have a gracious God and Father; Christ hath made an atonement for me,* as Saint Paul saith; *He is of God, given unto us for wisdom, for righteousness, for holiness, and for redemption.*"—p. 30

Luther's Labour and disinterestedness.

"If (said Luther) the great pains and labour which I take were not done by me for the sake of him that died for me, the world could not give me monie enough to write onely one book, or to translate the Bible. I desire not to be rewarded and pai'd of the world for my work; the world is too too poor and simple to give me satisfaction; I have not desired the value of one pennie of my master the Prince Elector of Saxon, so long as I have been in this place. The whole world is nothing else, but a turned about *Decalogue*, or the Ten Commandments backwards, a vizard, and a picture of the Divel. All contemners of God, all blasphemers, all disobedient, whoredom, pride, theft, murder, &c. are now almost ripe for the slaughter; neither is the Divel idle, with Turk and Pope, heresies and other erroneous sects."—p. 81-2.

Luther's Superstition.

"Anno 1521, as I departed from Worms (said Luther) and not far from Eisunach was taken prisoner. I was lodged in the castle of Wartburg, my Patmos, in a chamber far from people, where none could have access unto me, but onely two boyes that twice the daye brought me meat and drink; now, among other things they brought me hasel-nuts, which I put into a box, and somtimes I used to crack and eat of them. In the night times, my Gentleman the Devil came and got the nuts out of the box and cracked them against one of the bedposts, making a very great noise and a rumbling about my bed, but I regarded him nothing at all, when afterwards I began to slumber, then he kept such a racket and rumbling upon the chamber stairs, as if many emptie hogs-heads and barrels had been tumbled down; and although I knew that the stairs were strongly guarded with iron bars, so that no passage was either up or down, yet I arose and went towards the stairs to see what the matter was, but finding the door fast shut, I said Art thou there? so be there still; I committed myself to Christ my Lord and Saviour, of whom it is written, *Omnia subjecisti pedibus ėjus*, and then laid me down to rest again.—p. 381.

Luther invariably speaks of Satan as one of whose existence he had had ocular demonstration, and in terms which another would use of an old and cunning mortal enemy, with whom he had frequent personal struggles.

Another Instance of Superstition.

"At such time (said Luther) when I could not be rid of the Devil with uttering sentences out of the Holie Scripture, then I made him often flie with jeering and ridiculous words and terms; I have recorded my sins in thy register; I said likewise unto him, Divel! if Christ's blood, which was shed for my sins, be not sufficient, then I desire thee, that thou wouldest praie to God for me. When he findeth me idle (said Luther) and that I have nothing in hand, then he is very busie, and before I am aware he wringeth from me a bitter sweat; but when I offer him the pointed spear, that is God's Word, then he flieth, yet before he goeth, he maketh me bloodie armed, or else giveth me a grevious hurrycane. When at the first I began to write against the Pope, and that the Gospel went on, then the Devil laid himself strongly therein, he ceased not to rumble and rage about, for he willingly would have preserved Purgatorie at Magdeburg, and *discursum animarum.* For, there was a citizen, whose childe died, for which he refused to have Vigilia and Soul-masses to be sung; then the Devil plaid his reaks, came every night about twelve of the clock into the chamber where the childe died, and made a whinning like a young childe. The good citizen beeing therewith full of sorrow, knew not what course to take. The Popish Priests cried out and said.—O, now, you see how it goeth when Vigils are not held and solemnized, &c. Whereupon, the Citizen sent to me (said Luther) desiring my advice therein, (for my sermon which lately before I preached touching this sentence *they have Moses and the Prophets*, was gone out in print, which the Citizen had read,) then I wrote unto him from Wittemberg, and advised him not to suffer any Vigils at all to be held, for he might be fully assured, that those were meerly pranks of the Devil, whereupon the children and servants in the house jeered and contemned the Devil, and said, what doest thou Satan? Avoid, thou cursed Spirit, and get thee gone to the place where thou oughtest to be, into the pit of hell, &c. Now, as the Devil marked their contempt, he left off his game and came there no more,—*Quia est superbus Spiritus, et non potest ferre contemptum sui.*—p. 381.

Luther's story of a Gost-Wife.

"A Gentleman had a fair young wife which died, and was also buried. Not long after, the Gentleman and his servant lying together in one chamber, his dead wife in the night time approached into the chamber, and leaned herself upon the Gentleman's bed, like as if she had been desirous to speak with him. The servant (seeing the same two or three nights one after another) asked his master, whether he knew, that every night a woman, in white apparel, came into his bed? the Gentleman said, No: I sleep soundly (said he) and see nothing. When night approached, the Gentleman, considering the same, laie wakeing in bed. Then the woman appeared unto him, and came hard to his bed-side. The Gentleman demanded who she was? She answered, I am your wife. He said, My wife is dead and buried. She said, True: by reason of your swearing and sins I died: but if you would take me again, and would also abstain from swearing one particular oath, which commonly you use, then would I be your wife again. He said, I am content to perform what you desire. whereupon his dead wife remained with him, ruled his house, laie with him, ate and drank with him, and had children together. Now it fell out, that on a time the Gentleman had guests, and his wife after supper was to fetch out of his chest some banqueting stuff: she staying somewhat long, her husband (forgetting himself) was moved thereby to swear his accustomed oath; whereupon the woman vanished that instant. Now seeing she returned not again, they went up into the chamber to see what was become of her. There they found the gown which she wore, half lying within the chest, and half without; but she was never seen afterwards. This did the Divel, (said Luther) he can transform himself into the shape of a man or woman."—p. 386.

Luther's account of a Changeling.

"Eight years since (said Luther) at Dessaw, I did see and touch such a changed childe, which was twelve years of age; he had his eies and all members like another childe: he did nothing but feed, and would eat as much as two clowns, or threshers, were able to eat. When one touched it, then it cried out; when any evil happened in the house, then it laughed, and was joyful; but when all went well, then it cried, and was very sad. I told the Prince of Anhalt, if I were Prince of that countrie, so would I venture *Homicidium* thereon, and would throw it into the river Moldaw. I admonished the people dwelling in that place, devoutly to praie to God to take away the Divel; the same was done accordingly, and the second year after, the changeling died."—p. 387.

Luther's account of the disappearance of another Killcrop,

"In Saxonia, near into Halberstad, was a man that also had a Killcrop, who sucked the mother and five other woman drie; and besides, devoured very much. This man was advised that he should in his pilgrimage at Halberstadt, make a promise of the Killcrop to the Virgin Marie, and should cause him there to be rocked. This advice the man followed, and carried the changeling thither in a basket; but going over a river, being upon the bridge, another Devil that was below in the river called, and said Killcrop, Killcrop! Then the childe in the basket (which never before spake one word) answered, Ho, Ho. The Divil in the water asked further, whither art thou going? The childe in the basket said, I am going towards Hocklestad, to our loving mother to be rocked."—p. 387.

The Devil a Doctor of Divinity.

"Indeed (said Luther) although the Divel be not a commenced Doctor, yet he is both deeply learned and well experienced; he hath been in practice, hath used his art, his trade, and occupation, now almost six thousand years. No humane creature can prevail against him, but onely Christ, yet nevertheless he hath made trial of his art and trade also on Christ, as when driely he said unto him, *If thou wilt fall down and worship me, I will give thee all the kingdoms of the whole world*, &c. He said not as before, *Art thou the son of God*, but saith, I am God, thou art my creature, for all the power and glorie of the world is mine, I give the same to whom I please: therefore wilt thou worship me, so will I give them unto thee. This blaspheming of God, Christ could not endure, but calleth him by his right name, and saieth, *Avoid Satan*, &c."—p. 376.

It cannot be supposed that Luther, in spite of the native fortitude and buoyancy of his spirit, passed through the struggle of his life, without experiencing moments of despondency, when he found nearly all the world leagued against him—when his courage misgave him at the sight of the tremendous obstacles which were arrayed before him. It is true, that at these times the best of consolations was in his power, and that he availed himself of it; yet the man must be more than human, who can withstand imminent peril of life and fame, desertion of friends, intense labour of body, the utmost stretch of mind, without occasionly feeling his heart die within him.

Luthers Despondency.

"I have found myself (said Luther,) that in my highest tribulations (which tormented and exhausted my bodie' in such sort, that I could scarcely pant and take my breath,) I went dried up and pressed out like a sponge. No creature was able to comfort me; insomuch that I said, Am I alone the man that must feel such tribulations in the spirit? But ten years past, I beeing solitarie and alone, God comforted me again through his holie Angels, and enabled me to strive and fight against the Pope."—p. 395.

"Docter Jeronymus Weller being deeply plunged into melancholie fits and humors, Luther said unto him, Be of courage, you are not alone that suffereth tribulation, I am also one, and have greater sins upon me, than you and your father have; for I blasphemed my God fifteen years together with celebrating that abominable idol the Mass, insomuch that I wish from my heart, I had been at that time rather a pandor or a thief."—p. 395.

Luther compares the Human Heart to a Mill-stone.

"Even so (said Luther) when I am in heavie tribulations, then I rather go to my swine-herd and swine, than to be or remain alone. The heart of an human creature is like a mill-stone in a mill, when corn is shaked thereupon, it runneth about, rubbeth and grindeth it to meal, but if no corn be present, (the stone nevertheless running still about) then it rubbeth and grindeth itself thinner and becometh less and smaller; even so, the heart of an humane creature will bee occupied; if it hath not the works of its vocation in hand to be busied therein, then cometh the Divel and shooteth thereinto tribulations, heavie cogitations and vexations, as then the heart consumeth itself with melancholie, insomuch that it must starve and famish. Many a one therewith greiveth and perplexeth himself to death, as Syrach saith, 'Sorrow killeth many people, and melancholie consumeth marrow and bone, it produceth no profit at all.'"—p. 397.

Luther's Resource in Melancholy.

"Oftentimes (said Luther) I took business in hand, thereby intending to drive away the Divil; but all would not do, he would neither depart nor surcease. For Satan (as a founder of death) hath so spoiled and fouled our nature, that we refuse to be comforted. Therefore, he that feeleth such divellish cogitations and spiritual temptations, him I truly advise, that soon and quickly he expel them. Let him think on somewhat else that is pleasant, let him take a merrie cup, let him jest or plaie, or let him take in hand some other honest and civil matter, and as much as possibly he may, let him seriously meditate thereon. But above all things, let him use the principal and chiefest physic, namely, let him steadfastly believe in Jesus Christ: for he came to comfort and to revive, and will destroie the works of the Divel. And insomuch as all melancholie and heavie cogitations proceed from the Divel, so must we praie to God for his Holie Spirit, who is a stout and a courageous contemner of death and all danger: he is the daring champion."—p. 396.

In such moments he seems to have had a disgust for his own works.

"It will shortly come to pass, that the world willingly would give much for an upright preacher. but shall not get him; instead of whom they shall honor and worship liers and deceivers. Therefore (said Luther) a little thing would make me to help Podedom up again, and to exalt Monks and Friers; for the world cannot live without such vizards and shrovetide-fools."—p. 283.

When exasperated by ignorant and prejudiced opposition in the most sacred of causes, and still more indignant at the hollow support of lukewarm and temporizing friends, the sturdy reformer often breaks out into intemperate language. Princes and potentates sink into insignificance in the mind of him who is surveying the stupendous power of the Deity. The prophet who is denouncing the wickedness of a blinded world, does not stop in the moment of inspiration to measure his phrase—the more powerful the obstacle to the accomplishment of good, the stronger and more impetuous the language he wreaks upon it. Added to a mind of the greatest vigour, and a frame of the most sensitive feeling, Luther naturally possessed all the passions of the human frame in their wildest energy, which the religous discipline, to which he submitted them, could not break. His birth was low, his education in a monastery, and that a German one, and his first study, controversy against virulent advocate; so that we must not be surprised to meet with coarseness, and even fierceness of expression, spread over his numerous and admirable writings.

Luther speaking of Henry VIII

"I am lately advertised (said Luther) that Henrie King of England is fallen from the Gospel again, hath commanded upon pain of death that the people shall receive the Sacrament onely under one kinde, and that spiritual persons, Friers and Nuns, shall perform their Vows, and tear in pieces their marriages, whenas formerly he had done quite the contraie. At this the Papists will jeer, will be joyful and boast; Indeed (said Luther) it is a great offence, but let it go: That King is still the old Hintz, as in my first book I pictured him; he will surely finde his judge; I never liked his resolutions, in that he would kill the Pope's bodie, but preserve his soul; that is, his false doctrine."—p. 464.

Luther bitterly hated the coldness and duplicity of Erasmus, who, while he confessed that the reformer was right, durst not adopt his opinions. It is true, that he ingenuously confessed that he was not made of the stuff which befits a martyr; but Luther, who was every instant ready to die for the truth, and who could not understand how any interests could overbalance those of religion, was not a man to make allowances for the infirmities of that elegant but timid scholar.

"Erasmus can do nothing but cavil and flout, he cannot confute. If (said Luther) I were a Papist, so would I easily overcome and beat him. For although he flouteth the Pope with his ceremonies, yet he neither hath confuted nor overcome him; no enemie is beaten nor overcome with mocking, jeering, and flouting."—p. 432.

"I hate Erasmus from my heart (said Luther), for he useth and carrieth even the same argument which Caiaphas advised, when he said, *It is expedient that one man should die for the people.* Even so saith Erasmus and all Epicures, It is expedient and better that the Gospel go down, or be not preached, than that whole Germanie, with all the Princes, should go together by the ears, and all Christendom should be moved."—p. 432

"Luther (with great earnest zeal of heart) said to Docter Jonas and to Pommer, I charge you in my will and testament, that you hate and loath Erasmus that viper. I regard not his words, indeed they are well adorned, but they are meerly Democritical, Epicurian things, for he speaketh of every matter doubtfully with diligence and of set purpose, his words are wavering, or (as we used to saie) screwed words which he may construe as he pleaseth, which beseemeth not a Christian, yea such words (equivoting) beseem no honest humane creature. For behold what poison he spitteth out in his *colloquiis* under feigned persons *and finely applieth himself according to the humor of the youth*, thereby to infect them. So soon (said Luther) it shall please God to help me on my legs again, so will I write against him and cut his throat, I will put on and use against him the sentence of Isaiah, concerning the eggs of the Basilisk, the same are fitly dressed for Erasmus's tooth."—p. 432.

Luther thus speaks of Sir Thomas Moore, the friend of Erasmus, on being asked whether he might be considered a martyr in the cause of religion.

"Luther answered, No, in no wise; for he was a notable Tyrant: He was the King's chiefest Counsellor, a very learned and a wise man: He shed the blood of many innocent Christians that confessed the Gospel, those he plagued and tormented with strange instruments like an Hangman or an Executioner; First he examined them in words under a green tree, afterwards with sharp torments in prison. At last he leaned himself against the Edict of the King and whole Kingdom, was disobedient, and so punished."—p. 464.

Luther's Opinion of Melancthon, Erasmus, and of Carolostadius.

"Anno 1536, Luther wrote upon his table these words following. *Rest et verbo* Philipus; *verba sine re* Erasmus, *res sine verbis* Lutherus; *nec res, nec verba* Corolostadius; that is, what Philip Melancthon writeth, the same hath hands and feet, the matter is good, and also the words are good; Erasmus Roterodamus maketh many words, but to no purpose; Luther hath good matter, but the words are not good; Carlstad hath neither good words nor good matter. Philip Melancthon unawares coming to Luther at that time, reading the same, he smiled upon Doctor Basil and said, Touching Erasmus and Carlstad it was well judged and censured, but too much is attributed unto me, also good words ought to be ascribed to Luther, for he speaketh exceedingly well, and hath substantial matter."—p. 510.

Luther of the world's Blindness.

"I am persuaded (said Luther), if at this time St. Peter in person should preach all the Articles of Holie Scripture, and but onely should denie the Pope's Authoritie, Power, and Primacie, and should saie, that the Pope were not the chief head of all Christendom, then surely they would cause him to be hanged. Yea, if Christ himself were yet on earth, and should preach, then without all doubt the Pope would crucifie him again. Therefore (said Luther) let us expect the same entertainment; better it is to build upon Christ, than upon the Pope. If (said Luther) from my heart I did not believe that after this life there were another then I would sing another song, and would laie the burthen on another's neck."—p. 353.

Luther's Humility.

"I (said Luther) am an old Doctor of Divinitie, yet to this daie I am not come out of the children's learning; that is, the Ten Commandements, the Creed, and the Lord's Praier. I confess seriously, that as yet I understand them not so well as I should: for if I rightly understood and did believe but onely these few words [*Father which art in heaven*] that God (who made heaven and earth, and created all creatures, and hath all things in his hand and power) were my Father, then I should certainly conclude by myself, that I also am a Lord of heaven and earth, that Christ is my brother, that Gabriel is my servant, that Raphael is my coachman, that all the Angels in my necessities are my attendants; for they are given unto me of my heavenly Father, to keep me in all my waies, that unawares I should not dash my foot against a stone. To conclude, it must needs follow, that everie thing is mine. But to the end our faith may be exercised and confirmed, our heavenlie Father therefore suffreth some of us to be cast into the dungeon, some to be drowned in water, &c." —p. 6.

Luther sticks at Ego.

"I oftentimes (said Luther) have had devout meditations of the Ten Commandements; and when I came to the first word, *Ego* (*I am the Lord*, &c.) then I stuck fast at *Ego*, as being at a *Non-plus*. I cannot as yet sufficiently understand this word *Ego*."—p. 184.

In what Luther's whole Divinity consisted.

"The Divel (said Luther) was much offended at the light and foolish actions of our Lord God, in sending down from heaven his onely begotten Son into the world, and laid him in the Virgin Marie's bosom. The Divel thought, that he far better and wiser could have contrived such a business; for the Divel is squint-eied, he cannot look downwards; he gazeth at high and pompous things; he goeth on looking upwards. Then our Lord God casteth in his waie a preacher, whereover the Divel stumbleth, and falleth down to the ground: then the Divel riseth again, and still gapeth upwards, and stumbleth at something or other which our Lord God casteth in his waie; so that at last it fareth with him as it went with Thales Milesius, who gazed after the stars, and thereover fell into a pit. Even so likewise all Hereticks are squint-eied, like their Captain the Devil. But I (God be thanked) have learned this Art, that I believe and know, God is wiser than I am. All my Divinitie consisteth onely in this, that I believe Christ onely is the Lord, touching whom the Holie Scriptures speak: neither my Grammar nor my Hebrew tongue taught it me, but it was the work of the Holie Spirit."—p. 531.

How to learn German.

"A certain English gentleman, very learned, at Wittemberg, was much conversant with Luther at his table: but this gentleman had not his Dutch language well; therefore Luther said unto him:—I will give unto you my wife for a school-mistris, she shall teach you finely and readily to speak Dutch, for she is very eloquent, and so perfect therein, that she far surpasseth me: *Howsoever, when women are readie in speaking, it is not to be commended, it becomes them much better when they keep silence and speak little.*"—p. 72.

Luther makes his own Epitaph.

"Anno 1546, the 16 of Februarie, Luther, being at Eisleven, said, when I come again to Wittemberg, I will lie in a coffin, and will give unto the worms a fat Luther to eat. And so it fell out; for two daies after this he died at Eisleven, and three hours before his death he called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote these words following:

Pestis eram vivens, moriens ero mors tua, Papa.
Living, I was a plague to thee;
Dying, O Pope! thy death I'll be."

We will conclude our very copius extracts from this large volume, with Luther's own account of his appearance before the Diet at worms. It is not nearly so full or so interesting a narrative of this, perhaps, the noblest scene, in which a single man was a hero, that ever took place, as might be collected from different sources; but it possesses a certain value from being taken from his own mouth. In this story, if rightly told, we should have an example of each of all the glorious characteristics of this resolute reformer. His fearlessness, his readiness, his resolution, his eloquence, his acuteness, his fervency, his uprightness, his unshrinking, unyelding, straight-forward determination to proceed, to grasp and to gain the object which his heart told him was above all price.

Luther's journey to Worms, and appearance before the Diet.

"On Tuesdaie in the Passion Week, (said Luther) I was cited by the Herald to appear at the Diet; he brought with him a safe conduct from the Emperor, and many other Princes (but the safe conduct was soon broken, even the next day, Wednesdaie, at Worms, where I was condemned and by books burned.) Now, when I came to Erfurt, I received intelligence that I was cast and condemned at Worms, yea, and that in all cities and places thereabout, it was published and divulged; insomuch that the Herald asked me, Whether I meant to go to Worms or no?

"Although I was somewhat astonished at the news, yet I answered the Herald, and said, *Although in Worms there were as many Divels as there are tiles on the houses, yet, God willing I will go thither.*

"When I came to Oppenheime, in the Palatinate, not far from Worms, Bucer came unto me, and dissuaded me from entering into the town; for (said he) Sglapion, the Emperor's confessor, had been with him, and had entreated him to warn me, not to go thither, for I should be burned; but rather that I should go to a gentleman there near at hand, Francis von Sickingen, and remain with him, who willingly would receive and entertain me. This plot the wicked wretches (said Luther) had devised against me, to the end I should not appear: for if I had detracted the time, and staid away three daies, then my safe conduct had been expired, and as then they would have locked the town gates, and without hearing, I should have been condemned and made away. But I went on in all simplicitie, and when I saw the citie, I wrote presently to Spalatine, and gave him notice of my coming, and desired to know where I should be lodged. Then they all wondered at my coming, which was so far from their expectation; for they verily thought I would have staid away, as scared through their threatnings. There were two worthy gentlemen (John von Hirshfield, and Sir John Schott) who received me by the Prince Elector's command, and brought me to their lodging.

"No Prince came unto me, but onely Earls and Gentlemen, who earnestly looked upon me, and who had exhibited four hundred articles to his Imperial Majestie against those of the spiritualtie, and desired a redress and a removing of those their grievances; otherwise they themselves should be constrained to remedie the same; from all which grievances they are now delivered through the Gospel, which I (God be praised) have brought again to light. The Pope at that time wrote to the Emperor, that he should not perform the safe conduct; for which end all the bishops also pressed the Emperor; but the Princes and States of the Empire would not consent thereunto: for they alleged that a great tumult thereupon would arise. I received of them a great deal of courtesie, insomuch that the Papists were more afraid of me, than I was of them.

"For the Landgrave of Hessen (being then but a young Prince) desired that I might be heard, and he said openly unto me, Sir! is your cause just and upright? Then I beseech God to assist you. Now, being in Worms, I wrote to Sglapion, and desired him to make a step unto me, but he would not. Then being called, I appeared in the Senate House before the Council and State of the whole Empire, where the Emperor, the Princes Electors in person, were assembled.

"Then Doctor Eck (the Bishop of Tryer's Fiscall) began, and said unto me,—Martine, thou art called hither to give answer, whether thou acknowledgest these writings to be thy books or no? (the books lay on a table which he shewed unto me.) I answered, and said, I believe they be mine. But Hierome Schurfe presently thereupon said, Let the titles of them be read. Now when the same were read, then I said, Yea, they are mine. Then he said, Will you revoke them? I answered and said, Most gracious Lord and Emperor, some of my books are books of controversies, wherein I touch my adversaries, some on the contrarie are books of doctrine, the same I neither can nor will revoke; but if in case I have in my books of controversies been too violent against any man, then I am content therein to be better directed, and for that end, I desire respite of time; then they gave me time, one day and one night. The next day I was cited by the bishops and others, who were appointed to deal with me touching my revocation. Then I said, God's word is not my word, therefore I know not how to give it away; but whatsoever is besides the same, therein I will shew obedience. Then Marquis Joachim said unto me, Sir, Martin, so far as I understand, you are content to be instructed (excepting onely) what the holy writ may concern. I said, Yea. Then they pressed me to refer the cause to his Imperial Majestie; I said, I durst not presume to do so. Then they said, Do you not think that we are also Christians, who with all care and diligence would finish and end such causes? you ought to put so much trust and confidence in us, that we would conclude uprightly. To that I answered, and said, I dare not trust you so far, that you should conclude against yourselves, who even now have cast and condemned me, being under safe conduct; yet nevertheless that ye may see what I will do, I will yield up into your hands my safe conduct and refuse it, do with me what ye please; then all the Princes said, Truly he offereth enough, if not too much. Afterwards they said, Yield unto us yet in some articles. I said, in God's name, such articles as concern not the Holie Scriptures, I will not stand against. Presently hereupon, two Bishops went to the Emperor and shewed him, that I had revoked. Then the Emperor sent another Bishop unto me, to know if I had referred the cause to him, and to the Empire? I said, I had neither done it nor intended so to do. In this sort (said Luther) did I alone resist so many, insomuch that my Doctor and divers others of my friends were much offended and vexed by reason of my constancie, yea, some of them said, if I had referred the Articles to their consideration, they would have yielded and given waie to these Articles which in the Council at Costnitz had been condemned. Then came Cocleus upon me, and said,—Sir, Martin, If you will yield up your safe conduct, then I will enter into dispute with you. I for my part (said Luther) in my simplicitie would have accepted thereof. But Hieronimus Schurfe earnestly entreated me, not to do the same, and in derision and scornful sort, he answered Cocelus, and said, O brave offer, if a man were so foolish as to entertain it!

"Then came a Doctor unto me, belonging to the Marquis of Baden, assaying, with a strain of high carried words, to move me, admonished me, and said,—Truly (Sir Martin) you are bound to do much, and to yield for the sake of fraternal love, and to the end peace and tranquillitie among the people may be preserved, lest tumults and insurrections should be occasioned and raised. Besides, it were also greatly befitting you to shew obedience to the Imperial Majestie, and diligently to beware of causing offenses in the world; therefore I would advise you to revoke. Whereupon (said Luther) I said, For the sake of brotherly love and amitie I could and would do much, so far, that it were not against the faith and honour of Christ. When all these (said Luther) had made their vain assaults, then the Chancellor of Tryer said unto me,—Martin Luther, you are disobedient to the Imperial Majestie, therefore you have leave and licence to depart again with your safe conduct. In this sort departed I again from Worms, with a great deal of gentleness and courtesie, to the wondring of the whole Christian world, insomuch that the Papists wished they had left me at home. Afterwards that abominable Edict of proscribing was there at Worms put in execution after my departure, which gave occasion to every man to revenge himself upon his enemies, under the name and title of Protestant heresie. But the tyrants were not long after constrained to recal the same again."—p. 344-5-6.

THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS NORTH,

Baron of Guilford, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal under King Charles II. and King James II.; wherein are inserted the Characters of Sir Matthew Hale, Sir George Jeffries, Sir Leoline Jenkins, Sidney Godolphin, *and others, the most eminent Lawyers and Statesmen of that time. By the Hon.* Roger North. *London*, 1742.

This old piece of legal biography, which has been lately republished, is one of the most delightful books in the world. Its charm does not consist in any marvellous incidents of Lord Guilford's life, or any peculiar interest attaching to his character, but in the unequalled naïveté of the writer—in the singular felicity with which he has thrown himself into his subjects—and in his vivid delineations of all the great lawyers of his time. He was the younger brother of the Lord Keeper, to whose affection he was largely indebted, and from whom he appears to have been scarcely ever divided. His work, in nice minuteness of detail, and living picture of motive, almost equals the auto-biographies of Benvenuto Cellini, Rousseau, and Cibber. He seems to be almost as intensely conscious of all his brother's actions, and the movements of his mind, as they were of their own. All his ideas of human greatness and excellence appear taken from the man whom he celebrates. There never was a more liberal or gentle penetration of the spirit. He was evidently the most human, the most kindly, and the most single-hearted of flatterers. There is a beauty in his very cringing, beyond the independence of many. It is the most gentleman-like submission, and the most graceful resignation of self, of which we have ever read. Hence there is nothing of the vanity of authorship—no attempt to display his own powers—throughout the work. He never comes forward in the first person, except as a witness. Indeed, he usually speaks of himself as of another, as though he had half lost his personal consciousness in the contemplation of his idol's virtues. The following passage, towards the conclusion, where he recounts the favours of Lord Guilford to a younger brother, and at last, in the fulness of his heart, discloses, by a little quotation, that he is speaking of himself—this sweet breaking from his usual modest narration into the only personal feeling he seems to have cherished—is beautifully characteristic of the spirit which he brought to his work.

> " But I ought to come nearer home, and take an account of his benevolences to his paternal relations. His youngest brother (the honourable Robert North) was designed, by his father, for the civil law, as they call that professed at Doctors' Commons, upon a specious fancy to have a son of each faculty or employ used in England. But his lordship dissuaded him, and advised rather to have him put to the common law; for the other profession provided but for a few, and those not wonderful well; whereas the common law was more certain, and, in that way, he himself might bring him forwards, and assist him. And so it was determined. His lordship procured for him a petit chamber, which cost his father 60*l.* and there he was settled with a very scanty allowance; to which his lordship made a very timely addition of his own money: more than all this, he took him almost constantly out with him to company and entertainments, and always paid his scot; and, when he was attorney general, let him into partnership in one of the offices under him; and when his lordship was treasurer, and this brother called to the bar, a perquisite chamber, worth 150*l.* fell: and that he gave to his brother for a practising chamber, and took in lieu only that which he had used for his studies. When his lordship was chief justice, he gave him the countenance of practising under him at *nisi prius;* and all the while his lordship was an housekeeper, his brother and servant were of his family at all meals. When the Temple was burnt, he fitted up a little room and study in his chambers in Serjeant's Inn, for his brother to manage his small affairs of law in, and lodged him in his house till the Temple was built, and he might securely lodge there. And his lordship was pleased with a back door in his own study, by which he could go in and out to his brother, to discourse of incidents; which way of life delighted his lordship exceedingly. And, what was more extraordinary, he went with his lordship in his coach constantly to and from the courts of *nisi prius* at Guildhall and Westminster. And, after his lordship had the great seal, his brother's practice (being then made of the king's counsel, and coming within the bar) encreased exceedingly, and, in about three years' time, he acquired the better part he afterwards was possessed of. At that time, his lordship took his brother into his family, and a coach and servants assigned him out of his equipages; and all at rack and manger, requiring only 200*l.* a year; which was a trifle as the world went then. And it may truly be said, that this brother was as a shadow to him, as if they had grown together. And, to show his lordships tenderness, I add this instance of fact. Once he seemed more than ordinarily disposed to pensiveness, even to a degree of melancholy. His lordship never left pumping, till he found out the cause of it; and that was a reflection what should become of him, if he should lose this good brother, and be left alone to himself: the thought of which he could scarce bear; for he had no opinion of his own strength, to work his way through the world with tolerable success. Upon this his lordship, to set his brother's mind at ease, sold him an annuity of 200*l.* a year, at an easy rate, upon condition to re-purchase it, at the same rate, when he was worth 5,000*l.* And this was all done according.
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> "*O et præsidium et dulce decus meum.*"

We will now conduct our readers through Lord Guilford's life—introducing as many of the nice peculiarities of his historian as our limits will allow—and will then give them one or two of the portraits with which the work is enriched—and add a word on the changes which have taken place in the legal profession, since the time when the originals "held the noisy tenor of their way" through its gradations.

The Hon. Francis North, afterwards Baron Guilford, was the third son of Dudley, Lord North, Baron Kirtling, who deserved the filial duty of his children by the veneration which he manifested towards his own father, beyond even the strictness of those times; for, though he was an old man before his father died, he never sate or was covered in his presence unbidden. He sent his son, at an early age, to school, but was not very fortunate in his selection, for the master was a rigid Presbyterian, and his wife a furious Independant, who used "to instruct her babes in the gift of praying by the spirit, making them kneel by a bed-side and pray;" but as "this petit spark was too small for that posture, he was set upon the bed to kneel with his face to the pillow." This absurd treatment seems to have given the child an early disgust for those who were esteemed the fanatics, which never left him. He finished his scholastic education under a "cavalier master," with credit. After he left school, he became a fellow-commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he improved greatly in solid learning, and acquired a knowledge of music, which he afterwards used as a frequent solace amidst the toils of his profession.

He next became a member of the Middle Temple, and occupied "a moiety of a petit chamber, which his father bought for him." Here he "used constantly commons in the hall at noons and nights," studied closely, and derived much benefit from the practice of putting cases, which was followed in the old temple cloisters by the students, and for the convenience of which they were rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren in their present form. He, also, diligently common-placed the substance of his reading, having acquired a very small but legible hand—"for," as his biographer observes, "where contracting is the main business, it is not well to write, as the fashion then was, uncial or semi-uncial letters to look like pigs' ribs." In his studies, he was wont by turns to read the reports and institutes; "as, after a fullness of reports in the morning, about noon, to take a repast in Stamford, Crompton, or the Lord Coke's Pleas of the Crown, and Jurisdiction of Courts, Manwood of the Forest Law, and Fitzherbert's Natura Brevium." He, also, "despatched the greater part" of the year-books, beginning with the book, termed *Henry the Seventh*, from whence he regarded the common law derived "as from a copious fountain." While thus engaged, he did not altogether refuse recreation, but delighted in a small supper and a temperate glass with his friends in chambers, sometimes fancied "to go about town and see trade-work, which is a very diverting and instructive entertainment," and visited every thing extraordinary in town, "as engines, shows, lectures, and even so low as to hear Hugh Peters peach!" The only obstacle to his legal success was his excessive bashfulness, which so oppressed him, that when he dined or supped in the hall of the Middle Temple, he would not walk in alone, but "used to stand dogging at the skreen till other company came, behind whom he might enter."

At the bar, he derived great advantage from the favour of Sir Jeofry Palmer, the attorney-general, who gave him many opportunities of showing his dexterity and knowledge of law, by procuring him to perform some of his own public duties, when he was himself disabled by sickness. Through the good offices of his zealous friend, Mr. North was appointed to argue for the king in the house of lords, on the writ of error in the famous case of King *v.* Hollis and others, which was brought by order of the house of commons to reverse the judgment obtained in the time of Charles the First, against five of their members, who had been prosecuted for holding down the speaker in his chair, and other riotous proceedings. In consequence of the ability which he displayed on this occasion, though the Commons succeeded, he was, on the recommendation of the Duke of York, appointed one of his majesty's counsel. Thus, having precedence, the favour of the court, great assiduity, and knowledge in law, he soon considerably extended his practice. To this, indeed, his great wariness and prudence, trenching on the boundaries of meanness, did not contribute a little. "He was exceedingly careful to keep fair with the cocks of the circuit," especially Serjeant Earl, who was a miser, and with whom he was contented to travel, when no other would starve with him on his journeys. If he discovered a point which his leader had omitted, he would not excite dislike by moving it himself, but suggested it to his senior, and thus conciliate his regard. He was, also, to use the words of his biographer, "a wonderful artist in nicking a judge's tendency to serve his turn, and yet never failed to pay the greatest regard and deference to his opinion." He never contested a point with a judge when he dispaired to convince him, but resigned it, even when confident in its goodness, that he might not weaken his credit for the future. On the other hand, when the judge was wrongly on his side, and he knew it, he did not fail to echo "*aye, my lord*," to the great annoyance of his rivals. Thus gifted by knowledge and pliancy, he soon "from a humble beginner rejoicing at a cause that came to him, became cock of the circuit; and every one that had a trial rejoiced to have him on his side." One piece of artifice which he used on behalf of a relative is so curious, that we will insert it in the words of our author.

> "His lordship had a relation, one Mr. Whitmore, of Balms, near London, an humourous old gentleman, but very famous for the meer eating and drinking part of housekeeping. He was owner of Waterbeach, near Cambridge, and took a fancy that his estate ought not to pay tithes, and ordered his tenants expressly to pay none, with promise to defend them. The parson had no more to do but to go to law, and by advice brought on an action of debt, for treble damages upon the statute against substraction of tithes. The tenants got the whole demand to be put in one action; and that stood for trial at the assizes. Then he consults his cousin North, and retains him to defend this cause; but shows him no manner of title to a discharge. So he could but tell him he would be routed, and pay treble value of the tithes, and that he must make an end. This signified nothing to one that was abandoned to his own tasty humour. The cause came on, and his lordship's utmost endeavour was to fetch him off with the single value and costs; and that point he managed very artificially; for first, he considered that Archer was the judge, and it was always agreeable to him to stave off a long cause. After the cause was opened, his lordship for the defendant, stept forwards, and told the judge that 'this would be a long and intricate cause, being a title to a discharge of tithes, which would require the reading a long series of records and ancient writings. That his client was no quaker, to deny payments of tithes where due, in which case the treble value was by the law intended as a sort of penalty. But this was to be a trial of a title, which his client was advised he had to a discharge: therefore he moved, that the single value might be settled; and if the cause went for the plaintiff, he should have that and his costs (which costs, it seems, did not go if the treble value was recovered,) and then they would proceed to their title. The other side mutinied against this imposition of Mr. North, but the judge was for him, and they must be satisfied. Then did he open a long history of matters upon record, of bulls, monasteries, orders, greater and lesser houses, surrenders, patents, and a great deal more, very proper, if it had been true, while the counsel on the other side stared at him; and, having done, they bid him go to his evidence. He leaned back, as speaking to the attorney, and then, *My lord*, said he, *we are very unhappy in this cause. The attorney tells me, they forgot to examine their copies with the originals at the Tower;* and (so folding up his brief) *My lord*, said he, *they must have the verdi*

> *and we must come better prepared another time.* So, notwithstanding all the mutiny the other side could make, the judge held them to it, and they were choused of the treble value. This was no iniquity, because it was not to defraud the duty, but to shift off the penalty. But the old gentleman told his cousin North, he had given away his cause. His lordship thought he had done him service enough; and could but just, (with the help of the beforesaid reason) satisfy him that he had not done ill."

There is nothing worthy of remark in the private life of Mr. North, before the beginning of his speculations for a settlement by marriage. These are exceedingly curious, not for their romance, but the want of it. In the good old times, when our advocate flourished, the language of sentiment was not in fashion. Some doubtless there were, perhaps not fewer than in these poetical days, in whose souls Love held its "high and hearted seat"—whose nice-attuned spirit trembled with every change of the intensest, yet most delicate of affections—whose whole existence was one fervent hope and one unbroken sigh. Since then, the breathings of their deep emotion—the words and phrases which imperfectly indicate that which was passing within them, as light and airy bubbles rise up from the lowest spring to the surface of tranquil waters—have become the current language of every transitory passion, and serve to garnish out every prudent match as a necessary part of the wedding finery. Things were not thus confounded by our heartier ancestors. Language was some indication of the difference of minds, as dress was of ranks. The choice spirits of the time had their prerogative of words and figures, as the ancient families had of their coats of arms. The greater part of mankind, who never feel love in its depth or its purity, were contented to marry and be given in marriage without the affectation of its language. Men avowedly looked for good portions, and women for suitable jointures—they made the contract for mutual support and domestic comfort in good faith, and did not often break it. They had their reward. They indulged no fairy dreams of happiness too etherial for earth, which, when dissipated, would render dreary the level path of existence. Of their open, plain-hearted course of entering into the matrimonial state, and of speaking about it, the Lord Keeper and his biographer are edifying examples. His lordship, as his fortune improved, felt the necessity of domestic comfort, and wisely thought his hours of leisure would be spent most happily in a family, "which is never well settled without a mistress." "He fancied," says his eulogist, "he might pretend to as good a fortune in a match as many others had found, who had less reason to expect it; but, without some advantage that way, he was not disposed to engage himself." His first attempt in this laudable pursuit was to obtain the daughter of an old usurer, which we will give in our author's words:

> "There came to him a recommendation of a lady, who was an only daughter of an old usurer of Gray's-inn, supposed to be a good fortune in present, for her father was *rich; but,* after his death, to become worth nobody could tell what. His lordship got a sight of the lady, and did not dislike her; thereupon he made the old man a visit, and a proposal of himself to marry his daughter. There appeared no symptoms of discouragement; but only the old gentleman asked him what estate his father intended to settle upon him for present maintenance, jointure, and provision for children. This was an inauspicious question; for it was plain that the family had not estate enough for a lordship, and none would be to spare for him. Therefore he said to his worship only, *That when he would be pleased to declare what portion he intended to give his daughter, he would write to his father, and make him acquainted with his answer.* And so they parted, and his lordship was glad of his escape, and resolved to give that affair a final discharge, and never to come near the terrible old fellow any more. His lordship had, at that time, a stout heart, and could not digest the being so slighted; as if, in his present state, a profitable profession, and future hopes, were of no account. If he had had a real estate to settle, he should not have stooped so low as to match with his daughter:' and thenceforward despised his alliance."

His next enterprise was directed to the "florishing widow" of Mr. Edward Palmer, who had been his most intimate friend. Her family favoured his addresses—the lady did not refuse him—but flirted, coquetted, and worried him, until he was heartily tired of being "held in a course of bo-peep play by a crafty widow." Her friends still urged him to persevere, which he did to please them rather than himself, until she relieved him by marrying another of her suitors. His third exploit is thus amusingly related:

> "Another proposition came to his lordship, by a city broker, from Sir John Lawrence, who had many daughters, and those reputed beauties; and the fortune was to be 6,000*l.* His lordship went and dined with the alderman, and liked the lady, who (as the way is) was dressed out for a muster. And coming to treat, the portion shrank to 5,000*l.* and, upon that, his lordship parted, and was not gone far before Mr. Broker (following) came to him and said, Sir John would give 500*l.* more, at the birth of the first child; but that would not do, for his lordship hated such screwing. Not long after this dispatch, his lordship was made the king's solicitor general, and then the broker came again, with news that Sir John would give 10,000*l.* No; his lordship said, *after such usage he would not proceed, if he might have* 20,000*l.* So ended that affair; and his lordship's mind was once more settled in tranquility."

At last, after these repeated disappointments, his mother "laid her eyes" on the Lady Frances Pope, one of three co-heiresses, as a wife for her son—and with his consent made overtures on his behalf. After some difficulties respecting his lordship's fortune, his match was happily concluded, and is celebrated by his biographer as "made in heaven." The lady, however died of a consumption, in the prime of her days. On this occasion, our author rejoices that "his lordship's good stars" forced him to London about a fortnight before her death, because the nearness to persons dying of consumptions is perilous—and, "when she must expire, and probably in his arms, he might have received great damage in his health." Her husband erected a monument to her memory, on which a tremendous

Latin epitaph was engraven, commemorating her father, husband, children, and virtues. Our author here expresses his opinion, that the eulogistic part should be left out, "because it is in the power of every cobler to do the like;" but that the account of families cannot be too far extended, because they may be useful as evidence of pedigree. This is a curious self-betrayal, by a man of rank and family. The utility of monumental inscriptions, detailing the dignities of ancestry, is, indeed, urged—but it is easy to perceive the antithesis completed in the writer's mind—between all the virtues which a cobler might share, and the immunities of which the high-born alone are partakers.

Mean while, his lordship proceeded to honour and fortune. He was made Solicitor General, because a candidate for the borough of Lynn Regis: and, on a visit, with his accustomed prudence, "regaled the corporation with a very handsome treat, which cost him above £100." He could not, however, be present at the election, but sent our author, and Mr. Mathew Johnson, "to ride for him," with proper directions to economise their pecuniary resources. They did so;—"took but one house, and there allowed scope for all taps to run;" and, as there was no opposition, all passed well, and "the plenipos returned with their purchase, the return of the election, back to London." His lordship, however, lost his seat by the vote of the House—despatched "his plenipos" once more to regain it, which they did, though with more difficulty than they first procured it; for Sir Simon Taylor, a wealthy merchant of wine, in that town, stood, and had procured a butt of cherry, which butt of cherry was a potent adversary." Soon after, his lordship was made Attorney General, and some doubts arose as to his right to sit in parliament; which, however, he was able to remove.

In due time, Mr. North, wearied with the perpetual labours of extensive practice, not only in the courts of law but equity, longed for and obtained the elevated repose of the cushion of the Court of Common Pleas. Here he sedulously endeavoured to resist the encroachments of the King's Bench, and showed himself sufficiently versed in the arts by which each of the courts attempted to over-reach the other, and which would have done credit to the segacity of a Solicitor at the Old Bailey. His biographer relates various instances of his skill in detecting falsehood, which do not quite entitle him to be regarded as a second Solomon—of his management of counsel, which we have seen excelled in no distant period—and of his repartees, which are the worst ever gravely told as good things by a devoted admirer. The story of "the dumb day," is, however, worth transcribing, especially as our author, though he speaks of himself as usual, in the third person, was the party on whose behalf the authority of the Chief Justice was exerted.

> "It has been the usage of the King's Bench, at the side bar below the hall, and of the Common Pleas, in the chamber within the treasury, to hear attornies, and young counsel, that came to move them about matters of form and practice. His lordship had a younger brother (Hon. Roger North) who was of the profession of the law. He was newly called to the bar, and had little to do in the King's Bench; but the attornies of the Common Pleas often retained him to move for them, in the treasury, such matters as were proper there, and what they might have moved themselves. But however agreeable this kind of practice was to a novitiate, it was not worthy the observation it had; for once or twice a week was the utmost calculation of these motions. But the sergeants thought that method was, or might become, prejudicial to them, who had a monopoly of the bar, and would have no *water go by their mill*, and supposed it was high time to put a stop to such beginnings, for fear it might grow worse. But the doubt was, how they should signify their resentment, so as to be effectually remedial. At length they agreed, for one day, to make no motions at all; and opportunity would fall for showing the reason how the court came to have no business. When the court (on this dumb day, as it was called) was sat, the chief justice gave the usual signal to the eldest sergeant to move. He bowed, and had nothing to move: so the next, and the next, from end to end of the bar. The chief, seeing this, said, *brothers, I think we must rise; here is no business.* Then an attorney steps forward, and called to a sergeant to make his motion; and, after that, turned to the court and said, that he had given the sergeant his fee, and instructions over night, to move for him, and desired he might do it. But profound silence still. The chief looked about, and asked, *What was the matter?* An attorney, that stood by, very modestly said, *that he feared the sergeants took it ill that motions were made in the Treasury.* Then the chief scented the whole matter; and, *brothers*, said he, *I think a very great affront is offered to us, which we ought, for the dignity of the court, to resent. But that we may do nothing too suddenly, but take consideration at full leisure, and maturely, let us now rise, and to-morrow morning give orders as becomes us. And do you attornies come all here to-morrow, and care shall be taken for your dispatch, and, rather than fail, we will hear you, or your clients, or the barristers at law, or any person that thinks fit to appear in business, that law may have its course;* and so the court rose. This was like thunder to the sergeants, and they fell to quarrelling, one with another, about being the cause of this great evil they had brought upon themselves: for none of them imagined it would have had such a turn as this was, that shaked what was the palladium of the coif, the sole practice there. In the afternoon, they attended the chief, and the other judges of the court, and, in great humility, owned their fault, and begged pardon, and that no farther notice might be taken of it; and they would be careful not to give the like offence for the future. The chief told them, that the affront was in public, and in the face of the court, and they must make their recognitions there next morning, and in such a manner as the greatness of their offence demanded; and then they should hear what the court would say to them. Accordingly they did; and the chief first, and, then, the rest, in order, gave them a formal chiding with acrimony enough; all which, with dejected countenances, they were bound to hear. When this discipline was over, the chief pointed to one to move; which he did, (as they said) more like one crying than speaking: and so ended the comedy, as it was acted at Westminster-hall, called the dumb day."

His lordship used his travels on the circuit as the means of securing an interest in the country gentlemen; and with so much success, that Dr. Mew, Bishop of Winchester, who was called

Patels, from a black plaister which he wore to cover a wound received in the civil war, termed him "deliciæ occidentis," the darling of the West; and the western members of Parliament "did so firmly ensconce him that his enemies could never get a clever stroke at him." Once, indeed, he was taken in by a busy fanatic, who impertuned the judges to sup with him, at his house near Exeter; and, having them fairly in his power, inflicted on them a long extemporaneous prayer, "after the Presbyterian way," which gave occasion to much merriment at the expense of their lordships, who were said to have been at a conventicle, and in danger of being presented with all their retinue for that offence by the Grand Jury. He also narrowly escaped being made a dupe or tool of the infamous Bedloe, who sent for him under pretence of making a confession. Excepting in so far as an excessive timidity influenced him, he appears to have acted in his high office with exemplary justice and wisdom. He was, indeed, a most faint-hearted judge, which his biographer, as in duty bound, disclosed to his honour. He dreaded the trying of a witch, because he disbelieved the crime; and yet feared to offend the superstitious vulgar. On this nice subject, our author observes—

> "It is seldom that a poor old wretch is brought to trial upon that account, but there is, at the heels of her, a popular rage that does little less than demand her to be put to death: and, if the judge is so clear and open as to declare against *that impious vulgar opinion*, that the devil himself has power to torment and kill innocent children, or that he is pleased to divert himself with the good people's cheese, butter, pigs, and geese, and the like errors of the ignorant and foolish rabble; the countrymen (the triers) cry this judge hath no religion, for he doth not believe witches; and so, to show they have some, hang the poor wretches. All which tendency to mistake, requires a very prudent and moderate carriage in a judge, whereby to convince, rather by detecting the fraud, than by denying authoritatively such power to be given to old women.

His lordship did, indeed, whenever he could, lay open the imposture, and procure the acquittal of witches. But when Mr. Justice Raymond and he went the circuit together, and his co-judge condemned two women to death for the crime, he appears to have contented himself, "with concern, that his brother Raymond's passive behaviour should let them die," without himself making any effort to save them. His opinions respecting libels were surprisingly liberal for a judge of the cavalier party, and may serve to put to shame the courtly lawyers of more enlightened days.

> "As to the business of lies and libels, which, in those days, were an intolerable vexation to the court, especially finding that the community of gentle and simple strangely ran in with them: it was moved that there should be more messengers of the press, and spies, who should discover secret printing-houses, (which, then, were against law) and take up the hawkers that sold libels, and all other persons that dispersed them, and inflict severe punishments on all that were found guilty. But his lordship was of a very different opinion, and said that this prosecution would make them but the more enquired after; and it was impossible to hinder the promulgation of libels; for the greediness of every one to get them, and the high price, would make men, of desperate fortunes, venture any thing: and, in such cases, punishments never regulate the abuse; but it must be done, if at all, by methods undermining the encouragement: yet, if any were caught, he thought it was fit to make severe examples of them. But an extraordinary inquisition to be set up, and make so much noise, and the punishment falling, as was most likely, not on the authors and abettors, but some poor wretches that sought to get a penny by selling them, would, as he thought, rather incense than abate the abuse. His notion was, that his Majesty should order nothing extraordinary, to make people imagine that he was touched to the quick; but to set up counter writers that, as every libel came out, should take it to task, and answer it. And, so, all the diurnal lies of the town also would be met with; *for*, said he, *either we are in the wrong, or in the right; if the former, we must do as usurped powers, use force, and crush all our enemies, right, or wrong. But there is no need of that, for we are in the right; for who will pretend not to own his Majesty's authority according to law? And nothing is done, by his Majesty and his ministers, but what the law will warrant, and what should we be afraid of? Let them lye and accuse till they are weary, while we declare at the same time, as may be done with demonstration, that all they say is false and unjust; and the better sort of the people, whom truth sways, when laid before them, will be with us.* This counsel was followed; and some clever writers were employed, such as were called the Observator and Heraclitus, for a constancy, and others, with them, occasionally; and then they soon wrote the libellers out of the pit, and, during that king's life, the trade of libels, which, before, had been in great request, fell to nothing."

Mr. North, notwithstanding the liberality of some of his opinions, was made a privy counsellor, and some time after Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. He opposed Jeffries, the celebrated Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, with mildness and caution, and secured and used wisely the esteem of his sovereign. He appears to have foreseen, that the consequence of the violent and arbitrary measures, which he was unable to prevent, would, if continued, work the downfall of the Stuart family. His private life was temperate and regular, untainted with the vices of the times. His brother-in-law, actually fearing his virtue might be visited as a libel on the court, seriously advised him to keep a mistress in his own defence; "for he understood, from very great men, that he was ill looked upon for want of doing so; because he seemed continually to reprehend them;" which notable advice was concluded by an offer, "that, if his lordship pleased, he would help him to one." His lordship's regard to virtue, as well as his usual caution, which told him, "there was no spy like a female," made him regard this proffer with a scorn, which utterly puzzled his adviser. He was, however, tremulously alive to ridicule. Aware of this infirmity, Jeffries and the Earl of Sunderland took advantage of a harmless visit he made to see a rhinoceros, to circulate a report, that he had ridden on the animal. This threw him into a state of rage and vexation truly surprising; he turned on his questioners with unexampled fury, was seriously angry with Sir Dudley North for not contradicting it with sufficient gravity, and sent for him that he might add his testimony to his own solemn denial. His biographer, who actually performs the duty of confidante, as described in *The Critic*, to laugh, weep, or go mad with the principal, is also in a towering passion at the charge. He calls it, "an impudent buffoon lie, which Satan himself would not have owned for his legitimate issue;" and is provoked beyond measure, that "the noble Earl, with Jeffries, and others of that crew, made merry, and never blushed at a lie of their own making; but valued themselves upon it, as a very good jest." He was afflicted by no *other* "great calumny," notwithstanding the watchfulness of his foes. One of his last public acts was, to stop the bloody proceedings of Jeffries in the West, which he did by his influence with the king. He did not long survive the profligate Prince, whom he sometimes was able to guide and to soften. He walked in the Coronation of James the Second, when imperfectly recovered from a fever; and, after a gradual decline of some months, expired at his house at Wroxton, really hurried to the grave by the political broils and vexations attendant on the Great Seal. "That pestiferous lump of metal," as our author terms it, was given to Jeffries, whom it did not save from an end more disastrous and fearful.

The work before us, as we have already intimated, is rendered more interesting by the admirable characters which it contains of the old lawyers. These are all drawn, not only with great and most felicitous distinctness, but are touched in a mild, gentlemanly, and humane spirit, which it is refreshing to recognize in these days of acrimony and slander. Even those who were most opposed in interest and in prejudice to the author, receive ample justice from his hands. Hale, whose dislike to the court rendered him obnoxious to the author, or which is the same thing to his brother, is drawn at full length in all his austere majesty. Even Serjeant Maynard, the acknowledged "anti-restoration lawyer," whose praise was in all the conventicles, and who was a hard rival of "his lordship," receives due acknowledgement of his learning, and that he was, to his last breath, true as steel to the principles of the times when he began his career. Sir William Scraggs, the fierce voluptuary and outrageous politician, is softened to us by the single engaging touch, that "in his house every day was a holiday," And Jeffries himself, as exhibited here, seems to have had something of real human warmth within him, which redeems him from utter hatred. The following is a summary of his character.

> "His friendship and conversation lay much among the good fellows and humourists; and his delights were, accordingly, *drinking*, *laughing*, *singing*, *kissing*, and all the extravagances of the bottle. He had a set of banterers, for the most part, near him; as, in old time, great men kept fools to make them merry. And these fellows, abusing one another and their betters, were a regale to him. And no friendship or dearness could be so great, in private, which he would not use ill, and to an extravagant degree, in public. No one, that had any expectations from him, was safe from his public contempt and derision, which some of his minions at the bar, bitterly felt. Those above, or that could hurt or benefit him, and none else, might depend on fair quarter at his hands. *When he was in temper, and matters indifferent came before him, he became his seat of justice better than any other I ever saw in his place.* He took a pleasure in mortifying fraudulent attorneys, and would deal forth his severities with a sort of majesty. He had extraordinary natural abilities, but little acquired, beyond what practice in affairs had supplied. He talked fluently, and with spirit; and his weakness was that he could not reprehend without scolding; and in such Billingsgate language, as should not come out of the mouth of any man. He called it *giving a lick with the rough side of his tongue*. It was ordinary to hear him say, *Go, you are a filthy, lousy, nitty rascal;* with much more of like elegance. Scarce a day past that he did not chide some one, or other, of the bar, when he sat in the Chancery; and it was commonly a lecture of a quarter of an hour long. And they used to say, *This is your's; my turn will be to-morrow.* He seemed to lay nothing of his business to heart, nor care what he did, or left undone; and spent, in the Chancery court, what time he thought fit to spare. Many times, on days of causes at his house, the company have waited five hours in a morning, and, after eleven, he hath came out inflamed, and staring like one distracted, And that visage he put on when he animadverted on such as he took offence at, which made him a terror to real offenders; whom also he terrified with his face and voice, as *if the thunder of the day of judgment broke over their heads*: and nothing ever made men tremble like his vocal inflictions. He loved to insult, and was bold without check; but that only when his place was uppermost, To give an instance. A city attorney was petitioned against for some abuse; and affidavit was made that when he was told of my lord chancellor, *My lord chancellor*, said he, *I made him;* meaning his being a means to bring him early into city business. When this affidavit was read, *Well*, said the lord chancellor, *then I will lay my maker by the heels.* And, with that conceit, one of his best old friends went to jail. One of these intemperances was fatal to him. There was a scrivener of Wapping brought to hearing for relief against a bummery bond; the contingency of losing all being shewed, the bill was going to be dismissed. But one of the plaintiff's counsel said that he was a strange fellow, and sometimes went to church, sometimes to conventicles; and none could tell what to make of him; and *it was thought he was a trimmer*. At that the chancellor fired; and, *A trimmer!* said he; *I have heard much of that monster, but never saw one. Come forth, Mr. Trimmer, turn you round, and let us see your shape*: and, at that rate, talked so long that the poor fellow was ready to drop under him; but, at last, the bill was dismissed with costs, and he went his way. In the hall, one of his friends asked him how he came off? *Came off*, said he, *I am escaped from the terrors of that man's face, which I would scarce undergo again to save my life; and I shall certainly have the frightful impression of it as long as I live.* Afterwards, when the Prince of Orange came, and all was in confusion, this lord chancellor, being very obnoxious, disguised himself in order to go beyond sea. He was in a seaman's garb, and drinking a pot in a cellar. This scrivener came into the cellar after some of his clients; and his eye caught that face, which made him start; and the chancellor, seeing himself eyed, feigned a cough, and turned to the wall with his pot in his hand. But *Mr. Trimmer* went out, and gave notice that he was there; whereupon the mob flowed in, and he

was in extreme hazard of his life; but the lord mayor saved him, and lost himself. For the chancellor being hurried with such crowd and noise before him, and appearing so dismally, not only disguised, but disordered; and there having been an amity betwixt them, as also a veneration on the lord mayor's part, he had not spirits to sustain the shock, but fell down in a swoon; and, in not many hours after, died. But this Lord Jeffries came to the seal without any concern at the weight of duty incumbent upon him; for, at the first, being merry over a bottle with some of his old friends, one of them told him that he would find the business heavy. *No*, said he, *I'll make it light.* But, to conclude with a strange inconsistency, he would drink and be merry, kiss and slaver, with these bon companions over night, as the way of such is, and, the next day fall upon them, ranting and scolding with a virulence unsufferable."

But the richest portion of these volumes is the character of the Lord Chief Justice Saunders, the author of the Reports which Mr. Serjeant Williams has rendered popular by clustering about them the products of his learned industry. He has a better immortality in the Memoir. What a picture is exhibited of the stoutest industry, joined with the most luxurious spirit of enjoyment—of the most intense acquaintance with nice technicalities and the most bounteous humour—of more distressing infirmities and scarcely less wit than those of Falstaff! What a singular being is here—what a laborious, acute, happy, and affectionate spirit in a loathsome frame!—But, we forget;—we are indulging ourselves, when we ought to gratify our readers.

"The Lord Chief Justice Saunders succeeded in the room of Pemberton. His character, and his beginning, were equally strange. He was at first no better than a poor beggar boy, *if not a parish foundling, without known parents or relations.* He had found a way to live by obsequiousness (in Clement's Inn, as I remember) and courting the attornies' clerks for scraps. The extraordinary observance and diligence of the boy made the society willing to do him good. He appeared very ambitious to learn to write; and one of the attornies got a board knocked up at a window on the top of the staircase; and that was his desk, where he sat and wrote after copies of court and other hands the clerks gave him. He made himself so expert a writer that he took in business, and earned some pence by hackney writing. And thus, by degrees, he pushed his faculties, and fell to forms, and, by books that were lent him, became an exquisite entering clerk; and by the same course of improvement of himself, an able counsel, first in special pleading, then, at large. And, after he was called to the bar, had practice, in the King's Bench court, equal with any there. As to his person, he was very corpulent and beastly; a mere lump of morbid flesh. He used to say, *by his troggs*, (such an humorous way of talking he affected) *none could say he wanted issue of his body, for he had nine in his back.* He was a fetid mass that offended his neighbours at the bar in the sharpest degree. Those, whose ill fortune it was to stand near him, were confessors, and, in summer-time, almost martyrs. This hateful decay of his carcase came upon him by continual sottishness; for, to say nothing of brandy, he was seldom without a pot of ale at his nose, or near him. That exercise was all he used; the rest of his life was sitting at his desk, or piping at home; and that *home* was a tailor's house in Butcher-Row, called his lodging, and the man's wife was his nurse, or worse; but by virtue of his money, of *which he made little account, though he got a great deal*, he soon became master of the family; and, being no changling, he never removed, but was true to his friends, and they to him, to the last hour of his life.

So much for his person and education. As for his parts, none had them more lively than he. Wit and repartee, in an affected rusticity, were natural to him. He was ever ready, and never at a loss; and none came so near as he to be a match for Serjeant Maynard. His great dexterity was in the art of special pleading, and he would lay snares that often caught his superiors who were not aware of his traps. And he was so fond of success for his clients that, rather than fail, he would set the court hard with a trick; for which he met sometimes with a reprimand, which he would wittily ward off, so that no one was much offended with him. But Hales could not bear his irregularity of life; and for that, and suspicion of his tricks, used to bear hard upon him in the court. But no ill usage from the bench was too hard for his hold of business, being such as scarce any could do but himself. With all this, he had a goodness of nature and disposition in so great a degree that he may be deservedly styled a *philanthrope.* He was a very *Silenus* to the boys, as, in this place, I may term the students of the law, to make them merry whenever they had a mind to it. He had nothing of rigid or austere in him. If any, near him at the bar, grumbled at his stench, he ever converted the complaint into content and laughing with the abundance of his wit. As to his ordinary dealing, he was as honest as the driven snow was white; and why *not*, having no regard for money, or desire to be rich? And, for good nature and condescension, there was not his fellow. I have seen him for hours and half hours together, before the court sat, stand at the bar, with an audience of students over against him, putting of cases, and debating so as suited their capacities, and encouraged their industry. And so in the Temple, he seldom moved without a parcel of youths hanging about him, and be merry and jesting with them.

It will be readily conceived that this man was never cut out to be a presbyter, or any thing that is severe and crabbed. In no time did he lean to faction, but did his business without offence to any. He put off officious talk of government or politics, with jests, and so made his wit a catholicon, or shield, to cover all his weak places and infirmities. When the court fell into a steady course of using the law against all kinds of offenders, this man was taken into the king's business; and had the part of drawing and perusal of almost all indictments and informations that were then to be prosecuted, with the pleadings thereon if any were special; and he had the settling of the large pleadings in the *quo warranto* against London. His lordship had no sort of conversation with him, but in the way of business, and at the bar; but once after he was in the king's business, he dined with his lordship, and no more. And there he shewed another qualification he had acquired, and that was to play jigs upon an harpsichord; having taught himself with the opportunity of an old virginal of his landlady's; but in such a manner, not for defect but figure, as to see him were a jest. The king, observing him to be of a free disposition, loyal, friendly, and without greediness or guile, thought of him to be the chief justice of the King's Bench at that nice time. And the ministry could not but approve of it. So great a weight was then at stake, as could not be trusted to men of doubtful principles, or such as any thing might tempt to desert them. While he sat in the court of King's Bench, he gave the rule to the general satisfaction of the lawyers. But his course of life was so different from what it had been,

> his business incessant, and, withal, crabbed; and his diet and exercise changed, that the constitution of his body, or head rather, could not sustain it, and he fell into an apoplexy and palsy, which numbed his parts; and he never recovered the strength of them. He out-lived the judgment in the *quo warranto;* but was not present otherwise than by sending his opinion, by one of the judges, to be for the king, who, at the pronouncing of the judgment, declared it to the court accordingly, which is frequently done in like cases."

Although we have been able to give but a few of the choice peculiarities of these volumes, our readers will be able to gather, from our extracts, that the profession of the law was a very different thing in the reign of Charles the second, from what it is in the present æra. There was something in it more robust and hearty than there is now. Lawyers treated on the dryest subjects, in a "full and heightened style," which now would receive merited ridicule, because it is natural no longer. When Lord Coke "wanders in the wilderness of the laws of the forest," or steps to "recreate himself with a view of Dido's deer,"—or looks on his own fourth institute, as "the high and honorable building of the jurisdiction of the courts,"—we feel that he uses the language of metaphor, merely because he thinks in it. Modern improvement has introduced a division of labour among the faculties. The regions of imagination and of reality are separated by stricter and more definite limits, than in the days of old. Our poems and orations are more wild and extravagant, and our ordinary duties more dry and laborious. Men have learned to refine on their own feelings—to analyse all their sensations—to class all their powers, feelings, and fantasies, as in a museum; and to mark and label them so that they may never be applied, except to appropriate uses. The imagination is only cultivated as a kind of exotic luxury. No one unconsciously writes in a picturesque style, or suffers the colour of his thoughts to suffuse itself over his disquisitions, without caring for the effect on the reader. The rich conceit is either suppressed, or carefully reserved to adorn some cold oration where it may be duly applauded. Our ancestors permitted the wall-flower, when it would, to spread out its sweets from the massive battlement, without thinking there was any thing extraordinary in its growth, or desiring to transplant it to a garden, where its gentle influences would be little needed.

The study of the law has sunk greatly of late years. Formerly the path of those by whom it was chosen, though steep and rugged, was clear and open before them. Destitute of adventitious aids, they were compelled to salutary and hopeful toils. They were forced to trace back every doctrine to the principle which was its germ, and to search for their precedents amidst the remotest grandeur of our history. Patient labour was required of them, but their reward was certain. In the most barren and difficult parts of their ascent, they found at least in the masses which they surmounted the stains and colourings of a humanizing antiquity to soften and to dignify their labours. But abridgements, commentaries, and digests without number, have precluded the necessity of these liberal researches, while the vast accumulation of statutes and decisions have rendered them almost hopeless. Instead of a difficult mountain to ascend, there is a briery labyrinth to penetrate. Wearied out with vain attempts, the student accepts such temporary helps as he can procure, and despairs of reducing the ever-increasing multitude of decisions to any fixed and intelligible principles. Thus his labours are not directed to a visible goal—nor cheered by the venerableness of old time—nor crowned with that certainty of conclusion, which is the best reward of scientific researches. The lot of a superficial student of a dry science, is of all conditions the most harrassing and fruitless. The evil must increase until it shall work its own cure—until accumulated reports shall lose their authority—or the legislature shall be compelled, by the vastness of the mischief, to undertake the tremenduous task of revising and condensing the whole statute law, and fixing the construction of the unwritten maxims within some tolerable boundaries.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., L. L. D., F. R. S., Foreign Associate of the Institute of France. By his Brother, John Davy, M. D. F. R. S. 2 vol. 8vo. London: 1836.

Since the age of Sir Isaac Newton the History of British Science has recorded no discoveries of equal importance with those of Sir Humphry Davy. The researches of Black, Priestley, and Cavendish, however important in their results, were less brilliant in their generalizations, less striking in their individual phenomena, less indicative of inventive talent, and less fruitful in their practical applications. In placing Sir Humphry Davy, therefore, at the head of British Chemists, we cannot anticipate an appeal from our decision;—and if any dissenting voice shall be raised, it will proceed only from the sacred recesses of personal esteem or family affection.*

But it is not doing justice to Sir Humphry Davy to compare him with the sages of his own country, or the academicians of his own school. A philosopher may be the *Facile Princeps*—the acknowledged sovereign of a small domain, and yet occupy a subordinate place among the prouder dynasties of European science. This, however, was not the sceptre which our author wielded. The age which he adorned was the brightest era of chemical discovery. In its galaxy of immortal names, there shone those of Berzelius, Volta, Wollaston, Dalton, Gay Lussac, and Thenard; and in the race of glory which they pursued, even national partiality will scarcely refuse the palm to Sir Humphry Davy.

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* 'Mr. Davy, not yet thirty-two years of age, occupied, in the opinion of all that could judge of such labours, the first rank among the chemists of this or of any other age; it remained for him, by direct service rendered to society, to acquire a similar degree of reputation in the minds of the general public.'—Cuvier's Eloge of Sir H. Davy. M. Dumas also has declared, that Davy was the greatest chemical genius that ever appeared.—Dr. Paris's *Life of Davy*, vol. ii. p. 31.

Though thus placed at the head of European chemists, and that too in the Augustan age of chemistry, we must still claim for our author a higher distinction. In contemplating science in its individual objects, it is of little consequence by whom it is pursued, and by what means, and under what circumstances, these objects are accomplished. If an alchymist stumbles upon a new metal at the bottom of his crucible, the discovery is of the same value as if it had formed the last link of a long train of inductive research. But, with reference to the intellectual character and merits of the discoverer, and to the general principles and methods by which nature is to be interrogated, it is of essential importance to know the state of the subject to be investigated,—the difficulties with which it is beset,—the qualifications of the enquirer—the means within his reach,—and the processes by which he is led to discovery.

When Newton established the law of gravity, and applied it to the planetary motions, he but completed the labours of a previous age. Had not misfortune and the apathy of Princes chilled the ardour of Kepler, he might have anticipated him in the discovery; and Hooke, and Halley, and Wren, were within a neck of the goal at which Newton carried off the prize. Trained at the foot of Barrow, and in the geometry of Cambridge, and in the full enjoyment of academical leisure, Newton was well equipped for the contest, while his less prepared antagonists run in the harness of professional occupations. In the achievement, indeed, of this grand discovery, we witness the triumph of fortune as well as of talent; and it is not detracting from his high merits when we say, that had he lived in another age, Newton would have had many equals.

Sir Humphry Davy's successful analysis of the earths is inferior to the discovery of Universal Gravitation only in its influence over the imagination. To separate, without the aid of the crucible, new metals of rare and surprising properties from the earths and alkalies which we tread under our feet—from lime, magnesia, soda, barytes, &c.—was a discovery greatly in advance of the age when it was made. No prophetic sagacity had placed it among the probabilities of science. No previous skill had made the slightest approximation to it. It lay among the most recondite mysteries of chemistry, and but for the genius and patience of our young and ardent philosopher, it might have remained another century in the labyrinth through which he traced it. Nor had Davy the preparation either of academical knowledge, or of experimental instruction. No adept in chemical analysis had imparted to him the wisdom of his experience; nor had the treasures of a foreign pilgrimage placed him above his rivals in discovery. His methods and his skill were his own, and whatever were their defects, they were supplied by a ready genius and an intellectual energy which triumphed over every obstacle. The circumstances, too, of his early career, must add greatly to a just and impartial estimate of his merits. Raised from a humble position in society, he was the creator of his own fortune. No titled patron cheered him on, in his career; but, urged by the native impulses of a lofty ambition, he became the instructor of his fellow-citizens in the metropolis, and from their munificence and public spirit he received that assistance in his researches, which in other countries is proffered by the sovereign or by the government.

In placing the discoveries of the chemist on the same level with those of the natural philosopher, we are aware that we expose ourselves to the animadversions of local prejudice; and to the censure of those heretics in knowledge who weigh intellectual, as they do natural food, by the pound, and who regard bulk as the sublime in science as it is in nature; but those who feel no interest in the decision will at once admit the correctness of our principle, that the merit of discovery must always consist in the nature and extent of the mental efforts by which it has been achieved; and can never bear the smallest relation to the magnitude and distance of the objects to which these efforts are applied. In behalf of the natural philosopher, we must, on the other hand, plead the unpopular character of his subjects, the slow growth of his reputation, and the limited sphere within which he shines. The radiance which fancy throws round the labours of the astronomer is visible only to a small number of worshippers; and even the few who kneel at his shrine, are led more by the testimony of his disciples than by a real appreciation of his miraculous deeds. The chemist, on the contrary, appeals directly to our own senses. He exhibits new elements, new compounds, and new phenomena, which dazzle and astonish his audience; and though he may not make them master of the various steps of his processes, or popularize the theoretical views which they involve, he yet conveys enough to justify their admiration, and to unite their efforts in swelling the general applause which is offered to his name. Brilliant as is the commencement of such a reputation, it is not on that account the less enduring. While there are many meteors that leave only a phosphoric gleam, there are others, perhaps, of less splendour, that throw down a shower of new bodies into the treasury of science.

If our readers are impressed with the correctness of the view which we have taken of the scientific merits of Sir Humphry Davy, they will feel a deep interest in the general account which we propose to give of his life and labours; but before we proceed to this agreeable task, we must take some notice of a painful controversy which has unhappily arisen between his two able biographers.

After the death of Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Ayrton Paris was solicited from various quarters to write a life of his friend. Although he had received from Lady Davy not only her "unqualified permission to become the biographer of her husband, but also several important documents, he still felt that Dr. Davy might desire to accomplish the task of recording the scientific services of the distinguished brother, and, had that been the case, he should most undoubtedly have retired without the least hesitation or reluctance; but he was assured by those who were best calculated to form an opinion upon this point,—for he was himself absent from England,—that motives of delicacy, which it was easy to appreciate, would at once lead him to decline an undertaking embarrassed with so many personal considerations." Dr. Paris, however, was not correctly informed of the views of Dr. Davy. Possessed of the MSS., Note Books, and Journals of Sir Humphry, this excellent individual and able chemist, as soon as he perceived their value, felt it an imperative duty to undertake the biography of his brother. The manner in which he has performed this task is highly creditable to his talents and learning. He has surmounted, with much delicacy and good taste, the personal considerations which Dr. Paris refers to as embarrassing the undertaking: and he has recorded his brother's labours with all that modesty and genuine feeling which was expected by those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. The important documents, too, which he has published for the first time, are extremely valuable; and enable us to form a more correct judgment than we could otherwise have done of the scientific character and general attainments of his brother. With this high and sincere praise, we regret that we are obliged to mingle even the slightest disapprobation; but we are sure that the least sensitive admirers of Sir Humphry Davy's reputation have felt, in the perusal of these memoirs, that they contain letters and discussions which may provoke a bitter hostility against his name; and which, even without this risk, should never have found a place in so distinguished a biography. In making this criticism, we must, at the same time, state, in justice to Dr. Davy, that these documents and discussions were inserted with the amiable object of removing unfavourable impressions of his brother's character, which he conceives to have been made by the memoir of Dr. Paris. "The nature," says he, "of Dr. Paris's work confirmed me in my design. There appeared to be much in it that was objectionable, many things which were incorrect, and that the general tone and tendency of it were to lower the character of my brother in public estimation; *not, indeed, as a man of science and original enquirer*, but as a man and a philosopher; and to deliver his name to posterity with a sullied reputation, charged with faults which he would have indignantly repelled if living, and which it has become my duty, believing the charges to be unfounded, not to allow to pass unrefuted, now he is no more. In writing the Life of my brother, which I now offer to the public, from the commencement to the termination of my labour I have kept in view one great object, the developement of his character as fully as possible, trusting that his best vindication from calumny will thus be insured; and believing, with his excellent and attached friend, Mr. Poole, that "the more his *whole* being is known, the more the *man* will be esteemed and loved, the more the philosopher thanked and venerated."* Under the influence of these feelings, Dr. Davy has composed a defensive eulogy of his brother; and has allowed a controversial vein to carry its iron stain through the Parian marble on which he has recorded the noblest deeds.

But even if Dr. Paris's memoir was liable to so severe a rebuke, Dr. Davy should have treated it with the dignity of silence. He should have delineated the form, and embodied the pressure of the 'whole being' of his brother, without emblazoning on a separate tablet the caricatures and anamorphisms in which it had been drawn. We cannot, however, admit the guilt of Dr. Paris; and a sense of duty obliges us to acknowledge, that he has ably discharged the duties of a biographer, and with a powerful eloquence and a lofty enthusiasm, has reared an imperishable monument to the memory of his friend. Possessed of a vigorous imagination, and alive to the *facetiæ* of human character, he may have, in some cases, needlessly enlivened the austerity of scientific detail with some of the harmless peculiarities of his author; and in others he may have trusted too much to unfriendly communications.† but these peculiarities, instead of dero-

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* From a letter to the author, quoted in the Preface page viii.

† The principal charges here referred to, are his love of the great, and his consequent neglect of old friends,—a double imputation which, we venture to say, has been more or less made against every great man that possessed the power of pleasing or adorning the social circle. When Mr. Davy arrived in London, he of course enjoyed the society of medical, scientific, and literary men, which is there so peculiarly excellent. When his discoveries made him the object of universal notice, his society was courted by the great, and an increased demand made upon his own hospitality and leisure by numerous introductions, both foreign and domestic. Under such new circumstances, and engrossed with his scientific researches, as well as his professional duties, he could not possibly either receive or return, to the same extent as before, the hospitalities of the circle in which he had previously moved. When his Cornish acquaintances came to the metropolis, in the expectation of enjoying the society of their early friend, they perhaps found that every hour of his time during their stay had been pre-engaged by indispensable occupations; and though we are sure that in such cases Mr. Davy was as much disappointed as his friends, yet it was not unnatural that an unfavourable impression should have been carried away and propagated We speak from personal knowledge when we say, that Mr. Davy was not guilty of the charge of forgetting kindness, or neglecting the feelings of those to whom he owed it; and we trust we shall be excused for giving an example which we consider more to the point than many of the letters and statements given by Dr. Davy.

In 1822, during the visit of George IV. to Scotland, Dr. Marcet and his amiable family paid a visit to the North, with the view of enjoying themselves amongst the gating from moral and philosophical character, often impart to the picture the breadth and force of reality. They are like the atoms of dust in the sunbeam, which serve only to attest its presence and to enhance its blaze. When the peculiarities of illustrious men neither spring from their studies, nor are allied to their genius, it is perhaps unkind to exhibit them to a vulgar observation. The bust of a great man should not be elaborated by the minute chiseling of the Dutch school—but who would not have forgiven Phidias for leaving a wrinkle on the front of Jove whilst he preserved the features of the god?

Sir Humphry Davy was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, on the 17th December, 1778, of humble and respectable parents. His farther was a carver in wood, and his mother the daughter of a mercer in Penzance. Both of them seem to have been much elevated above their apparent station in society; and they fostered with the most anxious care the early talents of their eldest child. A highly retentive memory—an early passion for poetry—a love of romantic incident—a taste for angling, even in the gutters of the streets—and an irresistible fondness for the chemistry of squibs and crackers, were the first blossoms of that genial fruit which ripened so early in the morning of his life. Though he took the lead among his schoolfellows, yet he did not relish the classical repast which was daily served up to him; and he states it as having been a particular source of rejoicing when he left the school of Truro for ever. In his leisure hours, he was the poet-laureate and the romancer of the circle which he enlivened. He shone pre-eminently as the general author of valentines and love-letters. He was the foremost in every harmless frolic; and he did not scruple to frighten his grandmother, who inhabited a haunted house in Tregony, by emerging from her cupboard, and in the character of a sheeted ghost walking across her apartment.

After quitting school, at the age of fifteen, he began that course of study by which he raised himself to such an elevated station. His first efforts were desultory and unsuccessful. The allurements with which youth is commonly beset, and the idle occupations which are too often encouraged as salutary and manly exercises, relaxed his purposes, and threatened to draw him into the vortex of idleness and dissipation. The death of his father in December 1794, which marked this crisis, gave a new tone to his character; and in the affliction by which Providence cast a bereaved family upon his care, he found the beacon which warned him from vice, and the star in the east which conducted him to glory.

Having thus gained a firm footing on the green sward of manhood, his purposes became more settled, and his course less devious. He selected medicine as his profession; and in February 1795 he was apprenticed to Mr. Barlase, an able surgeon and apothecary in Penzance. His plan of study was universal in its extent. It embraced *seven* languages, from English to Hebrew, and all the physical and moral sciences, from theology and astronomy down to rhetoric and mechanics. He committed to writing his views on these subjects;—and speculations on religion and politics,—on metaphysics and morals—are placed in his note books in *juxtaposition* with stanzas of poetry and fragments of romance. A system of mathematical study seems to have replaced for a while these desultory pursuits; but relapsing anew into the subtleties of metaphysics, we find him drawing from the deepest wells of the sceptical philosophy;—refreshing himself at the more salubrious fountains of Scotch metaphysics—and finally submerged in the black sea of German transcendentalism. In 1796, he entered upon studies more congenial with his profession; but still of too presumptuous a character to be useful. In imitation of Hartley and Brown, he attempted to explain the phenomena of life by a few abstract principles; but he was not pleased with his theories, and in the following year, 1797, we find him more profitably occupied in the study of natural philosophy.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that till he reached his nineteenth year, Mr. Davy had never seriously entered upon the study of chemistry. Lavoisier's 'Elements' and Nicholson's 'Chemical 'Dictionary' were the first books which engaged his attention. Not satisfied with their perusal, he tried the speculative views of Lavoisier by the test of experiment; and he flattered himself that he was able to overturn the leading doctrines of the French school. The apparatus which served him in these early experiments, where phials, wine glasses, tea cups, tobacco pipes, and earthen crucibles; and Dr. Paris has ventured to add, that his pneumatic apparatus was fabricated from a syringe* with which

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Highland moors. Sir Humphry Davy had promised to Dr. Marcet his assistance to procure him the privilege of grouse shooting; and when Dr. Marcet was one day expressing his fears of success, the writer of this note removed his anxiety, by giving him a letter of introduction for this purpose. A few days after, Sir Humphry Davy received a similar letter from the same writer, and to the same family; and both these distinguished individuals spent some time in the enjoyment of their favourite sport. Sir Humphry made himself extremely agreeable in a party where scientific conversation was necessarily excluded; and his companions on the moors were delighted with the kindness and frankness of his nature, as well as with the scientific peculiarities of his equipments. During this visit, he met at the table of his host with a young sailor, a relative of the family, who, on joining his ship, paid a visit to London. Sir Humphry one day recognised him in the streets, and invited him to his house, where he met at dinner with some of the most distinguished society in the metropolis. Those who knew from experience the returns generally made to Highland Lairds, by English sportsmen, who have quaffed their wine and slain their deer, will not only acquit, Sir H. Davy from such a charge, but place the above little incident to the credit of a kind and grateful disposition.

* Why does Dr. Davy deny this statement about the syringe? Dr. Paris, on Mr. Davies Gilbert's authority, had surely better grounds for making it than Dr. Davy for

These trophies of public gratitude did not fail to excite the envy, and even the animosity of little minds. An invention with which no interested motive could be associated; which even added to the resources of public and individual wealth, and the want of which so many widows and orphans had deplored,—was denounced as a plagiarism,—decried as inefficacious,—and claimed by men who had neither science to investigate its principles, nor ingenuity to embody them in practice. The coal proprietors who called a meeting to vote a piece of plate to Mr. Stephenson for *his* invention of the Safety Lamp may be excused for their scientific ignorance, or perhaps justified for their kindness to a respectable auxiliary; but what shall we say to a late committee of the House of Commons, which has insulted the memory of Davy, by asserting, in the face of a declaration of the Royal Society, 'that the principles of the construction (of the Safety Lamp) appear to have been practically known to the witnesses, Clanny and Stephenson, previously to the period when Davy brought his powerful mind to bear upon the subject.'

Nearly *three* years after the invention of the Safety Lamp, in October 1818, Sir H. Davy was made a Baronet; but though his brother mentions this fact as if it were a reward for his great invention, yet the tardiness of the acknowledgment, and the new position among the aristocracy which his marriage and his wealth, and his powers of conversation had secured for him, confirm the idea that he never would have been raised to this dignity had he ministered at the shrine of science in the Royal Institution.

The view which Dr. Paris has taken of the treatment of his friend is written with such eloquence, such enthusiasm, and such truth, that we cannot withhold it from our readers.

"The enlightened friends of science very reasonably expected that a service of such importance to society, as the invention of the Safety Lamp, would have commanded the gratitude of the state, and obtained for its author a high parliamentary reward; nor were there wanting zealous and disinterested persons to urge the claims of the philosopher: but a government which had bestowed a splendid pension upon the contriver of an engine* for the destruction of human life, refused to listen to any propositions for the reward of one who had invented a machine for its preservation. It is true, that in consideration of various scientific services, they tardily and inadequately acknowledged the claims of Davy by bestowing upon him the dignity of baronetcy—a reward, it must be confessed, that neither displayed any regard to his condition, nor implied the just estimate of his merits. The measure of value, however, enables us to judge of the standard by which the state rates the various services to society; and deeply is it to be lamented that the disproportioned exaltation of military achievement, crowned with the highest honours, depresses respect for science, and raises a false and fruitless object of ambition.

"The passion for arms is a relic of barbarity, derived from the feudal ages; the progress of civilisation and the cultivation of the mind, should have led us to prefer intellectual to physical superiority, and to recognise in the successes of science the chief titles to honour. This reversal of the objects of importance can never be redressed until the aristocracy shall be possessed of a competent share of scientific knowledge, and instructed to appreciate its value.

"To effect such a change, the system of education so blindly and obstinately continued in our great public schools must be altered; for minds exclusively applied to classical pursuits, and trained to recognize no other objects of liberal study, are indisposed, and indeed disqualified for enquiries ministering to the arts of life, and arrogantly despised for their very connection with utility. It is in the early ignorance of the rudiments of science that the after negligence of science has its source.

"The instances in proof of the extent of the ignorance and indifference I have noted, and of their pernicious effects upon the most important interests of society, especially legislation, and the administration of justice, are abundant. In Parliament, how is a question of science treated? In our courts of law, and criminal investigation, it is lamentable to observe the frequent defeat of justice, arising from erroneous conceptions, or from the utter absence of the requisite knowledge.

"In the ordinary affairs of life, we see conspicuous, amongst the dupes of quackery and imposture, those whose stations should imply the best instruction, and whose conduct unfortunately has the effect of example.

"A contempt, far-spreading and proceeding from the well-springs of truth, is rapidly rising against this exalted ignorance; the industrious classes of society are daily more imbued with knowledge upon scientific subjects, and the nobility, if they would preserve their superiority in social consideration, must descend to the popular improvement."

To these glowing observations we have nothing to add; but there is one view of the subject, which, though not generally taken, will, perhaps, be more easily comprehended. If the sensitive appreciation of military adventure, and the passion for giving it the monopoly of honours and rewards, is founded on its acts of self-devotion and personal danger, a similar claim may be urged in behalf of the philosopher militant. We ask not the dispensers of the national gifts to assay the fine gold of intellectual commerce, or to compare it with the weights against which it is balanced; but we demand it of those who practice at midnight the doctrine of chances, or whose science is limited to the turf and the prize ring, if there are no personal hazards or wasted frames, in the prosecution of that species of knowledge which *they* cultivate? Has science then no strongholds to storm?—no mines to spring—no nightly bivouac to endure,—no casualties in her bills of mortality—no forlorn hope to array for the combat? Do her ranks exhibit no emaciated frames,—no shattered limbs;—no mutilated senses;—no overwrought and disturbed minds;—no scanty commissariat;—no widows and orphans!—The history of science, were it necessary, would enable us to answer these questions with very painful details; but we shall appeal only to the life of Sir Humphry Davy to establish the fact, that there are many individuals decorated with the highest orders, who have never been exposed to the personal calamities which befell our illustrious chemist.

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* Sir William Congreve, in addition to other marks of favour, received a pension of twelve hundred a-year for the invention of his rocket: or, in the exact terms of the grant, "for inventions calculated to destroy or annoy the enemy."

The next subject to which Sir H. Davy's genius applied itself, was the unrolling of the ancient MSS. which had been recovered from the excavations of Herculaneum. All previous attempts having failed, it was expected that some chemical process might be found, for separating the "adhering leaves," and decyphering the characters which they bore. Fragments which had been operated upon by Mr. Hayter and Dr. Sickler having been put into Sir Humphry's hands, he exposed a piece of brown MSS. in which the layers were strongly adherent, to an atmosphere of chlorine, and after the papyrus smoked and grew yellow, the writing became much more distinct. Encouraged by these experiments, Mr. Hamilton and others entered warmly into the plan; and having received from the Prince Regent his approbation and patronage, and from Lord Liverpool, the funds necessary for paying the assistants, Sir Humphry Davy set off for Italy, on the 26th May, 1818, for the purpose of putting his method in practice. Upon his arrival at Naples, he found that a letter from the Prince Regent to the King had paved the way for his researches; and he began with ardour to a task in which both chemistry and literature were deeply interested.

Hitherto it had been supposed that the peculiar colours and textures of the MSS. had been produced by the action of fire, more or less intense, according to the distance of the lava, which was supposed to have covered the part of the city where they were found; but Sir Humphrey proved that they had never been exposed to heat. They had suffered merely from the slow action of the elements,—the vegetable matter of the paper having been converted into charcoal,—in the same manner that wood is converted into Bovey coal, the decomposition having been effected sometimes with, and sometimes without, the presence of water. By employing a regulated heat, and decomposing or dissolving the bituminous matter by chlorine or ether, Sir Humphry succeeded in partially unrolling 23 MSS. but notwithstanding this partial success, the general plan was a failure, both from the injured state of the MSS. and the jealousy of the Curators of the Museum. No sooner had the Rev. Mr Elmsly begun to examine the unrolled fragments, than new obstacles were thrown in the way; and Sir Humphry conceived that it would be both a waste of the public money, and a compromise of their own character to proceed in their labours.

The disappointment which Sir Humphry experienced in the failure of an enquiry which had almost a national character, was speedily effaced by the new honors which awaited him. Scarcely had he been a month in England, when the death of Sir Joseph Banks (19th June, 1820), the venerable President of the Royal Society, opened the chair of Newton to his ambition.* Various attempts were made, by persons unfriendly to genius, to raise some nobleman to the chair; but a great majority of the Society entertained more just and exalted views; and Lord Colchester, the nominee of a small junto, commanded only thirteen votes, whilst Sir Humphry Davy was elected by a majority of nearly one hundred and fifty. Gratifying as this appointment was to his feelings, it was far from being the source of unmixed satisfaction. Though he discharged the duties of his office with dignity and impartiality, yet he was greatly disappointed in the expectations which he had formed of being able to promote the interests of this Society, and advance the boundaries of knowledge. He found 'the Government lukewarm or indifferent in matters of science;' and when they required and obtained through him the assistance of scientific men for public purposes, 'they forgot even to remunerate them for their services.' Thus baffled in the leading object which he had in view, he conceived a plan of obtaining money independent of the Government, and he might probably have succeeded, had not his health begun to give way, and the almost daily cares and vexations of the office disturbed his tranquillity and interrupted his pursuits. The following is a very accurate picture of the petty miseries of office.

'As regarded satisfaction and pleasure to himself in his official situation,' says Dr. Davy, 'I fear he was much disappointed, and particularly latterly, when he was least able to bear annoyances. He had no idea of manœuvring or managing, and never shrank from responsibility. On him fell the odium of all measuras which hurt the feelings of individuals, whether in consequence of the rejection of a paper, which the author supposed was worthy of a place in the Philosophical Transactions, or of the black-balling of a candidate, ambitious of becoming a Fellow, and, of course, considering himself deserving of that distinction. As no wound, perhaps, rankles more, and is more vexatious than that of personal vanity, so no class of people are more harrassing and annoying than those thus offended; and it is from these that a President of the Royal Society is most exposed to attacks,—persons commonly without any dignity of character, and generally without real ability, and consequently, feeble and irritable. The man of real ability or of true dignity would be above the Royal Society, and would not condescend to resent any act of injustice towards him, supposing the decision of the President and Council to be unjust. He has the world for his tribunal; and it is only necessary for him to publish the results of his enquiries, and he is sure to have justice done to him. Another source of annoyance, belonging to the office of President, is that of the perpetual interruption of his leisure from applications by letter and personally, without end, respecting trifling inventions, supposed by their authors to be important discoveries, respecting patents and certificates for patents, and about imaginary dicoveries and schemes worthy of Bedlam, and generally proposed by men of unsound, and often insane mind. To be thus deprived of time, and to have attention and patience wearied, must have been disagreeable to any man, excepting a trifling character, and to my brother it was particularly wearying, and it even interfered with his own pursuits, and deprived him very much of the leisure which he might have devoted to original research. As an honorary situation, without profit or emolument of any kind, but occasioning considerable expense to the individual, a stran

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* As a compliment to Dr Wollaston, he was chosen president till the general election, in November.

> ger to the nature of its duties would suppose the office of President of the Royal Society, for a man of science, not only the most elevated but the most agreeable possible. It undoubtedly should be so; but it never can be so, as long as pretension to knowledge, vanity, and presumption, are more common (and they will always be more intrusive) than real knowledge, modesty, and diffidence. The pleasures of office, and especially of honorary office, are generally in anticipation and imaginary—the trials and troubles, real and incessant. These are the rocks and glaciers, the storms and torrents of the Alpine heights; the other, the rosy hues of reflected light, lost on near approach,—to be seen only in the distance, at which all asperities are invisible.'

The hospitalities as well as the duties of his office prevented Sir Humphry from carrying on any laborious or continued train of research. When the discovery of electro-magnetism by Œrsted opened a new field of enquiry, Sir H. Davy was among the first to repeat and extend the experiments of the Danish philosopher. In two papers which he communicated to the Society, he proved that the wire which united the two poles of a galvanic battery became itself magnetic; that it attracted iron filings, and that needles placed across it, were permanently magnetised.[*] Mr. Arago, who had embarked in the same enquiry, had anticipated[†] Sir Humphry in these results, and made the subject his own, by the brilliancy and extent of the discoveries to which he was led.

In 1821, Sir Humphry read a memoir on the electrical phenomena exhibited in vacuo; and in 1822 he communicated to the Royal Society an interesting paper 'on the state of water and aeriform matter in the cavities found in certain crystals;' a subject on which very remarkable results have been obtained by his successors in the enquiry. In the same year, he communicated another paper, 'on a new phenomenon of electro-magnetism, which contained the first indications of electro-magnetic rotation;' and he concluded this series of miscellaneous papers, by one 'on the application of liquids formed by the condensation of gases as mechanical agents,' which had been suggested to him by Mr. Faraday's beautiful discovery of the liquefaction of chlorine gas.

Sir H. Davy had now reached that period of life when the love of fame ceases to be the ruling principle of action, and when the experience of the past, and the hopes of the future, give maturity and calmness to the judgment. Already had he received among civilized nations a glorious and undying name—already had he brought his native country under a debt of gratitude which she was neither willing nor able to pay. The usual impulses, therefore, to intellectual activity were withdrawn; and the desire of conferring practical benefits on his species replaced the more youthful incentives of wealth and of glory. It was in one sense fortunate for Sir Humphry that a subject was now presented to him peculiarly adapted to his genius, and one too in which every civilized community possessed a common interest; but in relation to the tranquillity of a mind unaccustomed to failure, and of a temper that could not brook ingratitude, his friends would have willingly renounced the new leaf which was about to be added to his chaplet.

The Commissioners of the Navy having requested the Royal Society to enquire into the causes of the decay of the copper sheeting of ships, and a committee having been appointed for this purpose, Sir H. Davy charged himself with the arduous task. In order to protect the bottoms of ships from sea worms, such as the *Teredo*, the *Lepisma*, and the *Pholas*, with which they are infected, a sheathing of the hides of animals, covered with pitch, seems to have been the earliest in the British navy. Lead had been used by the Romans; and also in our own navy about the end of the seventeenth century. Copper was first used on the Alarm frigate in 1761; and previous to 1780 the whole British navy was sheathed with that metal. The rapid corrosion of copper, however, by the action of sea-water, was a source of great expense as well as inconvenience. When the metal was pure, as in the case of the *Tartar*, it was nearly destroyed in five years; and in the case of the *Batavier* and *Plymouth Yacht*, where the copper remained perfect for twenty-seven years, it was found to have been alloyed, in the former, with one three-hundredth part of zinc, and in the latter, with the same quantity of tin.

Having made several experiments on the action of sea-water upon copper, he found that the corrosion of the metal was occasioned by the joint action of the air, as well as the saline ingredients in the water; oxide of copper being first formed, and this oxide becoming an insoluble submuriate, magnesia being precipitated at the same time. Reasoning upon these phenomena, and considering that in his electro-chemical theory chemical attraction may be increased, modified, or destroyed by changes in the electric state of the bodies, he was led to the happy idea of destroying the action of the water upon copper by altering the electric condition of the metal. As copper is weakly positive in the electro-chemical scale, and as it can only act upon sea-water when in a positive state, it occurred to him that if he could render it slightly negative, the corrosive action of the sea would be prevented. His first idea was the impracticable one of using a voltaic battery; but this was soon superseded by the simpler plan of placing a piece of zinc, tin, or iron in contact with the copper. At first he supposed that a large mass of these metals would be required; but, considering that the action of sea-water upon copper was weak and slow, he was encouraged to expect that a feeble electric force would be sufficient to destroy it. A single experiment demonstrated this great truth, which he thus communicates in a letter to his brother, dated Firle, Jan. 30, 1824.

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[*] Letter to Mr. Pepys, October 20th, 1820, where the general fact only is mentioned.

[†] M. Arago's paper was read to the Institute on the 25*th September*, 1820, a fact which sets aside Dr. Paris's reasoning in his note, vol. ii. p. 192.

"I have lately made a discovery, of which you will, for many reasons, be glad. I have found a complete method of preserving the copper sheeting of ships, which now readily corrodes. It is by rendering it negatively electrical. My results are of the most beautiful and unequivocal kind; a mass of tin renders a surface of copper, 200 or 300 times its own size, sufficiently electrical to have no action on sea-water.

"I was led to this discovery by principle, as you will easily imagine; and the saving to Government and the country by it will be immense. I am going to apply it immediately to the navy. I might have made an immense fortune by a patent for this discovery, but I have given it to my country; for in every thing connected with interest, I am resolved to live and die at least *sans tache*."

About the same time, Sir Humphry communicated his discovery to the Government; and an order was immediately issued to try the method, under his superintendence, upon the bottom of a sailing cutter. In the mean time, he requested that *three* models of ships should be exhibited in the navy office,—the coppers of one being protected by bands of zinc; of another, by plates of wrought iron, soldered to the sheeting; while the copper of the third was left unprotected. For several months, these models were floated in sea-water, and examined from time to time by naval and scientific men. The results were so conclusive, that instead of waiting for the issue of the experiment with the cutter, the plan of protection was carried into effect, to a great extent, both by the Admiralty and by private individuals.

In order to determine the most suitable metal for the protectors, and the proportion which their surface should bear to that of the sheeting, Sir Humphry received every facility for making the necessary experiments in Portsmouth harbour. He found that cast iron was the best metal for the protectors, and that when their surface was from $\frac{1}{20}$ to $\frac{1}{150}$ part of the copper surface, the latter suffered no corrosion; with small protectors from $\frac{1}{200}$ to $\frac{1}{400}$ of the copper surface, the loss of copper increased as the protectors diminished; and when the protectors were only $\frac{1}{1000}$ part of the copper surface, a certain proportion of the copper was still saved. These and other important results were communicated to the Royal Society in 1823 and 1824; and in 1825 he completed the account of his enquiries on this and analogous subjects, by the Bakerian lecture, "on the relation of electrical and chemical changes;" a paper to which the Royal Society adjudged the first of the royal medals founded by George IV.

But though Sir Humphry was thus successful in theory; though all Europe appreciated the ingenuity of his invention; and though Laplace regarded the principle as the greatest of all his discoveries, it was yet destined to become the source of extreme disappointment and mortification. At an early stage of the enquiry, Mr. Knowles and others had started the idea that by rendering the copper innoxious, the weeds might adhere to the sheathing, and thus obstruct the motion of the vessel; and though several ships returned to port clear in their coppers, yet the general fact was soon established, that the preservation of the sheathing was accompanied with the adhesion of weeds, marine insects, shell-fish, and polypi, which retarded the motion of the vessel, and with chemical changes* in the protectors, and depositions on the copper which were most injurious to the ship. To obviate these evils, Sir. H. of course suggested that the protection should not be complete; and that the copper should be allowed to experience such a small corrosion as would prevent the adhesion of marine bodies; but this golden mean was not of easy attainment. In order to try the influence of rapid motion on the action of the protectors, and some other experiments which he had in view, Sir H. Davy accompanied the Comet steam-ship, which was sent at the request of the King of Denmark, in 1824, to fix the longitude of Heligoland. The Admiralty gave him the entire disposal of the vessel after the astronomical observations were completed; and he availed himself of the opportunity of making a tour through parts of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, from which he returned on the 17th of August. The scientific results of this voyage were less valuable and agreeable to him, than the recollection of the kindness which he received from the Princes of Sweden and Denmark, and of his intercourse with Berzelius, Œrsted, Gauss, Olbers, and Schumacher.

The return of British vessels whose coppers had been protected, exhibited at the same time the theoretical success, and the practical inefficacy of the invention. The foulness on the coppers of those from foreign stations, where there were no dry docks to receive them, was so great, that in July, 1825, government ordered the protectors to be discontinued on all sea-going ships; but directed them to be still used on all ships that remained in our ports. When our home-ships, however, came to be examined, they were found to be even more foul than those which had been in motion at sea. The shell-fish adhered so firmly to them, that the percussion which was necessary to detach them indented and even fractured the copper. Under these circumstances, the agents of Government came to the painful conclusion, that the new plan of protection was incapable of successful application, and it was in consequence entirely abandoned in September, 1828.

He who, from discoveries pregnant with advantages to his country, expects the honours and rewards due to a public benefactor, was not likely to acquiesce in the decision of the Government; and Dr. Davy has distinctly and perhaps justly insinuated, not only that the public experiments were 'carelessly made and very soon relinquished,' but that they were carried on 'by persons not sincerely interested in their success.' But even, though the failure of the protectors had been an absolute one, and admitted even by the inventor, the tribute of applause which was every where offered to the scientific discovery, might and would have solaced him for his disappointment. Secret enemies, however, and the hewers of the wood, and the drawers of the water of science attacked the author and his invention, under the ambush of the periodical press. Uniting malignity with sarcasm, they denied even its novelty; and what was less easily borne by a generous mind, men whose stations implied a regard for character and a love of knowledge, seemed to rejoice in the humiliation of a public benefactor. At such a crisis any other Government than ours would have stepped forward to soothe and to honour an illustrious servant; but no generous deed could originate amid the canker of faction and the taint of political corruption.

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* The iron protectors in the *Glasgow* were converted into a substance like plumbago, which could be cut by a knife. A portion of this wrapped in paper was placed by a ship-wright in his pocket for examination; the new substance at first became warm, but it soon grew hot, and in a short time passed into a state of absolute iguition by the action of the air.

The health of Sir H. Davy was doubtless affected by this ingratitude of his country. 'A mind,' says he in a letter to Mr. Children, 'of much sensibility might be disgusted, and one might be induced to say, Why should I labour for public objects merely to meet abuse? I am irritated by them more than I ought to be; but I am getting wiser every day—recollecting Galileo, and the times when philosophers and public benefactors were burnt for their services.'

Early in 1825, Sir Humphry had begun to complain of loss of strength; and in the winter and spring of 1826, he was unable to walk without fatigue. On his return to London from the country, his indisposition increased, and his duties at the anniversary of the Royal Society exhausted him so much that his friends were apprehensive of an apoplectic attack, and he was unable to attend the usual public dinner. A numbness in his hand and arm—an inordinate action of his heart, and weakness in the right leg, had previously indicated the approach of that terrible disease; but his own inclinations, and the rash advice of some of his numerous advisers, had led him to attribute his illness to other causes, and to adopt a strengthening, rather than an abstemious regimen. In the month of December, 1826, Dr. Davy, who was called suddenly to London, found his brother under a paralytic attack affecting his right side. The faculties of his mind, fortunately, were not impaired. He was able to correct the proof sheets of his 'Discourses to the Royal Society,' and he had so far recovered, that he was able, on the 22d January, 1827, to set off with Dr. Davy on a journey to Italy; in the hopes that change of air and of scene, gentle exercise, and an escape from the discussions which had already begun to disturb the peace of the Royal Society, might restore him to his wonted health.

These expectations were only to a certain extent fulfilled. In the month of March he had gradually recovered the use of his limbs, and was so well that Dr. Davy was able to leave him at Ravenna, in order to return to his professional duties at Corfu. Quitting Ravenna about the middle of April, Sir Humphry travelled into the eastern Alps to avoid the increasing heat of Italy. The tardiness, however, of his recovery, and the conviction that absolute repose was necessary to his health, induced him to write to Mr. Davies Gilbert from Salzburg, resigning the Presidency of the Royal Society, and requesting his name to be retained in the next council. But though his mind was now relieved of all his public duties, his health rather declined than improved; and he therefore resolved to return to England, which he reached on the 6th October, 1827.

Although his health had suffered no great change after his return, yet he was able to finish an interesting volume, entitled 'Salmonia, or days of Flyfishing' and also a paper in the Philosophical Transactions on the phenomena of Volcanoes. Experiencing, however, no improvement in his health, he resolved, with the consent of his physicians, to make another trial of a continental summer; and he accordingly left England, never to return, on the 29th March, accompanied by Dr. Tobin, the eldest son of his early friend, Mr. Tobin. After trying the warm salt baths of Ischl, he went from Labach to Trieste to perform some experiments on the Torpedo, which he had long meditated; and the paper in which he published an account of them in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' was his *forty-sixth* and last communication to the Royal Society. On the 18th November he arrived at Rome. In January 1827, he received accounts of the death of Dr. Wollaston; and on the 1st of February he completed the MSS. of his posthumous work, entitled 'Consolations in Travel.'

On the 20th February, without any previous warning, he experienced a severe attack of paralysis, which finally proved fatal. On the 23d he dictated a letter to Dr. Davy at Malta, requesting his immediate presence, and another on the 25th which was the only one that reached its destination. Dr. Davy arrived in Rome on the 16th of March. The moment Lady Davy heard of this first attack she quitted London, and reached Rome in little more than twelve days; and Sir Humphry had thus the satisfaction of spending his last days under the affectionate cares of those who were most dear to him. Lady Davy had brought with her the second edition of the 'Salmonia,' which he began to read with great pleasure, and in a few days he was able to go out in a carriage. He even had strength to witness the splendid illumination of St. Peter's on the night of Easter Monday. On the 30th April he quitted Rome for the cooler climate of Geneva. Lady Davy, with that kindness and self-devotion which will ever do honour to her affections, went before him in order to make arrangements at each stage for his comfortable reception: and on the 28th of May, Sir Humphry found apartments prepared for him at the *Hotel de la Couronne* at Geneva. After reclining on the sofa, he occasionally walked to the window, and expressed a longing desire to throw a fly into his favourite sympathy for domestic ameliorations, and European liberty. Philosophers of all castes—the youthful aspirant and the hoary sage,—even his rivals in discovery,—offered their sincere and respectful homage to the English chemist. Nor was it homage only that they offered;—the warmest hospitality, the most unaffected kindness, the most delicate attention to his personal and even his national feelings, gave a character to the reception of Sir Humphry, which it should be the pride of England to remember and to imitate.

At the anniversary dinner of the Philomathic Society, to which Sir Humphry was invited, he found himself surrounded by the chivalry of the Imperial Institute—by Cuvier, Humboldt, Arago, Dumeril, Ampere, Brongniart, Gay Lussac, Thenard, Chevreuil, and other twenty-three members, with whose names we are not acquainted. Various toasts, complimentary to the Institutions of France and England, were interchanged; but it was a memorable feature of the meeting, that though seven-eighths of the company held office under Napoleon, they omitted the health of the Emperor, and exposed themselves to personal inconvenience, rather than wound the feelings of their English guest.

During this visit, Sir Humphry was elected a corresponding member of the Institute; and in consequence of having received from M. Ampere a portion of the new substance called Iodine, which had been discovered by M. Curtois, he was enabled to make some important experiments in the laboratory of M. Chevreuil, which raised that substance to the rank of a new supporter of combustion.

Quitting Paris on the 29th December, Sir Humphry pursued his continental tour, receiving from all classes the respect and admiration which were due to him; and prosecuting, whenever he had an opportunity, those physical enquiries in which he was interested. His experiments on the torpedo at Genoa—on the diamond at Florence,—and on the colours used by the ancients at Rome, though ingenious and valuable, are not of sufficient importance to occupy the space which we require for more interesting details.

After having visited the most illustrious philosophers in France, Italy, and Switzerland, Sir Humphry returned to England on the 23d April, 1815; and scarcely had he rested himself from his journey, when a new field of discovery was placed within his view. 'A society for preventing accidents in coal mines' had for more than two years been making unavailing attempts, and trying impracticable schemes, for preventing those dreadful explosions of fire damp, by which hundreds of lives had frequently been lost. Dr. Gray, the late Bishop of Bristol, then rector of Bishop Wearmouth, happening to be chairman of this benevolent society, thought of applying to Sir H. Davy for his assistance in so good a work. Sir Humphry received this application in Scotland, when he was at the Pavilion, near Melrose, the residence of Lord Somerville. In his answer of the 3d August, 1815, he refers to several modes of destroying fire damp without danger, and to *two* species of lights which have no power to inflame the gas;—he offers to visit the coal mines on his return from Scotland, and to co-operate in any experiments or investigations on a subject so interesting to humanity. Upon his arrival in London, in September, he examined various specimens of fire damp, which he had received from Mr. Buddle, as he passed through Newcastle, and in less than a fortnight he informed Dr. Gray that he had discovered in this gas new and unexpected properties, which had suggested *four* different methods of lighting coal mines with safety.

From an analysis of the gas, he found it to be carburetted hydrogen, or pure inflammable air combined with charcoal. He found that it would not explode, if mixed with less than six, or with more than fourteen times its volume of atmospheric air;—that neither red-hot charcoal nor red-hot iron were capable of exploding it;—that the explosive mixture could not be fired in tubes of 1-7th of an inch in diameter, when they were opened in the atmosphere, and that metal tubes prevented explosion better than glass ones. On these principles, he proposed *four* lamps, viz.; the *safety lamp*, the *blowing lamp*, the *piston lamp*, and the *charcoal lamp*; the first three of which are all extinguished when the air within them becomes explosive. The efficacy of all these contrivances was proved by actual experiments in real fire damp; but as the extinction of the light in the three most important, compelled the workmen to quit their work, Sir Humphry felt that his invention was not yet complete. He, therefore, continued his enquiries, and in the last week of December, 1815, he completed the great invention of the Safety Lamp. 'During the period,' says he, in a letter to Dr. Gray, 'since I last wrote to you, I have made a discovery much more important than those which I have already had the honour of communicating to you. I have made very simple and economical lanterns and candle guards, which are not only *absolutely safe, but which give light by means of the fire damp, and which, while they disarm this destructive agent, make it useful to the miner.*'

The flame which the *safety lamp* extinguished at the moment of danger, was in the new lamp or cage of wire gauze, raised into a brighter flame, to enable the miner to pursue his labours. Such is a brief history of the completion of the *safety lamp*,—the finest example of inductive and experimental research;—the most valuable present which science has ever made to the arts;—the choicest legacy which genius has bequeathed to humanity.

The value of this great invention was every where recognised. The Royal Society honoured it with their Rumford medals:—the Earl of Durham, and the other proprietors of the collieries on the Tyne and the Weare, voted to Sir Humphry a splendid service of silver plate, of the value of £1200; and the Emperor Alexander of Russia presented him with a beautiful silver-gilt vase, accompanied by a letter from himself, expressing his admiration of the important discovery.

chance of success, beside being more becoming in itself.

The subject is momentous; it naturally excites great interest in this country as well as in America; and we wish to join in these expostulations for this, among other reasons, that as our opinion has upon all occasions been strongly pronounced in favour of the rights, the institutions, and the character of our Transatlantic brethren, so they can never ascribe the course which we are now pursuing to any of those hostile feelings, long prevalent,—we fear still prevalent, among the illiberal party in this country. On the contrary, if we have a wish more anxious than another, next to the desire of seeing negro slavery abolished, it is that we should be furnished by the Americans themselves with a triumphant answer to the invectives now pouring forth against them, by the party which hates freedom, and even dreads improvement, and which we may term their adversary as well as our own. There is nothing from which those enemies of popular rights derive more satisfaction than the prospect of the American Government and nation, losing their favour in the sight of the English people through the unfortunate continuance of the slave system in the United States.

We shall begin by stating the facts of the case—such of them at least as are necessary, in order to comprehend its precise merits. Let us see then what the Americans say: By the constitution of the Union, framed in 1787, the question of emancipating the slaves is not subject to the legislative authority of the Congress—each State may continue or abolish slavery at its pleasure. Four States, comprising about a fourth of the population, have already abolished it. The same constitution excluded the Congress from all interference with the slave trade, as well as with slavery, but not perpetually; the restriction was to expire in twenty years; and a law was accordingly made abolishing that execrable traffic in 1808, as early as the constitution permitted such a proceeding. Moreover, the curse and the crime of slavery was entailed with the Slave Trade upon the American colonists by the mother country; her commercial interests were deemed to require it; and the Americans remonstrated in many instances, but vainly, against it. Even the last founded of the colonies, Georgia, as late as the reign of George II. was compelled, in the face of repeated petitions, backed by the strenuous exertions of its governor and council, to admit the importation of slaves; and his dismissal is understood to have originated in the part he took with the planters. From hence two inferences are drawn:—*First,* That it ill becomes us, the people of England, to complain of the Americans for refusing to terminate a state of things which we forced upon them.—*Secondly,* That there exists no power in the American people at large to do what we consider to be their duty; inasmuch as they have not the power by law, unless the individual states concur, and these from local interests, real or supposed, are sure not to consent.

Before dealing with these propositions, it is necessary that we should add the residue of the facts; because, although what has been just now stated is true, it is by no means the whole truth; and because there are some other particulars admitted on all hands, which should be adverted to, beside those which apply to the foregoing statement.

That the colonies did, in the earlier periods of their history, protest against the Slave Trade, and show the desire which they really felt not to have negro slaves, may in some degree be true. But it is plain that this aversion did not long continue among them, at least among those of the South. Their unwillingness to relinquish that traffic is the only reason that can be assigned for the restriction which the constitution of 1787 imposed upon Congress; they were apprehensive that the States which had no slaves, and those which had but a few, would combine and carry the Abolition; to preserve unanimity, accordingly, the proviso was inserted in the fifth article, which lays down the course to be taken for changing the fundamental laws of the Union. Two-thirds of both the Houses of Congress concurring—or the legislatures of two-thirds of the States concurring,—may propound any change, and it shall be valid when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States; but the proviso excepts the abolition of the Slave Trade from the operation of this article during twenty years. For, no amendment made before 1808, 'is in any manner to affect' that part of the ninth section of Article I., which declares that Congress shall not, prior to 1808, 'prohibit the migration or importation of such persons as any of the States shall think proper to admit, nor impose any tax on such importation exceeding ten dollars for each person.' And here we may remark, in passing, that the very language used to describe the Slave Trade without naming it (as indeed throughout this celebrated instrument care is taken to avoid mentioning slavery or slaves by name) shows how much there was of compromise between the States holding such property, and those who held it not. The same circumstance evinces the feeling of repugnance, perhaps of shame, with which the illustrious founders of the Republic viewed the position they found themselves placed in,—of establishing a system to secure political liberty while they had no power to extirpate personal bondage. It must next be observed, that although the Americans deserve great praise for having been the first to abolish the African Slave Trade, which they did as soon as the restriction just now commented upon ceased, making it afterwards piracy,—yet they have never applied any remedy to an evil almost as great, and of nearly the same kind, which still exists in its full force among them, we mean the Internal Slave Trade. There is no law, either local or general, to prevent the traffic in slaves between one State and another; and accordingly those unhappy beings are constantly torn from the places of their birth, severed from their families and friends, and doomed to clear the forests of the new settlements, under all the sufferings from disease and from toil which are inseparably connected with such operations. That the local legislatures should have made no provisions for prohibiting this grievous enormity may not surprise us. But it is difficult to perceive why Congress should not have interposed. We have heard it denied that the power exists; but there seems no understanding the third clause of section eighth, of the first Article, if it does not. Congress shall have power, says that clause, 'to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and *among the several States*, and with the Indian tribes.' Moreover, the first clause of the ninth section already referred to, seems to prove the same thing; for that only restricts Congress from prohibiting migration or importation of persons into any of the States, until the year 1808. Indeed the different States appear to be themselves prohibited by the next or tenth section; the second clause of which prevents them from laying 'on duties or imposts on exports or imports without the consent of Congress.' At all events, we may assuredly take this to be a question by no means clear, against the authority of Congress; and there seems no intelligible reason for Congress not so far raising it, as to show the Southern States that the great majority of both Houses regard the Internal Slave Trade with abhorrence.

As to the credit claimed for the abolition of slavery by four out of the fifteen slaveholding states—without at all desiring to detract from it, we must observe, that little or no comfort is derived from this source by those who are desired to expect general emancipation at the hands of the local legislatures. For only see how small a sacrifice the four states made! By the last enumeration, taken six years ago, their slave population was 6,000, and their free population 3,658,000; of which all but 117,000 were whites. One of them, New York, had only 75 slaves, and Pennsylvania but 403. If the labours of the Anti-Slavery Societies, after many years of enlightened and benevolent exertion, were with difficulty able to accomplish this salutary change, even in States where there existed but one slave to 3,000, and one slave to more than 20,000 of the whole people—how much more hard will it be, and how much longer time will it take to prevail with the legislature in Louisiana, where there are considerably more slaves than free people; and in South Carolina, where there are considerably more than four slaves to three that are free! We own that our hearts sink within us when we regard this dismal prospect; and we can only hope that the continued discussion of the question, both in the country and in Congress, will produce the effect always to be expected from free enquiry; more especially when conducted so as not to give just offence.

The statistical matter connected with this question is as follows:—Making allowance for the probable increase since 1830, the date of the last enumeration, there are, in the whole Union, about 14,000,000 of people, of whom about a seventh (2,090,000) are slaves, and near a fortieth (345,000) free people of colour. The greatest proportion of slaves to whites is that of South Carolina, where it is about 16 to 13; and the greatest proportion of free people of colour to whites is in Louisiana, where there are nearly five of the former to one of the latter.

Let us now, the facts being stated, recur to the two propositions deduced by the Americans from their representation of the case.

I. As to the right which the people of this country have to inveigh against them, we own this appears to us a matter of very subordinate importance. We will admit that England has no such right; and we will go further, and grant that our right is barred, not so much by the alledged fact of the slave system having been forced upon our Transatlantic brethren, as by our own conduct in reference to other parts of the same great question. We ourselves never abolished even the detestable Slave Trade for almost a quarter of a century after it had been denounced by the pious and enlightened labours of Clarkson, and twenty years after it had been dragged before the legislature, and thoroughly exposed to the view of mankind by the fervent eloquence, and the indomitable zeal of Wilberforce. Nay, another quarter of a century elapsed, after the abolition of the traffic, before we passed the law for extinguishing, and but slowly extinguishing, slavery itself. This law, too, was passed, like the Abolition acts, not by those who live in the midst of slaves, like the Americans, but by lawgivers whom the Atlantic separated from their nearest servile colony. The Americans have, we admit, some right to deride the pharisaical strains of those among us who look down upon them, thankful that we are not as the men of the Carolinas are. They may well taunt us, and ask how near we should be to the Emancipation, perhaps even to the Abolition acts, if half the population of Middlesex were negro slaves, and the Parliament had been giving laws to Ireland and not to Jamaica? All this we may safely grant, and it all proves exactly nothing in the question; except, which is really very immaterial, that a different tone might have been more becoming than the one sometimes taken in discussng it. Nay, these topics, if more closely examined, prove even less; for they are in the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem;* and they assume that the same parties who now complain of American slaveholders and slavery, defended the traffic and the servitude of the British colonies. But the very reverse is the fact. Whoever now condemns the conduct of the American Congress, or of the Southern States, would have condemned as strongly the legislature of our own country for maintaining, throughout so many years of crime and suffering, what the special favourite of that legislature, Mr. Pitt, justly termed the "greatest practical evil that ever afflicted humanity." Whoever is now impatient to see the fetters of the Virginian slave loosened, that they may finally be struck off, was agitated with tenfold disquiet every hour that the stain rested upon the British name. To him it is no answer, that in this country the sordid interests of some, the groundless fears of others, the shameful apathy of the rest, maintained a system for so many years, which the wise and the good had always condemned; and although he may not have had the fortune to be placed in circumstances which enable him to show the sincerity and the purity of his principles, by assenting to the sacrifice of his interests, and encountering peril in his person, he has the same right to express his opinion of those who cling to the crime of the slave system, that all of us assume, in judging of other men's conduct, under temptations to which we have not been ourselves exposed. While, then, we grant that the example of the English legislature ought not to be cited in disparagement of the American; and while we freely allow that the great diversity of their circumstances, and our own, ought to restrain all violent and contemptuous expressions on our part, we cannot for an instant admit that the body of the argument is affected by a reference to the conduct of this country; or the different position in which the lawgivers of the Old and the New World are placed, with respect to the subject matter of the controversy. It must always be recollected, that there was to the full as much indignation felt and expressed in England, against the legislatures of the West India colonies, as that of which the Americans now complain; and yet the situation of those bodies was far more critical, in regard to this question, than that even of the Assemblies of Louisiana and South Carolina. The disproportion of blacks to whites, in some of our islands, exceeded twenty-five and even thirty to one; in hardly any was it less than six or seven to one. Yet the people of this country were all but unanimous in requiring those colonies to provide for the gradual liberation of their slaves; and the voice of the whole civilized world has sanctioned the call.

2. The want of power in the Congress is the other topic so much relied on. This assumes that the individual States cannot be expected to pursue, of themselves, the course which every consideration of duty, and every view of sound policy, plainly point out. But as long as the Congress makes no attempt to put down the Slave Trade, that is, the traffic in slaves from State to State, no one can entirely believe that it is want of power alone which prevents some progress being made towards Emancipation. If that dreadful scourge of the negro race were at an end, beside the incalculable improvement directly gained to their condition, the best prospect would be afforded of bringing about a change in the public mind upon the question of emancipation in the Slave States. Those who defend the conduct of the Americans the most strenuously, look forward to the complete cultivation of their territories, and their being fully supplied with slaves from the old States, as the period when the slave system may be expected, even in the Carolinas, to be abandoned to its fate. Surely the friends of humanity and justice in the general Legislature will not suffer the Slave Trade, in one of its most horrid forms, to continue unchecked, until by mere efflux of time it has worn itself out, and, as it were, dies a natural death, after inflicting ages of torment upon its wretched victims.

The plausible topic has been resorted to, of the strict republican principles upon which the Government of the United States is formed; for, it is said, if once the negroes are set free, they must enjoy all the rights of citizens; and the prejudices are so inveterate against any amalgamation of the races, that no law could overcome them. If by amalgamation be meant, as in this question it frequently is, mixture by marriage, we can easily believe in the strength of the prejudice; but then, that has nothing whatever to do with even the most perfect equality of civil rights. Any other prejudice is in all probability the creature rather of the civil institution (as it has with more courtesy than correctness been called) of slavery; and would cease with its existence. But there is no occasion of going so far as this. Surely the Legislature, the supreme power in the States, when it undertook to deal with the subject of slavery, could choose its own course; and either give an absolute or a qualified emancipation, as easily as all admit it could bestow freedom, either at once, or by a slow process of liberation. What disheartens men upon this subject, and above all, what discourages those who have ever been and who still are, the zealous friends of the Americans, is to see so little disposition evinced on their part to beginning the good work. If the question were ever entertained; if any inclination to bring it forward in the Legislature were perceived:—the hopes of philanthropists in this country would be raised, and their impatience assuaged—while they who hate America because she is free, would be disheartened in their turn. The project of deliberating on the subject in secret, of which somewhat has of late been heard, must be admitted to have very little tendency to allay the apprehensions of those who are the most solicitous for the credit of our Transatlantic brethren. It is manifestly impossible that there should arise any danger whatever from the fullest discussion of the question, in a country where the slaves only in one or two provinces form the majority; when experience has proved the futility of such apprehensions in the colonies where they universally are in an overwhelming superiority to the whites. But assuredly if the promulgation of the debates would be attended with risk, closing the doors is likely to be a far more perilous experiment; since it assumes that the slaves are both knowing enough to interest themselves in the discussion, and strong enough to take their own part.

The popular feeling is represented as unfavourable to the question in the most parts of the Union. But this, at least in the Northern and Middle States, has certainly been in a great degree owing to the injudicious tone of some among its zealous friends; and not a little to the dislike of foreign interference. The best of possible intentions has dictated the conduct of the individuals to whom we allude. But it is more than doubtful if this is a subject on which the Americans can be expected to take from us, what we should, in the like circumstances, certainly not be very ready to endure from them. The desire of equal rights was very prevalent among the Dissenters of this country, both Protestant and Catholic, before the great triumph of religious liberty in

1828 and 1829. Yet we rather think that the arrival of a Popish missionary from France, or a Baptist teacher from New-England, "instant, in season and out of season," to enforce the repeal of the Test Act, and the Penal Laws, would have been regarded at any moment as a godsend to the declining fortunes of the Orange and the High Church party.

So in Scotland, at this moment, we have a large body of men holding the Voluntary doctrine. Would they reckon their labours much holpen by the arrival of missionaries from Connecticut, where, as in all America, the Church is severed from the State? "No one is *called* to a crusade against any institution of man, how abominable soever in itself. Our Saviour and his Apostles left slavery untouched by any direct operation of theirs, satisfied with forming a religion which, by its influence, must put it down." This is the answer which the Americans give to all foreigners who affirm that they have a duty to perform in preaching against slavery. We need not stop to enquire whether or not their argument is perfectly well founded. It is quite plausible enough to find universal acceptance, when enforced by popular prejudice, and especially by feelings of national jealousy. Nor will they who truly, and wisely as well as truly, desire the progress of sounder views than are unhappily prevalent in many parts of the Union, seek to exasperate, where they should endeavour to soothe, or expect reason to be heard better in the tempest than in the calm. The friends of humanity are strenuous, and they are numerous, in some of the States. They have been constantly at work since the Revolution. They have made some progress, and they are daily making more. Let it be our part, in this country, to do whatever may tend most to strengthen their hands; above every thing, let us avoid all such intemperate language, and ill-advised proceedings as may conduce to the strength of their adversaries; and in pronouncing our censures where it is our duty to blame, let us carefully confine them to the wrong doers, nor commit the injustice of condemning five and twenty States for the misdeeds of eleven.

From the Spectator.

THE HISTORY OF BRAZIL,

From the Period of the Arrival of the Braganza Family, in 1808, *to the Abdication of Don Pedro the First, in* 1831. *Compiled from State Documents and other original sources. Forming a continuation to Southey's History of that Country. By John Armitage, Esq.* In 2 vols.

Oftentimes we have books before us which, professing to have originated in impulse, evidently sink ere their close into matters of trade. The publication of Mr. Armitage is just the reverse. He undertook his history, he says in his preface, "from a consideration of the advantages which a perfect acquaintance with the facts noted therein might give him in a commercial point of view;" but as he proceeded in his task, he "became animated by higher motives," from a sense of the interest and importance of his subject. That both these qualities are contained in the annals of Brazil, there is no question; but as yet they are rather in an embryo condition. When the government is firmly established, the new and discordant materials of society fused and settled, and the state clearly advancing towards that wealth and greatness of which the country contains the elements, we shall then look back to the steps by which it was converted from a miserable and despotically-governed colony to an independent and somewhat swaggering young empire, with the same feeling as we regard the youthful relics of a hero or a sage. At the present Brazil is in her infancy. She may grow up a giant, or she may prematurely perish.

Nor, abstractedly speaking, are the events of such a nature as to interest by themselves apart from their results. There is none of the enterprise of discovery, the spirit of adventure, or the hardships and struggles of primitive settlers, to tell of. All these were long since over: the arts of a bigoted and arbitrary government "had brought to one dead level every mind;" and the naked subject of the History of Brazil, during the period of which Mr. Armitage treats, is a dull and simple-witted people gradually emerging from their condition by the natural progress of events, and overturning by their new energies a government ruling for itself instead of for them. But if the subject has not as yet the true historical interest, nor Mr. Armitage perhaps a very high historical mind, he has yet succeeded in presenting a clear, readable, and rapid narrative of the leading occurrences connected with Portugal and Brazil from 1808 to 1831, and in cleverly sketching some of the leading characters; to both of which, the circumstance of his having derived much of his materials from original sources, and lived some time in the country and among several of the actors, have given an air of freshness. He describes, briefly but distinctly, the condition and mode of government of the colony previous to the arrival of the Royal Family from the Tagus, when they fled before the army of Napoleon. He narrates succinctly the proceedings and follies of the Court, as well as the manner in which political information was introduced into the colony; and traces the growth of a desire for independence in the minds of the Brazilians, and the way in which it was accomplished. On the assumption of the empire by Don Pedro, every thing promised well, and the monarch was highly popular: but the narrator has soon to commence making his downward career. The obvious faults of the sovereign are quickly told. In his choice of Ministers, he followed his personal predilections, without regard to the fitness or popularity of the men. He preferred the native Portuguese—the Tories of Brazil; who were, not without reason, suspected of wishes adverse to liberty, and of intentions to establish arbitrary power. Ruling a people the more active of whom had Republican tendencies, he persisted in creating many titles and new orders of knighthood; and aimed, or seemed to aim, at supporting an aristocracy, when all real power was extinguished in the "order," and even the prestige attached to the name had departed. Ministerial mismanagement, or rather corruption, courtly extravagance, and the expenses of a foolish-begun and an ill-conducted war with Buenos Ayres and the Banda Oriental, embarrassed the finances. Having granted a constitution, Pedro wished to evade it; and in all disputes he sided, or was suspected of siding, with the Senate against the People's House. Mr. Armitage, however, seems to think, that neither his public acts nor his private vices, nor the efforts of the Opposition, (which, by the by, he himself raised up,) would have overthrown Pedro, could he have persuaded his subjects that he was a man of the people—a Brazilian. But we suspect his essential fault, though of a similar, was of a much deeper kind: he admitted a primary change, without seeing the secondary changes that must of necessity flow from it, or being willing to grant them. An instrument in the march of events, he yielded power to the people, and then expected them not to use it to better their condition. He was, like many others, a claptrap Liberal, of which the *beau idéal* is given in his own words, uttered in reply to a suggestion made during the crisis preceding his downfall,—"I will do every thing *for* the people, but nothing *by* the people."

To those who, looking beyond the externals of things, can see an essential resemblance in actions which differ in forms, the reign of Pedro the First is pregnant with instruction. Perhaps, as belonging so entirely to our own time,—as indicating so naturally the march of events where a monarch and a faction oppose a people, —as illustrating so completely the small reliance to be placed upon *coups d'état* and the instruments to effect them, as well as proving how very easily a people with free institutions can cause the retirement of a monarch,—it may not be without use to sketch the leading steps of Pedro's fall.

We have already given an outline of his actions: it is superfluous to say that they were unpopular. Bent upon pursuing his course and supporting the Ministers of *his* choice, the Emperor tried to influence the elections; but without effect. He then appears to have relied upon the army. The War Minister, being irritated by a refusal of supplies, told the Deputies, that, being advanced in years, he could control his warmth, but he could not answer for the equanimity of his *constituents:* and when the Deputy Paula Souza asked who they were, he had the Stanley-like imprudence to reply, "his troops." Conduct of this kind in the Ultra-Tories of Brazil, gave rise to objects and language as Ultra amongst the Republicans; until the more timorous of the Moderate party were reduced to silence, and the more prudent and the more powerful, who saw that the attempt to establish a republic in the present condition of Brazil would only be the forerunner of anarchy, began calmly to speculate on and prepare for the expulsion of Pedro and the advancement of the next heir. Having brought matters to this pass, the Emperor took a tour to the province of Minas Geraes, in order to recover his popularity, and influence the elections. He was received with silence or insult; and the utmost efforts of the Court could not procure the return of the Minister Maia as a Deputy. "Don Pedro nevertheless persisted in setting the Patriots at defiance. The individuals whom he received with most urbanity, were such as had become unpopular from the known illiberality of their principles; the only counsels to which he lent a willing ear, were those emanating from the same party; and finally, he issued a proclamation indicating at once a full conviction of the dangers of his position, yet manifesting at the same time an inflexible determination not to accede to any important modifications of system, even though legally and constitutionally required." This was adding fuel to fire: the flame spread through all the provinces; and the most moderate, anticipating arbitrary measures, threw themselves into the Liberal ranks. Don Pedro, having failed on all points, returned towards his capital, "disappointed, disgusted, and sick at heart." His "friends" got up a kind of festivity on the occasion; which causing a display of numbers on the other side, gave rise to an outbreak, and finally ended in producing from many of the Patriotic Deputies a decided and spirit-stirring address to the Government. This so far influenced Don Pedro, as to induce him to dismiss his Ministry: but, with a strange infatuation, he made choice neither of able nor of influential men; and they, satisfied if they could keep their places, did nothing. It would seem that the Emperor relied upon the army; but this, as it turned out, was a rotten reed. The sympathies of the soldiers were with the people; some of the officers perhaps had similar feelings, or acted upon a *principle* of patriotism; others appear to have been gained by influence, and others by hope or fear; probably it might with as much of likelihood be predicated, that both men and commanders had sense enough to see which way the stream was running, and where there was a certainty of permanent pay. Another popular demonstration followed, in which the soldiers gave symptoms of their leanings; and Pedro, "reduced to desperation by the joint aspect of affairs and the evident incapacity of his Ministers, dismissed them altogether, and called to his Cabinet six of his titled aristocracy." Their first step was significant in itself, and the result important as a lesson, adding another example to that of the French army during "the Three Days."

The Count de Lages, the new Minister of War, was fully aware of the difficulties of his position; and his first step was to send over to the officers of the different corps to inquire whether he could rely on the fidelity of the troops. To this the answer was, that he might on the fidelity of the individuals personally applied to; but that they could not answer for that of their men. They might have replied with more truth, that they were equally unable to answer for themselves. That very army which Don Pedro had raised at such an immense sacrifice, which he had maintained even to the prejudice of his popularity, and on which he had unfortunately placed more reliance than on the people, was at length fated to betray him; and those whom he had distinguished by benefits were not more scrupulous in their disaffection than the rest. The character of one officer, holding a distinguished post in the artillery,—an officer whose name will not be mentioned, but who, should this ever come under his eye, cannot fail to recognize his own portrait,—was, to the disgrace of the army, that of a very numerous class. This individual owed not only his advancement, but also various honorary insignia, to the especial favour of Don Pedro; yet, no sooner did he perceive the authority of his Imperial patron on the decline, than he began to make interest with the Patriots, flattered both parties alike, until the 6th of April, when finally, in the last hour, he threw off his former allegiance, affecting, at the same time, a warmth and an exaggeration in behalf of the popular cause strikingly in contrast with his previous servility.

In the mean time, riotous popular assemblies took place, and various rumours of the designs of the Emperor were spread about. A soothing proclamation was issued—without avail: the people tore it from the hands of the officer who read it, and trampled it under foot. The Emperor, urged by a deputation to dismiss his present Ministry and reappoint the former, obstinately refused, in the remarkable words already quoted. This answer, when made known, decided the public and the troops of the line; the battalion of the Emperor was already *fraternizing*, and the Guards followed their example. The catastrophe now rapidly approached, and shall be told in the author's language.

"During this interim, the Emperor, finding the serious turn which affairs were taking, had, as a last resource, sent off the Intendant of Police, Caetano Maria Lopez Cama, to request the assistance and cooperation of Vergueiro, in the formation of such a Cabinet as might meet the popular wish. When, therefore, the Adjutant arrived at San Christovao, the Emperor informed him of what he had done; but at the same time stated, that no consideration should induce him to reinstate the Ministry which he had dismissed. At this time the Empress was weeping bitterly; and he was in vain endeavouring to console her by an assurance that all would terminate pacifically. In this trying moment, he must be acknowledged to have evinced a dignity and a magnanimity unknown in the days of his prosperity. All selfish feelings appeared to have been forgotten; and when, a few minutes afterwards, he received intelligence of the desertion of the battalion under the command of Jozé Joaquim de Lima, his only answer was,—"Well, let them ally themselves to their comrades in the Campo; I wish no one to be sacrificed for me."

"The Intendant of Police was, however, unable to meet with Vergueiro; and as his return was in consequence delayed, the Adjutant pressed the Emperor for an immediate decision; observing, that the people in the Campo might be committing some excess, under the impression that he, their envoy, had been either assassinated or retained a prisoner: to which the Emperor replied—"I certainly shall not appoint the Ministry which they require: my honour and the Constitution alike forbid it; and I would abdicate, or even suffer death, rather than consent to such a nomination." The Adjutant then observed, that he would *communicate* this reply to his General and to the people; but he was requested by Don Pedro to stay for some final answer.

"No emissary from Vergueiro, however appeared: it was natural to suppose that the populace were becoming every moment more impatient; and, in addition to all his former motives of disgust, Don Pedro found himself with scarcely a single soldier. Harassed, irritated, and fatigued beyond measure, he at length found it necessary to yield to circumstances; and about two o'clock in the morning, he sat down, and, without either asking the advice of any one or even informing the Ministry of his resolution, wrote out his abdication in the following terms:"

"Availing myself of the right which the Constitution concedes to me, I declare that I have voluntarily abdicated in favour of my dearly beloved and esteemed son, Don Pedro de Alcantara.

"Boa Vista, 7th April 1831, 10th year of the Independence of the Empire."

He then rose, and advancing towards the Adjutant Frias, presented the decree; observing, with tears in his eyes—"Here is my abdication; may you be happy! I shall retire to Europe, and quit a country that I have loved dearly, and that I still love." Here tears choked his utterance, and he retired hastily to the adjoining room, where was the Empress, along with the English and French Ambassadors. He afterwards dismissed all his Ministers, with the exception only of the Marquis de Inhambupe; and in a decree which he dated the [illegible]th of April, proceeded to nominate Jozé Bonifacio de Andrada as the guardian to his four children. It was a striking illustration of the ingratitude which he met in the hour of misfortune, that from all those whom he had benefited and enriched, he was obliged to turn to the infirm old man whom at a former period he had so cruelly wronged. Finally, after arranging his household affairs, he embarked in one of the boats of the English line-of-battle ship the Warspite, along with the Empress, the Queen of Portugal, his sister the Marchioness de Loulé, and her husband the Marquis; and from this period he never more placed his foot on the Brazilian soil."

The house of STUART and the house of BOURBON have furnished four memorable examples to kings. The house of BRAGANZA, equally celebrated, and in the case of its early members perhaps more heroic, has offered another, and one possessing a still closer applicability to contemporary events and existing monarchs—if monarchs would ever take a warning from history.

From the Spectator.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS OF HIS OWN TIME.

By Sir N. W. Wraxall, Bart., Author of "Memoirs of My Own Time." In 3 vols.

The period embraced in these Memoirs is brief, commencing in April 1784, with the general election following PITT's dissolution of the Parliament supporting the Coalition Ministry, and ending with the King's recovery from his first attack of lunacy, in March 1789. Their appearance too is somewhat late, if any attraction was expected from contemporary feelings; for most of the actors and spectators in the scenes Sir NATHANIEL describes have passed away. This lateness, however, was not without design. Having had an action brought against him for libel, on the publication of his former work, and suffered both fine and imprisonment for telling what he believed to be the truth, our author determined to avoid any future contingencies of this kind, by postponing the appearance of his book until his own disappearance from the stage. If any think themselves aggrieved, they must pursue Sir Nathaniel to the shades, unless they are satisfied with his earthly representative, Mr. Bentley.

The leading subjects of the work are in strictness two,—the political events of the time; and the genealogical, public, and personal characters of the actors engaged in them; Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, like Sir Egerton Brydges, having an old gentleman's love for points of scandal and pedigree. The first striking incidents of the narrative are the celebrated Westminster election, when Fox, assisted by the charms of the Dutchess of Devonshire, defeated all the power, popularity, and influence of Government; and the princely and noble Whig fêtes that followed the triumph. Springing out of this comes the arbitrary scrutiny, by which Pitt sought to unseat his antagonist; and found that his majority, which no public principle could much affect, was slipping away when he endeavoured to make them the instruments of private and *ungentlemanly* oppression towards one of themselves. Amongst the subsequent home matters of inferior note, the most remarkable are the debates which sprung from the then Duke of Richmond's projects for fortifying Portsmouth and Plymouth, and what were called Pitt's Irish Propositions. The most interesting foreign affair is that of the Diamond Necklace; of which Sir Nathaniel furnishes a clear and pleasant account. But all these, and other events of a similar kind, sink into nothing compared with the accusations of Hastings and his legal tool Sir Elijah Impey, or with the debates and intrigues on the Regency Bill. The former, perhaps the most extraordinary senatorial or forensic event that has yet occurred, for the skill, dexterity, and acumen of the debaters on each side, and the wonderful oratorical displays by the supporters of the accusation. The latter, one of the most shocking exhibitions of Whig greediness of office, princely disregard of natural affections, and general political profligacy, to be met with in a country possessing any thing like a reputation for public and private morality. There were Fox and his followers, with selfish imprudence and indecent precipitation, striving to clutch office on any terms for any time, however uncertain, in defiance of the popular voice and public decorum, yet so misled by their own eagerness, and so mismanaging their case, as to give Pitt the opportunity of delaying the time, as it eventually turned out, till the King's recovery. There was the Prince of Wales, apparently regardless of the heaviest affliction that could befal his father and his Sovereign, greedily devouring the physicians' reports, not as to recovery, but as to final eclipse,—consulting, caballing, and intriguing as to the way in which he could best compass his designs,—calling, as was the wont of those times, "female influence" to his aid, and giving parties, where he seems to have dealt out his promises as liberally as his liquor;" whilst the Duke of York, gained by the promise of the Commandership-in-Chief, was posting about to forward his brother's views. As the reports varied, and the prospects of King and Pitt, or the Prince and Fox fluctuated, so did the divisions in Lords and Commons. Friends and supporters trimmed or fell off: and Thurlow—a negotiation being opened—agreed to continue Chancellor and supoort the Regent, until the treaty was broken off by the Prince, in consequence of his engagements with Loughborough. Then, indeed, the "black-browed" bully made a virtue of necessity, and uttered his celebrated exclamation of "When I forget my King, may God forget me;" whilst Pitt, acquainted with the Chancellor's Carlton House intrigue, but ignorant of its termination, and who entered the House of Lords expecting to hear Thurlow denounce himself, could no longer contain his indignation, but turning round to his immediate friends, exclaimed, "Oh, the rascal!" and Wilks, as is well known, remarked, with more of point and profanity, "*Forget* you? he'll see you damned first."

Of the principal persons who figure in these volumes, the names are familiar in our mouths as household words,—Louis the Sixteenth, George the Third, the Queen, and the Royal Family, who, except perhaps the Prince of Wales, are rather described than developed; Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and Erskine, who are shown in Parliamentary action, as well as *drawn* after the historical fashion; the Duke of Queensberry, so notorious for his good-nature and his gallantries; the Dutchesses of Devonshire and Gordon, so distidguished for their powers of fascination by opposite means; and Maria Antoinette,—all of whose lives are noticed, as well as their characters, by Sir Nathaniel. Amongst the inferior orbs, are Harry Dundas; Francis, one of the claimants for the authorship of *Junius*, and a distinguished debater in his time; Hastings and his wife, and his agent, Major Scott; Grey, Sidmouth, and Scott, (Lord Eldon),—all just then appearing in the political world; Thurlow; the old Duke of Norfolk, though in 1784 Lord Surry; the first Marquis of Lansdowne; and the first Lord Liverpool, whose backstairs influence as a Commoner was supposed to be so considerable as to be greater than that of Pitt himself, who was represented both in and out of the House as a mere puppet in the hands of Jenkinson. Of the mob of Members, gallants, and fashionables, we cannot attempt to enumerate the names, although all of influence and distinction in their day,—setting modes, gracing courts, making speeches that were not ineffective when delivered on the same night as those of Fox and Pitt, or saying a good thing that told upon persons accustomed to the wit of Sheridan.

The outline from or skeleton of the work is a spirited narrative of Parliamentary debates, intermingled with brief biographical sketches of the speakers, and short historical notices of the measures introduced, in which their bearing, temporary effects, and general policy are discussed. These solid portions are filled in by political gossip or *on dits;* in which the secret motives that excited Ministers and their opponents, or the springs that moved them, are stated as matter of fact or of inference. Actions and motives naturally lead to actors; who are described at length, in the way alluded to in the preceding paragraph. All these modes of structure are varied by the public events which occurred abroad, or the public characters our author met with in his occasional trips to the Continent; to which may be added, sketches of the diplomatic corps,or gentlemanly stories about them.

It might seem, at first sight, that much of this, if readable, would possess but little attraction: such, however, is not the case. The lighter parts have a personal and a fashionable charm; the graver, dealing with great men and important events, have the interest, though not the connexion of history; and the whole possesses an air of reality,—for the statements, if not true, are evidently thought so by the author. His "Debates," which might be thought useless, are unique. The writer was present at the greater part of them as a Member of the House. He does not attempt a mere dry report of what was spoken, but describes the impression which the whole scene left upon his mind. Writing at a distance of time from the occurrences, he is enabled, if not forced, to sink the grosser parts, and present only the more pithy: whilst he has this great advantage over my second-hand describer, however gifted, that he remembers the effect which subordinate and half-forgotten speakers produced at the time, although, historically speaking, perhaps, he may be inclined to overrate them.

In the main, if his composition is not graceful or sprightly, it is not dull. Sir Nathaniel, at the worst, is a tattler, not a twaddler. And though he never can be said to rise to historical dignity, yet his studies of the great historians have enabled him at times to make some approaches to it, as a valet catches something of the air of his master. His morals are those of the gentlemen of his time: *vice* is not a word in his vocabulary. Of public principle and duty he occasionally talks; but it is clear, from his own showing, that he knew nothing. He believed Sir Elijah Impey guilty of legal murder. His friends wished him to vote in favour of the accused, but this he was unwilling to do; so, to escape the dilemma, he went out of town. In regard to the political opinions in the book, especially where principles of government rather than practices of governing are in question, it is hardly necessary to warn the reader against implicit trust in Sir N. W. Wraxall. To his style the objections of diffuseness and minuteness might be urged, were these not inseparable from the nature of the book, forming, indeed, one of its attractions,—for historical gossip is the essential character of the Memoirs. They take us, as it were, behind the scenes of the political and courtly stage, and show us the actors stripped in some measure of the dignity which distance throws around them. We see the heroes of the historical drama brought down to a level with common men, and actuated by very common motives.

The value of the work in this and several other points must rest, however, upon the opinions formed from an attentive perusal of the whole. Partially read, it will only yield amusement or indulge curiosity; and of such a nature must be the gleamings we shall gather from the volumes.

PRIDE OF THE HEAD OF THE LOWTHERS.

Sir James Lowther received at the same time his recompense for having enabled the first Minister to enter the political arena, where, in less than three years, he had raised himself to the summit of power. Overleaping the two inferior stages of the Peerage, as if beneath his claims, Sir James seated himself at once on the Earls' bench, by the title of Lonsdale; an elevation which, it might have been thought, was in itself fully adequate to his pretensions and services. Yet, so indignant was he at finding himself last on the list of newly-created Earls,—though the three noble individuals who preceded him were already Barons of many centuries old,—that he actually attempted to reject the Peerage, preferring to remain a Commoner, rather than submit to so great a mortification. With that avowed intention he repaired to the House of Commons; where, in defiance of all impediments, he would have proceeded up the floor, and placed himself on one of the Opposition benches, as Member for the county of Cumberland, if Colman and Clementson, the Sergeant and Deputy Sergeant at Arms, had not withheld him by main force. Apprized of his determination, and aware of his having already kissed the King's hand at the levee on his being raised to the earldom, though the patent had not yet passed through the necessary forms for its completion, they grasped the hilts of their swords, restrained him from accomplishing his purpose, and at length succeeded in obliging him to seat himself under the gallery, in the part of the House allotted to Peers when present at the deliberations of the Commons. Means were subsequently devised to allay the irritation of his mind, and to induce his acquiescence in the order of precedence adopted by the Crown.

THE LATE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Nature, which cast him in her coarsest mould, had not bestowed on him any of the external insignia of high descent. His person, large, muscular, and clumsy, was destitute of grace or dignity, though he possessed much activity. He might indeed have been mistaken for a grazier or a butcher, by his dress and appearance; but intelligence was marked in his features, which were likewise expressive of frankness and sincerity.

* * * *

Strong natural sense supplied in Lord Surry the neglect of education; and he displayed a sort of rude eloquence, whenever he rose to address the House, analogous to his formation of mind and body. In his youth,—for at the time of which I speak he had attained his thirty-eighth year,—he led a most licentious life; having frequently passed the whole night in excesses of every kind, and even lain down, when intoxicated, occasionally to sleep in the streets, or on a block of wood. At the "Beefsteak Club," where I have dined with him, he seemed to be in his proper element. But few individuals of that society could sustain a contest with such an antagonist, when the cloth was removed. In cleanliness he was negligent to so great a degree, that he rarely made use of water for purposes of bodily refreshment and comfort. He even carried the neglect of his person so far, that his servants were accustomed to avail themselves of his fits of intoxication for the purpose of washing him. On those occasions, being insensible to all that passed about him, they stripped him as they would have done a corpse, and performed on his body the necessary ablutions. Nor did he change his linen more frequently than he washed himself. Complaining one day to Dudley North that he was a martyr to the rheumatism, and had ineffectually tried every remedy for its relief, "Pray, my lord," said he, "did you ever try a clean shirt?"

Drunkenness was in him an hereditary vice, transmitted down, probably, by his ancestors from the Plantagenet times, and inherent in his formation. His father, the Duke of Norfolk, indulged equally in it; but he did not manifest the same capacities as the son in resisting the effects of wine. It is a fact that Lord Surry, after laying his father and all the guests under the table at the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street, has left the room, repaired to another festive party in the vicinity, and there recommenced the unfinished convivial rites.

One of the chief defections which Fox suffered in the early part of Pitt's triumphant career, was that of Eden; whose poverty and large family compelled him to sell himself to the Minister, and go to Paris to negotiate a commercial treaty. This gave rise to some severe attacks from the wits of the Opposition, both in and out of the House. Here is

A REPARTEE OF LORD NORTH'S.

Fox, Lord North, and Sheridan, might indeed display more eloquence, wit, or humour, during a commercial debate; but upon Eden principally devolved the task of dissecting, answering, and refuting the arguments, calculations, or propositions brought forward by the Government. His desertion left, therefore, a void not easy to fill, and produced a corresponding sentiment of indignation among his former friends. It found vent in lampoons, epigrams, and rondeaus, some of which were most poignant. When Eden attempted an apology to Lord North for joining Pitt, and observed that "it was not caused by any change of political attachment, but *merely arose from temporary affair of trade*, which he was appointed to negotiate." "You need not trouble yourself to explain the matter," replied that nobleman, "I have always considered the whole transaction as *a mere affair of trade*."

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S

Career would have been, on the whole, rather distinguished than otherwise, if the circumstance of criminally prosecuting his *tutor*, and the degree of commiseration excited by Dodd's ignominious end, however deserved it might be, had not operated to the disadvantage of the *pupil*. It was thought indicative of too severe or unfeeling a disposition, at two-and-twenty, to surrender a clergyman, connected by such ties, to the public executioner. Such continues, even at present, to be the common sentiment of mankind respecting that transaction. The late Earl of Berkeley, having either wounded or killed more than one highwayman, who attempted to rob him when travelling, Lord Chesterfield jocosely said to him in conversation, "Berkeley, when did you last despatch a highwayman?" "Chesterfield," replied he, "how long is it since you hung a parson?"

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

Among the distinguished individuals who at this time were created British Peers, the Duke of Queensberry received the title of Baron Douglas. He is better known as Earl of March, having passed his fiftieth year before he succeeded to the dukedom of Queensberry. Few noblemen have occupied a more conspicuous place about the Court and the town, during at least half a century, under the reigns of George the Second and Third. Like Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, he pursued pleasure under every shape; and with as much ardour at fourscore, as he had done at twenty. After exhausting all the gratifications of human life, towards its close he sate down at his residence, near Hyde Park Corner, where he remained a spectator of that moving scene which Johnson denominated "the full tide of human existence," but in which he could no longer take a very active part. I lived in almost daily habits of intercourse with him, when I was in London, during the last seven years of his protracted career. His person had then become a ruin; but not so his mind. Seeing only with one eye, hearing very imperfectly only with one ear, nearly toothless, and labouring under multiplied infirmities, he possessed all his intellectual faculties, including his memory. Never did any man retain more animation, or manifest a sounder judgment. Even his figure, though emaciated, still remained elegant: his manners were noble and polished; his conversation gay, always entertaining, generally original, rarely instructive, frequently libertine; indicating a strong, sagacious, masculine intellect, with a thorough knowledge of man. If I were compelled to name the particular individual who had received from nature the keenest common sense of any person I ever knew, I should select the Duke of Queensberry. Unfortunately, his sources of information, the turf, the drawing-room, the theatre, the great world, were not the most pure, nor the best adapted to impress him with favourable ideas of his own species. Information, as acquired from books, he always treated with contempt; and used to ask me what advantage or solid benefit I had ever derived from the knowledge that he supposed me to possess of history,—a question which it was not easy for me satisfactorily to answer, either to him or to myself. Known to be immensely rich, destitute of issue, and unmarried, he formed a mark at which every necessitous man and woman throughout the metropolis directed their aim. It is a fact, that when he lay dying in December 1810, his bed was covered with billets and letters to the number of at least seventy; mostly, indeed, addressed to him by females of every description and of every rank, from dutchesses down to ladies of the easiest virtue. Unable, from his extenuated state, to open or to peruse them, he ordered them, as they arrived, to be laid on his bed, where they remained, the seals unbroken, till he expired.

The picture of Burke, as drawn in various places by Sir Nathaniel, is the most melancholy perhaps in the book,—as showing the manner in which pecuniary difficulties and hopes deferred soured the temper, impaired the happiness, dashed the virtue, and perhaps, as some will consider, wrecked the fame for consistency of the great orator. The following is a part of our author's remarks: he has previously been speaking of Fox.

But widely different was Burke's situation, and far less exhilrating were his prospects. His original patron, the Marquis of Rockingham, being dead, he could only look to the Duke of Portland for future remuneration, if ever the party of which he constituted the head should again force their way into the royal closet. Linked with Fox, their destinies appeared to be inseparable; nor did Burke foresee, at that time, how soon the ties which united them would be rent asunder. Still less did he anticipate that the "aspiring young man, surrounded by his *mer ymen*, and mounted on Jenkinson's shoulders," would extend support to his declining age, and smooth the evening of his day. Scarcely more than six years elapsed, before I saw Burke seated on the Treaaury bench between Pitt and Dundas. In 1787, he was verging towards sixty; and could not like Fox, extend his views to any remote futurity. His temper, naturally irritable and impatient of contradiction became sharpened by disappointments. Nor could he find resources in the clubs of St. James's Street, in the boxes of Drury Lane Theatre, or in the orgies of Carlton House. At his retreat near Beaconsfield, he would indeed have tasted all the felicity which a classic mind could drive from retirement, letters, and a learned leisure; but contracted finances together with the toil of Parliamentary attendance, embittered his enjoyments. Of fame he had sufficient, and he was weary of political opposition, yet unable to retire from Parliament, which to *him* had afforded no harvest except bays. So pressing, indeed, were his wants become in 1723, that I have been assured he sold the two pensions of eighteen hundred pounds each, for three lives, then granted him by the Crown, without almost a week's delay. They were put up to sale on the Exchange, and produced about thirty-six thousand pounds. The present Earl of Hardwicke is one of these three lives, as his son, the late Lord Royston, was another. To the French Revolution and its sanguinary excesses he therefore owed the independence of his last years.

PITT'S POWERS OF SLEEP.

However violent might have been the previous agitation of his mind, yet in a very few minutes after he laid his hand on the pillow, he never failed to sink into profound repose. So difficult, indeed, was it to awaken him, that his valet usually shook him before he could be aroused from his sleep. One of his private secretaries used to affirm that no intelligence, however distressing, had power sufficient to break his rest. On that account, he never locked or bolted the door of his bed-chamber. I recollect a circumstance which took place several years subsequent to this time—it happened in 1796—strongly corroborative of the above facts. Pitt having been much disturbed by a variety of painful political occurrences, drove out to pass the night with Dundas at Wimbledon. After supper, the Minister withdrew to his chamber, having given his servant directions to call him at seven on the ensuing morning. No sooner had he retired, than Dundas, conscious how much his mind stood in need of repose, repaired to his apartment, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket; at the same time enjoining the valet on no consideration to disturb his master, but to allow him to sleep as long as nature required It is a truth, that Pitt neither awoke, nor called any person, till half-past four in the afternoon of the following day; when Dundas entering his room, together with his servant, found himself in so deep a sleep that it became necessary to shake in order to awaken him. He had slept uninterruptedly during more than sixteen hours.

HARRY DUNDAS'S POLICY.

I have already remarked elsewhere, that Dundas, beneath the appearance of unguarded, open manners, knew how to mature, and, when necessary, how to conceal, the most solid projects of ambition. Managing Scotland, while he controlled India, and looking forward to the British peerage as his certain reward, he kept his eye fixed invariably on Pitt. With consummate ability he adapted his conduct, as well as his conversation, to the peculiar structure of that Minister's mind, on which adulation would only have produced effects injurious to his own plans. Dundas guided Pitt on many points, and influenced him upon almost every measure; but he effected it by never dictating upon any matter. When discussing public business, he commonly affected to embrace ideas contrary to the opinion which he knew or believed Pitt to have formed upon the subject. After contesting the Chancellor of the Exchequer's arguments, Dundas usually concluded by adopting his sentiments, as if from real conviction. This ingenious species of flattery proved irresistible, under the control of judgement The Dutchess of Gordon, who lived in habits of great intimacy with them both, entertained, about the same time, the project of marrying her eldest daughter to the first Minister. Lady Charlotte Lenox was then about eighteen years of age; and though not a Hebe, yet her youth, her high birth, and her accomplishments, might, not improbably, as her mother thought, effect his conquest. In fact, Pitt, however little constitutionally inclined to the passion of love, yet manifested some partiality towards her, and showed her many attentions.

The Dutchess, desirous of improving so favourable a commencement, used to drive to Wimbledon, accompanied by Lady Charlotte, at times when she knew that Pitt was there. But Dundas, than whom few men were more clear-sighted, and who by no means wished his friend to form a matrimonial connexion which must have given the Dutchess a sort of maternal ascendant over him, determined to counteract her design. For that purpose, he could devise no expedient more efficacious than affecting a disposition to lay his own person and fortune at Lady Charlotte's feet. He was then a widower, having been divorced from his first wife. Pitt, who never had displayed more than a slight inclination towards the lady, ceased his assiduities; and Dundas's object being answered, his pretensions, which never were clearly pronounced, expired without producing any ostensible effect.

ROYAL WINES.

In consequence of his Majesty rarely drinking even a single glass, and of his well-known indifference about its flavour or quality, he seldom had any good wine, though he paid for it the best price. During several years, the wines served at the equerries' table were very indifferent. As they did not, however, think proper to make any complaint on the subject, it might so have continued without redress, if, by accident, the Prince of Wales, while on a visit at Windsor, had not chanced to dine with them. The instant that his Royal Highness tasted the claret, he pronounced sentence upon it. He did more; for he informed his father of the manner in which his wine-merchant treated him. The abuse was immediately corrected.

There are some singular anecdotes of the King after his recovery.

If the fact relative to the Marquis of Lothian strongly proves the placability of George the Third's temper, the particulars that I am about to recount will equally attest the enlargement and serenity of his mind. During the first days of March, being at Kew, accompanied only by one of his equerries, while walking through the apartments of the Palace, the astonished eyes of the equerry were involuntarily arrested by a straight waistcoat that lay on a chair. Hastily averting his view from an object which recalled images so painful, he endeavoured to conceal his embarrassment. But the King, who perceived it, and who well knew the cause, turning to him, said, "You need not be afraid to look at it. Perhaps it is the best friend I ever had in my life." The gentleman in question was Mr. Robert Greville, brother to the late Earl of Warwick, who related it to Sir John Macpherson. Nearly at the same time, before the King quitted Kew to remove to Windsor, he received information that a poorhouse, or hospital, was constructing at Richmond; without previously giving notice of his design, attended only by Major Price, his equerry in waiting, he entered the building, and inspected every part of it; not omitting the rooms destined for the reception of lunatics, which he examined with minute and particular attention. Having gratified his curiosity, he left the hospital; observing that he derived great pleasure from seeing so comfortable an asylum, and such excellent accommodations, provided for persons labouring under the misfortune of insanity. After his complete recovery, on returning to Windsor, the windows of his apartments at the Lodge, which had been nailed down during the first paroxysms of his malady, in order to guard against any sudden act of frenzy, by a censurable negligence of the domestics still remained in the same state; the King, not aware of the circumstance, attempted to throw up one of the windows. Finding it fastened, the cause was explained to him. He expressed neither emotion nor irritation on the occasion.

Besides the subjects already mentioned, there are some minor ones, which relate to Sir Nathaniel himself. One concerns a pamphlet which he published anonymously, and excited great attention (as he tells us) at the time, although, in despite of every effort, the author was undiscovered; and whose reputation, we may add, comes now too late to gratify curiosity. The other regards a delicate negotiation in which he was engaged to effect a revolution in Denmark by means of the imprisoned Queen Caroline Matilda. The scheme was submitted to George the Third, and met his approbation. If successful, Sir Nathaniel seems to think that it would have checked the future success of the French Revolution and Napoleon Bonaparte. But the plan failed, owing to the death of the Queen; and the secret agent was neglected for several years, till Lord North mentioned the circumstances, by desire of his Majesty, and asked him what reward would be satisfactory? Our author frankly asked 1000 guineas down, and an appointment. The money was paid upon the nail. The place was promised; but, as Lord North very shortly after lost his own, Sir Nathaniel got no advantage from his labours beyond the ready cash and the pleasure of telling the story to posterity.

From the Spectator.

PALEY'S NATURAL THEOLOGY ILLUSTRATED BY BROUGHAM AND BELL.

As an ethical and political philosopher, Paley must perhaps be abandoned to those who impugn the soundness of his foundations and the purity or moral correctness of many of his particular laws. As a Christian philosoper, his accommodating compliances, both in general theory and personal conduct, smack of any thing save the unworldly religion of the Gospel. But as a popular expounder of abstruse or recondite ideas, as well as for skill in all the arts of advocacy, he is without a rival; and of all his works, the *Natural Theology* is the most successful. Other writers may possess a profounder knowledge of the secrets of nature, and unfold them with a more brilliant or more powerful eloquence: yet these qualities, however admirable, must yield, in their effect upon the reader, to the pellucid clearness with which Paley conveys his ideas, the exquisite neatness with which he expressed them, and the almost careless homeliness with which he treats his subject, as if its truth was so convincing in itself that it could safely disregard both art and ornament, and merely required exposition. Paley, however, as we before observed, possesses a superiority over his rivals in the adaptation of his mind to his subject—in the strictness with which he confines himself to his "great argument," and the self-controling skill by which all temptations to *display* is rejected. Many divines, indeed, have the powers of limiting themselves to the character of the Godhead as displayed in his works, (though their natural dulness neutralizes the effects of their artificial training,) but the more popular expounders of nature seem to forget the Creator in his creation, and are more intent upon showing the wonderful emanations of the Deity than inferring his existence. But *proof* is never lost sight of by Paley. The object of his work is ever present to his mind: and every paragraph, whilst it proves *contrivance*, carries the mind to the *contriver*.

Nor, if the Theology be closely examined, will its plan be found less admirable; commencing as it does with a skilful though a specious presentation of the subject proposed; then, having prepared the mind of the reader, descending to the single illustrations; proceeding thence to larger or more complex instances; and thence rising, from vegetable and animal structures to the consideration of the uses and action of the elements, the laws of astronomy, and the natural attributes of the Deity, he finally recurs to the whole extent of animated existence, and deduces the goodness of the Deity from the proofs of benevolence he draws from the preponderance of happiness which he sees in the world.

But to come to the additional matter of the present edition; which may be divided into three classes,—notes corrective, notes explanatory, and notes illustrative. As the original work dealt chiefly with *facts*, and those of the plainest, the best established, and the most striking kind, there was not much chance of considerable error in the instances selected; and upon their theological application, and the inferences to be drawn from them, we suspect that neither the training of Lord Brougham nor of Sir Charles Bell has been exactly of the kind to enable them to correct Paley with advantage. It follows that the notes of the two first class are not numerous, or very important. Such as they are, however, they are generally useful; and are distinguished by a better spirit than was displayed in the remarks upon Paley in the Introductory Discourse, exhibiting more fairness and respect, and less of a disposition to cavil. When venturing upon very subtile points, however, they show a want of that nice perception and vigorous reasoning which the subject demands. Speaking of the opening instance of Paley, "how the stone came to be upon the heath," it is remarked, that the extensive study of geology would now prevent any reader from supposing that the stone was formed where it lay. "On lifting it, he would find it rounded like gravel in a river: he would see that its asperities had been worn off by being rolled from a distance in water: he would perhaps break it, look at its fracture, and survey the surrounding heights to discover whence it had been broken off, or from what remote region it had been swept hither: he would consider the place where he stood in reference to the level of the sea or the waters: and, revolving all these things in his mind, he would be impressed with the conviction that the surface of the earth had undergone some vast revolution." Granting that a common reader would be learned and skilful enough to do all this, it little affects PALEY's choice of example; which was to show, that the nature of the stone exhibiting no signs of *contrivance*, might "for any thing we knew to the contrary," have existed for ever.

The illustrative notes, especially those by Sir CHARLES BELL in the appendix, are always learned and curious, often interesting and valuable, but more so in themselves, perhaps, than as illustrations of the original. They sometimes have no relation to natural theology,—as in the acute and suggestive Essay "on Life." In other cases, they carry out or add to the original arguments, rather than render them clearer; although, of course, many instances of design are discovered, and we may add, ably enforced, in the discussion of subjects so favourable to it as the anatomical construction of the human frame, and its more important parts—the head, the spine, the chest, the ear—as well as many points of comparative anatomy. In short, although we cannot say that the *science* of natural theology has been much advanced by the present publication, it may be asserted with truth, that this is the best edition of PALEY's *Natural Theology* that has appeared; independent of the elegance of the getting up, and the number of the wood-cuts illustrating both text and notes.

The justice of the latter praise can only be known by ocular inspection: of the former, we will give a few samples—not the best that could be found, but the best adapted to our space.

ADJUSTMENT OF STRUCTURE TO THE CREATURE'S CONDITION.

"In viewing the structure of the eye, as adjusted to the condition of fishes, we may remark the peculiar thickness of the sclerotic coat in the whale. Although he breathes the atmosphere, and lies out on the surface of the water, to escape his enemies he will plunge some hundred fathoms deep. The pressure therefore must be very great upon his surface, and on the surface of the eye. If a cork be knocked into the mouth of a bottle, so that it resists all further pressure that we can make upon it, and if this bottle be carried, by being attached to the sounding-lead, to a great depth in the sea, the pressure of the water will force in the cork and fill the bottle; for the cork is pressed with a force equal to the weight of the column of water above it, of which it is the base. It is pressed in all directions equally, so that a common-sized cork is reduced to *the size of* that of a phial bottle.

A creature, living at the depth of 100 feet, would sustain a pressure, including that of the atmosphere, of about 60 pounds on the square inch; while one at 4000 feet, a depth by no means considerable, would be exposed to a pressure of about 1830 pounds upon the square inch.

We can therefore comprehend how it shall happen, that on the foundering of a ship at sea, though its timbers part, not a spar floats to the surface—every thing is swallowed up; for, if the hull has sunk to a great depth, all that is porous is penetrated with water, or compressed, and consequently remains where it sunk. So it happened, and the fact goes directly to our purpose, that when, by the entangling of the line of the harpoon, the boat was carried down with the whale, and, being recovered, it required two boats to keep it at the surface.

We may easily conceive, therefore, the pressure which the eye of the whale sustains when it dives, and why it is formed with the provisions which we are about to describe. When we make a section of the whole eye, cutting through the corner, the sclerotic coat, which is dense as tanned leather, increases in thickness towards the back part, and is full five times the thickness behind that it is at the anterior part. The anterior part of the eye sustains the pressure from without, and requires no additional support; but were the back part to yield, the globe would be then distended in that direction, and the whole interior of the eye consequently suffer derangement. We perceive, therefore, the necessity of the coats being thus so remarkably strengthened behind The natural enemies of the whale are the sword-fish and the shark; and it is stated, with some show of reason, that this huge creature, being without means of defence of any kind, carries his enemies that have fixed upon him to a depth of water, and consequently to a pressure which subdues them, as their bodies are not constituted for such depths. It is under this instinct that, when the whale receives the harpoon, he dives to the bottom."

Here is a corrective note on the

REAL COMPLEXITY OF THE TONGUE.

"When our author describes the variety of functions performed by the mouth and tongue, he is in admiration at the simplicity of the instrument. But this is only an apparent simplicity; the complexity of structure is concealed. Indeed, it has been this very consideration which led to the new investigations into the nervous system. Without entering far into this subject, we take the tongue in illustration. It is a fine organ of touch; it is the seat of the sense of taste; it is necessary to deglutition; its modulations are infinite in speech; but the reason of a body so simple in its outward form being capable of performing offices apparently so discordant, is visible only to the anatomist, who traces the nerves into this organ. Then he discovers, besides the nerve proceeding from the papillæ of the tongue to the sensorium, that there are nerves of volition governing the muscles of the tongue. In addition to these, there is a nerve which regulates the action of swallowing, and which combines the motions of the gullet with those of the tongue; and in the same manner another nerve, tending to the organ of voice in the larynx, branches off to the tongue, and associates it with the organ of the voice, so as to produce articulate language; these nervous cords are the true organization by which one member, simple in its exterior form, has a complexity in its internal relations. And thus it is, that in many instances organs which are apparently simple, and through which we perform many offices so easily that we think not all of what is necessary to their execution, have yet internally, and to the eye of the anatomist, a thousand minute circumstances or relations on which the perfection of their actions depends.

From the Asiatic Journal.

EXPEDITION TO THE TEA-DISTRICT OF FŬH-KEËN.

The following Journal of an attempted ascent of the Min river, to visit the tea plantations of the Fuh-këen province of China, by G. J. Gordon, Esq., secretary to the Calcutta "Tea-Committee," is abridged from the *Journal* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, for October last:—

May 6th, 1835.—Anchored in the Min river, a short way below a narrow passage, guarded on each side by a fort, and hence named by Europeans the Bogue, as resembling the entrance to the inner river of Canton. We determined on trying the western branch of the Min, as laid down in Du Halde's map of the province of Fuh-këen. We took with us one copy of a petition, for permission to import rice, on the same footing of exemption from charges as is granted at Canton, and grounded upon the unusual drought of the regular season for planting rice. Another duplicate we left with Capt. McKay, of the *Governor Findlay*, to be presented by him to any mandarin who might come on board to urge the departure of the vessel from the river. As the subject of the petition would require reference to Pekin, we calculated, that sufficient time would thus be gained to enable us to accomplish our object. The copy in our own possession would be resorted to only in case of our being intercepted. Capt. McKay was requested to be in no hurry about presenting his copy, but to let all persons understand that he had come with such a petition.

May 7th.—At 1 A. M. we left the ship, with a fair wind and flood-tide. We were fourteen persons in all; namely, Mr. Gutzlaff, Mr. Stevens, and myself, the gunner of the *Findlay*, a native of Trieste, a tindal, eight lascars of various nations, Bengal, Goa, Muscat, Macao, and Malayan Islands, and my Portuguese servant, a native of Bombay. Having studied such charts of the river as we possessed, we resolved on turning to the left as soon as we came to the entrance of a river called in them the Chang: its position corresponding with that of the rejunction of the right branch of the Min, as laid down in the Jesuits' map. Mr. Stevens kept the look-out at the head of the boat, and the gunner steered, while the tindal sounded. The night was fortunately clear, and by four o'clock we struck off into the western river. This soon widened into a very broad channel, which a little further on seemed to branch into two. That to the left-hand appeared full of shoals, and low sedgy islands, and we accordingly followed that to the right, which appeared still broad and clear. It was on our right, besides, that we had to look for the main stream of the Min. We had not proceeded far before the expanded sheet of water we were proceeding by gradually diminished in width, sending off several small branches in various directions, until at last it dwindled away into a narrow nullah, over which there was a stone bridge. Relying on the strength with which the tide flowed up this creek, as proof that it must lead into some other channel, we struck our masts, and passed the bridge, going on, till we saw reason to believe the reports of the villagers, that there was really no passage into the Min by that course. We accordingly came to, that our people might cook, intending to retrace our way with the assistance of the ebb. Unfortunately, however, the depth decreased so rapidly, that, before we had proceeded far, we were fairly brought up, and obliged to wait for the return of the flood. Mr. Stevens and Mr. Gutzlaff went a-shore to reconnoitre, and satisfied themselves that the branch we had avoided in the morning was the proper one to be pursued; in which opinion they were confirmed by the villagers. We were unable to get a pilot. To all inquiries as to our destination, we replied that we wished go to Min-tsing, the next hëen town above Fuh-chow. We bought a few supplies, but had a copper basin stolen while we were aground.

At daylight of the 8th, we found ourselves surrounded by sandbanks in all directions, without any visible channel by which we might advance when the tide should rise. One man agreed to pilot us into the Min for five dollars, and then left us. A second agreed for two, taking one dollar in advance, and after accompanying us a short way, made off. At half past nine A.M. Mr. Gutzlaff landed, with the view of engaging some one to show us the way, when all at once a kwan-foo, with a gilt knob, said he would be happy to be of any use to us; and, as the wind was contrary, would, assist by towing us with his own boat. Mr. Gutzlaff accepted his offer. The man appeared to be of the rank of a subaltern officer; such a proffer, coming from such a quarter, was of a very ambiguous character. He was probably sent to watch our motions, and took this method of defeating our object. We had, however, no alternative; our attempts to engage a pilot had failed, and we had found from experience, that without some guide we could not advance. Besides, we could cast off from our professed friend as soon as we should see grounds for alarm. In fact, he led us back towards the mouth of the Chang river, and when he came close to a small hill-fort, which we had observed the preceding morning, went ashore. We cast off immediately, and went into the Fuh-chow branch, where, after running up a little way, we anchored for the night. A cold drizzling rain made our situation not very comfortable, and what was more, we found ourselves, about two in the morning, in danger of canting over into deep water, from the fall of the tide, leaving the boat's keel deeply fixed in the mud of a sloping bank.

May 9th.—The tide favouring us at 7 A.M., we got under weigh, followed by a government boat; and, with a rattling breeze, soon reached Fuh-chow-foo. When near the bridge, we anchored, and struck our masts, and then shot through one of the openings with great ease. There were about a score of soldiers drawn up in arms at the bridge, and after we had passed through, four boats with soldiers put off after us. Mr. Gutzlaff told the people on board, that if they came alongside when we came to anchor, we would communicate with them. They continued to follow us at a little distance. Soon afterwards, we came in sight of a second bridge, when we feared we should have been obliged to dismast; on approaching it, however, we perceived that the road-way, connecting the piers, had fallen in at two places, through both of which, boats under sail were able to pass. We selected what appeared to be the widest, and got safely through; but Mr. Stevens observed, that the stones which had fallen in, were but a trifle below the surface, and narrowed the passage so as to leave very little to spare beyond the width of our boat. We were now so far a-head of the war-boats, that a fisherman ventured alongside to sell us fish. At half past 11 A.M. we came to anchor, that the people might refresh themselves; and, the tide having turned against us, we remained at anchor till four in the evening. The war-boats, in the mean time, came up, and a civil inquiry was brought from one of them as to what nation we belonged, whither we were bound, and with what object. Mr. Gutzlaff, in reply, stated, that we wished to ascend the river, to see tea-plants growing, to talk with tea-merchants, and to ramble amongst the hills. No objection was made, but that the river was rapid and dangerous. When we weighed, however, these war-boats weighed also, and after we had come to at night, they came up and took their station near us. We weighed early on the morning of the 10th, the drizzling rain still continuing, and the thermometer at 57°; but having no boats in sight, to serve for our guidance, we thought it better to come to anchor again, and let the people have breakfast: as we weighed, the war-boats weighed, and when we again anchored, they too came to an anchor. Before we set out the second time, two other war-boats came up, which made, at first, as if they intended to run foul of us, but showed no other marks of opposition, and we pushed on. I now reminded my friends of my uniform declaration, that I would not attempt to force my way if any actual resistance was offered, and that I even questioned the expediency of proceeding at all, if we were to be continually under the eyes of the government officers. However, as we greatly outsailed them, and might possibly wear out their vigilance, we resolved to persevere. As we advanced, we found that none of the boats going up the river would answer our questions, the people sometimes clapping their hands on their mouths, or answering, that they durst not give us any information. After having got a long way a-head of the war-boats, however, we found the people communicative and friendly. We were told of several rapids on the Min river, which could not be passed without a very strong wind, and of other places where the current was not only violent, but the stream too shallow to float our boat. We had, in fact, already reached a place where the stream, swollen by the hill-torrents that conveyed the rain which had fallen during the last thirty hours, was so rapid, that with a light breeze and our oars, we were unable to make any way against it, and were obliged to come to an anchor accordingly.

The war-boats, by dint of pulling and tracking, surmounted the obstacle, and did not come to till they were about a mile or upwards a-head of us. We found the people very kind and friendly; but they were soon checked by the appearance of a kwan-foo, who came to us in a little sampan, with some loose papers in his hand. He addressed himself to me, but I answered with truth and nonchalance, that I did not understand him: Mr. Gutzlaff, who stood by, recommended that little notice should be taken of him; that all communications with the mandarins should be avoided, if possible; and that the papers which he offered, not being in the form of a letter, or otherwise in an official shape, should not be received. The officer then asked some of the people who were on shore near our boat, whether they knew if any of us could speak Chinese. Pointing to Mr. Gutzlaff, they said he knew a few words, enough to enable him to ask for fowls, eggs, and ducks, which he wanted to buy; and that he spoke about nothing else. One of them was saying something about his distribution of books; but the kwan-foo was at that moment laughing heartily at the odd appearance of one of our men, and the remark about the books, which was immediately checked by one of the by-standers, passed unnoticed. He still persevered, rather vociferously, in requiring us to receive his papers; when he was motioned to be off. Our gunner gave the boat a hearty shove with his foot, which decided the movement of the envoy. After it was dark, the people of the village brought us bambûs for pulling, with other supplies. The lull of the wind continuing during the night, we distinctly heard much beating of gongs, firing of arms, and cheering, in the quarter where the war-boats lay; but at day-break of the 11th, we thought we saw them under weigh in advance. A rather suspicious-looking man came to the shore, with a paper, which he wished to deliver. We showed no inclination to receive it, and in attempting to throw it into the boat, tied to a piece of stick, it fell into the water, and was lost. Soon after, a simple-looking peasant boy showed another piece of paper, which, from its rude appearance, I thought not likely to have come from the authorities, and therefore received and handed it to Mr. Gutzlaff. It was an intimation, that multitudes of officers, with an army of 9,000 men, were drawn up close by, and that there were many tens of thousands of soldiers further on. This was the first decided threat we had of resistance, and it was so grossly exaggerated, that we attached no other importance to it, than that it intimated decided objection to our further advance. We had already fully resolved on not having recourse to force, unless it became necessary to resort to it, in order to extricate ourselves, if an attempt were made not merely to drive us back, but to seize our persons; and we now proposed to use every exertion to get as far as possible a-head of the war-boats, engage chairs for our conveyance by some inland route, and send back the boat under the charge of the gunner.

The day being for the first time clear, we were engaged all the morning in baling out and washing the boat, and in cleaning our weapons, much rusted by the wet weather we had hitherto experienced. A breeze springing up a little after 11 o'clock, we hastened to avail ourselves of it, and all our arms were stowed away as speedily as possible.

We had gone on some way, ploughing the stream in beautiful style, when all at once shot began to fall about us. We deliberated for a moment what was to be done. We believed that retreat would not save us from further firing, as long as we were within its reach, if we would take the practice of the troops at the Bogue as an example of the general rule of the Chinese in such cases; and if we could get out of the reach of their shot by running a-head, we might have time for negociating. On turning a point, however, the wind failed us, and, our enemies pursuing us, the firing became more hot and dangerous than ever. My next idea was to run the boat ashore, and attack the Chinese; but the river was very narrow, and on the opposite bank they had erected a mud breast-work, from which they could fire on us with their small cannon, with full effect; and it would be exceedingly difficult to get at our assailants, on account of the steepness of the bank where they now stood. After receiving a good peppering, we put about: but, as I anticipated, they continued to fire upon us; and my servant, with one of the lascars, was wounded, though both slightly, and all of the party had narrow escapes from death. The strength of the current soon carried us beyond their fire, and we were in a fair way of reaching Fuh-chow before day-break of the 12th, when we unfortunately missed our way, some time after the top of high-water, at two o'clock A. M. At day-break, we found ourselves on high ground, sixty yards from the nearest point of the river. We had nothing for it, therefore, but to wait the return of the tide. Numbers of men, women, and children came about us, to sell geese, fowls, and fish. Some amongst the crowd we recognized as having been amongst those we had seen while attempting the western branch of the river. They noticed the marks of the balls that had passed through the gunwale, or struck in the sides of the boat; but this did not seem to make any difference in the friendliness of their demeanour. While we were at breakfast, two boats came up filled with soldiers, who were immediately landed, and one party marched towards our boat, while another was drawn up as a reserve. The officer, who commanded the advance, with several of his men, scrambled into the boat. They were desired by Mr. Gutzlaff to retire; but not complying, our people were desired to turn them out, which they did accordingly. I collared their officer, and was on the point of tripping up his heels, when he threw himself down, and Mr. Gutzlaff begging me to leave him to him, I desisted from further violence, though the loud and insolent manner of the man made forbearance not very agreeable. Mr. Gutzlaff then commenced rating the fellow in such animated language, that he became apparently thunderstruck, having no apology to offer for the rudeness and violence with which he came to execute his commission, which he said was merely to inquire who we were, and what we wanted, and to desire us to be off. Mr. Gutzlaff informed him that we came to present a petition to the viceroy, but not having met with an accredited officer, its delivery had been postponed; that we had taken an excursion on the river, in order to see the tea-plant; that we had proceeded openly, and avowed our intention without being told; that so innocent an object could never draw on us treatment such as no civilized government would offer to innocent strangers. He then harangued, with great energy and effect, on the base, treacherous, cowardly, and barbarous conduct we had experienced on the preceding day, and on our own forbearance in not returning the fire; showing him, that we had plenty of arms, which we had taken for our defence against robbers, and assuring him, that we were not afraid to risk our lives against numbers; but had not come with the intention of making war on the government of the country, and would therefore wait to see whether that government would afford us redress by punishing those villains who had thus, without any provocation, attempted to take our lives, before having recourse to other means. If justice should be withheld by the provincial government, the case might go before the emperor, and, if punishment were not then inflicted on the guilty, the affair was not likely to end there. Mr. Gutzlaff's eloquence, with the display of our fire-arms, left the kwan-foo without a word to say for himself, or for his country. He acknowledged that we had been shamefully treated; but that he was not of the party, and could not be implicated in their guilt, and promised that we should experience nothing but civility from himself. He received our petition, which he handed to one of his people to take to his boat, and ordered off the rest of his men. He agreed to assist us in getting off from the field where we lay, and to tow us on our way as far as Mingan—a tower and fort, a short way below the place, where the western branch rejoins the Fuh-chow river. We asked him if there was no way of going down without passing under the bridge of Fuh-chow. He said there was; and that he would probably take us by that route. We got afloat about 11 A. M., and two or three hours afterwards, recognized our position to be that which we had abandoned in despair four days before. Had we remained where we lay on the 8th till the flood had made, it would have carried us into the main river, and we should have had one or two days' start of the warboats, or perhaps entirely escaped their observation. The kwan-foo continued on board, except when relieved by an inferior officer from the towing-boat, intending, as we presume, that we should appear to be his prisoners. In the afternoon the wind became very strong, and the fleet ran in towards a large village, where they proposed anchoring for the day. Finding, however, that the bottom was stony, and that there was already too little water for our boat, we refused to remain, and were preparing to set sail, when the officer, who had brought us on, earnestly requested to be taken into our boat again. We received him on board, and were again taken in tow, the other war-boats acccompanying. At dusk, they wished to take us to another large village; but we pointed out a more sheltered spot, and they took us there accordingly. The officers still remaining on board, Mr. Gutzlaff was requested to desire them to withdraw, which they did; and, as they had been uniformily civil since morning, I sent each of them a pair of blue printed cotton handerchiefs. It was settled that we should again get under weigh with the morning's ebb, and that, after reaching Mingan, we should pursue our way of the ship, without further attendance. At 10 o'clock P. M., I was surprised by a letter from Capt. M'Kay, of that day's date; he stated that he had been importuned in the most abject manner to recall us, as orders had been issued to drive us out; which could not be carried into effect. He concluded that we must by that time have got so far on our way, that, before we could be overtaken, we must have accomplished our object. At one A. M. of the 13th, we got under weigh, towed as before; but escorted by a numerous fleet of war-junks, one of which carried three lanterns, and the others one each, on their poops; as all these vessels had to make short tacks in a narrow channel, the sight was rather fine; and, when we reached Mingan, a number of rockets were discharged, which had a very grand effect. We had not permitted any Chinese officer to come on board our boat when we started; but, contrary to stipulation, they now again insisted on coming; while we showed a determined resolution to resist: on consulting their commander, they were directed to let us go freely. We lost our way, however, in the darkness of the night, and were assisted by a warboat, in the morning, in recovering it. As we approached the right channel, we found several war-junks stationed as a guard. Three or four of them accompanied us for some time, but gradually dropped off. The towing-junk, too, took occasion to make us over to a large open boat, from which we soon afterwards cast off. On passing the forts at the Bogue, we were honoured with a salute of three guns from each, as well as from some war-junks above, and others below, the forts. At two P. M., we got on board the *Findlay*. In pursuance of our declared intention, I prepared a petition to the viceroy, praying for inquiry into the conduct of our assailants on the 11th, and the infliction of adequate punishment upon them, for their unjustifiable attempt on our lives. Mr. Gutzlaff was good enough to put my petition into Chinese forms, and have it ready for delivery next morning, in expectation that, as had been the practice hitherto, some officer of rank might come on board. None having arrived, however, I resolved to go on board the admiral's junk, and deliver my petition there, explaining its object to that officer. Mr. Gutzlaff and Mr. Stevens accompanied me; we found in the cabin two messengers from the viceroy, both of them assistant-magistrates, wearing colourless crystal *knobs*; two vice-admirals; Tsung-ping-knan, one of them, the naval commander-in-chief of this station; one colonel of the army, Yen-keih; and one pa-tseang, or subaltern. Having handed to them the petition, one of the messengers wanted to open it; but, on being requested to deliver it to the viceroy, began to inquire what were its contents. Before coming to that subject, Mr. Gutzlaff adverted generally to our character as foreign merchants, and our wish to import rice. The Chinese assured us, that it was from no unwillingness on their parts that we were not allowed to trade, but that they were obliged to act under the prohibitory orders of the emperor. As to the importation of rice, the pa-tseang at first affected to misunderstand us, as if our application were for permission to export rice to our own country from Fuh-kēen. One of the messengers told us, that the viceroy would give us no answer, when Mr. Gutzlaff quoted some instances of official replies from head-quarters, that made him waive this objection.

Having shown them the impracticability of efficiently excluding foreign trade from so long a line of coast, Mr. Gutzliff urged very strongly the expediency of rendering legitimate what was now conducted with all the defiance of the laws, and other evils attendant on the smuggling trade already so apparent in Canton. Both messengers assented very readily to the soundness of the advice, adding arguments of their own in a very conciliatory strain, and regretting much that it was against the imperial orders. Mr. Gutzlaff dwelt particularly on the facility which Fuh-chow possessed for the tea-trade; this they fully admitted; but again, the emperor having confined the trade to Canton, there was really no remedy; and it was quite in vain attempting to open the trade at this port. Mr. Gutzlaff then adverted to the murderous attack upon us on the 11th; of this they at first alleged total ignorance and then ascribed the attack to the treachery of the common natives. Mr. Gutzlaff, however, told them, that it was their officers and soldiers, who acted, to the best of their ability, the part of treacherous and cowardly murderers; while the poor peasantry had always conducted themselves towards us with the greatest kindness; that we were now come with a petition, calling for redress by the punishment of those assassins, the granting of which was the only means of preventing retaliation; the lives of peaceful people having been brought into the most imminent danger, which violence justified violence in return, even if we were to take a life for each of our lives that had been so endangered. Here all concurred in reprobating such conduct as we had experienced, and in assuring us, that we should meet with no such molestation from them, trying to put as good a construction as possible on the past. Mr. Gutzlaff repeatedly requested them to allow the people to bring us provisions; but to this they turned a deaf ear. As we rose up to come away, the messenger of the viceroy, to whom I had handed the petition, wished to return it; but I refused to receive it back. He said he could report what we had said; but durst not deliver the petition. Mr. Gutzlaff, however, succeeded in getting him to promise its delivery, by reminding him, that he had been sent hither on our account, and that it would be strange if, after all, we should be obliged to carry our remonstrance ourselves to Fuh-chow. This hint had the desired effect. On the afternoon of the 15th a polite note was sent to the admiral's junk, requesting a supply of provisions to be procured for us, as the people were prohibited from bringing any thing to the ship. The boat brought back a remnant of a shoulder of pork, a dried cuttle-fish, and four pieces of sugar-cane; these were immediately returned. Mr. Gutzlaff was good enough to go on board by another boat, accompanied by Capt. McKay and Mr. Stevens, to require an explanation of this piece of rudeness; and to inform them, that if in two days I got no answer to my petition for redress, the consequences would not be imputable to me, but to their government. They at first denied that any thing had been sent; but finding this would not do, they alleged that the pork and fish were intended for the boatmen, and the sugar-cane for the little lad that steered the boat. No indication of such appropriation was made when the things were put into the boat, so that the excuse was evidently an after-thought. Finding that another admiral, who had arrived in the afternoon, was of the party, Mr. Gutzlaff again expatiated on the atrocity with which we had been treated. No attempt at defending it was offered. The messenger of the viceroy said, that the petition had been sent, but he was unable to say how soon we might expect an answer. At this second meeting, Mr. Gutzlaff pointed out the freedom with which Chinese subjects were allowed to follow any honest avocation they chose at our settlements, and claimed, on the principles of reciprocity, the accordance of similar privileges in return.

On the 16th, Mr. Gutzlaff, having found some passages of Chinese law particularly applicable to our assailants, went in the evening to point them out to the mandarins, and, for their further consideration, copied them out in their presence, and left the extracts with them. Applications for provisions, and promises to supply them, were renewed. On the 17th, a boat arrived from Fuh-chow, at eight A. M., and was received by the junks with a salute. A little after, a boat came alongside, and made off again with all expedition, after leaving an open note, stating that the orders of the viceroy had arrived, and that we ought to go on board the admiral to receive them. Mr. Gutzlaff wrote his reply, that the person who was charged with the communication of the order was in duty bound to deliver it, and that we expected he would bring it accordingly. This was sent by the ship's boat, which soon after returned with a note, stating that, since we were afraid to go on board the admiral's junk, they had made out a copy of the order, not choosing to send the original by the young man whom we had sent in charge of the boat. The half hour that our boat was detained was entirely occupied in framing and copying this note. The paper, which they pretended to have copied in that time, was a roll nearly six feet in length, which could not have been written, in the fair style which it exhibited, by the most expert penman, in less than a couple of hours. We afterwards compared it with the original, and found that it was written in the same hand, and was in every respect, except in the sealing, a fac-simile of the original. Our second petition accompanied this copy. The intention was, no doubt, to cheat us out of the original—an object of some value in the eyes of the Chinese diplomatists, who are always anxious to withhold authenticated papers, for fear of furnishing documents that may some day be brought forward in evidence against themselves—a use to which no unsealed documents can be applied, according to Chinese law and practice. The possession of this copy enabled us to prepare a final communication to the viceroy, and in order to secure the delivery into our hands of the original, the ship was dropt up with the flood abreast of the junk fleet, and her broadside brought to bear upon them. There were nineteen vessels in all on the spot; but all the smaller ones immediately got under weigh, and passed within the forts. When we went on board the admiral of the station, we learned that the orders of the viceroy were addressed to the admiral of Hae-tan, who was on board another junk. He and the envoys from Fuh-chow were sent for: but it was some time before they made their appearance. Our host, in the mean time, appearing very uneasy and dispirited, we asked what was meant by saying that we were afraid of going on board his ship. Some of us had been there on each day since our return. It was obvious, that fear of retaliation had prevented him from renewing his visits since we came back; but if we thought it right to retaliate it, we should not have imitated the treacherous and cowardly conduct of his countrymen, but openly brought our ship to fight the whole of theirs, and he must be perfectly aware, that as she then lay, she could sink his whole fleet, and destroy every one on board. But this was not our object. The government had implicated itself in the business by inventing such a string of notorious falsehoods in defence of the conduct of its officers, and we should leave it to our government to obtain for us the redress which theirs refused to our simple and respectful application. The original letter of the viceroy and his colleagues having been at last produced, and taken possession of by me, I returned the copy sent in the morning. We were promised our supply of provisions as soon as we got under weigh. The final reply to the viceroy, along with my second petition, under a fresh cover, were now placed in the hands of the principal envoy, who pressed me hard to receive them back, and even followed me out, as if he intended to throw them after me into the boat. Judging, apparently, that this would be of no avail, he kept them till evening, and then sent a small fishing-boat with them to the ship. The fisherman, however, being warned off, carried them back, and we saw no more of them. On the 18th and 19th, we gradually dropped down to the outer bay. No provisions were ever sent us.

From the Athenæum.

MEMOIRS OF LUTHER.

Written by Himself; translated and arranged by M. Michelet. Preceded by an Essay on the History of Religion, and followed by Lives of Wycliff, John Huss, Erasmus, Melancthon, Hutton, &c.—[*Mémoires de Luther, &c.*] Paris, Hachett; London, Dulau.

Innumerable are the volumes which have been written concerning Luther, alike by enemies and friends, by Germans and foreigners, by Protestants and Catholics: but, after all, it is certain that his character is greatly misunderstood. While one party, beholding in him merely the reformer of gross abuses, vindicates his very errors, and would, if canonization were preserved in the reformed churches, place him above all the saints that ever existed since the apostolic times; another, regarding him as the destroyer of ancient and hallowed institutions, would appoint him a place with Dathan, Abiram, and other goodly society, in the lowest of all deeps. The one holds him up to admiration, as superior to other mortals—as intrusted with a commission by God himself, far exceeding in importance any delivered to mankind since the death of Christ:—another is certain, that if he were not actually engendered by the Devil—which has been often asserted,—he was in league with the prince of darkness. To such extremes mankind have always run; but the Christian philosopher, divesting himself of prejudice, will weigh the character and motives of the man, not by the usual scale, the adulation of friends, or the malignity of foes, but by irrecusable facts, and legitimate deductions from them. Of these facts, the first, the most important, the most indispensable, are to be found in the writings of Luther himself, above all, in his numerous epistles. They must exhibit the motives, the feelings, the sentiments of man—in a manner, indeed, not wholly unbiassed, for self-love will enter into the best human designs, but still so far natural, being composed, as most of them were, on the spur of the occasion, as to afford the least exceptionable criterion for estimating the man. Yet, obvious as such a source of information is, it has been strangely neglected by the biographers of Luther, and the historians of the Reformation: in reality, we could not point out two writers in this country who, whether Catholics or Protestants, have deigned to consult it. For this reason, we hail the appearance of the work before us; and great will be our disappointment, if the reader do not derive more instruction from it than from any biography of the reformer:

> "Hitherto (says M. Michelet) Luther has been exhibited only as the active enemy of Rome; we give his whole life—his combats, his doubts, his temptations, and consolations; we regard him as the man, even more than the chief of a party. We exhibit this violent, this terrible reformer of the north, not only in his eaglenest, at Wertburg, or in the Diet of Worms, defying alike emperor and empire, but in his house at Wittemberg, surrounded by his friends and children, or walking in his garden, accompanied by them, or on the border of his little pond, or in the melancholy seclusion set apart for the residence of his family—we see him meditating aloud, and finding in every surrounding object, in flowers, fruits, birds, serious and pious thoughts."

The present work, therefore, "is not a historical romance of Luther's life, nor even a history of the foundation of Lutheranism; it is a biography, consisting of a series of translations." The editor has selected, dated, and arranged the materials, and has scarcely ever spoken himself. Hence, it is always Luther who speaks—it is Luther described by Luther. "It is a book of confessions—negligent, scattered, involuntary, and, therefore, the more true. Those of Rousseau are much less sincere; those of St. Augustine less complete and diversified." How essentially it differs from both of these! In the Father of the Church, human nature and individuality appear indeed, but only to be sacrificed to divine grace. In the Frenchman, grace has no place; human nature is everything; it reigns, triumphs, every where, and is excited in so naked a form, as often to disgust the most sensual reader. Luther exhibits both grace and nature, but not in equilibrium: on the contrary, we see only the agonizing conflict of the two. Other men, doubtless, have suffered equal anguish of mind and heart; "Pascal did, but he stifled the temptation, and died from the effort." Luther made no such effort: he speaks out; he admits us into the sanctuary of his inward thoughts and feelings, and there we may study our moral nature with some benefit. If the subject is not always pleasing, it is sure to be instructive.

But let us turn from these observations to the facts which have called them forth.

Martin Luther was born at Eisleben, November 10th, 1483. According to Cochlæus, his father was a demon-incubus; and we are assured, by the same veracious writer, that he continued through life to hold an intimate correspondence with the spirits of darkness. This is something like the Spanish notion, (very generally diffused early in the sixteenth century,) that whatever his parents might be, one thing was to be expected, that he and the nun he married would certainly be the parents of Anti-christ. But, leaving these delectable fancies, the father was a poor, honest peasant, the grandfather and great-grandfather were the same, and Luther had too much sense to blush for his origin: on the contrary, he exults in it, since it shows, that for his eminence he was not indebted to any worldly advantage, but to his own merit. Who, he asks, could foresee, that one so humble as he should create such a sensation in the world—that he should become bachelor, master, monk, doctor—that he should beat the pope, marry a nun, and beget children? In reality, the discouragements of his early years were not very propitious. His father, who had forsaken the labours of the peasant for those of a miner and blacksmith, could ill afford to educate him.

Hawever, in his sixth year he was sent to the free-school of Eisenach; and there is reason to believe, that he supported himself there by alms he solicited from house to house. He owns, that he carried the sack as well as other mendicants; and perhaps he had more success than most others, as nature had endowed him with a good voice: “ Let no one in my presence despise the poor, who passing from door to door sing or say *Panis propter Deum*. Does not the Psalmist tell us, that princes and even kings have sung? I, too, have been a poor student—I, too, have begged my bread from house to house, particularly at Eisenach, my dear town.” A widow, Ursula by name, released him from his humiliation, and enabled him to study some years longer at Eisenach. It is honourable to Luther's character, that he always spoke of the lady's memory with great emotion. Fortunately for him, his father had some success in business, and in 1501 he was entered at the University of Erfurth. Here his attainments bore testimony to his zeal: he does not appear, however, to have *read* so much as he *thought*—perhaps he despised the school-learning of his age. A more interesting subject is that of his religious impressions. From infancy he was distinguished for his devotional turn of mind; and his conscience often terrified him for what another would have considered a venial transgression. An accident gave force to his predilections. In the year 1505 one of his youthful friends was killed at his side by the electric fluid; his first impulse was, to vow that he would take refuge in the cloister, and consecrate his days to God. Without taking much time to reflect whether such an engagement was suitable or not to his peculiar character, in one fortnight he disappeared from the world, and immured himself—he believed, for life—in the Augustinian monastery of Erfurth. In two years he entered, in addition, into holy orders.

Immediately after this two-fold obligation, Luther was assailed by the peculiar temptations which were destined to embitter his life. In fact, he had a conscience so scrupulous, that slight offences would have made him miserable.

> “When I was a monk, I often wrote to Dr. Staupitz. Once I said, ‘Oh, my sins! my sins!’ He replied, ‘Thou wishest to live without sin, and, indeed, thou hast none worthy of the name. Christ has procured pardon for sins.’ I often confessed to him—not about women, but that which involves the very marrow of my question. Like all other directors, he replied, ‘I do not understand you!’ One day he came to me while at table; ‘Why so melancholy, Frater Martine?’ ‘I am indeed unhappy!’ ‘Such temptations,’ he replied, ‘are good, and even necessary for you; but they would be good for you only.’ By these words he meant, that, as I was learned, without them I should become haughty and proud; but I have since found that the voice came from the Holy Ghost.”

What the nature of this temptation was, must for ever remain a mystery. Probably he had allowed his imagination too wide a range—a sin most likely to impress a recluse with terror. Whatever the cause, he tells us that, during a fortnight, he could not eat, or drink, or sleep.

> “Ah! if St. Paul were now living, how eagerly I should ask him what was the temptation *he* experienced. It was not with me the *stimulus carnis*—it was not Thecla, as the Papists dream; it was something higher than the despair caused by sin; it was rather the temptation to which allusion is made by the psalmist: ‘My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?’ Jerome and other fathers have not experienced such trials; they have only puerile ones, like those of the flesh, though these are troublesome enough. Augustine and Ambrose had also their trials, and trembled before the drawn sword; but what was this in comparison with the messenger of Satan, who buffets?”

We shall not attempt to solve the mystery, which can be fully known only to the Searcher of hearts. The situation of the monk, however, was pitiable enough: strange phantoms flitted before him: no man could give him consolation, because no man could understand his feelings; and he often asked himself, why he alone, of all mankind, should be thus wretched. At length, he found consolation, and it was by his own conviction that, by faith, and without any merit of our own, the righteousness of Christ is imparted to us—that by that righteousness alone we are justified, sanctified, saved here and hereafter. From all this it appears, that, whether right or wrong in his views, Luther was, even at this early period, an indefatigable student of the Bible.

The doctrine which he thus adopted was not likely to make him satisfied with that of his own church. A journey to Italy on the business of his order, changed that dissatisfaction into disgust. “ This country of the Borgias,” as M. Michelet observes, exhibited at this period something rarely, if ever, seen in history: a profligacy systematic and scientific—a magnificent ostentation of wickedness—in a word, an atheist priest proclaiming himself king of the world! This was the fault of the *time*. That of the *country*—enduring and unchanging as itself—is the invincible paganism which has always characterised it. The men of the north saw nothing but sensuality—nothing but carnal lusts in the land. Their best defence was to shut their eyes, to pass through with rapid steps, and to curse as they passed.” These, reader, are the words of a Catholic writer, and surely they confirm the character given of the Italian by our own poet,

And e'en in penance planning sins anew!

What was Luther's surprise? he who entered the country expecting to find the people as holy as the places! At Milan he found his brethren who had taken the vows of poverty in a convent—not of *stone* but of *marble!*—the workmanship too vying with the material. He proceeded from convent to convent—that is, from palace to palace, and he found the tables as magnificent as the houses; instead of humility he found splendour—instead of penance, a style of living worthy of kings. He once ventured to hint that flesh-meat, venison, fowls, soups, might surely be dispensed with one day a week—Friday. For this rashness he very narrowly escaped with his life. On his arrival at Rome, proceeding to the convent of his order near the

Porto del Popolo, he fell on his knees, raised his hands to Heaven, and exclaimed, "Hail, holy Rome! sanctified alike by the deeds and the blood of martyrs!" But his enthusiasm was of short duration; for he found that in his thoughts, feelings, belief, he was alone! He found the warlike Julius II. too busy in pushing hostilities against France to have leisure for the concerns of religion; the Cardinals too proud of their acquaintance with Cicero to open a book so full of barbarous Latin as the Vulgate. He heard no scriptural language; all was pagan. The Pope was Pontifex Maximus; a saint just canonized, was "*inter Divos relatus*;" and if grace was mentioned at all, it was *Deorum immortalium beneficium*. If he entered the church, mass was celebrated with so much rapidity, that before *he* had read the Gospel, *Ite missa est!* was chaunted by the officiating priest. He asserts—what, however, we have some difficulty in believing—that the clergy were generally infidels, and that, even at consecration he had heard the priest say, "*Panis es, et panis manebis.*" In one fortnight he returned to Germany, detesting alike Italy, Pope, and people. How deep the impression that rested on his mind may be inferred from his exclamation many years afterwards: "Not for a hundred thousand florins would I have missed seeing Rome! Had I not seen it, I should have been unhappy in the reflection, that I might have done injustice to the Pope!"

The question of the indulgences, which introduced Luther to the notice of Europe, is too well known to be repeated here. The propositions which he fastened to the gates of the church at Wittemberg, and the theses that followed them, created a sensation never before equalled. The former are all founded in Scripture: of the latter, many are false; but those appealed to an acknowledged abuse, while these were too dogmatic to be comprehended by ninety-nine hundredths of the nation. One thing is especially remarkable, that when Luther assailed the Indulgences, he never dreamed of ultimate separation from the Church. On the contrary, his letters to pope and cardinal—to prince and bishop, express an earnest wish for the reformation of their common mother. For some time, too, he exhibited a dignified moderation, combined with the purest zeal. In 1518, he wrote thus to Leo X.:

> "Most holy father! I call God and man to witness that I have never wished, that I do not wish, to touch the Roman Church, or your sacred authority. I heartily acknowledge that this Church is above everything—that nothing in Heaven or on earth can be compared to it, i. we except Jesus Christ our Lord."

In these humble expressions he was doubtless sincere. But that his mind was one too liable to be influenced by temporary circumstances in lieu of fixed principles, may be inferred from some expressions in a letter which he addressed to his friend Spalatin, ten days only after the preceding. In it he spoke most disparagingly of the Pope, and ventures to express a doubt whether that pontiff be "Antichrist, or the apostle of *Antichrist*." Everyday added to his bitterness. In his celebrated work, *De Captivitate Babylonicâ*, he proceeds to an extremity which must for ever have cut off the reconciliation with Rome. Rome was indeed Babylon: The Pope was the nimrod of bishops; the policy of both was to destroy souls and to pick pockets. About the same time, to prove that he was at war with the papacy even more than the Pope, he wrote a singular, a characteristic, and most amusing letter to Leo:—

> "Amidst my combats, during three years past, with the monsters of the age, I cannot avoid, most honourable father, some remembrance of thee. Thy career, so extolled by literary men, and thine irreproachable life, would place thee above every assault. I am not so foolish as to quarrel with one whom every man praises. I have called thee a Daniel in Babylon, and I have vouched for thine innocence. Yes, dear Leo! thou art, indeed, Daniel among lions, Ezekiel among scorpions! What couldst thou do alone against such monsters? Admitting that three or four of the cardinals are learned and virtuous, yet, as sure as fate, you would all be poisoned if you attempted to remedy so many evils. It is all over with the court of Rome: God's wrath has brought her to her end because she hates councils, because she detests reform of every kind. Unfortunate Leo! who sittest on that cursed throne! I speak the truth to thee because I wish thee well. If St. Bernard pitied his pope, Eugenius, what should be our sentiment when the corruption of three hundred years is added to the stock? Certainly thou wilt one day thank me for having saved thee, if I can succeed in destroying that prison, that hell, in which thou art confined!"

When the papal bull of excommunicution appeared, this language was abandoned; then Leo was truly Antichrist. Luther's was a mind which would have scorned to quail before any earthly, or, indeed, any infernal power. His treatise on the "Detestable Bull of Antichrist," which he burnt in presence of the University of Wittemberg (where he had been professor in theology since 1518,) abounded in coarseness of invective. The provocation, no doubt, was great; he had been treated with contumely by some papistical adherents; efforts had been made, even by the connivance of the Holy See, to deprive him, if not of life, at least of liberty; and the contempt cast upon what he believed to be scriptural truth, made a profound impression on a mind susceptible, even beyond that of any other man, of even the slightest affront. But though this circumstance may extenuate, it does not excuse, his imprudence. He who stood up as a religious reformer, should have learned to subdue his more violent emotions.

After the celebrated "Diet of Worms," Luther, as is well known, resolutely commenced his translation of Scripture. It is, however, less generally known, that he was not the first to enter the same field. Prior to him, at least a dozen editions of the Bible had appeard in the vernacular tongue; (of these, three were from the press of Nuremberg, 1477, 1483, 1490, and three at Augsburg before the close of 1518.) We do not, therefore, understand how the book could be so scarce as many writers would have us to believe. The *style* of the translation, indeed, was bad; the paper and print were still worse: and Luther might justly consider that there was room for another.

But, in the midst of all his triumphs, Luther was unhappy; the disposition of the cloister continued with him through life. Some of his epistles pathetically describe his mental sufferings. Sometimes his very reason seems to have trembled in the balance:—

> "After leaving Worms in 1521, being seized near Eisenach, and conveyed to my Patmos, the castle of Wartburg, I resided alone in my apartment, no one being allowed to approach me except two youths, who, twice a day, brought me food. They had purchased for me a bag of nuts, which I placed in a chest. At night, having passed to my bedchamber, extinguished the light, and laid myself down to rest, I heard a noise, as if the nuts were violently shaken together, and it even came to my bed. Yet I was not frightened. Later in the night I was awakened by a sound, as if a hundred tons had been rolled from the top to the bottom of the staircase. Yet I knew that the iron door, at the bottom, was secured by lock and chains, and that nobody could ascend. I arose to learn the cause, and I exclaimed, 'Is it thou?—Well, be it so!' I recommended myself to Christ, our Lord, of whom it is written, 'Thou hast put all things under his feet,' and returned to rest. Then came to Eisenach the wife of John de Berblibs. She suspected that I was at the castle, and she wished to see me; but this was impossible. However, I was transferred to another part of the castle, and she occupied my former rooms. During the night she heard such strange noises, that she believed a thousand devils must be present."

It was doubtless from such passages as the preceding, that the more rancorous of his enemies endeavoured to propagate the strange notion that he was in league with the powers of darkness. His own imagination was the only power to be dreaded. It troubled him in youth; it often tormented him in after years; but, on the other hand, it has frequently endowed him with a fervour, a courage, a constancy almost supernatural. There can be no doubt that he considered himself as the chosen instrument of the Almighty for the effecting of the Reformation; that, like the Apostles, with whom, indeed, he was not backward to compare himself, he had received a divine commission; and he sincerely believed, that in virtue of this character he had more influence with Heaven than any man since the Apostolic times. Of this persuasion we find abundance of proofs in his epistles. In one of them he tells us his old enemy, Duke George of Saxony, that he would pray for that prince's destruction—adding, that however such prayer might be despised, it would infallibly produce its effects; nay, that a few words of his would at any time call down the most terrible vengeance of Heaven.

This hostility to Duke George was inspired by the fury with which that prince persecuted him in every Diet of the empire. "To arms!" was the unceasing cry of the party headed by this violent papist. It was not, indeed, until the secular princes and nobles began to perceive the advantages which might ensue to "their order," from the confiscation of church property, that they were favourable to the Reformation. For many years the poor only were its abettors, while the higher classes of society stood aloof from it. This was natural. No sooner were the peasants taught that they were emancipated from spiritual, than they sighed for a release from temporal bondage. They had many grievances too intolerable to be borne; but in human nature we must rarely expect consideration; nor shall we be surprised that in their eagerness to destroy the galling bonds of feudality, they aspired to an emancipation from all dependence on the rich—to an equality of honour, of privilege, and of property, with the mighty of the land. Hence the war of the peasants, first in Thuringia, next in every province on the banks of the Rhine. Hence, too, the dislike of the nobles to elevations which made the poor believe that as all men are by nature equal, and equally heirs to the hopes of immortality, so all *ought* to be on the same footing throughout our pilgrimage on earth. This consideration will account for the violence with which Luther sometimes assailed princes and nobles, and, by implication, all secular authority. Thus, in his treatise on the Secular Power (written in the vulgar tongue)—

> "Princes are of this world, and this world is God's enemy; hence they live according to the world, and in opposition to the law of God. Be not, therefore, surprised at their furious persecution of the Gospel, since they cannot change their own nature. You ought to know that, from the very beginning of the world even, a wise prince has been a rare phenomenon; a good and upright prince much rarer. In general they have been as they are, either gross fools, or cursed vultures. Hence it is that we must always expect from them the very worst of conduct; good, scarcely ever, especially where the salvation of souls is concerned. They are certainly of use to God; but it is as lictors and executioners only. He wishes to punish the wicked. Our God is a powerful monarch: he cannot dispense with such distinguished lictors and headsmen as these right noble and illustrious men. *His* hangmen must be abundantly supplied with honours and riches, that they may strike the more awe into other men. And His divine will requires that we call these hangmen "most clement lords;" that we kneel before them, and profess ourselves their most humble and dutiful subjects. If a prince be prudent, upright, Christian-like, surely he is a great miracle, a precious mark of the divine favour; for to most of them might be applied the threat of God in regard to the Jews: "I will give them a king in my wrath."

These expressions are sufficiently characteristic; not less so are those in which he dissuades the people from assisting their princes against the Turk; in other words, where he would inculcate a slavish submission to the Mahommedan yoke.

> "Our princes, indeed, would protect the faith and destroy the Turk. Are you so simple as to trust to them? Their wisdoms are about to undertake something truly! All that they will do will be to break their own necks, and to plunge whole nations into misfortune and misery. My purpose is to open the eyes of the most blind, that they may comprehend this passage of the 106th psalm,—*Effundit contemptum super principes*.. Few are those who are not treated as fools or knaves; for such they show themselves, and such the very people begin to perceive

> them. Good masters and lords! govern with moderation and justice, for your dependents will no longer bear your tyranny; they neither can nor will bear it. This world is no longer the world it was, when you hunted men just like wild beasts. I beseech every good Christian to pray with me for those blind princes, whom God has sent us in His wrath; and I also beseech that no one will follow them to fight against the Turk. Believe me, the Turk is ten times more able and more religious than our princes. How can these blockheads, who so horribly tempt and blaspheme God, hope for the least success? Yet that poor, wretched creature, our Emperor, who is not sure of living a single moment, has the impudence to boast that he is the true, sovereign defender of the Christian faith! Now, the Christian faith, as we learn from Scripture, is a rock against which death, the devil, and every other power must fail; it is divinely strong; yet this very work of God must be protected forsooth by a child of clay, whom the least accident may bring to the dust! Lord! what a stupid world is this! There, too, is the King of England styling himself Defender of the Faith! Even the Hungarians boast of being the protectors of God, as they chaunt in their liturgy, *Ut nos defensores tuos exaudire digneris!* Why have we not some princes to protect Jesus Christ, others to defend the Holy Ghost? Then, indeed, both faith and the Holy Trinity would be nobly guarded!"

No wonder that such language should alarm the princes of the empire, especially when they saw how boundless the influence of the reformer over the multitude. The war of the peasants, and the opposition made by the Lutheran deputies of the Diet to any campaign against the Turks, were the necessary results. The former, indeed, was severely condemned by him; and he urged the nobles to a vengeance incompatible with humanity, or even strict justice; yet does not this very severity prove that he was conscious he had been one cause, at least, of the rebellion? But we cannot indicate the results to which we have alluded, as our present object is not a history of the Reformation, but a faithful portrait of the reformer,—a portrait taken from his own words, and not from the partiality of friends, or the malignity of enemies.

Whatever might be the influence,—whatever the absurdity,—whatever the violence of Luther in many of his opinions, no man can assail either his motives or his actions. Immense as was the reputation he enjoyed, he lived in poverty,—often, indeed, in absolute indigence. Of this fact, the volume before us exhibits melancholy proof. The Elector of Saxony, his great patron, and assuredly his protector, was a miserly giver. On this subject his expressions are sometimes affecting:—

> "Every day my debts increase, and I know not whether I should again apply to the Elector, or suffer things to go as they may, until what is doomed to perish, shall have perished; or until misery compel me to quit Wittenberg,—a necessity that must be most pleasing to the creatures of the Emperor and the Pope. My debts still multiply; I am overwhelmed by them; and I must beg my bread in some other quarter. This kind of life cannot last."

We must remark that at this period, (1527,) Luther had two children, and a wife likely to be fruitful. Yet such was his native generosity,—we might say his pecuniary imprudence,—that so long as he had a florin, he was ready to share it with his poor friends. Sometimes he was compelled to refuse such applications:—

> "Thou askest me for eight florins, but where shall I find them? I am, as thou well knowest, constrained to live with the utmost economy; yet my imprudence this year has caused me to contract debts beyond one hundred florins in amount. Fifty florins I have borrowed on three goblets. Add that Lucas and Christian will no longer accept me as security, since they have experienced that either they must lose all, or drain me of the last farthing."

Sometimes he was favoured with gifts from admirers or friends; one he thanks for cloth, another for beer. Yet amidst his embarrassments—so frequent that they make the heart of the reader sicken—he never hesitated to open his hospitable door to every comer. Now a priest who had forsaken the old communion; now a brother preacher, whose flock would not or could not maintain him; one day a nun escaped from her convent; another a monk who had thrown aside the cowl, claimed, and obtained food and shelter. He even extended his charity so far as to provide apartments for pregnant women. On receiving one, he thus writes to his friend Amsdorf:—

> "If my Catherine should be confined at the same time, thou wilt be much the poorer for the coincidence. Gird thyself then, not with iron or steel, but with gold, silver, and a good sack, for I will not allow thee to escape without a present."

It is impossible to peruse the Letters of this celebrated man, without feeling the highest admiration for his disinterestedness. He was too elevated a soul to set a value on what he truly calls "vile, accursed gold." Unbounded in liberality of sentiment, he could not conceive how the rich,—especially how the Elector, his patron,—could hesitate to succour the destitute. Had he possessed but one loaf of bread in the world, assuredly he would have shared it with any that were in need.

During 1527 the embarrassments of Luther were the greatest, since he had to contend not only with his old enemy, poverty, but with the plague, and other sickness. In one letter, he declares that his house was a perfect hospital. And well he might; for besides his sick children and servants, he had two women, with the curate and the curate's family, indisposed in his house. To the wants of all he administered with unceasing attention. He dreaded not the pestilence, except for the sake of his children and friends. It was his own lot to be assailed by extreme sickness of body, combined as usual, with the most lamentable trouble of mind. "On the Saturday preceding the Visitation of our Lady, Martin Luther complained of violent headache and noise in the ears. The next morning, believing that he must yield to the disorder, he called for Burgenhagen, to whom he confessed, and to whom he spoke with terror of the temptations he had experienced." In the afternoon he became insensible for a time; his limbs grew cold as death; and he gave no sign of animation. Being recovered, however, by the means of art, he began to pray with great fervour. His address to the Almighty, which has been preserved, sufficiently evinces his sincerity.

"Thou knowest, my God, that I would willingly have shed my blood for thy word; but thou hast otherwise ordained, and thy will be done! Doubtless I was not worthy of martyrdom. Cheerfully would I now die; yet, oh God! if such be thy will, I would live to diffuse thy holy word, and to comfort thy feeble servants. Yet if mine hour be come, thy will be done! thou art the master of life and death."

These, and other sentences, all inspired by the deepest feeling, disprove the frequent assertion of the Romanists,—that Luther was actuated by political, and not by religious motives, in his opposition to the established faith. His whole life bears evidence to the depth of his convictions. This fact, however, does not justify all his opinions or all his proceedings; for individual sincerity is no test of truth. All that we here attempt to establish, is his character for the first of all virtues; and a sick-bed, which might probably become a death-bed, affords the best means of estimating it. To us, indeed, Luther appears, on the present occasion, more interesting than at any other period of his life. Besides the quality for which we are contending, he exhibited the utmost affection for his wife and children. Thus, after remaining for some hours in a state bordering on death, on coming to himself he eagerly inquired:—

"Where is my darling—my little John? And when the infant, on being brought to him, smiled in his face, he said, with tears in his eyes—"My beloved child, I commend both thee and thy good mother, my dear Catherine, to the care of God! You have nothing in this world; but God will take care of you; for He is the Father of the orphan and the widow. Preserve them, oh God, and instruct them as thou hast instructed me!" He then spoke to his wife concerning some silver goblets, 'which,' he added, 'as thou well knowest, are all our earthly store!' "

But this period was not destined to be the close of Luther's eventful career. He recovered, yet slowly; and as he advanced towards health, he again became the prey of mental agony. Thus, in one of his letters:—

"Though well in body, I am always afflicted by the persecutions of Satan; so as to be unable to write or do anything. I firmly believe the last day to be near at hand. Farewell; continually pray for poor Luther!"

And in another:—

"We *may* subdue the temptations of the flesh; but how difficult the struggle against those of blasphemy and despair! We do not understand the guilt of sin, nor what may be the appropriate remedy."

This was, indeed, an awful season, as he acknowledged in a subsequent letter: "Having nearly lost my hold in Christ, I was beaten by the floods and tempests of blasphemy and despair!" From this and many other expressions, —from this state of anguish, so acute as frequently to be intolerable, we are led to suspect that the sufferer could not divest himself of his early impressions, nor, consequently, of remorse. He, a monk, had married, and had married a nun! It was impossible for a man with such impressions,—with *his* peculiar conformation of mind,—with *his* heart and feelings, always to rest satisfied with what he had done. His friend, Melancthon, tells us how melancholy he was, even before the honeymoon was over; how weary of life; how apprehensive of the future; how perfectly miserable! His reason endeavoured to convince him that by violating vows never designed by God or nature, he had acted rightly; but its efforts must often have failed. And, indeed, to a less susceptible conscience than Luther's, the condition in which he was placed might well have some portion of alarm. Both he and his wife had taken the vow of chastity at a mature age, when both were acquainted with the force of the tempter. From her perfect reliance on *his* judgment, which she held to be infallible, *she* had probably no such agitation,—no such alarm; but this very circumstance might possibly add greatly to *his*. To his internal struggle on this occasion,—to his doubts whether he was justifiable in breaking a voluntary and solemn engagement, and whether, even if justifiable in the abstract, he had not given rise to much scandal, which a perseverance in his engagement would have avoided,—we are inclined to attribute something of the anguish before noticed. Doubtless, too, this anguish was heightened by his worldly circumstances. He was already a father; his offspring might become numerous; where would be their support when death removed him? when age or infirmity disabled him from attending to their wants? Nay, he appears even to have witnessed their actual privations, when neither age nor sickness assailed him. This was chiefly the result of his own imprudence,—for we can scarcely call it liberality. The booksellers offered him four hundred florins a year; but he refused the money, from a mistaken notion, that truth should be *given*, not *sold*. (From the same principle, he must have condemned all ecclesiastical endowments; and, indeed, he did frequently assail them with fury.) Add that he was profuse towards the necessitous, and we have the secret of his poverty, without impeaching too far the parsimony of the Elector. He was even known to give away the baptismal presents made to his children, and his articles of plate:—

> "One day a poor student asked him for some money; he told his wife to give some, but her reply was, that there was none in the house. He then took up a silver vase, and desired the student to procure money for it at the goldsmith's.
>
> "One day, while walking with Doctor Jonas and some other friends, he distributed, as usual, alms to the poor he met. Doctor Jonas did the same; but while he did so, he said,—"Who knows whether God will ever repay me?" Luther replied, "You forget that God has given you that which you now distribute!"

But it was only in sickness, or in seasons of inaction, that Luther was depressed: when the scene of life was crowded,—when hostility, whether civil or religious, assailed him, then he was "himself again;" and he never failed to exhibit an energy as indomitable as it was characteristic. His doctrinal disputes with Œcolampedus and Zwingle, for instance, respecting the nature of the Lord's Supper, roused him to all his former activity. So steadfastly did he adhere to his own opinions—so well convinced was he that they were founded in Scripture—nay, so infallible was he in his own estimation, and so intolerant to the notions of others, that nothing could induce him to extend the hand of fellowship to the Swiss reformers. Why? because they had the temerity to dispute *his* authority, in asserting the real presence of Christ as co-existing with the bread and wine. Though a league was formed against the Protestant princes, the common danger would not induce him even to be *civil* towards those who dissented from his creed. He consented, indeed, to exercise charity towards them; but then he was careful to define his meaning, by saying that we must have charity even in regard to our enemies; and in no other light would he consent to exercise it towards the Swiss dissenters. He called them, indeed, so many devils.—a favourite term of his. Of all men that ever lived, he was, perhaps, the most intolerant. To all overtures by the Emperor for a reconciliation between the two religions, he advised the chiefs of *his* to refuse a cool answer. He, therefore, disapproved of the interminable negotiations which, during fifteen years, signalized the strife of the two parties. "What," he asked, "is the use of such conferences? I will not yield an iota; and unless the Pope consent to abolish his papacy, a union is impossible." In a letter to Spalatin, the councillor of his patron, the Elector, he thus writes:—

> "So you have undertaken, I hear, a fine project,—to reconcile Luther and the Pope! But the Pope does not wish for such a result, and Luther absolutely refuses it: be more prudent than to lose your time and labour. If you succeed, I myself will undertake a reconciliation,—that of Christ with Belial!"

But Luther lived to entertain as despicable an opinion of the great in his own communion as he did of the papists. He saw the fundamental error of his church, that it was made to depend on the princes of this world; and his grief was the greater, as the error could not be repaired. They were the tyrants of his church; they were present at its synods; and nothing which they disapproved could be carried into execution. They knew that it had been established by their swords; that it could not subsist without their aid; and they resolved to derive their own advantages from the change. Hence they not only seized all the church property of the Roman Catholics within their respective jurisdictions, but they refused to assign any portion of it either to the support of the Lutheran ministers, or to the diffusion of education. In vain did Luther remonstrate; in vain did Melancthon assert, that had he foreseen the avarice, the violence, the worldly policy of these princes he would have taken no part in the Reformation; the lands and buildings of the church were in the hands of laymen, and were as much lost to the poor, as the monastic possessions in England, the confiscation of which served as a mode to the reformers of Germany. But Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, was not satisfied with mere plunder; he insisted on being allowed a second wife; and threatened that if his demand were refused, he would forsake his new brethren, and make what terms he could with the Emperor and the Pope. Of the fact, and of the criminal concession made by Luther, Melancthon, Bucer, Corvin, Adam, and other heads of the Lutheran Church, we should in vain seek for information among the histories of this country; yet all this is no less certain, than that such men have lived. The Prince intrusted to Bucer the negotiation of this affair; and from his instructions we shall make such extracts as modesty will permit:—

> "Ever since my marriage, I have lived in adultery and fornication; and as I cannot abandon this kind of life, so I cannot approach the Sacramental table; for St. Paul has said, that the adulterer shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven."

He then enumerates the reasons of his inconstancy:—

> "My wife is neither handsome nor amiable; * * * and she drinks to excess, as my chamberlain can testify. By nature I am of a warm temperament, as you may learn by inquiry of my physicians. I often go to the imperial diets,—Ubi laute vivitur et corpus curatur; quomodo me ibi gerere queam absque uxore, cum non semper gynæceum meeum ducere possim? How can I punish fornication and similar crimes, when I reflect on my own guilt, and when any one may say to me, "Master, reform thyself!" If we take up arms for the gospel, my conscience is troubled, for I feel that if I die in the war, I go at once to the devil. I have read with great care both the Old and the New Testament; and the only remedy I can find is to take a second wife; for I cannot, and indeed I will not, change my habits in this respect. Before God I ask, why may not I do that which Abraham, Jacob, David, Lamech, and Solomon have done?

To understand the embarrassment in which this application placed Luther, it will be necessary to bear in mind the opinions which fifteen or sixteen years before he had publicly broached on the subject. From the first he had taught that chastity, however it might be extolled by pope and monks, was impracticable: that all who pretended to it were hypocrites; that, in fact, it was no virtue at all, since it was directly opposed both to the command of God, "Go forth and multiply!" and to the laws of nature.* It was on this ground chiefly that he assailed all monastic establishments, and that he urged the inmates of all to forsake the cloister, to mix with the world, and to marry. He contended that he or she who refused to comply with this end of our being on earth, is guilty of rebellion to the will of God. Nothing indeed can exceed the contempt with which he speaks of female chastity, even admitting it to be possible; and the earnestness with which he urges both sexes to unite. He declared that the woman who died in childbed, or in pregnancy, would, if she professed the Christian faith, infallibly go to Heaven, since, in this case, she would be the martyr of duty.* In one of his public sermons at Wittemberg, he had ventured to lecture the married on the duties of that state. Some wives, he observed, were capriciously coy; but such rebellion alike to the will of God and the husband, must be punished. How? By means of any female domestic in the house. "If Sarah refuses, take Hagar!" Marriage he regarded as merely a civil contract, as depending not on religion, but on the laws; and wherever the object of its institution was impeded, he would grant letters of divorce, and leave the parties to form new connexions. But in reality he had gone much further. Seeing that polygamy was practiced under the Mosaic dispensation, he declared that he did not see how it could be forbidden in modern times:—

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* "It is no more possible to live without women than it is to live without eating and drinking."

"When Eve was brought before Adam, he, full of the Holy Spirit, gave her the most beautiful, the most glorious of names; he called her *Eve*, that is, the *mother* of all mankind: mark! he did not call her his wife, but the *mother* of all living men. This is the glory, the most precious ornament, of woman."

> "For my part, I confess that I cannot oppose the man who may wish to marry several wives, and that I do not think such plurality contrary to Holy Scripture."

He gives, indeed, *political* reasons why such marriages should not be encouraged; and he advises Christians rather to abstain from what is permitted, than to give scandal to the papists. As he advanced in years he appears to have repented of what he had written and preached on so dangerous a subject; but then his repentance had no reference to the abstract merit of the question, but to the evil which society might sustain from the example of such brethren as might be resolved to avail themselves to the utmost extent of the liberty vouchsafed to them as free Christians.

With such opinions on record, how could Luther, and the other chiefs who espoused his opinions, refuse the demand of the Landgrave? Having assembled at Wittemberg expressly for the consideration of the affair, they reluctantly dispatched the concession required, dated after the feast of St. Nicholas, 1539, and signed by Luther and seven other theologians. The only condition, or rather recommendation, was, that to avoid scandal, the second marriage should be kept secret, and, consequently, that the second wife should not have, in the view of the world, an equal rank with the former. What, indeed, would the family of the lawful princess, what the states of the empire, what the emperor himself, say to the landgrave, and the advisers of the landgrave, if the second wife were openly admitted to the same rights? We need not translate the instrument; and we are not disposed to make any further comment on the affair.

From this period we observe a more than usual sadness in the letters of Luther. The circumstance just related had, doubtless, its effect; but other disgusts arrived to embitter his life. Mournful in the extreme are many of the reflections which he passes on the motives and characters of the princes and nobles who had embraced the Reformation; on the increasing depravity of the lower orders; on the absence of all reverence for religion or its ministers; and he believed—nay, he hoped—that the end of the world was at hand. We give some extracts from his epistles, which will pourtray the man more faithfully than any language of ours:—

> "Our gracious prince (the Elector of Saxony) has shown me the conditions of peace which he wishes to arrange with the Emperor and his adversaries. I perceive enough to be satisfied that he and his fellows regard the whole as a farce to be played for their own advantage; it is, however, a tragedy, in which Satan triumphs and God is humbled.
>
> "Thou wishest me, my dear Jonas, to send thee, from time to time, some lines of consolation. Alas! it is I, more than any one, who have need of being comforted by thee! Like Lot, I have much to suffer amidst this infamous, hellish ingratitude, this horrible contempt for God's word. I cannot but see that Satan possesses the hearts of those who believe that for them are reserved the highest places in the kingdom of heaven."

That his bodily infirmities, which in his last years were numerous and painful, contributed to his sadness, that they embittered his anguish, and increased his disgust of life, is evident from many of his letters, and many of his sayings, which were religiously recorded by his disciples and friends:—

> "I am idle, worn out, cold, that is, old and useless. I have finished my career; and it only remains for the Lord to unite me with my father; to give to putrefaction and the worms what is due to them. Behold me, sick of life, if indeed it can be called life. To me it seems as if the world were near its end."

But, whatever his ailments, (chiefly the stone and giddiness in the head) he never ceases to complain of his countrymen:—

> "Had I known, when I began my career, that men were such enemies to the word of God, assuredly I would have remained silent, and at my own ease. I foolishly thought that they sinned only through ignorance.
>
> "Our nobles, citizens, peasants, nay, every man, believe that they understand the Scripture much better than Dr. Luther, or than St. Paul himself. They despise their teachers, or, rather, the Lord, who is the teacher of all.
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> "Our ecclesiastical visitors have sometimes asked the peasants, why they neglected to support their spiritual pastors, while they carefully supported their swineherds and shepherds; "Oh! we cannot possibly do without the latter!" was the reply; intimating that they could very easily dispense with their teachers."

In more places than one, Luther condemns the universal want of attention exhibited at church during the hours of divine service. He himself was so disgusted with it, that during six months he would not preach there, but in his own house. Yet, even here, he found cause for dissatisfaction. He said to Jonas:—

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* "There can be no doubt that women in labour or pregnancy who die in the faith, are saved, because they die in the very duty and function for which God created them."

> "I preach, indeed, to satisfy my conscience, and to fulfil my duty as head of my household; but I can easily perceive that, ere long, the word of God will be no more valued here than it is at church."

This decay of piety in his own household, afflicted him: he saw it in the wife of his bosom. "Doctor," she said, one day, "how is it, that while subject to papacy we prayed so often, and with such fervour, while now we pray with the utmost coldness and very seldom?" The reader may sigh or smile at the reply: "The reason is, that the devil continually urges his servants to fulfil his worship!"

Another blow at the world:—

> "The world is like a drunken peasant: help him on horseback, and he tumbles down on the other side. It cannot, by any possible means, be mended. It is, and will be, the devil's own world. I am perfectly weary of it. Would that our Lord would come quickly, and take me from it! Let him come with the Last Judgment, and I will hold out my neck for the stroke; let the thunderbolt lay me in repose!
>
> "One of his guests observed, that if the world should last fifty years longer, many things new would happen. "God forbid that it should!" replied Luther; "the future will be worse than the past. Many sects would arise which are now germinating in the hearts of men. May the Lord come quickly! may he hasten his Last Judgment, and prevent such a misfortune! There is no hope of better things! Very soon, so miserable will be the condition of men upon earth, that from every corner of it the cry will be raised: 'Merciful God, hasten the Judgment day!' Then, holding in his hand a rosary of white beads, he added, 'God grant that the day may soon arrive! I would eat this rosary to-day, so that the Last Judgment might be to-morrow!'
>
> "The Last Day must be at hand. Who can expect the Romish Church to reform? How can repentance be hoped from the Turk and the Jew? There is no good in prospect for the empire: Diet after Diet have assembled these thirty years, yet no decision has been made. I am often at a loss what to pray for. The Archbishop of Mentz has no longer any influence; and it is all over with the Pope. The only remedy I can perceive is, the end of all things—'*Father, thy kingdom come!*'
>
> "I perceive throughout the world an inveterate avarice, and this is one of the signs which persuades me that the Last Day is at hand. The world seems to be in its dotage, in its last agony.
>
> "One day, being at the table of the old princess (the widow of his deceased patron, the Elector) she expressed a wish that he might yet be spared forty years to come. 'I would not live forty years longer,' was the reply, "even if Paradise were attached to the condition!""

These are awful words! Some of his misery was doubtless owing to his disgust with the world; to his conviction that he had laboured for its welfare in vain; more still was owing to the depression of his spirits, after the vigour of manhood had fled, and the infirmities of age had crept upon him. His was not a mind adapted for rest, for silent meditation; his element, as he truly said, was the whirlwind and the storm. Much also must be attributed to the fear lest the world should have been rather injured than improved by the revolution of which he had been the instrument; he said repeatedly that it was much worse in his latter years than it had been in his earlier; if there was less superstition, there was less zeal for religion; and good works were absolutely scouted. "Alas!" was his exclamation; "the Decalogue has been banished from the reformed religion; and I suppose the Gospel will have the same fate!" On this subject he could scarcely avoid the feeling of regret. He had taught that good works were useless in the office of salvation: nay, he had exhibited so much contempt for the moral duties, that the simpler portion of his flock must have suspected there was absolute sin in performing them. In one of his letters he had even so far corrupted the sense of Scripture as to advise Melancthon to sin, and to sin heavily too, that he might know and feel the want of a Saviour! But in his cooler moments, when the heat of controversy was past, when age had sobered his judgment, especially when he saw the fatal results of his doctrine, he turned with affection to the moral law. There is, indeed, abundant reason to infer that his opinions on this momentous subject were greatly modified. This inference we derive from the wide dissimilarity between his writings, when a young man, and his sayings when an old one: "I am become an advocate for the Decalogue. I begin to perceive that the Decalogue is the dialectics of the Gospel, and the Gospel the rhetoric of the Decalogue; Christ has everything which belongs to Moses, but Moses has not everything which belongs to Christ." In another place he observes, that no good resulted from the preaching of faith; that it was listened to with indifference; but that when the *law* was preached, an impression was made on the minds of some. He certainly reproached himself for the effect his doctrine in this respect had produced on the rising generation; and his only consolation lay in the conviction, that if he had been mistaken, that mistake had not been wilful, but involuntary. He acknowledged, too, that he had been violent and imprudent, in many other things. We may add, that he is to be censured for many more for which he probably felt no remorse; or, if he did, he concealed it from the world. That he had frequently a lax and dangerous way of speaking, no less than of writing, is manifest from many passages in his letters and conversations. Well would it have been for his fame had he always felt the humility expressed in the following passage:—

> "I acknowledge that I am uncertain whether I rightly understand the Psalms. One commentator mistakes one passage, another mistakes more: I see things which escaped St. Augustine; and others, I am persuaded, will see what has escaped me. Who dare assert that any man has thoroughly comprehended a single psalm? Our life is a beginning, and something of a progress; but it is not a consummation."

And two days only before his death, this salutary sense of humility was still deeper and more rational.

"No person (he writes to Eisleben,) can understand the Bucolics of Virgil unless he have been five years a shepherd. No person can comprehend the Georgics unless he have been five years a laborer. No person can enter into the spirit of Cicero's letters unless he have had twenty years' experience in the offices of state. And let no person think that he knows enough of the Holy Scriptures unless during a hundred years he has governed churches, like the prophets Elijah and Elisha, like John the Baptist, Christ, and the Apostles.

Hanc tu ne divinam Æneida tenta,
Sed vestigia pronus adora!

"We are indeed poor beggars. Hoc est verum, 16 Februarii, anno 1546."

On the 18th of February Luther breathed his last! He had, therefore, lived to feel the vanity of earthly wisdom, to despise presumption, and to approve the advice of the poet:

Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!

WE conceive the present subject of so much importance,—so necessary to a right understanding of what we are sure is yet misunderstood,—viz. the character of Luther,—that, contrary to our original intention, we give a third paper concerning it. And it will be readily admitted, that if the character of any individual in all history be worthy of such minute examination, it is that of the extraordinary man to whom we are mainly indebted for the most valuable of all blessings—freedom of opinion.

Before we approach the last scene of the reformer's life, we must revert to a subject noticed in the first paper,—his firm belief in supernatural appearances, and in the conflict of man with the powers of darkness. This conflict he held to exist, not only in reference to our spiritual temptations, but in a personal, palpable, often visible shape. This persuasion was one cause—perhaps a great cause—of his frequent despondency of mind at every period of life, and of his misery towards its close.

And first, in regard to temptation. He was troubled with doubts even on the most essential articles of the Christian faith; and, in conformity with his theory, he held them to be the immediate and necessary effect of the devil's presence. To us there is something awful in the struggles which he had so frequently to make with his unwelcome scepticism.

"What contributes not a little to our temptation and affliction is, that God appears to be capricious and changeable. To Adam he gave promises and ceremonies, which ended with the rainbow and the ark of Noah. To Abraham he granted circumcision, to Moses miraculous signs, to his people the Law; but to Christ, and by Christ, the Gospel, which is believed to have annulled every other dispensation. Yet the Turks efface this divine work, and taunt us by saying, 'Your Law will continue for some time longer; but in the end it will be changed.'"

This is sufficiently melancholy, and it may partly account for the anxiety which accompanied so many of his declining years. Sometimes, too, he was distracted with doubts respecting the Trinity.

"A wicked, horrible book against the Holy Trinity having been printed in 1532, Luther said:—Such men do not know that many others as well as they have temptations on this subject. But why oppose my opinion to the word of God and to the Holy Spirit?"

Nor, while on the subject of his unhappiness, which he referred immediately to the personal agency of the devil, must we forget the gross idea which he formed of heaven itself. Having given his opinion, that in the new heaven and the new earth, the brute creation would participate in the benefit, he says:—

"I frequently reflect on the eternal life, and the joys which await us; but I cannot understand how we are to pass our time: there is to be no change, no labour, no eating, no drinking, no employment of any kind. I think, however, we shall have objects enough to contemplate."

But the belief of Luther extended much farther than to the mental effects of Satan's presence: he held, that the arch-fiend was often corporally engaged with the children of men. A few examples may be given on so curious a subject:—

"Once, while in the cloister at Wittemberg, I distinctly heard the noise made by the devil. I had just chaunted the matin service, and was beginning to read the Psalter, which I was studying for my sermon, when the devil came behind me, and thrice made a fracas, as if he had been dragging a hogshead after him. When I found he was not disposed to be quiet, I put up my books, and went to bed. Another night, I heard him above my room in the cloister; but knowing that it was he, I paid no attention to him, and fell asleep.

"Let not the clergyman who buried the woman accused of killing herself, feel any compunction for the act. I have known many such examples of suicide, as it is called; but, in general, I conclude that the victims have been actually killed by the devil, just as a traveller is killed by a robber."

This is not the only place in which Luther expresses the same conviction,—that suicide rarely happens, and that the act is the devil's work.

The following opinions are equally mischievous and wicked.

"The lame, the halt, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, and natural fools, are generally possessed by devils. Physicians who pretend to treat these infirmities as resulting from natural causes, are mere quacks, and totally ignorant of the devil's power.

"The devil walks people about in their sleep, from place to place, and makes them act as if they were awake."

The following are strange and startling, coming from such a man.

"In many countries there are places which the devils bodily inhabit. Prussia has many of these devils. Not far from Lucerne, in Switzerland, and on the summit of a high mountain, there is a pond, called Pilate's pond, where the devil resides in a terrible manner. In my own country there is a pond similarly placed. If you throw a stone into it, there is a terrible storm, and the whole country around trembles. It is the prison of many devils.

"At Sussen, on Good Friday, the devil carried bodily away three men, who had devoted themselves to him.

"At Luther's table, one day, a story was told of a horseman who was riding with other horsemen, and who, as he pricked the animal he rode with his spurs, cried out, "The devil take the hindmost!" Now, he led one horse by the bridle, and this he left; but he never again saw it, for the devil flew away with it. Luther observed, "We must beware of inviting Satan to our table; he is ready enough to come without invitation. The atmosphere around us is filled with devils."

"An aged ecclesiastic, while one day occupied in prayer, heard behind him the great enemy, who, in the view of obstructing his devotions, grunted as loud as a whole herd of swine. Without the least fear, the clergyman turned round, and said:—"Master devil, thou art justly punished! once thou wast a shining angel; now thou art a vile pig!" The grunting immediately ceased, for the devil cannot bear to be despised.

"Another time, Luther related to us the story of a soldier, who had left some money in the care of his host in Brandebourg. When the money was demanded, the latter denied that any had been left with him. In a transport of fury, the soldier fell on the knave and beat him; but for this he was seized and accused before the authorities of the place, as a violator of the *hausfriede*, or household peace. While in prison, the devil appeared to him, and said—"To-morrow thou wilt be condemned and executed, unless thou deliver body and soul to me. Do this, and I will save thee!" The soldier refused. The devil proceeded—"If thou wilt not, hear, at least, the advice I have to give thee. To-morrow, when thou art before the judges, I shall be near thee, with a blue cap and a white feather on my head; ask the judges to allow *me* to plead thy cause, and I will save thee." The next day the soldier followed the advice; and as the host persisted in denying all knowledge of the money, the advocate in the blue cap said:—"Friend, how canst thou perjure thyself in this way? The soldier's money is in thy bed, under the canvas. Go, officer! and you will find that I speak the truth." When the host heard this, he swore,—"If I have received the money, may the devil fly away with me!" The officers found it exactly in the place indicated, and brought it before the tribunal. Then the man in the blue cap said—"I knew very well that I should catch one of the two,—either the soldier or the innkeeper!" So he twisted the culprit's neck, and flew away with him.

"A young good-for-nothing, much addicted to brutality and drinking, was one day fuddling with his comrades in a wine-shop. When the cash was spent, he said that he would find somebody to pay another reckoning, if he sold his soul for it. Soon after a man entered the tavern, began to drink with the rake, and asked him if he was really willing to dispose of his soul. "Yes!" replied the other boldly; and the man paid for him the whole of the day. Towards night, when the fellow was drunk, the unknown addressed the other topers: Gentlemen, what think you? when any one has bought a horse, do not the saddle and bridle go into the bargain?" They were much alarmed at the question, and for some time hesitated to reply; but being urged to speak, they allowed that the saddle and bridle did belong to the purchaser. Then the devil (for it was he) seized the poor caitiff, and sank with him; and from that day to this, nothing is known of him.

"At Erfurth there were two scholars, of whom one was madly in love with a young girl. The other, who was a magician, though his companion was ignorant of the fact, said—"If thou wilt promise me not to kiss her, not to embrace her, I will bring her to thee." Accordingly, she was made to come. The lover, a fine youth, received her with so much affection, and spoke to her so eagerly, that *the magician* was in great fear lest he should embrace her. At length he could not restrain himself; he did take her in his arms, and she instantly fell dead to the floor. When they saw what had happened, they were mightily afraid; and the sorcerer observed, "We must now employ our last resource!" She was carried back to her own house, and made to discharge her domestic duties as usual; but she looked very pale, and never opened her lips. In three days, her parents went to consult some learned divines; and no sooner did these speak to the girl, than she fell to the earth, a stinking corpse."

According to Luther, the devils of Germany (meaning, we suppose, the fairies,) are very fond of stealing infants from their mothers during the first six weeks, and of leaving their own ugly goblins in their place. That he is perfectly serious, nobody who reads the following passage will deny:—

"Eight years ago, I myself, when at Dessau, touched one of these changelings, which had no parents, but was the devil's brat. It was twelve years old, and was in everything like an ordinary child. It did nothing but eat; it ate as much as four ploughmen or thrashers; and it performed the customary functions. But when any one touched it, it cried out like one possessed; if anything unfortunate happened in the house, it rejoiced and laughed aloud; but if everything went on prosperously, it continually moaned. I said to the Prince of Anhalt, "Were I sovereign here, I would throw this little wretch into the Moldau, at any risk." But the Elector of Saxony and the Prince were not of my opinion. I then advised them to pray in all the churches, that the demon might be removed. They did so during a year, when the child died. When the doctor had related this story, he was asked the reason of his advice in regard to the child and the river. He replied, "Because, in my opinion, children of this description are neither more nor less than a mass of flesh, without soul. The devil is very capable of such creations."

Such changelings are by the Saxons called *Kilkroff*. Here follows an anecdote of Luther's, respecting one:

"Near Halberstadt, in Saxony, there was a man who had a Kilkroff, which was so voracious at the breast, that it could drain its mother and five other women, and it devoured besides every thing else offered to it. The man was advised to go on pilgrimage to Holckelstadt, to devote his child to the Virgin Mary, and to rock it there. Away he went with the child in a pannier; but in passing over a bridge, another devil in the river cried out, "*Kilkroff! Kilkroff!*" The child in the pannier, which had hitherto not uttered a sound, replied, "Oh! oh! oh!" The river demon asked, "Where art thou going?" The child answered, "To Holckelstadt, to be rocked at the shrine of our blessed Mother!" The peasant, in great fear, threw the basket and the child into the river; and the two demons flew away, crying—'Oh! oh! oh!'"*

The belief that the devils were always in his presence, ready to seduce his head or his heart, to espy every tendency to sinful thought, was evidently too much for the serenity of Luther's mind. One or two, he said, never left his side, and tempted him in every possible way. "If he had a knife in his hand, they suggested desperate thoughts; if he wished to pray, they often forced him out of the apartment." *His* devils were learned; they were great doctors in divinity; and if they had not passed through their academical degrees, they were profound enough, for they had exercised their calling near six thousand years. Deeply does he bemoan their ability in controversy,—their boundless knowledge of Scripture, their skill in dialectics, their logical acuteness. Sometimes, he says, they pressed him so closely within the horns of a dilemma, that the perspiration issued abundantly from him.

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* See the Notes to Sir W. Scott's "Lay of the last Minstrel."

"'The Law,' said a devil to him one day, 'is as much the word of God as anything else; why then dost thou always oppose it to the Gospel?' 'Yes!' I reply; 'but the Law is as much below the Gospel, as earth is below heaven!' The devil is, above all, anxious to draw from my heart the article respecting the remission of sins, (resulting from his doctrine of justification by faith.) 'Thou teachest that which has been utterly unknown in former ages! Suppose, now, that it should prove in the end displeasing to God!'"

"During the night, when I happen to lie awake, the devil comes, disputes, and fills me with strange thoughts, until I grow angry, and tell him to ——.* This very morning, on my awaking, the devil came and said, 'Thou art a sinner!' I replied, 'Tell me something new, devil! I have known that long!' 'What hast thou done with the cloisters?' 'What is that to thee, devil! enough after all are left for thy worship!' Sometimes, when he comes at night to tempt me, I say—'Devil, I must sleep; for God has commanded us to labour by day, and sleep by night.' If he calls me a sinner, to spite him, I say to him, 'Sancte Satan, ora pro me!' and sometimes, 'Physician, cure thyself!'"

No apology will, we are sure, be required from us, for extracting so freely from the letters and conversation of Luther. They show us the anatomy of his mind—its hopes, its fears, its struggles, its temptations. They give us the man, the Christian, the head of a religion. To minds capable of reflection they speak volumes; to minds incapable of it, volumes would be addressed in vain. But we must hasten alike to the close of his life and of the present subject.

The last act of Luther was honorable to his character: it was a journey undertaken amidst much bodily infirmity, to Eisleben, to reconcile his natural lords, the Counts of Mansfeldt. In that benevolent object he succeeded. We give two letters to his wife; the one written ten days, the other three only before his death. They will be valued as the last acts of one whose heart had ceased to be with this world, yet who bore the strongest affection to his family.

To the gracious Dame Catherine Luther, my beloved wife, who torments herself without reason—Grace and peace in the Lord!

"Dear Catherine,—Thou shouldst read St. John, and also what the Catechism says of the confidence which we should have in God. Thou troublest thyself as if God were not All-powerful, and as if he could not produce Dr. Martins by dozens, if the old one should be drowned in the Saale, or perish in any other way. There is One who takes care of me, better than thou and the angels could ever do! He is at the right-hand of the Father Almighty. Be comforted, therefore—Amen!

"To-day I intended to set out, *in irâ meâ;* but the misfortune impending over my native place has prevented me.* Wouldst thou think it? I am become a lawyer.† Yet this will avail little; they had better leave me to my divinity. The pride of this profession requires humbling; they speak and act as if they were gods, but they will end, I fear, in devils, if they go on at this rate. Lucifer fell through pride. Show this letter to Philip. I have not leisure to write a second letter." (Feb. 7th, 1546.)

To my sweet, dear wife, Catherine Luther de Bora—Grace and peace in the Lord!

"Dear Catherine,—We expect, please God, to return home this week. *He* has shown in this affair the power of his grace; the gentlemen have agreed upon all points (two or three excepted); among others, on the reconciliation of the two brothers, Counts Gebbard and Albreche. To-day I dine with them, and I will endeavour to make them what brothers should be. They have written against each other with much acrimony, and have not exchanged a word during the conferences. In other respects, our young lords are full of pleasure: they ride with the ladies, and make the bridles of their horses jingle. God has heard our prayers.

"I send thee some trout, a present from the Countess Albrecht, who is delighted at the restoration of peace in her family. The news of the day is, that the Emperor is approaching Westphalia, and that the French King, like the Landgrave, is calling out the militia. Let such news be spread or invented as it may, we shall soon know what God wills. I commend thee to his protection." (14th Feb. 1546.)

The death-bed of this extraordinary man will probably be the most interesting scene to the reflecting reader. The relation is extracted from eye-witnesses:—

"Luther reached Eisleben on the 28th of January, and, though in bad health, he assisted at the conferences up to February 17th. During that time he preached four times, and revised the ecclesiastical regulation for the principality of Mansfeld. On the 17th (February) he was so unwell that the Counts besought him not to venture out. At supper he dwelt on his approaching death: some one asked him if in a future state we should recognize one another; he replied, that he thought so. Having entered his chamber with Martin Cælius, and his two sons, he approached the window, and remained a considerable time in prayer. He said to Aurifaber, who had just arrived, 'I am very feeble, and my pains increase!' Medicine was given to him, and attempts were made to warm him by the friction of the hands. As he laid himself down on the bed, he spoke a few words to Count Albrecht, who had also arrived, and added, 'If I could doze half an hour, I think it would relieve me.' He did sleep, and awoke in about an hour and a half, near eleven o'clock. Seeing that all present still remained by his side, he said, 'What! are you here yet? Why do ye not retire to rest?' He resumed his prayer, crying with fervour, *In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum! redemisti me, Domine, Deus veritatis!* Afterwards, turning to all present, he said—'Pray, my friends, for the Gospel of our Lord,—that his kingdom may be enlarged! Verily the Council of Trent and the Pope threaten to injure it!' Having slept another hour, Dr. Jonas asked him how he felt. 'My God,' was the reply, 'I am very ill! I think, my dear Jonas, I must remain at Eisleben, where I was born!' However, he walked a little about the chamber, laid down on the bed, and was covered with cushions. Two physicians, with Count Albrecht and his wife, next entered, and Luther said to them, 'I am dying! I remain here at Eisleben!' Dr. Jonas having expressed a hope that perspiration would relieve him, he replied, 'No, dear Jonas; it is a cold, dry sweat, and my pain increases.' He then betook himself to prayer: 'O my Father! God of our Lord Jesus Christ, and source of all consolation! I thank thee for that thou hast revealed to me thy well-beloved Son, in whom I believe, whom I have acknowledged and preached, whom I have loved and celebrated, whom the Pope and the wicked persecute! To thee, Lord Jesus Christ, I commend my soul! I leave this earthly body; I am borne away from this life; but I know that I shall live eternally with thee!' He repeated three times: *In manus tuas commendo spiritum meam: redemisti me, Domine veritatis!* Suddenly he shut his eyes, and became insensible: Count Albrecht and his lady assisted the physicians; all laboured to restore him, and, with great difficulty, they succeeded for a moment. 'Reverend Father,' said Dr. Jonas, 'do you steadfastly die in the faith which you have taught?' 'YES!' was the distinct reply, and he fell asleep. Immediately afterwards he grew pale, became cold, breathed deeply, and expired."

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* Any knife-grinder or tinker in the street may hit on the phrase which we dare not translate. The *coarser* the guess, the nearer to the truth.

* When this letter was written, he had not been able to reconcile the two Counts.

† The law—common, civil, or Germanic—was always the abhorrence of Luther. As he knew nothing of the science, his plain, honest, good sense was indignant at the chicanery evinced by the lawyers in regard to the dispute between the two nobles.

We need not comment on the preceding pages. We think, however, that from the perusal of the whole life and conduct, the writings and conversation of Luther, the following inferences may be drawn:—

That he was sincere alike in what he wrote and what he did. That though sincere, he was also frequently erroneous in his opinions, some of which were rash, unfounded, and dangerous. That his mind was unusually strong, and his learning considerable; but that he had great weaknesses, and was grossly superstitious. That in many of his writings he suffered feeling to triumph over judgment; and that his violence, until he was advanced in years, exceeded all justification. That he was generous, open-hearted, and disinterested; and that, on the whole, whatever his errors or his faults, he was a wise and good man.

From the Spectator.

THE EDINGBURGH LOGIC CHAIR AND MR. COMBE THE PHRENOLOGIST.

The approaching election of a Professor of Logic in the University of Edinburgh, is exciting much interest, beyond its own locality. The chief candidates are Sir William Hamilton and Mr. George Combe; and the interest arises from the pretensions of the latter to establish the *Phrenological* Philosophy of Mind and Morals, for the first time, in a University chair. We think this question an important one; for the days of an ignorant ridicule of Phrenology, and of dogmatic prejudice against it, as leading to "materialism," and what not, are by the common consent of thinking men, gone by. Mr. Combe rightly considering the patrons of the chair (the Town-Council), whatever may be their private opinions, as placing no Professor in their University on their own judgement of the truths of his philosophy, but as being determined by the evidence of trustworthy authorities, has laid before them a whole volume of Testimonials, prefaced by a very philosophical and sensible letter from himself. At his own request, the evidence is directed more in favour of his science than of his own qualifications. Indeed, all will agree, that if this science shall be installed in the University, it must be so in the person of its most celebrated teacher, George Combe. The number, and, what is more, the weight of the certificates, have in our degree of belief of the progress of the science, much surprised us, and would stagger the most sceptical.

The testimonialists, sixty in number, are of various countries,—for fifteen are eminent Frenchmen, some are Danish, others American; they are of various walks in science, religion, literature, and life; many of them are the well-known heads and officers of philosophical institutions, and teachers of the great schools of medicine and general science, throughout Europe; and some of them Members of Parliament. Among them are the present philosophical and high-minded Archbishop of Dublin, himself the chief authority on *Logic*, as a writer upon it; and Andral, one of the most eminent guides of the medical student. Such men, and all of them, declared it to be their deliberate opinion, on long and patient study, that Phrenology is the true science of mind and analysis of the human faculties; and many of them, that it is the only discovered physiology of the brain, for which organs no certain use was previously known. The testimonials are classed as they support one or other or both of these claims, and yet more particulary, as they bear testimony to the value of the science in different departments of human affairs,—as Education, Criminal Legislation, and Insanity. On these three, the authority of practical men is very strong. It cannot be said, according to the Baconian test, that Phrenology, like the other systems of mental philosophy, "is false because it is barren." We recommend the volume (published at Longman's) to the persual of our readers and the scientific world, as a very singular document. We wish we had room to extract a fair portion of it; we can only afford a few bits.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Dublin, 14th April 1836.

"Dear Sir—I have no hesitation in repeating what I have often said before, that I have derived both entertainment and instruction from the persual of your works. In some points I differ from you, and in several others I remain in doubt; but much that you have said I consider as highly valuable.

"The anatomical physiological portion of Phrenology—what I believe you call Organology—demands more attention than I have had leisure to bestow, to enable a cautious inquirer to make up his mind upon it. But I am convinced, that even if all connexion of the brain with mind were regarded not merely as doubtful, but as a perfect chimera, still the treatises of many phrenological writers, and especially yours, would be of great value, from their employing a metaphysical nomenclature far more logical, accurate and convenient, than Locke, Stewart, and other writers of their schools.

"That the religious and moral objections against the phrenological theory are utterly futile, I have from the first been fully convinced.

"That clever article in the *Edinburgh Review** to which you replied, I consider you as having completely and decisively refuted. Your answer did not indeed establish the truth of your theory, nor appeared to have such a design; [illegible] in repelling those particular objections against it you [illegible] triumphant.

"Believe me to be, with much respect, your faithful humble servant,

"RICHARD DUBLIN.

"To George Combe, Esq."

FROM DR. EVANSON, PROFESSOR OF THE PRACTICE OF PHYSIC, IN THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, IRELAND.

"I conceive that a knowledge of Phrenology, as the true science of mind, must not only be highly conducive to the successful teaching of a logic class, but I do not think that metaphysical science can be adequately taught, as it is now understood, without such knowledge; and, therefore, consider that no greater improvement could be made in academic education, than the introduction of the new philosophy of mind."

FROM MR. MACLAREN, EDITOR OF "THE SCOTSMAN."

"Phrenology, in my opinion, is chiefly valuable when regarded as a system of mental philosophy. Even though I had no faith in its Organology, I should still hold that it possesses the following advantages: 1st, That it exhibits a more scientific and consistent classification of the human faculties than any other system of philosophy; 2d, That it gives a more lucid and satisfactory explanation of those varieties of national and individual character which we find in the world; 3d, That it has a more immediate and practical bearing on human conduct and the business of life, on morals, education, and legislation. We have the testimony both of the learned and the unlearned to its merits in this respect."

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"The professor of Logic must teach some system of mental philosophy; and the question for the council is, not whether Phrenology is a perfect system, but whether it is not preferable to any of the others presently known, which are numerous and discordant."

FROM MR. ROBERT CHAMBERS, ONE OF THE CONDUCTORS OF "CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL."

"Nor is this system of mind so much limited in its acceptance as may be supposed. I have reason to know, that without the Organology, it is making rapid progress amongst the more thinking portion of the middle and lower ranks; so that, while the elder schools of mental science never consisted of any but a few learned persons, the new may be considered as tending, without the sanction of the learned, to embrace the great body of the people. Its progress would, in my opinion, have been much greater, if its pretensions as a means of discovering character from external signs had not been ignorantly confounded with those of the false sciences of the middle ages. Were the metaphysics presented alone, this obstacle would be in a great measure overcome."

FROM DR. JAMES JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY TO THE KING, &C.

"I have been long acquainted with the writings of Mr Combe; and have considered them as exhibiting the most rational and enlightened views of the human mind, as revealed through the *organ of Mind*, in this our sublunary state of existence.

FROM MR. NICHOL, PROFESSOR OF PRACTICAL ASTRONOMY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

"Mr. Combe's success as a teacher is demonstrated; for he has during a succession of years fixed the attention of large audiences on disquisitions from which, however important and necessary to be thought of and understood the public had by common consent been formerly debarred. His power consists partly in the simplicity and effectiveness of his language; partly in his possession of a comprehensive intellect, which enables him to arrange details, and subordinate them to principle; but chiefly, perhaps, in the manifestation of those moral qualities which impelled him to assume the position he has occupied."

FROM THE HON. D G. HALLYBURTON, M. P. FOR FORFARSHIRE.

"If Mr. Combe shall be the fortunate choice of a majority of the patrons, they may not, it is true, just at present be cheered on by the *unanimous* voice of popular opinion,—the new doctrine not having *yet* the sanction of fashionable acquiescence; but I would respetfully beg leave to ask your Lordship, whether the Newtonian philosophy, for example, was less true, or less important, towards the latter part of the seventeenth cetnury, when it was carped at and oppugned by many a mathematician and self-styled philosopher in Europe, than it was some thirty or forty years later, when enthroned with all academical pomp and honours, in Cambridge, its birth-place and its cradle?"

FROM MR. FERGUSON OF RAITH, M. P.

"This I will say, that I consider the chair would be filled, if the choice was made of yourself, in a way the most conducive to the progress of the Philosophy of the Human mind, more than by the appointment of any man I know. The important science which you have so successfully followed up, may not yet have obtained that general confidence which it must ultimately acquire; but I cannot doubt that the Philosophy of Mind, founded on the functions of the brain, so ably, so eloquently, and so philosophically maintained by you, must ere long become the basis of Mental Philosophy, and prove highly conducive to the useful teaching of the Logic class. Edinburgh will do itself high honour if you are the successful candidate."

The letters from Sir WILLIAM ELLIS, of the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, Mr. BROWNE, of the Montrose, and some others, are very striking; and not less so are those from persons who have the charge of criminals and of schools [illegible]ed to the testimonials, there are [illegible] from printers and publishers (Neil and Co., Chambers and Co., Longman, Simpkin and Marshall, and Anderson) of the immense sale of Mr. Combe's various works—*above thirty-eight thousand copies*; each certificate stating that the demand is on the increase, and the interest in the subject extended among all ranks of the people. Can any thing like this be said of the old philosophy? Though we ourselves are not physiologists of the brain—in other words *organologists*—we are not incompetent to judge of the abstract faculties, and above all of the *results*; which Mr. Wyse, the Chairman of the Irish Educational Committee of Parliament, certifies to be his condition. We can observe, too, the signs of the times, in a more enlightened treatment of both lunatics and criminals, based on phrenological principles; and above all, a system of education gaining popularity, which is nothing but the training and improvement of the faculties of the phrenological analysis, in physical, moral, and intellectual education. We see the Legislature giving *that* education an unusually patient investigation; and, as stated in another part of this number, a disciple of the same system honoured by a public expression of favour, by one of the most intelligent and important communities in the empire. The old pedagoguism received no such distinctions.

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*By Lord JEFFREY, in No. 88.

Our readers may ask what has all this to do with the Chair of Logic? The certificates answer this question. Logic is the right use of the intellectual faculties in knowing and reasoning; and a just analysis of the faculties forms an essential part of the instruction of a Logic chair. The present position of the patrons is most interesting. The old philosophies of mind hitherto taught in their University have all been "barren;" and, if they ever had much, have lost authority in the scientific world. Dugald Stewart himself held that "the philosophy of mind was yet in expectation." Shall error, admitted error, be entailed upon another generation? or shall a new, and a generally admitted fruitful philosophy, have a trial? There never was a more important question; and many an eye is fixed on the patrons.

Some, it is said, object to Mr. Combe's religious opinions. If it were not the chair of Logic, but of a specific *theology*, which he aspired to fill, there would be sense and consistency in this objection. But it is utterly illogical, as applied to the teacher of any science which rests, like mathematics, on a *natural* and not a Scriptural foundation. The previous, the only questions, are—does Mr. Combe, in his own department, teach *truth?* and does he interfere with no other department of instruction? Truth in its essence is of God, and is not less truth that there may be errors in other opinions held by the same mind that teaches it. We have *supposed*, (what we know not, and have not the impertinence to inquire,) that Mr. Combe's religious faith actually differs from the standards of the Church of Scotland; and we ask what then? That of many concscientious Christians, some of them Professors in the same University, does so too. In the diversities of human faculties and their combinations, the Book of Life is, and must be, variously read. Who has a right to judge his brother, and escape being judged himself? Who dares to say to his neighbour, "To *me*, and not to thy master, thou standest or fallest?" There must be an end of this pharisaical gossiping—this prying into our neighbour's conscience—this eavesdropping to learn or conjecture his religious opinions. It is a persecution worse than the Popish; which otherwise, the Reformation has only cast off to replace,—although the basis of the Reformation is *the right of private judgment*. But Mr. Combe has not to declare his philosophy for the first time from the Logic chair; it is known to the world. Mr. Combe has never questioned a religious doctrine. He *has* shown that the ethics he teaches are coincident with Preceptive Christianity,—indeed, some of his testimonialists consider his *Constitution of Man* as the Philosophy of Preceptive Christianity,—but he has never impugned the peculiar dogmas of any religious sect. But his philosophical views, it is replied, *tend* to certain heresies, and are *therefore* dangerous. This illogicality of intolerance, this mere twaddle of dogmatism, is disgraceful in an enlightened age. Are his views *true?* If they are,—and they can only be shown to be false by *philosophical* facts or reasonings, not by theological persecution,—they are of the Creator's establishing, and we may ask any candid and sensible man to explain to us what is meant by a *dangerous truth!* If the objection were that Mr. Combe's views are *erroneous*, he would, doubtless, respect the objection and meet it, provided it were philosophically, and not theologically urged; but nothing can be more absurd than an attempt to quash philosophical opinions, on the sole ground of their alleged tendency to affect theological conclusions or Scriptural interpretations. If the philosophical views are sound, then let the theologians look to *their* interpretations. *Since* the Reformation, we have not heard of infallible theologians, more than infallible philosophers. Judging Mr. Combe by his writings and lectures, we consider the *odium theologicum* for some time past raised around him as a crying injustice. It is not, however, uninstructive, that the religious world are themselves divided in their opinion of the tendency of Mr. Combe's philosophical views. Most sincere Christians have declared in our own hearing, that, without in the least shaking its foundations, these views have rendered their religion more clear and practical. We have heard, on good authority, that the letters Mr. Combe has received from religious persons alone, would if published neutralize the theological vituperation. Is this able and conscientious man, then, not to be allowed to have an opinion of his own? Is a mass of inferior minds, because it is a mass, to be permitted to control, nay extinguish, a mind which seems raised up to enlighten them all? We hope and trust that such a blot is not to form a page of the University's history in the second quarter of the nineteenth century; but that the patrons,—whom we know to be liberal, independent, ay, and enlightened men,—will not, from deference to Mr. Combe's persocutors either scientific or religious, lose hold of the noble opportunity, which will be speedily seized by some other seat of science, of anticipating the verdict of posterity, and opening the same gates to the new Philosophy of Mind which had the immortal honour to be the first to admit the Principia of Newton.

From the Spectator.

COOPER'S EXCURSIONS IN SWITZERLAND.

The power of describing landscapes with force and truth appears to be a qualification so frequently possessed, and the number of descriptive travels already before the public are so numerous, that Mr. Cooper's *Excursions in Switzerland* would have had little value or interest had they depended solely upon sketches of scenery, however grand or beautiful, or even upon mere incidents of the journey. Two circumstances, however, suffice to remove his book from the class of sketchy tours. In the first place, the writer has imparted to the account of his journey something of a narrative interest; secondly, he has himself a *peculiar* character, which gives a dash of freshness to what would otherwise be faded. An American, intimately familiar with all the beauties of the old World, he looks at Switzerland with a more refined and instructed eye than that of most travellers; whilst he is enabled to commit its landscapes to a comparison which scarcely any of them have the means of making, and thus to bring their beauties to a better test, and subject them to a more learned judgment. Besides, having in common with his countrymen—although, from his long European residence, in a less degree—the faculty of looking at common objects with foreign eyes, he has another quality which all of them do not possess. National, perhaps prejudiced to a high degree in favour of his country in the aggregate, he seems to entertain a supreme contempt for the units of which that aggregate is composed. The deeds which America has done, the institutions which she has established, are to be received with a reverence as implicit as a Catholic pays to the dogmas of his church: but individual Americans are another matter—democracy is sacred, but democrats are fair game; Mr. Cooper, like the old Whigs, and dandy politicians of all times, seeming to think, that if he defends popular rights, he may hit the people as hard as he pleases. In addition to these points of peculiarity, our author is a bit of a political philosopher, who whiles away the tedium of a dull road or a wet day by spinning theories, amusing if not instructive. From all which it follows, that the *Excursions in Switzerland* have more characteristics than a mere "tour in search of the picturesque,"—although, to say the truth, they offer us but little novelty in images or ideas, and the best part of the cream of the journey has already appeared in the landscapes of the *Headsman*.

The *Excursions* are written in the form of letters; and have the ease and familiarity of epistolary correspondence, contrasting advantageously with the forced and laboured style of some of this writer's more formal works. The route of the author was from Paris to Dijon and Auxonne, and thence across the Jura to Neuchâtel and Berne. From that strong hold of Swiss aristocracy, he proceeded thoroughly to explore the land of landscapes; not contenting himself with the usual routes of travellers, but threading the more rarely-visited mountains and vallies on foot, till, having exhausted even Switzerland,—seen the sources of the Rhine and the Rhone, crossed into Germany, and sailed on most or all of the lakes,—he crossed the Simplon, and closed his journey, or at least his narrative, at Milan.

Although the book is written expressly to paint scenes, we shall not choose our extracts altogether from the descriptions; partly because mere description is soon wearisome, partly because the book by no means consists of descriptions only, and partly because the other passages are more characteristic and readable. The following, on Continental notions of American complexions, looks like a skit; but, as Willis tells a story of a similar kind in Italy, we suppose the fact is true, and is a kind of retribution for a people who will not worship in the same church with a man of colour.

"Our saloon at the inn was decorated with pictures emblematical of different countries. One was a belle of fair hair and rosy cheeks; another, a belle of raven locks and pencilled eyebrows; a third, a belle of brown ringlets and azure orbs. Les Etats Unis were particularized in the person of—to use the Southern vernacular—a 'wench' as black as a coal.

"If it were possible to take the sense of the people of Europe on the subject, I am persuaded it would be found that nine out of ten believe the Americans are any thing but white. You may remember the account I have given you of our residence on the banks of the Seine, in a small country-house, that was once a sort of hunting lodge of Louis the Fifteenth. One day, while in the grounds, overlooking the gardener, a servant ran to inform me that the carriage of 'son Excellence,' the American minister, had driven into the court. He was told to return, and to say I would join 'son Excellence' in a few minutes. 'Monsieur l'Ambassador,' said honest Pierre, the gardener, 'est un grand ?' I told him he stood six feet four inches English in his stockings. Pierre had seen him one day on the boulevards at Paris. Curious to know how the minister could have been recognized, under such circumstances, I delayed paying my respects to "son Excellence," another minute, in order to inquire. Pierre had taken an interest in America, on account of our relations, and had learned, in the course of his gossiping, that the minister was 'un grand,' and meeting a strapping negro on the Boulevards, he jumped to his conclusion. These things sound odd to us, and I can remember the time when I used to set them down as travellers' wonders, but, believe me, they are religiously true."

A Frenchman's definition of "Beau" and "Pittoresque."

"A solitary pedestrian was toiling his way up the mountain, and, leaving the rest of the party, I joined him, and got into discourse. His 'Bon soir, monsieur,' air, accent, and 'tornure,' though those of an artisan, were all decidedly French. 'Monsieur comes from Paris ?' after a little familiarity was established between us. 'Oui.' 'Apparemment, monsieur est Anglais?' 'Non; Américain.' 'Ah! Anglo-Américain, n'est-ce pas, monsieur?' glancing his eye back at the group in the rear, most probably to see if they were black. 'Des Etats Unis, mon ami.' 'C'est un beau pays, là bas?' 'Ma fois, comme ça; ce n'est pas à comparer avec celui ci, pourtant.' 'Comment! monsieur croit qui ceci est beau! moi, je ne le crois pas beau; c'est pittoresque, mais pas beau; à mon idée un pays comme celui auprés de Dijon est beau; là les champs sont plats, et dignes d'àtre cultivé.' At present you have a Frenchman's distinction between the *beau* and the *pittoresque*. There was nothing to be said against it, and we changed the discourse, I being obliged tacitly to admit that Neufchâtel is picturesque but not beautiful."

Swiss Roads.

"In accompanying us along these mountain paths, you are not to suppose we are toiling through vulgar roads, with bridges, and ditches, and ruts, and all the other attendants of a highway. So far from this, we are often moving on the turf; or, if there is a beaten path, as is most commonly the case, it must be remembered that it winds prettily through pasture land and meadows, and not unfrequently among flowers, which are singularly delicate in these high regions. A broom with its handle stuck in the earth, is a sign that a field must not be crossed; and a rail with one end laid on the ground and the other next the path placed in a crotch, is a hint not to diverge from the proper route. Even these admonishing marks occur only in particular places, to protect a meadow, shorn like velvet, perhaps; at all other times the sole motive to keep the track being the certainty it is the shortest way. Fences there are none, or next to none; for a few imperfect barriers are occasionally seen in the vallies."

One of the most interesting parts of the whole book, is the account of the visit to the shrine of Einsiedeln, and of the heartfelt worship of the simple-minded peasant pilgrims, and the different pictures of their arrivals and appearance. The whole is too long for our columns, but we will take a part.

"Pilgrims were arriving throughout the day, in parties varying from a dozen to a hundred. Their approach was always announced by the untiring repetitions of the prayers; the effect of which, in the distance, especially when male and female voices alternated, was poetical and plaintive. All drank at the fountain, and nearly all at its several spouts, in order to make sure of pressing their lips to the one which is supposed to have been consecrated by the lips of the Saviour. They then invariably entered the building, serious, earnest, and devout, and knelt before the shrine.

"The church is large, and almost worthy of being ranked with the cathedrals of Italy. It is a good deal ornamented, having many marble altars, painted ceilings, and much gilding. The shrine is of marble, and it stands quite near the great doors. Iron gratings in front and on parts of the two sides, permit views of the interior, where the bronzed images of the Mother and Child are so placed as to receive the rays of a single but strong lamp. Their habiliments resembled pure gold.

"When I entered hundreds of pilgrims were kneeling on the pavement around the grates, keeping their eyes riveted, without an exception, on the dark, mysterious faces within. Many maintained this position for hours, and all appeared to be absorbed in subdued devotion. The light of the church was growing dim with the decline of day, and I walked stealthily around the groups and through the vaulted aisles, with feelings of reverence, pity, admiration, and awe, so blended, that I find it difficult to describe them. I knew that the temple was God's, and that his Spirit was present; I felt persuaded that much devout reliance on his mercy was blended with the superstition I witnessed; and, while my reason showed how fearfully near idolatry these poor people had approached, the mystery of the incarnation never appeared so sublime, and, if I may so express it, so palpable, as at that moment. I believe few men are less under the influence of superstition, or a dread of any sort connected with spiritual agencies, than myself; and yet I found it necessary to draw largely on my Protestant insensibilities in order to gaze at the bronzed countenance of Mary with indifference. Sympathy with the earnest and well-meaning crowd who knelt before her, a belief which, while it rejected so much of the embellishment of their own faith, admitted so much of its substance, and a sense of common inability to penetrate the great secret of the system of the universe, disposed me to be charitable. It was impossible to witness the pain and labour with which these poor people had traversed plains and mountains to reach the shrine, the subdued and imploring air with which they approached the image, and the fixed attitudes of reverence and deprecation, mingled with a strange sentiment of affectionate reliance that all assumed, without feeling how insignificant shades in creed become, when devotion really occupies the soul. In short, I was in no humour to be critical, and felt strongly disposed to receive every thing as it was offered and as it wished to appear.

"Most of the pilgrims were Germans. A large portion were from the Black Forest; though there were also a good many Alsacians and a few Italians in the different groups. Some of the men had noble classical faces; and I can recall one or two who, bending on the stones with naked knees, heads inclined, and eyes steadily but humbly riveted on the bronzed image, were perfect models of manly submission to an omnipotent and incomprehensible power."

Mr. Cooper remarks, that as he became more accustomed to the scenery, he became more critical; and that, as his first enthusiasm subsided, he began to look at landscapes with a more discriminating eye. As the Simplon was the last of the Alpine regions he saw, we may presume it was investigated with his ripest judgment; and if severity constitute a critic, Mr. Cooper is one of the band. At the same time, it must be admitted he renders reasons for the faith that is in him—

"We soon reached the first of the celebrated galleries, which are also features of the route that, I think, are usually exaggerated. The mere effect of passing through these artificial caverns, amid frowning precipices and foaming torrents, and along a road that, in reality, is as smooth and safe as a garden walk, is, beyond a doubt, both exciting and strange; but as mere public works these galleries are neither extraordinary nor unusual. The "Hole of Uri" is precisely the same thing, and much more ancient, though smaller. Were the rock entirely blown away, these passes would create much less wonder and conversation, while the labour and cost would evidently have been materially increased. But you can more easily appreciate the labour, if not the effect, in a picturesque sense, by learning the dimensions. The longest of these galleries is a little more than six hundred feet, the height is about twenty, and the breadth twelve. The rock is a compact granite with few veins. The single cutting on the Erie Canal, near Lockport, as a mere public work, materially surpasses all the cuttings and blastings on all the Alpine passes put together, although there are now two other roads, but little, if any, inferior to this of the Simplon.[*]

"Notwithstanding all the mistakes which have arisen from indiscriminating descriptions, poetic feeling, or popular error, no passage of the Alps can possibly be other than grand, and at certain seasons, dangerous. The magnificent nature among which the Simplon road is compelled to pass, coupled with its extent, form its principal peculiarities. There is, perhaps, no one insulated point on the whole route which, taken by itself, merely as gallery, bridge, or road, is not surpassed, even in its own way, by some similar object in some other part of Switzerland. Thus, no bridge is equal in boldness, thread like lightness, and giddy altitude, to that of the Reuss, near Ursern; nor do I know that there is any greater cutting than at that point; but there is *so much* of this labour, and skill, and hardihood, compressed into a single route in descending the Simplon, that while one is passing rapidly through such a scene, the mind, without stopping to analyze the parts, is apt to carry away an impression of an entire and undivided whole. You are kept for hours among some of the grandest objects of the sublimest scenery of Europe, if not of the world; and few pause to detect the means that conspire to produce the impressions that all feel.

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"I cannot pretend to give you a very accurate notion of distances, for the moments flew swiftly, and my attention was too much attracted to the scenery to take heed of their passage. I should say, however, it was at a point less than two leagues from the village that we passed the portion of the road with which I was most struck, considering it merely as a work of art. At this spot, it became necessary to descend from one level of the gorge to another that lay at some distance beneath. This object the engineers had been obliged to achieve within a very short space, and over a broken and steep surface of ragged rocks. It was done by short zig-zags, so admirably calculated both as to the inclination and the turns, as to enable old Caspar to wheel his four grays, on a gentle trot, through the whole descent, with as much accuracy as he or any one else could have wheeled a squadron of dragoons. The beauty, precision, strength, ingenuity, and judgment with which the road had been constructed among these difficulties, drew exclamations of delight from us all."

From the Eclectic Review

THE BAPTISTS IN AMERICA;

A Narrative of the Deputation from the Baptist Union in England to the United States and Canada. By the Rev. F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D., and the Rev. J. Hoby, D.D. Post 8vo., pp. x. 516. London, 1836.

AMERICA is, in this country, a never-failing object of curiosity and inquiry. When she obtained her independence, she became indeed a new world; and ever since that period, her political, social, and moral condition has presented only a succession of novelties. On the largest conceivable scale, during the last fifty years, she has been exhibiting an experiment of civilization which, in its progress and results, has realized theories once deemed Utopian, and at the same time exploded systems which European statesmen and philosophers had been accustomed to regard as the perfection of legislature and ethical wisdom. This twofold operation of the American Revolution has excited to intensity the hopes and fears of the two great parties among ourselves. The friends and the enemies of liberal Institutions—the Whigs and the Tories—are ever turning to America, as the grand field in which their respective and distinguishing principles are continually brought under the severest practical test. For a long time, while the issue of the conflict was doubtful, the prejudice and enmity entertained by those who dread 'organic changes' in church and state, against the new order of things, were expressed in fitful ebullitions on some particular occasion of failure or of triumph; but when the regenerating spirit took to itself form and consistency, and assumed an organization of its own, combining at once the stability of popular government with the largest portion of national happiness, Tory malignity and rage, in both hemispheres, knew no bounds; and on the promoters and admirers of what they instinctively abhor, they are ever heaping the bitterest calumnies. Their pulpits, their journals, their travelling agents, their Halls and their Trollopes are in constant requisition. Like Balaam, they are hired to curse, and like him, at last, they will be compelled to exclaim, "How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed?"

But while we rejoice in the thought that America is turning to the light, and that she is immeasurably in advance of all other nations in having seized and applied the grand principles of legislation, based on justice and equity, we are free to acknowledge that she has yet much to acquire, something of which she ought at once to rid herself for ever, much to supply, and more to restrain. Our opinions on all that regards the United States, both in their domestic economy and foreign relations, we have from time to time recorded, and we take to ourselves some credit for candour and impartiality. We contemplate America not as our rival, but as our coadjutor in promoting all the great designs for meliorating the condition of the world, which Providence seems to have entrusted to the two countries, and to them alone; and we doubt not that, as intercourse lessens the distance between us, and as we reciprocate more unreservedly the sentiments of freedom common to us both, the blemishes which still mar our respective governments and institutions will entirely vanish, that *we* shall be prepared, by the force of public opinion, to sever the church from the state; while America will grant liberty to her captives, and the unshackled rights of citizenship to her coloured population.

The work before us, like the Narrative of Drs. Reed and Matheson, originated in its authors' having been appointed a deputation from the associated body of Christian churches to which they belong in Great Britain, to the communities of the same order and discipline in the

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[*] That of the St. Gothard, which has since been completed, makes a fourth, and that by Nice a fifth.

United States, particularly to their brethren composing the Baptist Triennial Convention, assembling at Richmond, Virginia, April 27, 1835. Their object, too, appears to have been the same, though rather more exclusive, as it was strictly denominational; with an implied understanding that, in their official character as delegates, they should 'carefully avoid' all reference to the subject of Slavery, and the degraded condition, both civil and religious, of the descendants of Africa.

As, on this latter point, much diversity of feeling and opinion exists, before entering upon the other portions of the volume, we shall briefly state the views and impressions which we have derived from the perusal of those parts of it which relate to the general subject of American slavery, and the line of conduct pursued by the deputies in relation to it.

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[The observations upon this subject which we omit, constitute the bulk of the article.]

With regard to questions which at this moment agitate parties so violently among ourselves, the Americans are not indifferent. The delegates had an interview with the President, which they thus describe.

> "We found him in company with Mr. Van Buren, the vice-president, who is a candidate for the supreme office, at the period of regular vacancy. It was a gratifying opportunity of familiar and animated conversation over a cup of coffee, on topics connected with some of the most important interests of our respective countries. Recent intelligence from Europe was touched upon, and particularly news relative to Ireland, which led to a somewhat extended discussion of the compulsory support of religion as contrasted with that which is spontaneous and voluntary. It was gratifying to ascertain that the mind of the chief magistrate of this mighty nation was as free from all the sophistries arising out of the unhallowed blending of things sacred with things secular, by the alliance of the church with the state, as his person and court were disencumbered of the pomps of royal etiquette. He uttered, with great emphasis, these memorable words, 'Human legislation in matters of religion may make hypocrites, but it cannot make christians.' On the tythe system, particularly as it was working in Ireland, which led to the conversation, the president spoke with still kindling energy, and in terms which harmonized with what may now be considered public opinion in every part of the British empire, till all the soldier was apparent as the general exclaimed, 'I had rather die a thousand deaths, than see my wife and children starve while I was robbed of one-tenth of my labour to support a religion I disapproved.'"—pp. 22—23.

The religious phenomena, almost peculiar to America, called Revivals, are described in their genuine and spurious character. The former may be traced to Scriptural principles, and their effects are altogether favourable to the increase of true religion. But what can exceed the following fanatical extravagance?

> "At the time of my arrival in Montpellier, there was a considerable excitement in consequence of the visit of a celebrated revivalist, one who drove religion forward with a reckless fury. He was to address young people the same evening; and he pursued his systematic course of *moral mechanism* for several days. This term appears to me accurately to express the facts. I afterwards came into another scene of his operations, the effect of which had been, when the fermenting elements had subsided, to leave in more than one religious community, a residuum of spiritual coldness, bordering on a disinclination to all religion, and productive for a time of total inaction. From delicacy I conceal his name, while recording a specimen of his proceedings. After repeated prayers and appeals, by which he almost compelled multitudes to repair to the anxious seats, he asked again and again if they loved God. They were silent. 'Will you not say that you love God? Only say you love, or wish to love God. Some confessed; and their names or their numbers were written down in a memorandum book, to be reported as so many converts. It was enough to give an affirmative to the question; but many were not readily, and without continual importunity and management, induced to the admission. He would continue, 'Do you not love God? Will you not say you love God?' Then taking out his watch, 'There, now, I give you a quarter of an hour. If not brought in fifteen minutes to love God, there will be no hope of you; you will be lost; you will be damned.' A pause, and no response. 'Ten minutes have elapsed; five minutes only left for salvation! If you do not love God in five minutes you are lost for ever!' The terrified candidates confess; the record is made; a hundred converts are reported!"
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> "Let it not be imagined that these are common methods of procedure, even amongst the most zealous revivalists; but the *tendency* to similar extremes is not very unfrequent. Fanatical extravagances of this description are unhappily confounded by many, with efforts which are not only more sober, but unobjectionable and useful. In the estimation of the wisest and best of men, they disparage a good cause, and provoke some of them, as I have found, to discountenance every movement which comes under the name of a revival. It is proper, however, to look at this subject with a just discrimination; to consider that the very counterfeit implies the existence of the valuable coin; that there may be a holy, and assuredly is in many parts of America, a beneficial excitement which essentially differs from a fanatical commotion; and that we ought not to undervalue, or be repelled from energetic measures which have the stamp of reality, religion, and scripture upon them, by the indiscretions and impieties of spiritual mechanists, zealots, and alarmists."—pp. 180, 181.

Education is making the most rapid advances in every part of the United States. Schools, colleges, universities, are every where rising to meet the awakening energies of the popular mind. Female establishments, possessing a collegiate character, are growing up into importance. The deputies were present at the anniversary of an institution of this kind at New Hampton, of which they give the following account.

> "The examinations in the female department were anticipated with great interest, and, to us, it appeared that this seminary could assert greater pretensions to superiority in comparison with others than the boys' school. An opportunity had been afforded of attending the ordinary studies of the pupils, having nevertheless a reference to the examination; and a more substantial course of education we never witnessed. Whatever was taught, appeared to be taught thoroughly. No doubt considerable preparation had been made expressly for the annual display; but ample

evidence was given of an acquaintance with principles, and not merely the attainment of a superficial smattering, to be forgotten as quickly as acquired. It was sufficiently obvious that the exercises were not mere recitations from memory, but a vigorous application of mind was apparent, both on the part of teachers and pupils. We shall give a brief enumeration of the topics which engaged our attention on the public day.

"A judicious examination in Butler's Analogy was proceeding as we entered the hall; the teacher took the ground of such opponents as the author combats; and by stating in her own language the objections he answers and removes, elicited the knowledge which had been obtained by the previous study of the work, and of the subjects it contains. This was followed by examinations in algebra, on the black board, which was covered with figures, executed with the utmost neatness. Many demonstrations were thus given in the higher branches of arithmetic, and in algebra. Quadratic equations were performed by the young ladies, with perfect accuracy, and explained with the promptitude which bespeaks clearness of conception. Next followed a class of botanists, who, with a bouquet for the indiscriminate distribution of a flower to each, proceeded to classify and arrange them scientifically. A lively original discussion on the most rational mode of commemorating the 4th of July ensued, as a sort of interlude. This was succeeded by an examination of two young children in the elements of geometry, conducted by one of the elder pupils. Portions of the first and seventh book of Virgil's Æneid were then translated and analysed. A clever dialogue on education was sustained with spirit. It was intended to represent a morning visit, supposed to be made by two fashionables, to two literary ladies; which led to an amusing altercation on their respective pursuits, in which were many sallies of wit, indicative of considerable ingenuity in those who composed the piece. These episodes relieved and enlightened the meeting, instead of music. General history, with some portions of ancient history, taught by dictation, were introduced. The movements of the children of Israel in the wilderness were described on a blank map, and a little girl, about six or seven years of age, gave a history of St. Paul. An original poem followed—and in succession, astronomy—an essay on America as it was, and as it is—reading in French, which was well pronounced and translated—and English poetry. These studies must have been instructive, from the careful analysis of each line, to which the pupils were accustomed; but there was a cadence, which, without specimens we had, might have led to the inference that the whole school was accustomed to read line after line *en masse*, thereby acquiring the same tones and emphasis. A class was examined in Wayland's Moral Science. This was succeeded by physiology, natural history, and geography. A bible class gave so correct a synoptical view of the Epistle to the Romans, and evinced so much acquaintance with the general scope of the author, and the reasoning in different chapters, as to reflect the highest credit on the assiduous teacher, who had communicated so much information. One young lady then read an original address to a society which had been formed among them, under the designation of a "Missionary Association;" another, about to leave school, delivered a valedictory address. Both these were admirable; the latter was full of tender pathos. We were then requested to close this long day's session, which we did by an address and prayer.

"In this seminary, there are but few very young persons. The greater part will probably become teachers, and may be considered as in training for those numerous common or district schools, which will be immensely benefited by a more competent class of instructors. The remainder are young ladies of respectable families, who resort here to finish their education. Of those who are more advanced in age, or who are preparing to become teachers, no inconsiderable number are necessitated to spend one half their time in some profitable employment; that by carefully husbanding their wages, they may have wherewith to pay the expenses of their education, during the remainder of the year. This honourable ambition was creditable to the pupil, as it is beneficial to society; and it is found, that among them are many of the most promising scholars. Such propriety of conduct is displayed, that no distinctions are necessary, and none are attempted to be made in the seminary; nor could it generally be known that any were ever occupied in mills or other factories, but from their periodical absence, and other accidental circumstances.

"The same charges for tuition are made to all; but the expenses are materially different for board, which each adapts to her means. All the scholars reside in the houses kept for the purpose, by persons of approved respectability, and where they live as members of the family. The teachers have only to attend them in the recitation rooms. It is in fact, *a college for females*, as much so as are the university establishments for men; only there are no commons, as in the male department.

"In some of the boarding houses, a number can contrive to live for very little more than five shillings per week, each; and the charge for education is small. Drawing is taught, but not music and dancing. The two former accomplishments are not, in our opinion, pursued in America with the same success as in England; for while there are specimens of individual proficiency, there is a want of general excellence. In studying botany, each pupil collects and arranges, often with much taste and elegance, specimens which are prepared and preserved in an album, with such apt poetical or prose quotations, as fancy may dictate. We received an elegant present of a *Hortus Siccus*. In this description of female education, so easily attainable by individuals from any class who may aspire to it, England is greatly surpassed by America. We have but few, if any, institutions resembling this; but it would be difficult to assign any satisfactory reason why the plan of proprietary schools should not be extended to our daughters, or why they should be deprived of the advantages of a more substantial and extended education. That a large number of British ladies are to be found throughout the country, who yield to the ladies of no nations in the new or in the old world, may be confidently maintained: but equal advantages with those enjoyed in the female academies of America, are by no means accessible. On the contrary, the great mass of females with us, grow up comparatively in ignorance of much that is taught at New Hampton." pp. 392—397.

On the principal subject, namely, "the Baptists in America," the Work is full of information. It develops the wonderful operation of the voluntary principle, and shews that religion, when flowing through this channel, is then only distinguished by its own genuine character of liberality and energy.

We are told that 'as soon as a project is announced which wears the aspect of utility, the question is—Well, what *action* shall be taken upon this!' The requisite amount is determined, dollars instantly pour in, and the work is accomplished.

Our readers will be pleased with the following sketch of individual character.

"Nathaniel Ripley Cobb, Esq., displayed the character of a CHRISTIAN MERCHANT in all its varieties of excellence. He was born November 3, 1798; in May, 1818, joined Dr. Sharp's church in Boston; commenced business in 1819; married Sarah, the daughter of T. Kendall, Esq., in 1820; and after several weeks of decline, expired May 22, 1834, in the 36th year of his age. He was one of the few noble-hearted men of wealth, whose affluence is constantly proved by their munificence. Yet it was not always from what is strictly denominated affluence that he was so benevolent, inasmuch as the vows of God were upon him that he would never become rich; and he redeemed the holy pledge which he had given by consecrating his gains to the Lord. In November, 1821, he drew up the following remarkable document:—

'"By the grace of God, I will never be worth more than 50,000 dollars.

'"By the grace of God, I will give one-fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses.

'"If I am ever worth 20,000 dollars, I will give one half of my net profits; and if I am ever worth 30,000, I will give three-fourths; and the whole after 50,000 dollars. So help me God; or give to a more faithful steward, and set me aside.

'"Nov. 1821. "N. R. COBB."

"He adhered to this covenant with conscientious fidelity. At one time, finding his property had increased beyond 50,000 dollars, he at once devoted the surplus 7,500 as a foundation for a professorship in the Newton Institution, to which, on various occasions during his short life, he gave at least twice that amount. Though a baptist, and ever ready to perform any service for the church and the denomination to which he belonged, yet he was prompt in affording aid to all wise designs which appeared to have a claim upon him as a christian, a philanthropist, and a patriot. He was a generous friend to many young men, whom he assisted in establishing themselves in business, and to many who were unfortunate.

"Seldom was this excellent man absent from any meetings of the church, even amidst the greatest pressure of business. He rejoiced in the conversion of sinners, and constantly aided his pastor in the inquiry meeting. His temper was placid, his manners affable, his integrity entire. He was, besides, distinguished by great business talents, and by an acute penetration into the characters of men. Energy and activity were his element. We could willingly transcribe his diary before us; but a very few short sentences, uttered in his last sickness, must suffice: "Within the last few days, I have had some glorious views of heaven. It is indeed a glorious thing to die. I have been active and busy in the world. I have enjoyed it as much as any one. God has prospered me. I have every thing to tie me here. I am happy in my family; I have property enough, but how small and mean does this world appear when we are on a sick bed! Nothing can equal my enjoyment in the near prospect of heaven. My hope in Christ is worth infinitely more than all other things. The blood of Christ, the blood of Christ, *none* but Christ."

"Alas, how little did we imagine, while for a few days partaking of the elegant hospitalities of the mansion, from which this *christian merchant* had so lately departed to our "Father's house," that our beloved friend, his then surviving widow, would soon and suddenly be summoned to rejoin her husband! Scarcely, however, had we recrossed the *Atlantic*, when the intelligence reached us. We blend our sympathies with those who live, knowing that "the survivors die!"'—pp. 412—414.

We must pause in our extracts, making room for the following rapid glance and contrast.

"We reached the summer retreat of Dr. Channing as the sun was setting gloriously; and hastened from the resplendence of mere matter to the coruscations of mind. That eminent individual welcomed Dr. Dunn and me at the door, with unassuming simplicity of manners. At the table of a man whose fame had crossed the Atlantic, and must live in history, we found every thing to prove that the domestic and personal virtues lived in happy rivalry with the literary powers. If the one elevated the man, the other adorned the father and the friend. Dr. Channing is unassuming; in a degree, too, it may be said unimposing. Himself does not seem a living edition of his works. In this he differs from my late friend, Robert Hall, whose private life and conversation was a continued reflection, more or less vivid, according to circumstances, of his extraordinary writings. He too, was unassuming, but he *appeared* as well as *was*, the great man. Eccentric, witty in conversation, and when consulted on a particular point of doctrine or practical conduct, full of argumentative subtlety and just discrimination. These men agree in the superiority, not in the mode of their talents, either in private or public. In private, Dr. Channing is calm, collected, sensible, and agreeable; Mr. Hall was rapid and chaste in diction, often impassioned, and not unfrequently inconsiderate in his remarks on persons or performances, and tenacious, sometimes playfully, of curious or unimportant theories, hastily adopted, and to be soon abandoned. In public, Dr. Channing, as a preacher with a unitarian creed, is deliberate, acute in argument, interesting in manner, delivering or reading well-arranged compositions; Mr. Hall was, with an orthodox doctrine, somewhat indistinct and hesitating in his utterance, having no elegance of manner, but vivid, ardent, inconceivably fertile in extemporaneous thought, and at once convincing, brilliant, and impressive; for ever hovering between the pathetic and sublime."

We congratulate the voluntary churches of Great Britain on the appearance of a work like the present. It is an excellent supplement to Reed and Matheson's more general narrative; while to the English Baptists this introduction to their American brethren cannot fail to be peculiarly acceptable. For many valuable observations on the moral and religious state of the Canadas, and the importance of a mission to these our long-neglected colonies, we must refer to the work itself.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WRAXALL'S POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS.

Posthumous Memoirs of his own Time. By Sir N. W. Wraxall, Bart. In 3 vols.

ANECDOTES of public men and things will have a charm as long as man has curiosity. It is now not worth our while to assign the reasons of this universal interest, it is enough for us that it exists, and we think that we shall gratify our readers by giving some fragments of this most amusing order of human recollections from one of the most amusing of its hoarders, since the days of the memorable Boswell. The late Sir Nathaniel Wraxall has just given to the world, through the hands of posterity, another *fasciculus* of his memoranda on the age through which he glided with such a propensity of telling all he knew, and hearing all that he could learn. But his former volumes had brought him a good deal into ill odour, with that very influential portion of the world, which much more regards posthumous reputation than living honesty. The consequence was, that Sir Nathaniel had scarcely thrown his first illumination over the mouldering characters of politicians and beauties past and gone, than an indignant cry was sent from every corner of fashion, and the unlucky enlightener was sent to Coventry at once. In some instances the infliction was of a more solid nature, and an action brought by Count Woronzow for an imputation on his diplomatic delicacy, involving a charge on that immaculate sovereign the Empress Catherine, was followed by a sentence which consigned the writer to the King's Bench for a six months' imprisonment, with the addition of £500 fine. However, to do justice to both parties in this instance, it was shown on the trial, that the libel was wholly destitute of malicious intention; and Count Woronzow took an active part in soliciting the Government to remit both the imprisoment and the fine. He at length succeeded. But undoubtedly other personages were not so easily appeased. A shower of prosecutions was threatened. A perpetual sharpshooting of critiques, epigrams, and innuendoes was kept up on his sensibilities, the great rival reviews, agreeing but in the ruthless resolve to exterminate the unlucky gossip, attacked him in front and rear. Their twin tomahawks which had so often swung over each other's head, were now conjoined to scalp the knight.

> Et quæ sibi quisque timebat,
> Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.

Thus warned, the original passion could not be extinguished, but its hazards were provided for. He went on collecting with the same avidity, perhaps with greater, more resolute, or even more angry avidity, than before, but he wisely reserved its public indulgence for the time when the most timid authorship is entitled to defy all the vindictiveness of man. When the knight should at length close his career was the time appointed by him for telling his opinion of the world. He has here told it in three volumes, various and desultory, but sometimes keen, probably often derived from those secret and true sources which open themselves, as by instinct, to the native-born, indefatigable anecdote-hunter, and to none other, and always animated, fluent, and amusing. It has been too much the custom to laugh at Wraxall and his early volumes; but he was no common man. All his works, even to his history, show the skill of a dexterous mind, a happy seizure of the *important* idea, and not unfrequently, an eloquence of expression that might have placed him above many a much more amusing contemporary. We shall glance generally through the work, selecting such fragments as seem most illustrative of persons, or characteristic of the time; previously, however, we hold it due to this writer's personal credit to give the testimony of a remarkably competent witness. A few days after Sir Nathaniel's sentence, in the case of Count Woronzow, he received the following note from the late Sir George Osborn, a well-known name about the court, an equerry to George the Third for forty years, and a man of character and fortune. "I have your *first* edition here, and have perused it again with much attention. I pledge my name, that I personally know nine parts out of ten of your anecdotes to be perfectly correct. You are imprisoned for giving to future ages a perfect picture of our time, and as interesting as Clarendon."

Public life has now so utterly degenerated into brawling and brutality, that to read the annals of the last century is like a sudden plunge into romance. This is the day of the Humes, the O'Connells, and the Gullys. And what more can be said of national degradation? We are aware of the propensities of Whiggism, since the origin that Johnson gave to this disturbing spirit. But the Whigs of the last century, at least, were gentlemen. The public eye was not insulted by the rude, truculent, deformed visage of the rabble reformers. If the manners were relaxed, they were not loaded with the additional vileness of Jacobin filth and Jacobin ferocity. The Duchess of Devonshire, the gay and graceful leader of fashion, and the queen of the Foxites, came first into celebrity in the memorable Westminster election of 1784. A strong effort had been made to turn out Fox. The election, according to the habit of those times, had already continued nearly a month, and though the ministerial candidate, Sir Cecil Wray, had a small majority, Fox was at his last gasp. The party were instantly driven to new resources, and the Duchess of Devonshire restored the fates of the Whig champion. This remarkable woman is sketched by the writer's practised hand. "Her personal charms constituted her smallest pretensions to universal admiration. Nor did her beauty consist, like that of the Gunnings, in regularity of features, and faultless formation of shape; it lay in the amenity and graces of her deportment; in her irresistible manners and in the seduction of her society. Her hair was not without a tinge of red; and her face, though pleasing, yet, had it not been illuminated by her mind, might have been considered as an ordinary countenance. She resembled the portrait of Sarah Jennings, the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, from whom she was lineally descended in the fourth degree. She possessed an ardent temper, a cultivated understanding, a taste for poetry and the fine arts, and much sensibility, not exempt perhaps from vanity and coquetry. To her mother, the Dowager Countess Spenser, she was attached with more than common filial affection. Nor did she display less attachment to her sister, Lady Duncannon. Her heart might be considered as the seat of those emotions which sweeten human life.

The husband of this fine woman was not possessed of those qualities which might be presumed most likely to teach her a preference for domestic life. At seventeen! she was married to William Duke of Devonshire. "His constitutional apathy formed his distinguishing characteristic. His figure was tall and manly, yet not animated or graceful. He seemed to be incapable of any strong emotion, and destitute of all energy or activity of mind." To administer emotion to this indolence of soul and body, the Duke tried the gaming table, and passed his evenings usually at Brookes's at whist or faro. He might much more happily as well as innocently have passed them at the plough. Yet he had his merits. Beneath so quiet an exterior he possessed a highly improved understanding; and on all disputes that arose in the club on passages of the Roman poets or historians, the appeal was commonly made to the Duke, and his opinion was regarded as final.

The Whigs, then great lords and landholders, were in possession of the means of influencing high life in the most showy manner. Devonshire House, at the top of Piccadilly, looking down on the Queen's palace, Burlington House looking down on St. James's, and Carlton House equally eclipsing all the residences of fashion by the rank of its possessor and the magnificence of its decoration, were the three strong-holds of the party, the three enchanted palaces where such Armidas as the Duchess were ready to captivate roving Tories, and bind even hoary statesmen in their chains. The progress of the canvass thenceforward is amusing. The entire of the votes for Westminster having been exhausted, the only hope was in exciting the suburbs. The Duchess instantly ordered her equipage, and with her sister, the Countess of Duncannon, drove, polling list in hand, to the houses of the voters. Entreaty, ridicule, civilities, influence of all kinds, were lavished on those rough legislators; and the novelty of being solicited by two women of rank and remarkable fashion took the popular taste universally. The immediate result was, that they gallantly came to the poll, and Fox, who had been a hundred behind Sir Cecil, speedily left him a hundred behind in turn. An imperfect attempt was made on the hostile side to oppose this new species of warfare by similar captivation, and Lady Salisbury was moved to awake the dying fortunes of the Government candidate. But the effort failed; it was imitation, it was too late; and the Duchess was six-and-twenty, and Lady Salisbury thirty-four! These are reasons enough, and more than enough, for the rejection of any man from the hustings. On the 16th of May Fox was 235 a-head, and the election was over; but the high bailiff, Corbett, refused to return him, on the plea that a scrutiny had been demanded. Still the Whigs were not to be disappointed of their ovation.

The exultation of those gay times forms a strange contrast to the grim monotony of our own. Fox, after being chaired in great pomp through the streets, was finally carried into the courtyard of Carlton House. The Prince's plume was on his banners, in acknowledgment of princely partisanship. A banner, inscribed "sacred to female patriotism," recorded the services of the Duchess. The carriages of the Dukes of Devonshire and Portland, each drawn by six horses, moved in the procession, and Fox's own carriage was a pile of rejoicing Whiggism. On its box and braces, and every where they could, sat Colonel North, afterwards Lord Guilford, Adam, who but a few years before had wounded the patriot in a duel, and a whole cluster of political friends, followers, and expectants. The Prince came to the balustrade before the house to cheer him, with a crowd of fashionable people. Fox finished the triumph by a harangue to the mob, and they in return finished the day by a riot, an illumination, and breaking Lord Temple's windows.

But the festivities were scarcely begun. Next morning the Prince threw open his showy apartments to the nobility, and gave them a brilliant fête in the gardens, which happened to be at its height just when the King was passing through St. James's Park in state to open the new Parliament. The rival interests were within a brick wall of each other, and their spirit could not have been more strongly contrasted than in their occupations. But nights and days to those graceful pursuers of pleasure and politics alike knew no intermission. On that very evening the celebrated, beautiful and witty Mrs. Crewe gave a brilliant rout, in which "blue and buff" was the universal costume of both sexes. The Prince himself appeared in the party colours. At supper he toasted the fair giver of the feast, in the words, "True blue, and Mrs. Crewe." The lady, not unskilfully, and with measureless applause, returned it by another,—"True blue, and all of you." The "buff and blue" were the uniform of Washington and his troops, impudently adopted by Fox to declare his hostility to the Government. The prudence of its adoption by the Prince, of course, is a satisfactory proof of the wisdom, accuracy, and patriotism of his advisers.

The feasting was not yet over. In a few days more, the Prince summoned all that was young, lovely, or dazzling by wealth or wit to an entertainment that threw all the memories of banqueting into the shade. The entertainment began at noon, continued through the night, and was prolonged into the next day. All England rang with wonder; the continent with envy. But those glittering hours were to be soon and heavily atoned, and Whiggism, in the attempt to engross the future monarch, ruined his fortune, his peace, and his popularity.

The rise of the Burrell family is curious, as an instance of sudden change and singular prosperity—the birth of mere accident. Lord Algernon Percy, second son of Sir Hugh Smithson (Earl and Duke of Northumberland in consequence of his marriage with the Percy heiress,) being of a delicate constitution, was sent to the south of France to spend the winter of 1774. At Marseilles he happened to meet the family of Mr. Burrell, then simply one of the Commissioners of Excise, who was also travelling for his health.

Lord Algernon fell in love with the second daughter. The pride of the Percys gave way to the desire to see the name kept alive, as the eldest son's marriage had been without offspring. The Duchess gave her reluctant consent, and from this chance dated the rise of the whole family. The new rank of Lady Algernon, with the prospect of succeeding to the head of the house, brought her sisters into fashionable life. Within three years the youngest was Duchess of Hamilton, and on the death of the Duke, was married to the Marquis of Exeter. In 1779 Earl Percy, having obtained a divorce from his Countess, married another sister. Their only brother, captivated the affections of Lady Elizabeth Bertie, eldest daughter of the Duke of Ancaster. He obtained her hand, and scarcely had the marriage taken place, when her brother, the heir to the dukedom, was carried off, at three-and-twenty, by a violent illness. The Baronetcy of Willoughby of Eresby, with a great part of the Ancaster estates, fell to Lady Elizabeth, with the high feudal office of Great Chamberlain, which remains in the family; and the husband, in 1796, was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Gwydir. It renders this general good fortune more peculiar, that the three sisters were far from being distinguished by wit or beauty, whilst the eldest sister, who was strikingly handsome, was the wife of a private gentleman, Mr. Bennet. Lord Algernon, in 1790, was raised by Pitt to the Earldom of Beverley.

The inveterate bitterness of Coke of Norfolk has been imputed to blundering patriotism. Its more probable motive is bruised vanity. The Cokes had once possessed the title of Leicester; and its recovery was an object that had long put the ambition of the Norfolk reformer into a state of violent anxiety. Fox had probably promised it to him, and infinitely contaminating as the *Coalition* was, and attaching kindred vileness to every man who mingled himself in the spirit of the transaction, Coke would yet have been true to his hire. But the Coalition was crushed under national contempt, and the Earldom of Leicester was destined to escape the thorough-going dependent's clutch for ever. The title was given, in 1784, to Lord Ferrars, eldest son of Lord, afterwards Marquis Townsend. Thus fifty years or more of fretted politics were in reserve for this angry declaimer; and his wrath against the memory of George III. and Pitt was thenceforth to be equally ridiculous and inexorable. He still harangues, but the coronet is gone, it is to be hoped, until he shall have harangued his last, and bitter politics and helpless partisanship shall know him no more.

Sir James Lowther, the head of the opulent and powerful house of Lonsdale, was one of the remarkable personages of the time. Privately mingling much in the rash and heating pursuits of men of large fortune, he was a vigorous adherent of Pitt in the House of Commons. The fearlessness of his tongue often promoted strife, but he had a ready hand, and a fiery heart; and no man exhibited himself more at his ease in personal hazards. He had once been a friend of Fox, but either disgusted or injured by the arts of Opposition, he threw off the yoke and became a Tory. Pitt subsequently raised him, at one step, to the earldom; a singular instance of favour, yet so ill received by his towering ambition, that he is reported to have formed a determination to reject the dignity in the presence of the Commons, and openly abandon the Minister. He even walked into the House of Commons, after he had kissed hands at the levee for the title. What farther extravagance he would have acted there must remain problematic; for the sergeant-at-arms seized him, and regarding him as no longer a member of the House, forced him to be content with a seat under the gallery, where peers and strangers are permitted to be present. His wrath arose from finding his name the last on the roll of earls created at that time. It soon rose in the register.

The late Duke of Norfolk, then Earl of Surrey, was a *character* in that day, and in ours. He had assumed at least the externals of Protestantism, and so far might be deemed a Christian; he had taken the peerage oaths, and so far might be deemed a loyal man; and he kept himself floating in society, and so far might be regarded as not unfit for the company of gentlemen. But in private he was selfish, sensual, and licentious; and in party, headlong, ignorant, and reckless. "Nature," says Sir Nathaniel, "had not bestowed on him any of the insignia of illustrious descent; he might have been mistaken for a grazier or a butcher by his dress and appearance; yet intelligence was marked in his features, which were likewise expressive of frankness and sincerity."

It is odd enough, that to this infuriate "Rights of Man" personage the Minister owed the suggestion of two productive taxes—the hair-powder and the race-horse tax. Down to the beginning of the French Revolution, all the polished world of Europe, imitating all the polished world of Africa, powdered their hair. In vain had nature given auburn or raven locks, the loveliest of all ornaments to the loveliest part of the creation; wishing to make themselves lovelier still, they loaded their locks with powder—white, brown, golden, every colour that could delight the eye of fashion and startle the eye of taste. The men followed the example, and every man was producible only in proportion as he was powdered. It is absolutely astonishing to conceive how large a portion of time, how much money, and even how considerable a share of thought were absorbed in this aboriginal contrivance for looking unnatural. To dress the hair alone occupied little less than an hour of every well-dressed man's day, and gave an excuse for passing half every well-dressed lady's day under the hands of her frizeur. The frizeur's themselves made a formidable population. The waste, the weariness, and the expense of time and money actually made an inroad on life; and the necessary and perpetual attention to dress resulting from this African ornament, strongly influenced the frivolity of the age. But the French Revolution came, and powder was no more. But let justice be always done to the sans-culotte character. The absurdity of the practice was not the cause of its extinction: the French are theatrical from the cradle; and they had seen Talma adopting the raven curls of those comprehensive asserters of human liberty, who cut the throats of one-half of Rome to rob the other—virtue was thenceforth the especial dweller in a Brutus wig. The custom, too, found a congenial feeling in the infinite squalidness of young patriotism; and rabble heads, black and brown, were the natural antagonists of aristocracy and hair-powder. The Duke of Bedford—the descendant of a family who pre-eminently lived on church confiscation, and the immediate successor of a man whose whole life was a struggle for public money which he had not the capacity to deserve, however he might have the avarice to keep—was the first English nobleman who displayed his curls freed from the custom of his rank and time. But let every man have his due credit: the Duke's effort for this emancipation of his curls was less from any impulse of taste, than from a magnanimous regard for the "cause of liberty all round the world." The hair-powder tax was the source of a revenue which the poor Duke, parroting the words of his masters, was in the habit of pronouncing "an unjust and unnecessary war." The powdering his four-and-twenty footmen thus contributed to swell the atrocities of his guilty country; and for the purpose of stopping the supplies, and frightening William Pitt, Francis, Duke of Bedford, ordered his lackeys to comb the powder from their locks, and contribute no longer to the criminal Exchequer. So much for the services which a great nobleman may render to the cause of freedom and the march of mind.

In 1785 the Minister had proposed to lay a tax on female servants. Lord Surrey, to whom hair-powder was by no means among the luxuries of life, and who felt himself aggrieved by the presence of any costume cleaner than his own, made the easy sacrifice of recommending a change of the tax for one on the heads of the world of fashion. The House roared with laughter, the Minister smiled, and the Earl himself was satisfied with having shown at once his regard for the sex and his contempt of costume. But the hint was not lost; and the time was at hand when the silliest living ornament of Bond street contributed, even with his head, to the honour of his country.

His next enterprise as a financier was in the discussions on the horse-tax. The Minister had proposed a pound on every horse that ran for a plate. Lord Surrey got up, and remonstrating on the severity of a tax which must fall on so many losers, observed, that a much fairer one would be fifty pounds on every winner of a certain sum. To his surprise, and to the great amusement of the House, Pitt instantly rose, thanked him for the suggestion, and laid on *both* taxes. In the debate which followed, one of the members, amusing himself with the Earl's wrath on the occasion, most happily applied the words to the rash adviser—

> "*Jockey* of Norfolk be not too bold."

His early life was that of a Heliogobalus, without his effeminacy. "In his youth, for at the time of which I speak he had attained his thirty-eighth year, he led a most licentious life, having passed whole nights in the streets, sleeping occasionally on a block of wood. At the Beefsteak Club, where I have dined with him, he seemed to be in his proper element. But few individuals of that society could sustain a contest with him when the cloth was removed. In cleanliness he was negligent to so great a degree, that he rarely made use of water for purposes of bodily refreshment. He even carried his neglect of his person so far, that his servants were accustomed to avail themselves of his fits of intoxication for the purpose of washing him. On those occasions, being wholly insensible to all that passed round him, they stripped him as they would a corpse, and performed on his body the necessary ablutions. Nor did he change his linen more frequently than he washed himself. Complaining one day to Dudley North that he was a martyr to the rheumatism, and had ineffectually tried every remedy for its relief, "Pray, my lord," said he, "did you ever try a clean shirt?"

His extraordinary strength of constitution enabled him to bear this ruinous process for a long succession of years. His father, the Duke of Norfolk, had been addicted to the same excesses, but he yielded to the superior capacity of his son for wine. "It is a fact, that Lord Surrey, after laying his father and all the guests under the table, at the Thatched House in St. James's street, has left the room, repaired to another festive party in the vicinage, and there recommenced the unfinished convivial rites. Even in the House of Commons he was not always sober; but he never attempted, like Lord Galway, to mix in the debate on those occasions. When under the dominion of wine he has asserted, that three as good Catholics sat in Lord North's last Parliament as ever existed, Lord Nugent, Sir Thomas Gascoyne, and *himself*. Doubts were, indeed, always thrown on the sincerity of his renunciation of the errors of the Church of Rome." The wags of the House took advantage of this, and said that his dress, a shabby blue coat, approaching to purple, was imposed on him by his priest as a *penance*. In the same style, Charles the Second said of his brother James's ugly mistresses, that they were imposed on him as a penance. He never had any acknowledged children.

Fox's dissipation, and his facility of adapting himself to the habits of the titled savage, held them together with more than the tenacity of political friendships. Even as Fox grew ashamed of his rabble alliance, Lord Surrey, then Duke of Norfolk, grew more outrageous. At a great Whig dinner, in February, 1798, in the midst of the revolutionary ferment in England, and just on the verge of the actual rebellion in Ireland, this foolish Duke had the effrontery to drink "The sovereign majesty of the people." With the object of giving this absurd toast its full meaning, the orator, it is to be presumed drunk at the time, reminded the assembly that Washington began his revolt with little more than two thousand to help him, and that the room contained little less than the number. All was received, of course, with rapture for the evening. But the next day brought more nervous thoughts, and the giver of the toast began to think that some reserve would have been wiser. Accordingly he waited on the Duke of York, the commander-in-chief, to smooth down the wrath of royalty, and proposed, as a sign of penitence, that, in case of the menaced invasion, his regiment, the West York, might be sent to the post of danger. But the mischief was done. The Prince listened to the tardy penitent, told him that his offer should be communicated to the King, and then, with more dexterity than was usual with that single-minded man, asked him, "*A propos*, my lord, have you seen Blue-Beard?" the favourite play of the moment. The Duke of Norfolk thus found that the conversation was fairly come to an end. He was not kept long in suspense. Pitt knew nothing of tampering with any offender; the "majesty of the people" and its champion alike were forced by that high heart and vigorous hand to feel the majesty of justice; and within *two* days his Grace of Norfolk, in helpless indignation, received notice of his dismissal from both his lord-lieutenancy and his regiment! At one fell sweep his laurels, alike civil and military, were shorn away.

As years advanced, and he lost the power of gross indulgence, he grew more respectable. His daily promenades up and down St. James's Street will be long remembered. His simplicity of manner, dress, and language began to operate in his favour, when they were supposed to be connected with the gravity of age, and not to have arisen from a natural tendency to vulgarism. He stooped a good deal, was fat, and totally shapeless. Yet he had some surviving energy, and would travel without stopping over half the kingdom. He still spoke in the House; but the presence of Fox was gone, and with it the spirit of his factious friend. His style was marked by the untaught vigour of strong sense, but degraded by an inveteracy of Jacobin prejudice, stamped on him by long habit and long political adversity. If something more of a gentleman, on a throne he might have been Harry the Eighth; as Harry the Eighth under a coronet, if something less of a gentleman, might have been a Duke of Norfolk. Towards the close of his life he grew lethargic. But he signalized either his sincerity or his stubbornness by refusing to join the Liverpool Ministry of 1812, with the offer of the Garter. His successor is a Roman Catholic, and, by virtue of his hereditary office of Earl-marshal, the first who exhibited the ominous sign of a Papist sitting in the House of Lords.

In this picture-gallery the late Marquis of Abercorn makes some figure. Those who still remember that stately and courtier-like personage will recognise the sketch. His first appearance in public life was as the mover of the address on the King's speech, 1784. "Mr. John James Hamilton had then attained his thirty-fourth year. Tall, erect, and muscular in his form—thin, yet not meagre—finely shaped, with an air of grace and dignity diffused over his whole person, he could not be mistaken for an ordinary man. He bore a singular resemblance to the beautiful portrait of James V. in Duke Hamilton's apartments in Holyrood House. Of a dark complexion, with very intelligent and regular features, he resembled more a Spaniard than a native of Britain, and his arrogant solemnity of manner obtained for him from Sheridan the name of "Don Whiskerandos," from his own farce, "The Critic."

Hamilton, though closely attached to Pitt, seems scarcely to have desired public office. Doubtless he might have obtained embassies, a line of employment for which his birth, figure, and abilities peculiarly fitted him. But he was presumptive heir to his uncle the Earl of Abercorn, one of the sixteen Scottish peers, then sinking under paralysis, in two years after raised to a British Viscounty, and dying in 1789. A strange and unhappy romance connected itself with the life of the new noble. He had married early, and had a large family. But he suffered himself, about this period, to be betrayed into a passion for his cousin, Miss Cecil Hamilton, young, and of distinguished beauty. Determining to marry her when the living Lady Abercorn should set him at liberty, he exerted his influence to obtain for her the rank of an Earl's daughter. Concessions of this kind had been rare, and the King was understood to be peculiarly hostile in this instance, as the lady had four elder sisters. It was, however, accomplished. The platonic lover, within two years, was changed into the husband, by the death of his lady, and Lady Cecil Hamilton became Countess of Abercorn. But this impassioned marriage was unhappy. In a few years a separation took place, a divorce followed, and the public received another lesson of the fragile ties of high life.

Another slight record of a captivating personage, yet not wholly forgotten in London, stops us as we turn over these pages. "Among the charming women who, in 1784, adorned the court of Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz (or, more properly, the English capital, for scarcely could the queen be said to have any court), might well be accounted Lady Payne, now Lady Lavington, her husband having been created an Irish baron. A native of Vienna, Mademoiselle de Kelbel—so she was named before her marriage—then resided with the Princess Joseph Poniatowski, widow of one of the Polish King's brothers, a general in the Austrian service. Her person and manners were full of grace. At Sir Ralph's house in Grafton Street the leaders of Opposition frequently met. Erskine, having dined there one day, found himself taken ill, and left the company. On his return, enquiries were made for his health, and among the rest by Lady Payne. He gallantly wrote on a card in answer,

'"Tis true, I am ill; but I cannot complain;
For he never knew pleasure who never knew *Payne*.'

"Sir Ralph, with whom I was well acquainted, always appeared to me a good-natured, pleasing, well-bred man. His *star* rendered him, like Sir

John Irwine, Sir William Gordon, and other Knights of the Bath of that period, a conspicuous, as well as an ornamental member of the House of Commons. But he was reported not always to treat his wife with kindness. Sheridan calling on her one morning, found her in tears, which she placed, however, to the account of her monkey, which had died an hour or two before. 'Pray write me an epitaph for him,' said she; 'his name was Ned.' Sheridan instantly penned these lines:

'Alas, poor Ned!
My Monkey's dead,
I had rather by half,
It had been Sir Ralph.'"

The impromptu was impudent enough. Sheridan was probably considering at the moment how to ingratiate himself with the lady.

Erskine's promotion to the Seals was always one "of the wonders of the bar." Whiggism, however, made up for want of law, and this singularly shallow proficient in the learning of his profession, was flung up by the tide of party on the woolsack. Yet various chances combined to this success, which seemed to have been a surprise even to his Whig patrons. "If Pitt had survived eight months longer, or if, reversing the events, Fox had died in January, and Pitt in September of the same year, 1806, Erskine would probably have remained a commoner. But on the decease of the first minister, the remaining members of the Cabinet, conscious of the awful situation in which the country stood after the deplorable humiliation of Austria in the campaign of 1805, under Mack, agreed in advising the King to accept their resignation, calling, of course, Fox, Lords Grenville, and Grey to his councils. The Duke of Montrose, who was one of that Cabinet, assured me so himself, very soon after the event took place. When, however, the list of individuals selected as proper for filling the office of Chancellor was delivered to his Majesty by the new Ministers, at the head of which paper appeared Erskine's name, they were far from expecting, as one of the party declared to me, that the King would have acquiesced in the recommendation. But George III. made no objection; only observing to them, 'Remember, he is *your* Chancellor, not *mine*,' and Erskine received the Great Seal, to the astonishment of his own political friends. The defender of Paine and of Horne Tooke could not be other than obnoxious to the King, who, if his choice had been wholly unfettered, would probably have named Pigott to the high office in question."

But a few specimens of Lord North's oratory remain, though much of his wit is on record. But one fragment, the creation of a moment of manly feeling, exhibits that true power of speaking, which with a British Parliament in its days of power, must have been irresistible. Sir Richard Hill, the eccentric member for Shropshire, had violently attacked the ex-minister for his conduct of the American war. Lord North, thus unexpectedly forced into the combat, long after the subject might have been supposed dead, repelled the attack with a dignity which held the House in surprise and admiration.

"Far from deprecating the agitation of the subject, he demanded it. Denied that he had caused the calamities of the war; and called on his accusers to bring forward a circumstantial charge against him. I found, said he, the American war when I became minister. *I* did not create it. On the contrary, it was the war of the country, the Parliament, and the people. But, if the gentlemen opposite think otherwise, let them come forward and accuse me. I shall not shrink—I am ready to meet, and to repel their charge. Nay, I demand it as a matter of justice. There can exist no reason *now* for withholding it. *I am wholly unprotected.* The Minister of the day *has a House of Commons to accuse me, a House of Peers to try me.* He is master of all the written evidence that can exist against me. And, as to parole testimony" (fixing his eyes on Dundas,) "almost all those individuals who were *my confidential friends*, in whom I reposed my secrets, *are now his friends!* Yet I court the enquiry. But if, when thus called upon, they do not grant it, I must insist that they do not henceforward argue upon the charge as if it were proved." So manly and peremptory a challenge, while it imposed silence on his accusers—for not a word of reply proceeded from any member of the Administration—produced expressions of admiration of the ability, as well as the firmness which it displayed. Pitt, though only three years earlier he had harangued with vehemence against the Ministerial conductors of the war, yet remained mute. He unquestionably felt, that a Parliamentary prosecution of the Minister who carried on the contest must involve in it the culpability of the Sovereign, at the head of whose Councils he presided. In fact, George III. could no more have abandoned Lord North to the rage of his enemies, than Charles I. *ought* to have consented to the execution of Lord Strafford.

Sir Philip Francis next comes forward. He deserved to find a niche in any memorial of his day, for his personal ability, his public exertions, and even, if for nothing more, for his having been conceived capable of writing "the brilliant, though profligate political libels of Junius." Wraxall describes him at once with a faithful and an eloquent pen.

"Precisely at the same time when Scott appeared in the house as the advocate of Hastings, a much more formidable, inveterate and vigorous adversary of the Governor-general, arose among the front ranks of Opposition—Francis.

After having passed several years in Bengal as a member of the Supreme Council, engaged in perpetual and violent altercations with Hastings, which terminated in a duel, in which Francis was wounded, he returned to England some years before the Governor-general; like the evil genius of Brutus, which met him again at Philippi. Nature had conferred on Francis talents such as are rarely dispensed to any individual; a vast range of ideas, a retentive memory, a classic mind, considerable command of language and energy of thought and expression, matured by time, and actuated by an inextinguishable animosity to Hastings. Francis indeed uniformly disclaimed any personal enmity to the man, reprobating only the measures of the *ruler* of *India*. But he always appeared to me, like the son of Livia, to deposit his resentments deep in his own breast, from which he drew them forth, if not augmented, at least in all their original vigour and freshness. Acrimony distinguished and characterised him in every thing. Even his person, tall, thin, and scantily covered with flesh; his countenance, the lines of which were acute, intelligent, and full of meaning; the tones of his voice, sharp, yet distinct and sonorous; his very gestures, impatient and irregular, eloquently bespoke the formation of his intellect. I believe I never saw him smile.

" Francis, however inferior he was to Burke in all the flowers of diction, in the exuberance of ideas borrowed from antiquity, and in the magic of eloquence, more than once electrified the House by passages of a pathos which arrested every hearer. A beautiful specimen of his ability in this point occurred during the debates on Pitt's Indian Bill. One of the regulations abolished the trial by Jury for delinquents returning from India, and instituted a new tribunal for enquiring into their misdemeanors. Against such an inroad on the British constitution, Francis entered his protest in terms of equal elegance and force. 'I am not,' said he, 'an old man, yet I remember the time when such an attempt would rouse the whole country into a flame. Had the experiment been made when the illustrious statesman, the late Earl of Chatham, enjoyed a seat in this Assembly, he would have sprung from the bed of sickness, he would have solicited some friendly hand to lay him on the floor, and thence, with a monarch's voice, he would have called the whole kingdom to arms to oppose it. *But he is dead!* and has left nothing in the world that resembles him. *He is dead!* and the sense, the honour, the character, and the understanding of the nation, are dead with him!'

" Perhaps, in the whole range of Fox's, Burke's, or Sheridan's speeches, there does not occur a sentiment clothed in more simple, yet striking language, or which knocks harder at the breast than this short epitaph, if it may so be denominated, pronounced over the grave of the Earl of Chatham. The repetition of the words, 'He is dead,' was attended with the finest effect. And the reflections produced by it involuntarily attracted every eye towards the Treasury Bench, where sat his son. I have rarely witnessed a moment when the passions were touched in a more masterly manner within the walls of the House: the impression made by it on Pitt is said to have been of the deepest kind."

That rough son of good fortune, the well-known George Rose, follows. Pitt loved to have about him men of the calibre of Rose; active and intelligent, but perfectly obedient, and perfectly subordinate officials; his own mighty genius was sufficient for all the high exigencies of the state, and requiring no direction, he brooked no rivalry. He soon shook off Thurlowe's sulky ambition; he kept down Lord Grenville's pompous arrogance; and employing the aspiring briskness of Canning in the composition of paragraphs for the newspapers and epigrams on the Opposition, reigned contemptuous, alone, and inaccessible. To him the diligence, fearlessness, and the indefatigable fidelity of George Rose—qualities useful everywhere—were invaluable, and they were handsomely rewarded. Rose was of course the subject of perpetual obloquy to faction. But no man cared less for the opinion of the political world; he went on with the easy scorn due to its worthlessness, and after a career of signal prosperity, during which he saw his sons making their way effectively through the paths of opulence and honour, died in a good old age.

" Having incidentally mentioned Mr. Rose," says Sir Nathaniel, " I shall say a few words relative to him, and to his colleague, Mr. Steele, who were joint secretaries of the Treasury, during so long a series of years, under Pitt's Administration. Both were privy counsellors; yet hardly did Hogarth's good and bad apprentices present a stronger contrast towards the evening of their lives than was offered by Rose and Steele. Rose continued to be a member of the House of Commons, holding a great as well as lucrative employment—the Treasurership of the Navy—and affording the same support to Lord Liverpool's government which, thirty years before, he had afforded to Pitt's. Among the other instances of his good fortune, are not unjustly reckoned his possessing influence over a Hampshire borough—his obtaining knighthoods and baronetcies for his friends—his marrying his eldest son to a handsome heiress, and placing the second in the lucrative clerkship of the House of Lords. In addition, Rose acquired a very enviable and extensive landed property, thus realizing almost every part of a high and permanent fortune except one—the peerage. Not that he was oblivious of that distinction, which would have set the seal to all his former acquisitions; on the contrary, his son having married, in 1796, Miss Duncomb, in whose family there had once been an earldom—Feversham—common fame asserted that he aspired to elevate his grandsons, if not his son, to a seat in the House of Lords, by procuring for his daughter-in-law the title of Baroness Feversham.—Down to the present time, however, his family remain commoners. Lord Thurlowe, I believe, originally recommended him to Pitt. Indefatigable—methodical, and yet rapid—equal to, but not above, the business of the Treasury, he earned his reward by long and severe exertion. The Opposition reproached him with duplicity; and the 'probationary odes,' parodying the favourite air of the 'Rose,' assert that—

'No rogue that goes
Is like that *Rose*,
Or scatters such deceit.'

" But I knew him well in his official capacity, during at least twelve years, and I never found him deficient in honour or sincerity. I owe him this justice. It must likewise be recollected how difficult a task he had to perform, in keeping at bay yet not irritating or alienating, the crowd of ministerial claimants in both Houses of Parliament. During more than fifteen years he formed the mound on which those waves principally broke and spent their force. Rose's countenance bore the deep impression of care diffused over every feature. All the labours and conflicts of his office might be traced in its lineaments. Not so Steele. His face rather reminded us of a Bacchus or a Silenus, from its jollity, rotundity, and good-humour, than it impressed with ideas of ability or forethought. He was placed about Pitt by the powerful interest of the Duke of Richmond, his father being Recorder of Chichester, which city Steele represented in several Parliaments. His faculties, though good, were moderate, and would never, of themselves, have conducted him to any eminence in public life. But he rose through the gradations of office in a series of years, till he became one of the joint paymasters of the forces. On Pitt's resignation in 1801, he continued in place under Addington. But not having satisfactorily accounted for about £19,000 of the public money, he was called on to explain the deficiency, as Lord Holland had formerly been to a much larger amount, while holding the same employment. The sum, however, being replaced, Steele, whose social temper had procured him many friends, remained on the list of privy counsellors. But he retired into the political shade, and no longer stood prominent on the canvass, like his ancient friend Rose, who, at seventy, erect in mind and body, possessing all his intellect, active as well as able, still took his seat on the Treasury Bench." It may be further mentioned that Steele, who seems to have been at one time much in Pitt's confidence, attended him as his second in the memorable duel with Tierney.

From the Eclectic Review.

FORSTER'S LIFE OF BISHOP JEBB.

The Life of John Jebb, D. D., F. R. S., Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert, and Aghadoe. With a Selection from his Letters. By the Rev. Charles Forster, B. D., formerly Domestic Chaplain to Bishop Jebb. In Two Volumes, 8vo. pp. viii. 992. London, 1836.

OUR review of the Thirty Years' Correspondence between Bishop Jebb and his friend and master, Alexander Knox, will have made our readers tolerably well acquainted with the character of the learned Prelate whose Life is here presented to us by his fond and faithful chaplain. The life of an Irish Prelate might be expected to afford interesting materials as connected with the sphere of his episcopal duties: but, unfortunately, only four years after his elevation to the Episcopal Bench, Bishop Jebb was visited with a stroke of paralysis, which, though it left the faculties of his mind unscathed, broke down his active powers, and removed him permanently from his diocese. The greater part of his clerical life was spent in the unobtrusive discharge of his parochial duties, as the incumbent of a benefice in a wild part of Ireland. We have, in these volumes, therefore, the memoirs of a retired scholar, rather than of one whose career was blended with the stirring movements of the times in which he lived.

Bishop Jebb was born at Drogheda, September 27, 1775, where his grandfather, who was of an English family, had settled as a merchant early in the last century. His father pursued trade, ultimately with bad success, but was much respected and beloved for his virtues. John, his second son, was, in consequence of his father's commercial misfortunes, adopted by a widowed aunt, to whose instructions, and those of her sister, he was indebted for his early education and the first rudiments of religious knowledge. His brother Richard, who was ten years older than himself, succeeded, in 1788, to the property of his relative, Sir Richard Jebb, Bart.; and his first act, after that accession of property, was, to take upon himself the charge of his brother's education. John was in consequence removed from Celbridge School, near Leixlip, at which he had been placed for the sake of convenience, and which afforded few advantages, to a school of a very superior description at Derry. That good and generous brother afterwards rose to the second justice of the King's Bench in Ireland: and well did he deserve the good fortune which attended him, and which he piously ascribed to the favour of Divine Providence. "I have never known," says Mr. Forster, "a stronger sense of special providence, than in the case of this distinguished layman."

"One saying of his to myself, I shall record for the benefit of others:—'It is my full conviction, from my own actual experience, that, if a man would only habituate himself to survey the events of his past life, under this aspect, he would see the hand of Providence as distinctly marked, as the towns and countries upon a map.'"

The more than fraternal affection which united the two brothers, is a very pleasing and honourable trait in the character of each. After maintaining his younger brother "as a gentleman" in college, till the death of their father in 1796, Richard made over to him £2000, in lieu of his share of the paternal property, which was not worth £1200. "To this good brother," writes the Bishop, "I owe my education, my rank in society, and myself. To me and to my sisters he was a parent, when our own was sinking under infirmities, bodily and mental; almost deprived of sight; and, at times, labouring under a partial aberration of his faculties." Biography is never more usefully employed than in recording such exemplary displays of the unobtrusive private virtues. Of Bishop Jebb's career at college, the following account is given from the pen of a distinguished contemporary.

"He entered the Dublin University in 1791, and almost immediately became distinguished as a sound and elegant

> scholar. This was the golden age of the University: never was there a period in its history when science and polite literature were so ardently cultivated, and so closely united. Among his contemporaries, ... Jebb shone not the least conspicuous: he won the honours of the University nobly, and he wore them unenvied; for his amiable temper, his kind heart, and his utter disregard of self, had endeared him to all. His success at the scholarship examination seemed to be a personal triumph by every member of the University, but himself."

Various plans were suggested for Mr. Jebb's destination in life. The church, in his brother's estimation, afforded but a poor prospect; but the turn of his own mind led him strongly to "hanker after it." "You will live and die a curate," said the lawyer: this, however, did not deter him; and an overture from his early friend, Mr. Knox, which opened "professional prospects of the fairest kind," determined his course of life. Mr. Jebb was ordained deacon by Dr. Young, Bishop of Clonfert, in February, 1799; and he thus describes his feelings on the occasion.

> "On the day of my ordination, I had, I trust, a solemn sense of what I was doing. The ordination sermon of Mr. (afterwards Dean) Graves, affected me even to tears. Would that I had ever after undeviatingly felt as I felt during that hour! *Too many were ordained that day:* an amiable facility was a foible of the great-minded and simple-hearted Bishop Young."

We must not, however, pass over the amusing account of his visit to England in the summer vacation of 1796, and his pedestrian tour, in company with two college friends, "the highly gifted John William Reid, and the eccentric Hugh George Macklin."

> "Appearing in the questionable shape of Irish strollers, they, not unnaturally, apprehended that the civil authorities might choose to make inquiry, at the period of general alarm about the state of Ireland, into their real character and objects. They, therefore, arm d themselves, not with deadly weapons, but with certificates under the broad seal of the city of Dublin, signed by the lord mayor. These municipal vouchers, however, they never had occasion to produce, except for the amusement of their friends. Upon this tour, they carried with them all necessary changes of linen, &c. in two knapsacks; a violin, in a canvass bag, was slung, by turns, on the shoulders of him who escaped, for the day, a knapsack; a flute was in the pocket of Mr. Macklin; Mr. Reid played well on the violin; and wherever they went, among the peasantry, the farmers, and the gentry, 'the concord of sweet sounds' proved acceptable. 'Never,' observes Mr. Jebb, 'did I experience from all classes, more genuine hospitality; and, whatever may have been the experience of others, for myself, and for my friends, with whom, on this and on other occasions, I have crossed the Irish Channel, I must say, that we ever found the hearts, the houses, and (had it been necessary) the purses, also, of Englishmen open to us. With them, performance always outgoes profession: what a man finds them *now*, unless it be his own fault, he will infallibly find them ten years hence: win them once, and you have them always.'"
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> "Among other curiosities, the travellers visited the celebrated Dr. Darwin, whose 'Botanic Garden' had many attractions for Mr. Jebb's youthful fancy; and retained its place, until his ripening judgment was revolted by the vicious splendour of the versification. By this singular man they were hospitably received; and found his conversation interesting, unless when tinctured by his infidelity. From his society, they brought away much exemplary warning, some useful information, and one good repartee. Dr. Darwin, it is well known, was a great stammerer: a tactless guest broadly noticed the defect, remarking, 'It is a pity, Dr. Darwin, that you stutter so much.' "No, sir,' rejoined the doctor, (doing ample justice to his impediment as he spoke,) 'I consider it an advantage: it teaches me to *think*, before I *speak*.'
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> "The concluding anecdote of this tour, a practical comment on his eulogy of the hospitality of England, deserves to be recorded in Bishop Jebb's own words. . . . . 'One little anecdote I cannot suppress. We crossed over from Portsmouth, to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. In the evening, we went to Newport in a stage coach, with another and unknown gentleman for our companion. There we passed a few hours together; and the next morning, after breakfasting at the same table, proceeded to Yarmouth; we on foot, and our new acquaintance on horseback. There, after an early dinner, we were to part, and we parted with mutual regret; but not till our companion earnestly requested that we would favour him with our company, at his house in Berkshire, for a fortnight; where he would try to make the country as agreeable to us as he could. I expressed the regret of our trio, that we could not avail ourselves of his great kindness; being limited in point of time. Our friend (for such he proved himself) blushed, hesitated, and at length with difficulty faltered out, . . 'Gentlemen, I beg pardon . . . I am about to take a great liberty . . . but, perhaps, there may be some other limitation.' And then, drawing forth a large and well-filled pocket-book, ... 'May I intreat,' said he, 'that you will indulge me, by accepting any sum for which you may have occasion: you can pay it at your leisure, on your return to Ireland.' . . . I, being the purse-bearer, was able to escape his kind solicitations, only by giving ocular demonstration, that we had sufficient resources: and we parted, never, in this world, to meet again. His name was Alexander Viner, a dealer in hops, resident near Hungerford, Berks."

Mr. Jebb's first appointment was to the curacy of Swanlibar, then a place of fashionable resort for its medicinal waters. His duties here were arduous; and the first seeds of that ill health which eventually broke down his constitution, are supposed by his Biographer to have been sown by the colds repeatedly caught while discharging his parochial functions in this place. His own retrospective strictures on this period of his clerical course, are instructive.

> "All this while, and I would it were restricted to this time, I was far from the true character of the minister of Christ. My religion, I verily believe, was sincere as far as it went. But it was defective in depth and in extent. And, even according to my own inadequate views, though sincere, I was not consistent. I had not the least conscientious scruple against playing cards, frequenting balls, and joining in scenes both of morning and evening dissipation."

Between his leaving Swanlibar, and entering upon the curacy of Magorban near Cashel, under the fostering wing of his friend and patron, Archbishop Brodrick, in 1804, a very decided change took place in his character, upon which he makes the following reflections:

> "From what I have already said, a change in my views and habits was essential to my progress as a Christian and as a minister. But, had this change taken place while I remained in the diocese of Kilmore, it could scarcely fail to be remarked by my associates; it must, in all likelihood, have drawn down upon me the name of methodist, or enthusiast; and such a name must have impeded me in my particular walk of usefulness: nor is it improbable, that it might, ultimately, have thrown me into the hands, in pure self-defence, of persons sectarian in their views; and so have made me what I was called. On the other hand, had this change taken place *after* my removal to Cashel, it must have been attended with all the above disadvantages; and with this, in addition, that, by not showing, at Cashel, *qualis ab incepto*, I might have failed of whatever beneficial influence attaches to steadiness of character; and might, in many respects, have embarrassed, rather than assisted, the good Archbishop. How advantageous, then, the year of interval. In this period, I gradually, naturally, and by the joint influence of conversation, reading, and solitary thought, threw off many of my old views and habits. Inch by inch I fought my ground: but, in a few months, I gave up dancing, card-playing, and the theatre; not, I humbly conceive, on narrow sectarian grounds, but on solid, rational, and even philosophical principles. As I said, I fought my way; I yielded only to ratiocinative and moral conviction; and whatever inconsistencies, incongruities, and aberrations there were in other respects, (may God, of his great mercy, forgive them!) in these palpable, and, as I am deeply satisfied, most important matters, there was not, from January, 1804, any wavering. There may have been progress afterwards, (that it has been small, and, in many particulars, scarcely, if at all, perceptible, I am deeply humbled to reflect,) but there was no marked visible change: the testimony of my private conversation, my public teaching, and my observable habits, has been uniformly consistent; and I hope I have, however imperfectly, yet sincerely and honestly sought, in these things, the glory of my heavenly master."

No further explanation is given by the Bishop, of the immediate instrumentality which produced this change; but, towards the close of the narrative, we meet with the following interesting passage:—

> "Mr. Wilberforce he regarded, if possible, with still deeper veneration (than Mrs. H. More.) Nor have I ever known him to experience higher enjoyment, than when, in the winter of 1829, he passed some days at Highwood Hill, Middlesex, under the roof, and in the free converse, of that illustrious friend and benefactor of his kind. But, while aware of his feelings towards him, it was not until death had separated between them, that I fully understood the nature and amount of the Bishop's obligations; then it was that, for the first and only time, he mentioned to me, that to Mr. Wilberforce, and the perusal of his View of Christianity, he owed his *first* personal impression of experimental religion."

During the whole of Mr. Jebb's stay at Cashel, (1804—1810,) "the house, the intimacy, and the family of the Archbishop, afforded him much enjoyment." His intercourse with Mr. Knox was kept up by frequent correspondence, as well as by periodical visits to Dublin. About Christmas 1807, some conversations with this erudite friend first directed his attention to the *parallelisms* of the New Testament; and the investigations thus suggested, pursued at distant intervals, were at length given to the public, in his "Sacred Literature," in the spring of 1820.

In June 1810, Mr. Jebb was presented to the rectory of Abington, in the county of Limerick, where he resided for more than twelve years. The concluding sentence of the autobiographical notes which the Bishop left behind him, and which break off at this period, contains his reflections upon this change of situation.

> "I left Cashel in deep sorrow. And for weeks and months, Abington, without a single congenial associate, and without any field of parochial exertion, was to me a dreary wilderness. But the good hand of Providence was, I doubt not, in this whole transaction. This hermitage, so remote, so retired, and apparently so ill-adapted to my habits, became the scene of my best, and happiest exertions: nor do I think a settlement in any other spot of the empire, could, in so many ways, have elicited whatever powers it has pleased God to give me. Often, indeed, during the twelve years and a half that I passed there, my heart and spirit have sunk within me; but I was enabled, from time to time, to recruit and rally. Often, have almost all my friends regretted, that I was buried in the desert; but they little knew, nor was I properly conscious myself, that there was manna in the desert, and living waters from the rock. I can now look back with gratitude to my long sojourning there; and, were it not that I have had such experience of a graciously protecting power, above me, and around me, I should now tremble at what may await me, in the new and arduous sphere, on which I am about to enter:—may it be ordered (if it be for my everlasting good) that the see of Limerick shall be to me but half so productive of use, and of enjoyment, as the quiet rectory of Abington!"

It speaks strongly in proof of Mr. Jebb's amiable character, and the benign influence of his manners upon the Catholic peasantry, that, at a time when the county of Tipperary was in open insurrection, and the adjoining county of Limerick was on the eve of being also placed under the restrictions of the Insurrection Act, the parish of Abington, which had formerly been a very troublesome district, remained in a state of perfect quiet. In a letter to a relative, dated August 20, 1815, Mr. Jebb writes:—

> "You will be glad to know, that I found this neighbourhood in perfect tranquillity and peace. No manner of disturbance has occurred here since I left home; and I am in hopes matters may so remain. We can leave the doors unguarded, and move freely, at all hours; and I am told, from good authority, that, individually, I am very popular among the inhabitants; more so than would have been imagined till my long absence called forth their feelings."

Up to this period, his parish, peopled almost entirely by Roman Catholics, had afforded little scope for pastoral labour; but, towards the close of 1816, an event of peculiar interest occurred, which may be considered as having put his popularity to a severe test. A gentleman of an old Roman Catholic family, "connected both with the hierarchy and the aristocracy of that communion," but who had imbibed from early youth infidel principles, became converted at once from infidelity and from Romanism, by the perusal of a volume of Mr. Jebb's sermons, presented to his lady, who was one of the author's parishioners. In his last illness, although the Roman were attending him, he expressed an ar- desire to see Mr. Jebb; and the result of terview was his determination to die in the and communion of the Protestant Church. particulars are highly interesting; and it is rkable that

> happy result on this occasion of Mr. Jebb's min- labours, did not produce the least unpleasant feeling of the Roman Catholic population, nor the tement of kindness and good-will on that of Catholic priesthood; although, to the latter espe- whole case and circumstances were necessarily On the contrary, it seemed to be the universal it all was fair and above board; and the peasantry ighborhood openly expressed their honest plea- ing the clergymen of the parish do their duty."

ground-work of Mr. Jebb's popularity in the unaffected kindness and confi- with which he uniformly treated the pea- In this respect, he appears to have set mirable example to his clerical brethren; must transcribe the account which is of his deportment towards his parishion-

> his correspondence with Mr. Knox, about this date describes the manner of that intercourse: "In trying times, it has been my lot, in common with udes of my brethren, to suffer my share of pecuniary eniences; it is gratifying, however, to feel, that I not the least reason to complain of my parishioners, at we are mutually, on the best possible terms; nor, part, shall any fair and manly efforts be wanting, to things as they are; it has been my effort to blend with conciliation; to act with the confidence of a who is not afraid; and to let it be seen that, in the sions which humanity, and, during the depreciation of ltural produce, justice itself would demand, not even spicion of danger is an ingredient."
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> While acting on the principles, and in the spirit, here sed, his every act of kindness, whether in the shape uniary remission, or of pecuniary aid, was peculiarly nd valued for this further cause,—that he who showed lf thus liberal of his substance, was, at least, equally ring of his personal trouble. Whenever applied to, as found always ready to hear the case of the appli- ; to advise them for the best; to draw up their peti- ; to write letters to the proper quarters, in behalf of widows, or children, or next of kin, of soldiers, or connected with Abington, or its neighbourhood: at- me gratefully appreciated by the acute and observant ntry; who well knew Mr. Jebb's value for his time, his studies; and whom, in common with their coun- n, he has justly described, as more sensible to the er, than to the *matter* of kindness.
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> n his natural manner, when conversing, kindness lended with authority: this, too, had its effect upon eople. Even when he addressed them most kindly, was a certain command in his manner; which, it rather heightened the effect of his benevolence, al- kept alive the sense of respect and subordination. s personal intercourse with the population, he had bject habitually in view, . . to raise them above their revailing habits of servility, by awakening, or en- uring to awaken, their self-respect; by 'telling them were men;' and teaching them to look, and speak, stand erect, as free-born human beings. Surprising as, at first sight, it may seem, it was on these occasions, that the authority of his manner became most observable. From the unhappy circumstances of the country, labouring at once, under the crying evils of the absentee system, and under the consequent oppressions and exactions of the system of middle-men, the Irish peasantry had unhappily learnt to substitute, for the reality of respect, the outward shew of a fawning and cringing servility, in addressing their superiors. This, Mr. Jebb could not endure: his nature rose against it: . . as they stood before him, in whatever weather, with their hats in their hands, he would first request them to put on their hats; observing, that he could not bear to see them remain uncovered; if this did not succeed (as was frequently the case), he would desire them to put their hats on, or he must take his off. While, even thus, compliance was procured with difficulty, his motive became soon understood; and the result, uniformly, was, an increased respect for him, if not for themselves."

In a letter to Dr. Southey, on the subject of Wesleyan Methodism in Ireland, dated December 26, 1817, we find the following instructive remarks upon the sources of the national attachment to the Popish faith.

> "'I have not spoken of the influence of the Roman Catholic priests: this would, doubtless, be largely and vehemently exerted, to keep their flocks from the infection of methodism; but I do not think there has been much occasion to call it into exercise. Our Roman Catholic population cling to their religion, with all its grossnesses; they love it, as the faith of their fathers; they would fight for it, as the religion of Irishmen; they revere it, as what they believe to be the exclusively genuine catholic and apostolic christianity; and, on all these grounds, I think it would be idle and extravagant to expect much accession, from the ranks of popery, to the ranks of methodism. It must be added, too, that the Irish Romanists, have, within their own system, substitutes for the most fascinating features of Wesleyan methodism. Their priests, like the itinerant methodist preachers, are drawn from their own rank of life; the practice of oral confession corresponds to the practices observed in the class and band meetings; and the number of religious confraternities, into which the lowest and least educated can gain admission, constitute as it were, a thorough system of methodism, within the heart of popery itself. It may now be asked, Are the poor deluded victims to be for ever outcasts, without an effort for their recovery? I would answer, that, bad as things unquestionably are, there is still much religion among them, and that religion is progressive; that they have a submission to the will of God, as *his* will, which I never have met, in equal vigour and producibility, among the lower classes of protestants; that they submit with resignation to sickness, want, famine, as to visitations sent by the Almighty, instead of clamouring against them, as injuries inflicted by the misrule of man; that their habits, though slowly, are yet certainly improving; and that I trust they are advancing towards a preparedness for that state of things, when an improvement in the Roman Catholic priesthood, and Roman Catholic gentry, will open a door for a reformation of the body at large.'"

The work upon which Bishop Jebb's literary reputation chiefly rests, his "Sacred Literature," on its publication in 1820, met with a reception favourable far beyond the Author's moderate expectations, though not exceeding what was due to "the only original work of Scripture criticism produced since the day of Bishop Lowth:"—an encomium which reads like the severest satire upon the Establishment whose proudest boast is the munificent bounty which she affords to scholarship. In the November of the same year, Mr. Jebb was presented, by the Archbishop of Cashel, to the archdeaconry of Emly, as a token of his Grace's approbation of his services. In 1821, an insurrection again broke out, of which the county of Limerick was the focus; and the local position of Abington rendered it peculiarly important to prevent its spreading into that hitherto peaceable district. A young man of daring spirit, under the impulse of grateful feeling for an act of kindness that had been shewn to him, waited on Archdeacon Jebb, and, apprising him of the impending troubles, offered the services of himself and his clan to avert the danger.

> " Archdeacon Jebb instantly saw all the prospective advantages, and cordially entered into the good spirit, of this unprecedented proposition. In the moment in which the proposal was made, his resolution was taken: when * * * * * withdrew, he immediately said, 'I will see our friend Mr. Costello (the Roman Catholic parish priest of Abington,) and propose to him our holding a meeting, next Sunday, after divine service, in his chapel; in order to our entering into resolutions for the preservation of the peace, in our hitherto peaceable and loyal parish.' The proposition was made and met in the same spirit. The Roman Catholic pastor entered cordially into his views: and it was agreed, that, upon the following Sunday (December 16,) the clergy of the two communions should meet, after morning service, in the chapel of Murroe; and the Protestant rector, and the Roman Catholic priest, should successively address the people, from the altar: 'a transaction (Mr. Jebb truly observes to Mr. Knox,) the like of which I suppose never occurred since the Reformation.' The appointed day arrived; and we proceeded, accompanied by General Bourke, after church service, to the chapel. Having ascertained that the celebration of mass was over, we entered; advanced, through a crowded congregation, to the altar; and Archdeacon Jebb having been presented, at the close of an impressive exhortation to his flock, by the priest, he addressed the people from the altar, for fully half an hour. He was heard with breathless attention: some were affected to tears. All eyes were rivetted upon him, as he told the men of Abington, that he lived among them without a fear; that his doors were unbolted, his windows unbarred, . . and that they should remain so; for the only safeguard he sought, was IN THE HEARTS OF HIS PARISHIONERS:* that he had now lived among them more than ten years; and had always found them, what he knew he should ever find them, a loyal, peaceable, and an affectionate people.' By men, women, and even the little children, this appeal was eagerly listened to; and the Resolutions, which he held in his hand, and which were proposed for adoption at its close, were received with a silent, but unanimous lifting up of hands; the children, immediately in front of the altar, strained their little arms, that their hands, too, might be seen. . . At this affecting sight, several persons, at the same instant, cried out, . . 'The very children are lifting their hands!' The farmers and peasantry emulously crowded to the altar-rail, to subscribe their names, or their marks, to the proposed Resolutions; and what they then voluntarily promised, when the hour of trial came, they manfully performed. While the whole surrounding country became a scene of fire and bloodshed, Abington parish, to the end of the disturbances, continued (to borrow the expression of a distinguished statesman,† who paid a visit to Archdeacon Jebb immediately after their termination,) 'like Gideon's fleece, the only inviolate spot.' Higher testimony was afterwards borne, from an humbler quarter. An eminent English barrister happened to pass through the disturbed country at the time, travelling between Waterford and Limerick. As the coach passed within sight of Abington Glebe, the coachman pointed towards the house, distant about four miles, and invited the passengers to look at it: 'That house,' he said, 'is the residence of Archbishop Jebb; the parish in which it stands is the only quiet district in the country; and its quiet is entirely owing to the character and exertions of the Protestant rector.'"

It afterwards transpired, that some threats had been held out of a hostile visit to the parish and to the Glebe-house, on the part of the neighbouring insurgents, to punish the people of Abington for their loyalty; upon which, "this true-hearted people had voluntarily and secretly pledged themselves to each other, that any attempt upon Abington Glebe should be the signal for the parish to rise *en masse* upon the stranger assailants." But the threatened attempt was never made. Archdeacon Jebb had shortly afterwards a gratifying opportunity of rewarding the exemplary conduct of the people. The London Committee formed for the relief of the Irish poor in consequence of the famine of 1822, having placed £300 of the surplus fund at his disposal, he resolved to appropriate a portion of the bounty in providing work, by undertaking to lower a steep and difficult hill which obstructed the market road to Limerick. The residue (more than two-thirds) was expended, under his direction, in providing a supply of wheels and reels, to introduce among his parishioners the linen manufacture, which were gratuitously distributed among them.

Such a man deserves to be raised to the highest rank in the Establishment; and it did credit to the Government, that, in the November following, Archdeacon Jebb was appointed to the see of Limerick, vacant by the translation of Bishop Elrington to that of Ferns. His return from Dublin as bishop elect, was hailed with universal joy. He was met, on the border of his parish, by a body of the peasantry, who, taking off the horses, drew his carriage, preceded by a band of rustic music, to the Glebe; and this expression of attachment was followed by an affectionate address from his Roman Catholic parishioners, drawn up by the Roman Catholic pastor, with his signature at its head. If the Irish Church Establishment had been the means of stationing in every parish a resident ecclesiastic of the same character as the amiable Rector of Abington,—had it been to any adequate extent subservient to this important political object,—although the tithe system, which makes the Protestant clergy dependent on the immediate contributions of the Catholic peasantry, would still have been the worst possible method of supporting them, yet, the advantage accruing to the State might have seemed to counterbalance the grievance "Take away the fabric of our Established Church," says Bishop Jebb, "and you take away the *nucleus* of our national improvement. A resident gentry we have not: a substantial yeomanry we have not: a body of capitalled manufacturers we have not. Humanly speaking, I do not see what it is, in the least improved parts of Ireland, that we have to rest upon, except the clergy. Here, it is the only sure provision extant of disseminating, through all quarters of the land, the wildest and most remote equally with the most cultivated and peopled, an educated, enlightened, and morally influential class." Now all this is very plausible *in theory;* but the argument overlooks one important condition, requisite in order to the beneficial working of the scheme; namely, that the clergy should be of the same religion as the people. Viewing the subject simply in its political bearings, the Established Church of Ireland ought to be the Romish. How is it possible that the clergy of an alien faith can form a link between the Government and the people? The Rector of Abington exemplified, by his prudent and conciliatory conduct, the possibility of disarming hostility, and of triumphing over bigotry. But such rare instances are not to be calculated upon, in forming, or in defending, general plans of policy; nor can the tendencies of a system be judged of by cases which form an exception to the general practice. Mr. Jebb was no ordinary specimen of a Protestant incumbent; and indeed, by the evangelical portion of the established clergy, his conduct and sentiments were viewed as indicating a leaning towards Romanism scarcely compatible with Protestant orthodoxy. After his elevation to the Bench, he continued to adhere to the same policy by which he had been guided in the intercourse with his parishioners at Abington.

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* " An extraordinary proof of the strength of this safeguard, Mr. Jebb had experienced some years previously. A man of noted character, connected with a gang of robbers, had lived within a stone's throw of Abington Glebe; after committing many distant depredations, it was at last determined on, by this robber and two of his companions, to attack the Glebe-house. Knowing the defenceless state of the house, they met, accordingly, at night, armed with blunderbusses, on the steps of the hall-door; when the wife of the leader of the gang, our near neighbour, discovering their intention, suddenly made her appearance; and declared, that, 'if any of them raised a hand to attack Mr. Jebb's house, she would herself swear against and prosecute them, though it were her own husband.' The robbers were at once panic-struck; and retired without raising any alarm; leaving the inmates of the house wholly unconscious of their danger and deliverance. *Tierney* (the husband, and head of the gang,) afterwards fled the country: when the fact transpired."

† " The present Right Hon. Chancellor of the Exchequer, who will, I know, permit me to number him among the friends of Bishop Jebb."

> "As in the humbler station, he had been on the best and happiest terms with the Roman Catholic priests and their flock, so, in the higher, he became on terms equally good and happy with the Roman Catholic bishop and his clergy. The venerable Bishop Toughy, while he conversed with him as a friend, honoured him as a Christian bishop, and advisedwith him as fellow-labourers in the vineyard of their common Lord. The spirit of their ecclesiastical superior diffused itself among the Roman Catholic priesthood of Limerick. And one of the last walks taken by Bishop Jebb through the streets of that city, presented the gratifying sight of the Protestant bishop walking arm-in-arm with a Roman Catholic priest; who, on taking leave, turned and bent the knee, as to his own ecclesiastical superior."

Yet, with all his kindly feelings towards his Roman Catholic fellow subjects, Bishop Jebb was strongly opposed to their being admitted, under any modification, to political power. In the second year of his episcopate, Bishop Jebb was summoned to Parliament as one of the representative bishops of the Irish Church; and upon the Irish Tithe Commutation Bill being brought forward by the Earl of Liverpool in the House of Lords (June 10, 1824,) he delivered a speech which occupied three hours, and which Mr. Wilberforce pronounced to be "one of the most able ever delivered in parliament." The early part of the summer of 1825, he devoted to the visitation of his diocese; and he did not revisit England till the following year. He had suffered from occasional attacks of indisposition; but no alarming appearances had preceded the stroke of paralysis which, in April, 1827, deprived him of the use of his right hand, and rendered him for the remainder of his days an invalid. For several days previous to the stroke, Mr. Forster informs us, he had been engaged in the study of Bishop Hall's Contemplations, with him a favourite work; and on the evening of the attack, the work lay open upon his study-table. Under this severe affliction, his serene composure and meek resignation unequivocally bespoke the genuine character of his piety. The deepest interest in his recovery was expressed by all classes of the population. On the ensuing Sunday, prayers were publicly offered up on his behalf in the principal Roman Catholic chapel of Limerick; and the officiating priest is stated to have previously addressed his congregation in the following terms:—"I have fifteen thousand poor in my parish; let them and all of us pray, falling now upon our knees, for the good Bishop of Limerick. None before have done as *he* has done for the poor: never will they have such another benefactor."

Deprived of the use of the hand which held his ready pen, Bishop Jebb applied himself with his usual decision, to cultivate the use of his left; and in a few months, he acquired the power of writing with facility. He was thus enabled still to employ his time in his favourite literary occupations, and in editing several volumes for the press. In May 1829, a second attack of paralysis reduced him to a state of distressing infirmity; but, happily, its effects fell almost entirely on the limbs previously affected; and with unflagging ardour, he conducted through the press a volume of Dr. Townson's sermons, and two volumes of "Practical Theology," his last original publication in theology. Subsequently to this, he published, under the title of "Pastoral Instructions," a selection from his own former publications, designed especially as a token of affectionate remembrance for the clergy of his diocese; also, in 1831, a biographical memoir of Dr. Phelan, and, in the following year, his edition of Burnet's Lives. Of the state of his religious feelings under the pressure of bodily weakness and suffering, Mr. Forster gives the following very pleasing account.

"In February, 1832, he observed to me, in the manner of one thinking aloud, . . 'When I think of past, and passing events, I feel not only resigned, but full of gratitude to Providence, for withdrawing me, by illness, from active life, during the last five years. It has saved me so much thankless anxiety, where it would have been impossible to do any good; and I have had great positive enjoyment in my retirement.' Again, in July 1833, a few months only before his departure, as we sat together after dinner, at East Hill, the thoughts uppermost in his mind were thus beautifully expressed, in the manner of soliloquy: . . 'Well, the more I think of it, the more I am full of wonder and thankfulness at the goodness of Providence to me. My illness, instead of a trial, has been made a source of continual delight and enjoyment. I am placed by it in this delightful situation. While I have the comfort to feel, that it is not my own doing; that all has been done for me. God has taken me into his own hands; and I have only to acquiesce in the Divine will.' A few evenings after, having rung the bell to go to rest, he said, in a tone that went irresistibly to the heart, 'It's a pleasant thing, Mr. Forster, to be brought to the state of *a little child; to be put to bed;* to see it coming on: I thank God for it!' The heavenly expression of his countenance, as he thus gave vent to 'the abundance of the heart,' was a living comment upon our Lord's words, 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God *as a little child*, shall in no wise enter therein.' At an earlier period of his illness, alluding, in conversation with a friend, to his helpless state, and his consequent dependence upon others, he added, in the same resigned spirit, . . 'My illness has been no trial to me. I never loved bodily exercise; and, while my servants are good enough to think it not a trouble to carry me up and down stairs, I have every cause to be happy and thankful.' Speaking one evening of *imaginary* trials, he happened to say, . . 'I have had my share of trials,' . . but, instantly correcting himself, added, with earnest emphasis, 'God forgive me for saying so! I have been most graciously dealt with. My trials have been few and slight indeed. I meant only to say, that I had had some; sufficient to give me experience of what trial is.'"

In November, 1833, the Bishop was seized with an attack of jaundice, which no medical skill could combat; and on the 9th of December he peacefully breathed his last, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

The second volume of the publication before us is entirely occupied with letters. From these, many interesting passages might be selected, and some that would tempt animadversion; but we shall confine ourselves to two extracts which will serve to illustrate, better than any formal portrait, the Bishop's character. The first occurs in a letter to the Rev. J. M'Cormick, dated Cashel, January, 1806.

"By education, by conviction, and by choice, I am, *what I conceive to be*, a thorough-paced Church-of-England man. The cant of a sect I cordially dislike; the uncouth phraseology, I had almost said, the pious jargon, which some good people delight in, is very revolting to my taste; and were I called upon to select my favourite authors, I should, almost without exception, cull them from the shining lights of our own establishment. Still, however, I am so much attached to the eclectic philosophy, that I will not be deterred by a name, or prevented by mere injudiciousness of manner, from gleaning truth wherever I can find it. Πανταχη την αληθειαν, I would wish to make my motto; and I shall never be ashamed to let Doddridge and Wesley appear in my little library, on the same shelf with Tillotson and Burnet." Vol. II. p. 75.

The other passage forms part of a letter to a friend, dated Abington Glebe, December 16, 1817.

"It seems to me to be not among the least blessings of inward religion, that it congenializes and cordializes human life; bringing into familiar, intimate, and almost domestic union, those who feel alike on this one great concern. Minor differences there may be, even in matters of scriptural truth; still more decided differences in what may be called matters of religious economy; but these need not, and I trust the cases may become more numerous where they will not, impede mutual charity. This, you will admit, is no unnatural train of thought for me to indulge in. I could expatiate upon it through pages; but to you it is altogether needless that I should. You found me almost a stranger, my friend entirely so; you took us to your own house, you made it ours, you made us feel as a part of your family; and this you did, knowing that, on several points, and some of them important ones, we differed from you, and from your friends. But you were willing to give us credit, and I trust not altogether gratuitously, for some unity of spirit. Thus received, we were truly happy in your family circle, if, in all points, we did not think alike; and thus feeling, we could hold sweet converse, without a single jarring note. Of this, I am confident there will be more in the world; meantime, I cannot but be grateful to a good Providence, that I have seen and enjoyed so much of it. We are all hastening to that light of Eternity, which will dissipate innumerable clouds and shadows, of ignorance, prejudice, and misconception, which have kept, and which still keep, too many good men strangers to each others' goodness. Happy is it for those, who can, in any measure, anticipate this light; who, beginning with benevolence, can proceed with complacency, even where their companions may view some difficult and doubtful matters, with other optics than their own. This, I do not say with an atom of that indifferentism, which, in the jargon of the present day, is often nicknamed catholicity. In matters vital, I could not yield or compromise a single jot; and, in matters subordinate, but which I count important, (and there are many such,) on fit occasions I would not shrink from close and manly discussion. But my creed is this, . . that, while errors, in matters vital, must destroy complacency, they should leave benevolence uninjured; and that, in matters subordinate, while both may require a frank and determined assertion of our principles, both benevolence and complacency ought to subsist in full vigour, . . always provided, that, on both sides, there exists a deep conviction of, and cordial attachment to, the vitals of our holy religion." *Ib.*, pp. 307—9.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician.

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK.

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude;
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due!"[*]

Look, reader, once more with the eye and heart of sympathy, at a melancholy page in the book of human life—a sad one, indeed, and almost the last that will be opened by one who has already laid several before you, and is about to take his departure!

It was pouring with rain one Wednesday, in the month of March 18—, about twelve o'clock, and had been raining violently the whole morning. Only one patient had called upon me up to the hour just mentioned—for how could invalids stir out in such weather? The wind was cold and bitter—the aspect of things without, in short, most melancholy and cheerless. "There are one or two poor souls," thought I, with a sigh, as I stepped from the desk at which I had been occupied for more than an hour writing, and stood looking over the blinds into the deserted and almost deluged street—"there are one or two poor souls that would certainly have been here this morning, according to appointment, but for this unfriendly weather. Their cases are somewhat critical—one of them especially—and yet they are not such as to warrant my apprehending the worst. I wish, by the way, I had thought of asking their addresses!—Ah—for the future I will make a point of taking down the residence of such as I may suspect to be in very humble or embarrassed circumstances. One can then, if necessary, call upon such persons—on such a day as this—at their own houses. There's that poor man, for instance, the bricklayer—he cannot leave his work except at breakfast time—I wonder how his poor child comes on! Poor fellow, how anxious he looked yesterday, when he asked me what I thought of his child! And his wife bed-ridden! Really I'd make a point of calling, if I knew where he lived! He can't afford a coach—that's out of the question. Well—it can't be helped, however!" With this exclamation, half uttered, I looked at my watch, rung the bell, and ordered the carriage to be at the door in a quarter of an hour. I was sealing one of the letters I had been writing, when I heard a knock at the street door, and in a few moments my servant showed a lady into the room. She was apparently about four or five-and-twenty; neatly but very plainly dressed; her features, despite an air of languor, as if from recent indisposition, without being strictly handsome, had a pleasing expression of frankness and spirit,—and her address was easy and elegant. She was, however, evidently flurried. She "hoped she should not keep me at home—she could easily call again"—— I begged her to be seated; and, in a quiet tone—at the same time proceeding with what I was engaged upon, that she might have a moment's interval in which to recover her self-possession—made some observations about the weather.

"It is still raining hard, I perceive," said I; "did you come on foot? Bless me, madam, why you seem wet through! Pray come nearer the fire"—stirring it up into a cheerful blaze—"shall I offer you a glass of wine, or wine and water? You look very chilly"——

"No, thank you, sir; I am rather wet, certainly, but I am accustomed to rain—I will, however, sit closer to the fire, if you please, and tell you in a few words my errand. I shall not detain you long, sir," she continued, in a tone considerably more assured; "the fact is, I have received a letter this morning from a friend of mine in the country, a young lady, who is an invalid, and has written to request I would call immediately upon some experienced physician, and obtain, as far as can be, his real opinion upon her case—for she fancies, poor girl! that they are concealing what is really the matter with her!"

"Well! she must have stated her case remarkably well, ma'am," said I with a smile, "to enable me to give any thing like a reasonable guess at her state without seeing her"——

"Oh—but I may be able to answer many of your questions, sir, for I am very well acquainted with her situation, and was a good deal with her, not long ago."

"Ah—that's well. Then will you be so kind," giving a monitory glance at my watch, "as to say what you know of her case? The fact is, I've ordered the carriage to be here in about a quarter of an hour's time, and have a long day's work before me!"

"She is—let me see, sir—I should say, about six years older than myself; that is, she is near thirty, or thereabouts. I should not think she was ever particularly strong. She's seen—poor thing!—a good deal of trouble lately." She sighed.

"Oh—I see, I understand! A little *disappointment—there's* the seat of the mischief, I suppose?" I interrupted, smiling, and placing my hand over my heart. "Isn't this really, now, the whole secret?"

"Why—the fact is—certainly, I believe—yes, I may say that love has had a good deal to do with her present illness—for it is *really* illness! She has been"—— she paused, hesitated, and—as I fancied—coloured slightly—"crossed in love—yes! She was to have been—I mean—that is, she ought to have been married last autumn, but for this sad affair"—— I bowed, looking again at my watch, and she went on more quickly to describe her friend as being naturally rather delicate—that this "disappointment" had occasioned her a great deal of annoyance and agitation—that it had left her now in a very low nervous way—and, in short, her friend suspected herself to be falling into a decline. That about two months ago she had had the misfortune to be run over by a chaise, the pole of which struck her on the right chest, and the horses' hoofs also trampled upon her, but no ribs were broken"——

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[*] Milton—*Lycidas.*

"Ah, *this* is the most serious part of the story, ma'am—this looks like real illness! Pray, proceed, ma'am. I suppose your friend after this complained of much pain about the chest—is it so? Was there any spitting of blood?"

"Yes, a little—no—I mean—let me see"——here she took out of her pocket a letter, and unfolding it, cast her eye over it for a moment or two, as if to refresh her memory by looking at her friend's statement.

"May I be allowed, ma'am, to look at the letter in which your friend describes her case?" I enquired holding out my hand.

"There are some private matters contained in it, sir," she replied quickly; "the fact is, there was some blood-spitting at the time, which I believe has not yet quite ceased."

"And does she complain of pain in the chest?"

"Yes—particularly in the right side."

"Is she often feverish at night and in the morning?"

"Yes—very—that is, her hands feel very hot, and she is restless and irritable."

"Is there any perspiration?"

"Occasionally a good deal—during the night."

"Any cough?"

"Yes, at times very troublesome, she says."

"Pray, how long has she had it?—I mean, had she it before the accident you spoke of?"

"I first noticed it—let me see—ah, about a year after she was married."

"*After she was married!*" I echoed, darting a keen glance at her. She coloured violently, and stammered confusedly—

"No, no, sir—I meant about a year after the time when she *expected* to have been married."

There was something not a little curious and puzzling in all this. "Can you tell me, ma'am, what sort of a cough it is?" I enquired, shifting my chair, so that I might obtain a distincter view of her features. She perceived what I was about, I think—for she seemed to change colour a little, and to be on the verge of shedding tears. I repeated my question. She said that the cough was at first very slight; so slight that her friend had thought nothing of it, but at length it became a dry and painful one. She began to turn very pale. A suspicion of the real state of the case flashed across my mind.

"Now, tell me, ma'am, candidly—confess! Are not you speaking of yourself? You really look ill!"

She trembled, but assured me emphatically that I was mistaken. She appeared about to put some question to me, when her voice failed her, and her eyes, wandering to the window, filled with tears.

"Forgive me, sir! I am so anxious about my friend,"—she sobbed—"she is a dear, kind, good"——her agitation increased.

"Calm—pray, calm yourself, ma'am—do not distress yourself unnecessarily! You must not let your friendly sympathies overcome you in this way, or you will be unable to serve your friend as you wish—as she has desired!"

I handed to her a bottle of smelling salts, and after pausing for a few moments, her agitation subsided.

"Well," she began again, tremulously, "what do you think of her case, sir? You may tell me candidly, sir,"—she was evidently making violent struggles to conceal her emotions—"for I assure you I will never make an improper use of what you may say—indeed I will not!—What do you really think of her case?"

"Why—if all that you have said be correct, I own I fear it is a bad case—certainly a bad one," I replied, looking at her scrutinizingly. "You have mentioned some symptoms that are very unfavourable."

"Do you—think—her case *hopeless*, sir?" she enquired in a feeble tone, and looking at me with sorrowful intensity.

"Why, that is a very difficult question to answer—in her absence. One ought to see her—to hear her tell her own story—to ask a thousand little questions. I suppose, by the way, that she is under the care of a regular professional man?"

"Yes, I believe so—no, I am not sure; she *has* been, I believe."

I felt satisfied that she was speaking of herself. I paused, scarce knowing what to say. "Are her circumstances easy? Could she go to a warmer climate in the spring, or early part of the summer? I really think that change of scene would do her greater good than any thing I could prescribe for her."

She sighed. "It might be so; but—I know it could not be done. Circumstances, I believe"—

"Is she living with her family? Could not *they*"——

"Oh no, there's no hope *there*, sir!" she replied with sudden impetuosity. "No, no; they would see both of us perish before they would lift a finger to save us," she added with increasing vehemence of tone and manner. "So now it's all out—my poor, poor husband!" She fell into violent hysterics. The mystery was now dispelled—it was her husband's case that she had been all the while enquiring about. I saw it all! Poor soul, to gain my candid, my *real* opinion, she had devised an artifice to the execution of which she was unequal; over estimating her own strength, or rather not calculating upon the severe tests she would have to encounter.

Ringing the bell, I summoned a female servant, who, with my wife (she had heard the violent cries of my patient), instantly made her appearance, and paid all necessary attentions to the mysterious sufferer, as surely I might call her. The letter from which—in order to aid her little artifice—she had affected to read, had fallen upon the floor. It was merely a blank sheet of paper, folded in the shape of a letter, and directed, in a lady's hand-writing, to "Mrs. Elliot, No. 5, —— street." This I put into my pocket-book. She had also, in falling, dropped a small piece of paper, evidently containing my intended fee, neatly folded up. This I slipped into the reticule which lay beside her.

From what scene of wretchedness had this unhappy creature come to me?

The zealous services of my wife and her maid presently restored my patient, at least to consciousness, and her first look was one of gratitude for their assistance. She then attempted, but in vain, to speak, and her tears flowed fast. "Indeed, indeed, sir, I am no impostor! and yet I own I have deceived you! but pity me! Have mercy on a being quite forsaken and broken-hearted! I meant to pay you, sir, all the while. I only wished to get your true opinion about my unhappy husband. Oh how very, very, very wretched I am! What is to become of us! So, my poor husband!—there's no hope! Oh that I had been content with ignorance of your fate!" She sobbed bitterly, and my worthy little wife exhibited so much firmness and presence of mind, as she stood beside her suffering sister, that I found it necessary gently to remove her from the room. What a melancholy picture of grief was before me in Mrs. Elliott, if that were her name. Her expressive features were flushed, and bedewed with weeping; her eyes swollen, and her dark hair, partially dishevelled, gave a wildness to her countenance, which added to the effect of her incoherent exclamations. "I do—I *do* thank you, sir, for your candour. I feel that you have told me the truth! But what is to become of us? My most dreadful fears are confirmed! But I ought to have been home before this, and am only keeping you"——

"Not at all, ma'am—pray don't"—

"But my husband, sir, is ill—and there is no one to keep the child but him. I ought to have been back long ago!" She rose feebly from her chair, hastily re-adjusted her hair, and replaced her bonnet, preparing to go. She seemed to miss something, and looked about the floor, obviously embarrassed at not discovering the object of her search.

"It is in your reticule, ma'am," I whispered—"and, unless you would affront and wound me, there let it remain. I know what you have been looking for—hush! do not think of it again. My carriage is at the door,—shall I take you as far as —— street? I am driving past it."

"No, sir, I thank you; but—not for the world! My husband has no idea that I have been here; he thinks I have been only to the druggist. I would not have him know of this visit on any account. He would instantly suspect all." She grew again excited. "Oh what a wretch I am! How long must I play the hypocrite! I must look happy, and say that I have hope when I am despairing, and him dying daily before my eyes! Oh how terrible will home be after this! But how long have I suspected all this!"

I succeeded, at length, in allaying her agitation, imploring her to strive to regain her self-possession before reappearing in the presence of her husband. She promised to contrive some excuse for summoning me to see her husband, as if in the first instance, as though it were the first time I had seen or heard of either of them, and assured me that she would call upon me again in a few day's time. "But, sir," she whispered, hesitatingly, as I accompanied her through the hall to the street door, "I am really afraid we cannot afford to trouble you often."

"Madam, you will greatly grieve and offend me if you ever allude to this again before I mention it to you. Indeed you will, ma'am," I added, peremptorily but kindly; and reiterating my injunctions, that she should let me soon see her, or hear from her again, I closed the door upon her, satisfied that ere long would be laid before me another dark page in the volume of human life.

Having been summoned to visit a patient somewhere in the neighbourhood of —— street that evening,—and being on foot, it struck me, as it was beginning again to rain heavily, that if I were to step into some one of the little shops close by, I might be sheltered a while from the rain, and also possibly gain some information as to the character and circumstances of my morning visitor. I pitched upon a small shop that was "licensed" to sell every thing, but especially groceries. The proprietor was a little lame old man, who was busy, as I entered, making up small packets of snuff and tobacco. He allowed the plea of the rain, and permitted me to sit down on the bench near the window. A couple of candles shed their dull light over the miscellaneous articles of merchandise with which the shop was stuffed. He looked like an old rat in his hoard!—He was civil and communicative, and I was not long in gaining the information I desired. He knew the Elliott's; they lived at number five, up two pair of stairs—but had not been there above three or four months. He thought Mr. Elliott was "ailing"—and for the matter of that, his wife didn't look the strongest woman in the world. "And pray what business, or calling is he?" The old man put his spectacles back upon his bald wrinkled head, and after musing a moment, replied, "Why, now, I can't take upon me to say, precisely like—but I think he's something in the city, in the mercantile way—at least I've got it into my head that he *has* been such; but he also teaches music, and I know she sometimes takes in needle-work."

"Needle-work! does she indeed? I echoed, taking her letter from my pocket-book, and looking at the beautiful—the fashionable hand in which the direction was written, and which, I felt confident, was her own. Ah!—then I suppose they're not over well to do in the world?"

"Why—you an't a-going to do any thing to them, sir, are you? May I ask if you're a lawyer, sir?"

"No, indeed, I am not," said I with a smile—"nor is this a writ! It's only the direction of a letter, I assure you; I feel a little interested about these people—at the same time, I don't know much about them, as you may perceive. Were not you saying that you thought them in difficulties ?"

" Why" he replied, somewhat re-assured—" maybe you're not far from the mark in that either. They deal here—and they pay me for what they have—but their custom an't very heavy! 'Deed they has uncommon little in the grocery way, but pays reg'lar—and that's better than them that has a good deal, and yet doesn't pay at all—an't it, sir ?" I assented. " They used, when they first came here, to have six-and-sixpenny tea and lump sugar, but this week or two back they've had only five-and-sixpenny tea, and worst sugar—but my five-and-sixpenny tea is an uncommon good article, and as good as many people's six shilling tea! only smell it, sir!" and whisking himself round, he briskly dislodged a japanned canister, and whipped off the lid, put a handful of the contents into it. The conclusion I arrived at was not a very favourable one—the stuff he handed me seemed an abominable compound of raisin-stalks and sloe-leaves. " They're uncommon economical, sir," he continued, putting back again his precious commodity, " for they makes two or three ounces of this do for a week—unless they goes elsewhere, which I don't think they do, by the way—and I'm sure they oughtn't—for, though I say it as shouldn't—they might go farther and fare worse, and without going a mile from here either—hem! By the way, Mrs. Elliott was in here not an hour ago, for a moment, asking for some sago, because she said Mr. Elliott had taken a fancy to have some sago milk for his supper to-night—it was very unlucky, I hadn't half a handful left! So she was obliged to go to the druggist at the other end of the street. Poor thing, she looked so vexed—for she has quite a confidence, like, in what she gets here!"

" True, very likely!—you said, by the way, you thought he taught music? what kind of music ?"

" Why, sir, he's rather a good hand at the flute, his landlady says,—so he comes into me about a month since, and he says to me, ' Bennet,' says he, ' may I direct letters for me to be left at your shop! I'm going to put an advertisement in the newspaper.' ' That, says I, depends on what it's about—what are you advertising for ?' (not meaning to be impudent,)—and he says, says he—' Why, I've taken it into my head, Bennet, to teach the flute, and I'm a-going to try to get some one to learn it to.' So he put the advertisement in—but he didn't get more than one letter, and that brought him a young lad—but he didn't stay long. 'Twas a beautiful black flute, sir, with silver on it—for Mrs. Hooper, his landlady—she's an old friend of my mistress, sir—showed it to us one Sunday, when we took a cup of tea with her, and the Elliotts was gone out for a walk. I don't think he can teach it *now*, sir"—he continued, dropping his voice—" for, betwixt you and I, old Browning, the pawnbroker, a little way up on the left hand side, has a flute in his window the very image of what Mrs. Hooper showed us that night I was speaking of. You understand me, sir? Pawned —or sold—I'll answer for it—a-hem!"

" Ah, very probably—yes, very likely!" I replied sighing—hoping my gossipping host would go on.

" And betwixt you and I, sir," he resumed, " it wasn't a bad thing for him to get rid of it, either; for Mrs. Hooper told us that Mr. Elliott wasn't strong-like to play on it; and she used to hear Mrs. Elliott (she is an uncommon agree-able young woman, sir, to look at, and looks like one that has been better off,) I was a-saying, however, that Mrs. Hooper used now and then to hear Mrs. Elliott cry a good deal about his playing on the flute, and 'spostulate to him on account of it, and say ' you know it isn't a good thing for you, dear.' Nor was it, sir—the doctors would say!"

" Poor fellow"—I exclaimed, with a sigh, not meaning to interrupt my companion—" of all things on earth—the *flute!*"

" Ah!" replied the worthy grocer, " things are in a bad way when they come to that pass—arn't they? But Lord, sir!" dropping his voice, and giving a hurried glance towards a door, opening, I suppose, into his sitting-room—" there's nothing partic'lar in *that*, after all. My mistress and I, even, have done such things before now, at a push, when we've been hard driven! You know, sir, poverty's no sin—is it ?"

" God forbid, indeed, my worthy friend!" I replied, as a customer entered, to purchase a modicum of cheese or bacon: and thanking Mr. Bennet for his civility in affording me so long a shelter, I quitted his shop. The rain continued, and, as is usually the case, no hackney-coach made its appearance till I was nearly wet through. My interest in poor Mrs. Elliott and her husband was greatly increased by what I had heard from the gossiping grocer. How distinctly, though perhaps unconsciously, had he sketched the downward progress of respectable poverty! I should await the next visit of Mrs. Elliott with some eagerness and anxiety. Nearly a week, however, elapsed before I again heard of Mrs. Elliott, who called at my house one morning when I had been summoned to pay an early visit to a patient in the country. After having waited nearly an hour for me, she was obliged to leave, after writing the following lines on the back of an old letter :—

> " Mrs. Elliott begs to present her respects to Doctor —— and to inform him, that if quite convenient to him, she would feel favoured by his calling on Mr. Elliott any time to-day or to-morrow. She begs to remind him of his promise, not to let Mr. Elliott suppose that Mrs. Elliott has told him any thing about Mr. Elliott, except *generally* that he is poorly. The address is, No. 5, —— street, near —— square."

About three o'clock that afternoon, I was at their lodgings in —— street. No. 5, was a small decent draper's shop; and a young woman sitting at work behind the counter, referred me, on enquiring for Mr. Elliott, to the private door, which she said I could easily push open—that the Elliott's lived on the second floor—but she thought that Mrs. Elliott had just gone out. Following her directions, I soon found myself ascending the narrow staircase. On approaching the second floor, the door of the apartment I took to be Mr. Elliott's was standing nearly wide open; and the scene which presented itself I paused for a few minutes to contemplate. Almost fronting the door, at a table, on which were several huge legers and account-books, sate a young man apparently about thirty, who seemed to have just dropped asleep over a wearisome task. His left hand supported his head, and in his right was a pen which he seemed to have fallen asleep almost in the act of using. Propped up, on the table, between two huge books, a little towards his left-hand side, sate a child, seemingly a little boy, and a very pretty one, so engrossed with some plaything or another as not to perceive my approach. I *felt* that this was Mr. Elliott, and stopped for a few seconds to observe him. His countenance was manly, and had plainly been once very handsome. It was now considerably emaciated, overspread with a sallow hue, and wore an expression of mingled pain and exhaustion. The thin white hand holding the pen, also bespoke the invalid. His hair was rather darker than his wife's—and being combed aside, left exposed to view an ample well-formed forehead. In short, he seemed a very interesting person. He was dressed in black, his coat being buttoned evidently for warmth's sake; for though it was March, and the weather very black and bitter, there was scarce any appearance of fire, in about the smallest grate I ever saw. The room was small, but very clean and comfortable, though not over-stocked with furniture—what there was being of the most ordinary kind. A little noise I made attracted, at length, the child's attention. It turned round, started, on seeing a stranger, and disturbed its father, whose eyes looked suddenly but heavily at his child, and then at my approaching figure.

“ Pray walk in,” said he, with a kind of mechanical civility, but evidently not completely roused from sleep—“ I—I—am very sorry—the accounts are not yet balenced,—very sorry—been at them almost the whole day.” He suddenly paused, and recollected himself. He had, it seems, mistaken me, at the moment, for some one whom he had expected.

“ Dr. ——;” said I, bowing, and advancing.

“ Oh! I beg your pardon, sir—pray walk in, and take a seat.” I did so. “ I believe Mrs. Elliott called upon you this morning, sir? I am sorry she has just stepped out, but she will return soon. She will be very sorry she was not at home when you called.”

“ I should have been happy to see Mrs. Elliot, but I understood from a few lines she left at my house, that this visit was to be paid to yourself—is it not so? Can I be of any assistance?”

“ Certainly! I feel far from well, sir. I have been in but middling health for some time—but my wife thinks me, I am sure, much worse than I really am, and frets herself a good deal about me.”

I proceeded to inquire fully into his case; and he showed very great intelligence and readiness in answering all my questions. He had detected in himself, some years ago, symptoms of a liver complaint, which a life of much confinement and anxiety had since contributed to aggravate. He mentioned the accident alluded to by Mrs. Elliott; and when he had concluded a singularly terse and distinct statement of his case, I had formed a pretty decisive opinion upon it. I thought there was strong tendency to hepatic phthisis, but that it might, with proper care, be arrested, if not even overcome. I expressed myself in very cautious terms.

“ Do you really, candidly think, sir, that I have a reasonable chance of recovering my health? he enquired, with a sigh, at the same time folding in his arms his little boy, whose concerned features, fixed in silence—now upon his father, and then upon me,—as each of us spoke, almost led me to think that he appreciated the grave import of our conversation.

“ Yes—I certainly think it probable—very probable—that you would recover, provided, as I said before, you used the means I pointed out.”

“ And the chief of those means are—relaxation, and country air?”

“ Certainly.”

“ You consider them essential?” he enquired, despondingly.

“ Undoubtedly. Repose, both bodily and mental—change of scene, fresh air, and some medical treatment”——

He listened in silence, his eyes fixed on the floor, while an expression of profound melancholy overspread his countenance. He seemed absorbed in painful reverie. I fancied that I could not mistake the subject of his thoughts; and ventured to interrupt them, by saying in a low tone—“ It would not be *very* expensive, Mr. Elliott, after all”——

“ Ah, sir—that *is* what I am thinking about,” he replied, with a deep sigh—and he relapsed into his former troubled silence.

“ Suppose—suppose, sir, I were able to go into the country and rest a little, *a twelvemonth hence*, and in the mean time attend as much as possible to my health—is it probable that it would not *then* be too late?”

“ Oh, come, Mr. Elliott—let us prefer the sunshine to the cloud,” said I with a cheerful air, hearing a quick step advancing to the door, which was opened, as I expected, by Mrs. Elliott, who entered breathless with haste.

“ How do you do, ma'am—Mrs. Elliott, I presume? said I, wishing to put her on her guard, and prevent her appearing to have seen me before.

“ Yes sir—Mrs. Elliott,” said she, catching the hint—and then turning quickly to her husband, “ how are you, love? I hope Henry has been good with you?”

“ Very—he's been a very good little boy,” replied Elliott, surrendering him to Mrs. Elliott, whom he was struggling to reach.

“ But how are you, dear?” repeated his wife, anxiously.

“ Pretty well,” he replied, adding with a faint smile, at the same time pushing his foot against mine, under the table. "As you would have Dr. ——, he is here; but we can't make out why you thought fit to summon him in such haste."

"A very little suffices to alarm a lady," said I, with a smile, "I was sorry, Mrs. Elliott, that you had to wait so long for me this morning—I hope it did not inconvenience you?" I began to think how I could manage to decline the fee I perceived they were preparing to give me, for I was obliged to leave, and drew on my gloves. "We've had a long *tête à tête*, Mrs. Elliott, in your absence. I must commit him to your gentle care—you will prove the better physician. He must submit to you in every thing; you must not allow him to exert himself too much over matters like these," pointing to the huge folios lying upon the table—"he must keep regular hours—and if you could all of you go to lodgings on the outskirts of the town, the fresh air would do all of you a world of good. You must undertake the case, ma'am—you must really pledge yourself to this"—— the poor couple exchanged hurried glances, in silence. *He* attempted a smile. "What a sweet little fellow is this," said I, taking their little child into my arms—a miracle of neatness and cleanliness—and affecting to be eagerly engaged with him. He came to me readily, and forthwith began an incomprehensible address to me about "Da, da"—"pa, pa"—"ma, ma"—and other similarly mysterious terms, which I was obliged to cut short by promising to come and talk again with him in a day or two. "Good day, Master Elliott!" said I, giving him back to his father, who at the same time slipped a guinea in my hand. I took it easily. "Come, sirrah," said I, addressing the child—"will you be my banker?" shutting his little fingers on the guinea.

"Pardon me—excuse me, doctor," interrupted Mr. Elliott, blushing scarlet, "this must not be. I really cannot"——

"Ah! may I not employ what banker I like?—Well—I'll hear what you have to say about it when we meet again.—Farewell for a day or two,"—and with these words, bowing hastily to Mrs. Elliott, who looked at me, through her tear-filled eyes, unutterable things, I hurried down stairs. It may seem sufficiently absurd to dwell so long upon the insignificant circumstance of declining a fee—a thing done by my brethren daily—often as a matter of course—but it is a matter that has often occasioned me no inconsiderable embarrassment. 'Tis really often a difficult thing to refuse a fee proffered by those one knows to be unable to afford it, so as not to make them uneasy under the sense of an obligation—to wound delicacy, or offend an honourable pride. I had, only a few days before, by the way, almost *asked* for my guinea from a gentleman worth many thousands a-year, and who dropped the fee into my hand as though it were a drop of his heart's blood.

I had felt much gratified with the appearance and manners of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, and disposed to cultivate their acquaintance. Both were too evidently oppressed with melancholy, which was not, however, sufficient to prevent my observing the simplicity and manliness of the husband, the fascinating frankness of the wife. How her eyes devoured him with fond anxiety! Often, while conversing with them, a recollection of some of the touching little details communicated by their garrulous grocer brought the tears for an instant to my eyes. Possibly poor Mrs. Elliott had been absent, either seeking employment for her needle, or taking home what she had been engaged upon—both of them thus labouring to support themselves by means to which *she*, at least, seemed utterly unaccustomed, as far as one could judge, from her demeanour and conversation. Had they pressed me much longer about accepting my fee, I am sure I should have acted foolishly; for when I held their guinea in my hand, the thoughts of their weekly allowance of an ounce or two of tea—their brown sugar—his pawned flute—almost determined me to defy all delicacy, and return them their guinea doubled. I could enter into every feeling, I thought, which agitated their hearts, and appreciate the despondency, the hopelessness with which they listened to my mention of the indispensable necessity of change of scene and repose. Probably, while I was returning home, they were mingling bitter tears as they owned to one another the impossibility of adopting my suggestions; he feeling and she fearing—neither, however, daring to express it—that his days were numbered—that he must toil to the last for a scanty livelihood—and even then leave his wife and child, it seemed but too probable, destitute—that, in the sorrowful language of Burns,

> "Still caring, despairing
> Must be his bitter doom;
> His woes here, shall close ne'er
> But with the closing tomb."*

I felt sure that there was some secret and grievous source of misery in the background, and often thought of the expressions she had frantically uttered when at my house. Had either of them married against the wishes of a proud and unrelenting family? Little did I think that I had on that very day which first brought me acquainted with Mrs. Elliott, paid a professional visit to one fearfully implicated in the infliction of their present sufferings! But I anticipate.

I need not particularize the steps by which I became at length familiarly acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Elliott. I found them for a long while extremely reserved on the subject of their circumstances, except as far as an acknowledgment that their pecuniary resources were somewhat precarious. He was, or rather, it seemed, had been, a clerk in a merchant's counting-house; but ill health obliged him at length to quit his situation, and seek for such occasional employment as would admit of being attended to at his own lodgings. His labours in this way were, I perceived, notwithstanding my injunctions and his promises, of the most intense and unremitting, and, I feared, ill-requited description.

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* *Despondency*, an Ode.

But with what heart could I continue my remonstrances, when I felt convinced that thus he must toil, or starve? She also was forced to contribute our efforts towards their support, as I often saw her eagerly and rapidly engaged upon dresses and other articles too splendid to be for her own use. I could not help, one day, in the fulness of my heart, seeing her thus engaged, telling her that I had many a time since my marriage seen my wife similarly engaged. She looked at me with surprise for a few moments, and burst into tears. She forced off her rising emotions; but she was from that moment aware that I fully saw and appreciated her situation. It was on a somewhat similar occasion that she and her husband were at length induced to tell me their little history; and before giving the reader an account of what fell under my own personal observation, I shall lay before him, in my own way, the substance of several painfully interesting conversations with this most unfortunate couple. Let not the ordinary reader spurn details of everyday life, such as will here follow:—

> "Nor *grandeur* hear with a disdainful smile
> The short and simple annals of the poor!"

Owing to a terrible domestic calamity, it became necessary that Henry Elliott, an only son, educating at Oxford, and destined for the army, should suddenly quit the University, and seek a livelihood by his own exertions in London. The event which occasioned this sudden blight to his prospects, was the suicide of his father, Major Elliott; whose addiction to gambling, having for a long time seriously embarrassed his affairs, and nearly broken the heart of his wife, at length led him to commit the fatal act above spoken of. His widow survived the shock scarce a twelvemonth, and her unfortunate son was then left alone in the world, and almost entirely destitute. The trifling sum of ready money which remained in his possession after burying his mother was exhausted, and the scanty pittance afforded by relatives, withdrawn, on the ground that he ought now to support himself, when his occasional enquiries after a situation at length led to the information that there was a vacancy for an outer-clerk in the great house of Hillary, Hungate, and Company, Mincing Lane, in the city. He succeeded in satisfying the junior partner, after submitting to sundry humiliating enquiries of his respectability and trust-worthiness; and he was forthwith received into the establishment, at a salary of £60 per annum.

It was a sad day for poor Elliott when he sold off almost all his college books, and a few other remnants of gay and happy days, gone by probably for ever, for the purpose of equipping himself becomingly for his new and humble functions. He wrote an excellent hand; and being of a decided mathematical turn, the arithmetic of the counting-house was easily mastered. What dismal drudgery had he henceforth daily to undergo! The tyranny of the upper clerks reminded him, with a pang, of the petty tyranny he had both experienced and inflicted at the public school, where he had been educated. How infinitely more galling and intolerable was his present bondage! Two-thirds of the day he was kept constantly on foot, hurrying from place to place, with bills, letters, &c., and on other errands; and—especially on the foreign post nights—he was detained slaving sometimes till nine or ten o'clock at night, copying letters, and assisting in making entries and balancing accounts, till his pen almost dropped from his wearied fingers. He was allowed an hour in the middle of the day for dinner—and even this little interval was often broken in upon to such an extent as proved seriously prejudicial to his health. After all the labours of the day, he had to trudge from Mincing Lane, along the odious City Road up to almost the extremity of Islington, where were situated his lodgings, i. e., a little back bed-room, on the third floor, serving at once for his sitting and sleeping room, and for the use of which he paid at the rate of seven shillings a-week, exclusive of excess. Still he conformed to his cheerless lot, calmly and resolutely- with a true practical stoicism that did him honour. His regular and frugal habits enabled him to subsist upon his scanty salary with decency, if not comfort, and without running into debt—that infallible destructive of all peace of mind and self-respect! His sole enjoyment was an occasional hour in the evening, spent in reading, and retracing some of his faded acquisitions in mathematics. Though a few of his associates were piqued at what they considered his sullen and inhospitable disposition, yet his obliging manners, his easy but melancholy deportment, his punctuality and exactitude in all his engagements, soon gained him the good-will of his brethren in the office, and occasionally an indication of satisfaction on the part of some one of his august employers. Thus, at length, Elliott overcame the numerous *disagremens* of his altered situation, seeking in constant employment to forget both the gloom and gaieties of the past. Two or three years passed over, Elliott continuing thus steadily in his course; and his salary, as a proof of the approbation of hie employers, had been annually increased by £10 till he was placed in comparative affluence by the receipt of a salary of £90. His severe exertions, however, insensibly impaired a constitution, never very vigorous, and he bore with many a fit of indisposition, rather than incur the expense of medical attendance. It may be added, that Elliott was a man of gentlemanly exterior, and engaging deportment—and then let us pass to a very different person.

Mr. Hillary, the head of the firm, a man of very great wealth, had risen from being a mere errand-boy, to his present eminence in the mercantile world, through a rare combination of good fortune with personal merit—*merit*, as far as concerns a talent for business, joined with prudence and enterprise. If ever there came a man within the terms of Burke's famous philippic, it was Mr. Hillary. His only object was money-making; he knew nothing, cared for nothing beyond it; till the constant contemplation of his splendid gains, led his desires into the train of personal aggrandisement. With the instinctive propensities of a mean and coarse mind, he became as tyrannical and insolent in success, as in adversity he had been supple and cringing. No spark of generous or worthy feeling had ever been struck from the flinty heart of Jacob Hillary, of the firm of Hillary, Hungate, and Company. He was the idol of a constant throng of wealth-worshippers; to every body else he was an object either of contempt or terror. He had married the widow of a deceased partner, by whom he had had several children, of whom one only lived beyond infancy; a generous, high-spirited, enthusiastic girl, whom her purse-proud father had destined, in his own weak and vain ambition, to become the wearer of a coronet. On this dazzling object were Mr. Hillary's eyes fixed with unwavering earnestness; he desired and longed to pour the tide of his gold through the channel of a peerage. In person, Mr. Hillary was of the middle size, but gross and corpulent. There was no intellect in his shining bald head, fringed with bristling white hair—nor was there any expression in his harsh and coarse features but such as faithfully adumbrated his character as above described.

This was the individual, who, in stepping one morning rather hastily from his carriage, at his counting-house door in Mincing Lane, fell from the carriage step, most severely injuring his right ankle and shoulder. The injuries he received upon this occasion kept him confined for a long period to his bed, and for a still longer to an easy-chair in the back drawing-room of his spacious mansion near Highbury. As soon as he was able to attend to business, he issued orders that as Elliott was the clerk whose residence was nearest to Bullion House, he should attend him every morning for an hour or two on matters of business, carrying Mr. Hillary's orders to the city, and especially bringing him, day by day, in a sealed envelope, *his banker's book!* A harassing post this proved for poor Elliott. Severe discipline had trained his temper to bear more than most men; and on these occasions it was tried to the uttermost. Mr. Hillary's active and energetic mind, kept thus in comparative and compulsive seclusion from the only concerns he cared for, or that could occupy it—always excepting the one great matter alluded to—his imperious and irritable temper became almost intolerable. Elliott would certainly have thrown up his employment under Mr. Hillary in disgust and despair, had it not been for one circumstance—the presence of Miss Hillary—whose sweet appealing looks day after day melted away the resolution with which Elliott every morning came before her choleric and overbearing father, although they could not mitigate that father's evil temper, or prevent its manifestations. He insisted on her spending the greater part of every day in his presence, nor would allow her to quit it even at the periods when Elliott made his appearance. The first casual and hasty glance that he directed towards her, satisfied him that he had, in earlier and happy days, been many times in general society with her—her partner even in the dance. *Now,* however, he dared not venture to exhibit the slightest indication of recognition; and she, if struck by similar recollections, thought fit to conceal them, and behave precisely as though she then saw and heard of Mr. Elliott for the first time in her life. He could not, of course, find fault with her for this; but he felt it deeply and bitterly. He little knew how much he wronged her! She instantly recollected him—and it was only the dread of her father that restrained her from a friendly greeting. Having once adopted such a line of conduct, it became necessary to adhere to it—and she did. But could she prevent her *heart* going out in sympathy towards the poor, friendless, unoffending clerk whom her father treated more like a mere menial, than a respectable and confidential servant—him whom she knew to be

> "Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
> Fallen from his high estate?"

Every day that she saw him, her woman's heart throbbed with pity towards him; and pity is indeed akin to love. How favourably for him did his temper and demeanour contrast with those of her father!—And she saw him placed daily in a situation calculated to exhibit his real character—his disposition, whether for good or evil. The fact was, that he had become an object of deep interest—even of love—to her, long before the thought had ever occurred to him that she viewed him, from day to day, with feelings different from those with which she would look at the servant that stood at her father's side-board, at dinner. His mind was kept constantly occupied by his impetuous employer, and his hundred questions about every thing that had or had not happened every day in the City. Thus for nearly three months had these unconscious lovers been brought daily for an hour or two into each other's presence. He had little idea of the exquisite pain occasioned Miss Hillary by her father's harsh and unfeeling treatment of him, nor of the many timid attempts she made, in his absence, to prevent the recurrence of such treatment; and as for the great man, Mr. Hillary, it never crossed his mind as being possible that two young hearts could by any means, when in different stations of society, one rich, the other poor, be warmed into a feeling of regard, and even love for one another.

One afternoon Elliott was obliged to come a second time that day from the City, bearing important despatches from Mincing Lane to Mr. Hillary, who was sitting in his invalid chair, flanked on one hand by his daughter, and on the other by a little table, on which stood wine and fruit. Poor Elliott looked, as well he might, exhausted with his long and rapid walk through the fervid sunshine.

"Well, sir—what now?" said her father quickly and peremptorily, at the same time eagerly stretching forth his hand to receive a letter which Elliott presented to him.

"Humph! Sit down there, sir, for a few minutes!" Elliott obeyed. Miss Hillary, who had been reading, touched with Elliott's pale and wearied look, whispered to her father—"Papa—

Mr. Elliott looks dreadfully tired—may I offer him a glass of wine?"

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Hillary, hastily, without removing his eyes from the letter he had that instant opened. Miss Hillary instantly poured out a glass of wine; and as Elliott approached to take it from the table, with a respectful bow, his eye encountered her's, which was instantly withdrawn—but not before it had cast a glance upon him, that electrified him; that fell suddenly like a spark of fire amid the combustible feelings of a most susceptible but subdued heart. It fixed the fate of their lives. The train so long laid had been at length unexpectedly ignited, and the confounded clerk returned, or rather staggered towards his chair, fancying that every thing in the room was whirling around him. It was well for both of them that Mr. Hillary was at that eventful moment absorbingly engaged with a letter announcing the sudden arrival of three ships with large cargoes of an article of which he had been attempting a monopoly, and in doing so had sunk a very large sum of ready money. In vain did the conscious and confused girl—confused as Elliott—remove her chair to the window, with her back turned towards him, and attempt to proceed with the book she had been reading. Her head seemed in a whirlpool.

"Get me my desk, Mary, immediately," said her father, suddenly.

"No, indeed, papa, you did'nt," replied Miss Hillary, as suddenly, for her father's voice had recalled her from a strange reverie.

"My desk, Mary—my desk, dy'e hear?" repeated her father, in a peremptory manner, still conning over the letter which told him, in effect, that he would return to bed that night four or five thousand pounds poorer than he rose from it—ignorant that within the last few moments, in his very presence, had happened that which was to put an end forever to all his dreams of a coronet glittering upon his daughter's brow!

Miss Hillary obeyed her father's second orders, carefully looking in every direction but that in which she would have encountered Elliott; and whispering a word or two into her father's ear, quitted the room. Elliott's heart was beating quickly when the harsh tones of Mr. Hillary, who had worked himself into a very violent humour, fell upon his ear, directing him to return immediately to the City, and say he had no answer to send till the morning, when he was to be in attendance at an early hour.

Scarce knowing whether he stood on his head or his heels, Elliott hurriedly bowed, and withdrew. Borne along on the current of his tumultuous emotions, he seemed to fly down the swarming City Road; and when he reached the dull, dingy little back counting-house, where he was to be occupied till a late hour of the night, he found himself not in the fittest humor in the world for his task. *Could* he possibly be mistaken in interpreting Miss Hillary's look? Was it not corroborated by her subsequent conduct?—And—by the way—now that he comes to glance backwards into the two or three months during which he had been almost daily in her presence,—divers little incidents started up into his recollection, all tending the same way. "Heigh-ho!" exclaimed Elliott, laying down his yet unused pen, after a long and bewildering reverie—"I wonder what Miss Hillary is thinking about! Surely I have had a kind of day-dream! It *can't* have really happened! And yet—how could there have been a mistake? Heaven knows I had taken nothing to excite or disorder me—except, perhaps, my long walk! Here's a *coup de soleil*, by the way, with a witness! But only to think of it—Miss Hillary—daughter of Jacob Hillary, Esq.—in love with—an under-clerk of her father—pho! it will never do! I'll think of it to-morrow morning." Thus communed Elliott with himself, by turns writing, pausing, soliloquising, till the lateness of the hour compelled him to apply to his task in good earnest. He did not quit his task till it had struck ten; from which period till that at which he tumbled into his little bed, he fancied that scarcely five minutes had elapsed. He made his appearance at Bullion House the next morning with a sad fluttering about the heart, but it soon subsided, for Miss Hillary was not present to prolong his agitation. He had not been seated for many minutes, however, before he observed her in a distant part of the gardens, apparently tending some flowers. As his eye followed the movements of her graceful figure, he could not avoid a faint sigh of regret at his own absurdity in raising such a superstructure of splendid possibilities upon so slight a foundation. His attention was at that instant arrested by Mr. Hillary's multifarious commands for the city: and, in short, Miss Hillary's absence from town for about a week, added to a great increase of business at the counting-house, owing to an extensive failure of a foreign correspondent, gradually restored Elliott to his senses, and banished the intrusive image of his lovely tormentor. Her unequivocal exhibition of feeling, however—unequivocal at least *to him*—on the occasion of the next meeting, instantly relieved all his former excitement, and plunged him afresh into the soft tumult of doubts, hopes, and fears, from which he had so lately emerged. Every day that he returned to Mr. Hillary brought him fresh evidence of the extent to which he had encroached upon Miss Hillary's affections: and strange, indeed, must be that heart which, feeling itself alone and despised in the world, can suddenly find itself the object of a most enthusiastic and disinterested attachment without kindling into a flame of grateful affection. Was there any thing wonderful or improbable in the conduct attributed to Miss Hillary? No. A girl of frank and generous feeling, she saw in one, whom undeserved misfortune had placed in a very painful and trying position, the constant exhibition of high qualities; a patient and dignified submission to her father's cruel and oppressive treatment,—a submission *on her account;* she beheld his high feeling conquering misfortune; she saw in his eye—his every look—his whole demeanour, susceptibilities of an exalted description:—and beyond all this—last, though not least, as Elliott acted the gentleman, so he *looked* it—and a handsome gentleman, too!—So it came to pass, then, that these two hearts became acquainted with each other, despite the obstacles of circumstance and situation. A kind of telegraphing courtship was carried on between them daily, which must have been observed by Mr. Hillary, but for the engrossing interest with which he regarded the communication of which Elliott was always the bearer. Mr. Hillary began, however, at length, to recover the use of his limbs, and rapidly to gain general strength. He consequently announced one morning to Elliott, that he should not require him to call after the morrow. At this time the lovers had never interchanged a syllable together, either verbal or written that could savour of love; and yet each was as confident of the state of the other's feelings, as though a hundred closely written, and closer-crossed letters had been passing between them. On the dreaded morrow he was pale and somewhat confused, nor was she far otherwise—but she had a sufficient reason in the indisposition of her mother, who had for many months been a bed-ridden invalid. As for Elliott, he was safe. He might have appeared at death's door without attracting the notice, or exciting the enquiries of his callous employer. As he rose to leave the room, Elliott bowed to Mr. Hillary—but his last glance was directed towards Miss Hillary—who, however, at that moment was, or appeared to be, too busily occupied with pouring out her excellent father's coffee, to pay any attention to her retiring lover, who consequently retired from her presence not a little piqued and alarmed.

They had no opportunity of seeing one another till nearly a month after the occasion just alluded to; when they met under circumstances very favourable for the expression of such feelings as either of them dared to acknowledge—and the opportunity was not thrown away. Mr. Hillary had quitted town for the north, on urgent business, which was expected to detain him for nearly a fortnight; and Elliott failed not, on the following Sunday, to be at the post he had constantly occupied for some months—namely, a seat in the gallery of the church attended by Mr. Hillary and his family, commanding a distant view of the great central pew—matted, hassocked, and velvet-cushioned, with a rich array of splendid implements of devotion, in the shape of Bibles and prayer-books, great and small, with gilt edges, and in blue and red morocco, being the favoured spot occupied by the great merchant—where he was pleased, by his presence, to assure the admiring vicar of his respect for him and the established church. Miss Hillary had long since been aware of the presence of her timid and distant lover on these occasions; they had several times nearly jostled against one another in going out of church, the consequence of which was generally a civil though silent recognition of him. And this might be done with impunity, seeing how her wealthy father was occupied with nodding to every body, genteel enough to be so publicly recognized, and shaking hands with the select few who enjoyed his personal acquaintance. With what a different air, and with what a different feeling did the great merchant and his humble clerk pass on these occasions down the aisle!—but to return. On the Sunday above alluded to, Elliott beheld Miss Hillary enter the church alone, and become the solitary tenant of the family pew. Sad truants from his prayer-book, his eyes never quitted the fair and solitary occupant of Mr. Hillary's pew; but she chose, in some wayward humor, to sit that morning with her back turned towards the part of the church where she knew Elliott to be, and never once looked up in that direction.—They met, however, after the service, near the door, as usual; she dropped her black veil just in time to prevent his observing a certain sudden flush that forced itself upon her features; returned his modest bow; a few words of course were interchanged; it threatened—or Elliott chose to represent that it threatened to rain (which he heartily wished it would, as she had come on foot, and unattended): and so, in short, it came to pass that this very discreet couple were to be seen absolutely walking arm in arm towards Bullion House, at the slowest possible pace, and by the most circuitous route that could suggest itself to the flurried mind of Elliott. An instinctive sense of propriety, or rather prudence, led him to quit her arm just before arriving at that turn of the road which brought them full in sight of her father's house. There they parted—each satisfied as to the nature of the other's feelings, though nothing had then passed between them of an explicit or decisive character. It is not necessary for me to dwell on this part of their history. Where there is a will, it is said, there is a way; and the young and venturous couple found, before long, an opportunity of declaring to each other their mutual feelings. Their meetings and correspondence were contrived and carried on with the utmost difficulty. Great caution and secrecy were necessary to conceal the affair from Mr. Hillary, and those whose interest it was to give him early information on every matter that in any way concerned him. Miss Hillary buoyed herself up with the hope of securing, in due time, her mother, and obtaining her intercessions with her stern and callous-hearted father. Some three months, or thereabouts, after the Sunday just mentioned, Mr. Hillary returned from the City, and made his appearance at dinner, in an unusually gay and lively humour. Miss Hillary was at a loss to conjecture the occasion of such an exhibition; but imagined it must be some great speculation of his which had proved unexpectedly successful. He occasionally directed towards her a kind of grim leer, as though longing to communicate tidings which he expected to be as gratifying to her, as they were to himself. They dined alone; and as she was retiring rather earlier than usual, in order to attend upon her mother, who had that day been more than ordinarily indisposed, he motioned her to resume her seat.

"Well, Molly"—for that was the elegant version of her Christian name which he generally adopted when in a good humour—"Well, Molly," pouring out a glass of wine, as the servants made their final exit, "I have heard something, to-day, in the City—a-hem! in which *you* are particularly concerned—very much so—and—so—a-hem! am I!" He tossed off half of his glass, and smacked his lips, as though he unusually relished the flavour.

"Indeed, papa!" exclaimed the young lady, with an air of anxious vivacity, not attempting to convey to her lips the brimming wine glass her father had filled for her, lest the trembling of her hand should be observed by him—"Oh, you are joking! what can I have to do with the City, papa?"

"Do? Aha, my girl! 'What can you have to do in the city'" good humouredly attempting to imitate her tone—"Indeed? Don't try to play mock-modest with me! You know as well as I do what I'm going to say!" he added, looking at her archly, as *he* fancied, but so as to blanch her cheek and agitate her whole frame with an irresistible tremor. Her acute and feeling father observed her emotion. "There—now that's just the way all you young misses behave on these occasions! I suppose it's considered mighty pretty! As if it wasn't all a matter of course for a young woman to hear about a young husband!"

"Papa—how you *do* love a joke!" replied Miss Hillary, with a sickly smile, making a desperate effort to carry her wine-glass to her lips, in which she succeeded, swallowing every drop that was in it, while her father electrified her by proceeding—"It's no use mincing matters—the thing is gone too far."

"Gone too far!" echoed Miss Hillary, mechanically.

"Yes—gone too far, I say, and I stick to it. A bargain's a bargain all the world over, whatever it's about—and a bargain I've struck today. You're my daughter—my only daughter, d'ye see—and I've been a good while on the look-out for a proper person to marry you to—and, egad! to-day, I've got him—my future son-in-law, d'ye hear, and one that will clap a coronet on my Molly's pretty head—and on the day he does so, I do two things; I give you a plum—and myself cut Mincing Lane, and sink the shop for the rest of my days. There's nuts for you to crack! Aha, Molly—what d'ye say to all this? An't it news?"

"*Say!* why I—I—I"—stammered the young lady, her face nearly as white as the handkerchief on which her eyes were violently fixed, and with which her fingers were hurriedly playing.

"Why—Molly! What's the matter? What the——a-hem!—are you gone so pale for? Gad—I see how it is—I've been too abrupt, as your poor mother has it! But the thing *is* as I said, that's flat, come what will,—say it how one will, take it how you will! So make up your mind, Molly, like a good girl as you are—come, kiss me! I never loved you so much as now I'm going to lose you!"

She made no attempt to rise from her chair, so he got up from his own, and approached her.

"Adad—but what's the matter here? Your little hands are as cold as a corpse's. Why, Molly! what—what nonsense." He chucked her under the chin. "You're trying to frighten me, Molly—I know you are! Ah-ha!" He grew more and more alarmed at her deadly paleness and apparent insensibility to what he was saying. "Well, now"—— he paused, and looked anxiously at her. "Who would have thought," he added suddenly, "that it would have taken the girl a-back so? Come, come!"—slapping her smartly on her back,—"a joke's a joke, and I've had mine, but it's been carried too far, I'm afraid"——

"Dear—dearest papa," gasped his daughter, suddenly raising her eyes, and fixing them with a steadfast brightening look upon his, at the same time catching hold of his hands convulsively—"So it is—*a joke!* a—joke—it is—it is"—and gradually sinking back in her chair, to her father's unspeakable alarm, she swooned. Holding her in his arms, he roared stoutly for assistance, and in a twinkling a posse of servants, male and female, obeying the summons, rushed pell-mell into the dining-room; the ordinary hubbub attendant on a fainting-fit ensued; cold water sprinkled—eau-de-Cologne—volatile salts, &c. &c. Then the young lady, scarce restored to her senses, was supported, or rather carried, by her maid to her own apartment, and Mr. Hillary was left to himself for the remainder of the evening, flustered and confounded beyond all expression. The result of his troubled ruminations was, that the sudden communication of such prodigious good fortune had upset his daughter with joy; and that he must return to the charge in a day or two, and break it to her more easily. The real fact was, that he had that day assured the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Scamp of his daughter's heart, hand, and fortune; and that exemplary personage had agreed to dine at Bullion House on the ensuing Sunday, for the purpose of being introduced to his future Viscountess, whose noble fortune was to place his financial matters upon an entirely new basis—at least for some time to come, and enable him to show his honest face once more in divers amiable coteries at C——'s and elsewhere. Old Hillary's dazzled eyes could see nothing but his Lordship's coronet; and he had no more doubt about his right thus to dispose of his daughter's heart, than he had about his right to draw upon Messrs. Cash, Credit & Co., his bankers, without first consulting them to ascertain whether they would honour his drafts.

Miss Hillary did not make her appearance the next morning at her father's breakfast table, her maid being sent to say, that her young lady had a violent headache, and so forth; the consequence of which was, that the old gentleman departed for the City in a terrible temper, as every member of his establishment could have testified if they had been asked. Miss Hillary had spent an hour or two of the preceding midnight in writing to Elliott a long and somewhat incoherent account of what had happened. She gave but a poor account of herself to her father at dinner that day. He was morosely silent. She pale, absent, disconcerted.

"What the devil is the matter with you, Mary?" enquired Mr. Hillary, with stern abruptness, as soon as the servants had withdrawn,—

"What were all those tantrums of yours about last night, eh?"

"Indeed, papa," replied his trembling daughter, "I hardly know—but really—you must remember, you said such *very* odd things, and so suddenly, and you looked so angry."——

"Tut, girl, pho! Fiddle faddle!" exclaimed her father, gulping down a glass of wine with great energy. "I could almost—a-hem! really it looked as if you had taken a little too much, eh? What harm was there in me telling you that you were going soon to be married? What's a girl born and bred up for but to be married? Eh, Mary?" continued her father, determined, this time, to go to work with greater skill and tact than on the preceding evening. "I want an answer, Mary!"

"Why, papa, it *was* a very odd thing now, was not it?" said his daughter, with an affectionate smile, drawing nearer to her father, her knees trembling, however, the while; "and I know you did it only to try whether I was a silly vain girl! Why should I want to be married, papa, when you and my poor mamma are so kind to me?"

"Humph!" grunted her father, gulping down a great glass of claret. "And d'ye think we're to live for ever? I must see you established before long, for my health, hem! hem! is none of the strongest," (he had scarcely ever known what an hour's illness was in his life, except his late accident, from which he had completely recovered); "and as for your poor mother, you know"—a long pause ensued here. "Now, suppose," continued the wily tactician, "suppose, Molly," looking at her very anxiously—"suppose I was'nt in a joke last night, after all?"

"Well, papa"—

"*Well, papa!*" echoed her father, sneeringly and snappishly, unable to conceal his ill humour; "but it is'nt '*well, papa;*' I can't understand all this nonsense. Mary, you must not give yourself airs. Did you ever hear—a-hem!" He suddenly stopped short, sipped his wine, and paused, evidently intending to make some important communication; and striving, at the same time, to assume an unconcerned air—"Did you ever hear of the right honourable the Lord Viscount Scamp, Molly?"

"Yes; I've seen things about him, now and then, in the newspapers. Isn't he a great gambler, papa?" enquired Miss Hillary, looking at her father calmly.

"No—it's a lie," replied her father furiously, whirling about the ponderous seals of his watch. "Has any one been putting this into your head?"

"No one, indeed, papa, only the newspapers"——

"And are you such an idiot as to believe newspapers? Didn't they say, a year or two ago, that my house was in for £20,000 when Gumarabic and Co. broke? And wasn't that a great lie? I didn't lose a fiftieth of that sum! No," he added, after a long pause, "Lord Scamp is no such thing. He's a vastly agreeable young man, and takes an uncommon interest in City matters, and that's saying no small things for a nobleman of his high rank. Why, it's said he may one day be a duke!"

"Indeed, papa! And do you know him?"

"Y—y—es!—Know him? Of course! Do you think I come and talk up at Highbury about every body I know? Know Lord Scamp? He's an ornament to the peerage."

"How long have you known him, papa?"—

"How long, puss?—Why this—a good while! However, he dines here on Sunday."——

"Dines here on Sunday!—Lord Scamp dines here next Sunday? Oh, papa! this is another joke of yours!"

"Curse me, then, if I can see it!—What the deuce is there so odd in my asking a nobleman to dinner, if I think proper? Why, if it comes to that, I can buy up a dozen of them any day, if I choose;" and he thrust his hands deeply into his breeches' pockets.

"Yes, dear papa, I know you could—if they were worth buying," replied Miss Hillary, with a faint smile. "Give me a great merchant before a hundred good-for-nothing lords!" and she rose, put her hands about his neck, and kissed him fondly.

"Well—I—I—don't think you're so vastly far off the mark *there*, at any rate, Polly," said her father, with a subdued air of exultation; "but at the same time, you know, there *may* be lords as good as any merchant in the city of London—hem! and, after all, a lord's a superior article, too, in respect of birth and breeding."

"Yes, papa, they're all well enough, I dare say, in their own circles: but in their hearts, depend upon it, they only despise us poor citizens."

"*Us poor citizens*—I like that!" drawled her father, pouring out his wine slowly with a magnificent air, and drinking it off in silence. "You shall see, however, on Sunday, Poll! whether you're correct"——

"What! am *I* to dine with you?" enquired Miss Hillary, with irrepressible alarm.

"You to dine with us? Of course you will! Why the devil should not you?"

"My poor mamma"——

"Oh—a-hem! I mean—nonsense—you can go to her after dinner. Certainly, you must attend to her!"

"Very well, papa—I will obey you—whatever you like," replied Miss Hillary, a sudden tremor running from head to foot.

"That's a dear good girl—that's my own Poll! And, hearken," he added, with a mixture of good-humour and anxiety, "make yourself look handsome—never mind the cost—money's no object, you know! So tell that pert minx, your maid Joliffe, that I expect she'll turn you out first rate that day—if it's only to save the credit of *us—poor—merchants!*"

"Gracious, papa—but why are you really so anxious about my dressing so well?"

Her father, who had sat swallowing glass after glass with unusual rapidity, at the same time unconsciously mixing his wines, put his finger to the side of his nose, and winked in a very knowing manner. His daughter saw her advantage in an instant; and with the ready tact of her sex, resolved at once to find out all that was in her father's heart concerning her. She smiled as cheerfully as she could, and affected to enter readily into all his feelings. She poured him out one or two glasses more of his favourite wine, and chattered as fast as himself, till she at length succeeded in extracting from him an acknowledgement that he had distinctly promised her to Lord Scamp, whose visit, on the ensuing Sunday, would be paid to her as to his future wife. Soon after this, she rung for candles; and kissing her father, who had fairly fallen asleep, she withdrew to her own room, and there spent the next hour or two in confidential converse with her maid Joliffe.

Sunday came, and, true enough, with it Lord Scamp—a handsome, heartless coxcomb, whose cool, easy assurance, and *business-like* attentions to Miss Hillary, excited in her a disgust she could scarcely conceal. In vain was her father's eager and anxious eye fixed upon her; she maintained an air of uniform indifference; listened almost in silence—the silence of contempt—to all the lisping twaddle uttered by her would-be lover, and so well acted, in short, the part she had determined upon, that his Lordship, as he drove home, felt somewhat disconcerted at being thus foiled for—as he imagined—the first time in his life; and her father, after obsequiously attending his Lordship to his cab, summoned his trembling daughter back from her mother's apartment into the drawing-room, and assailed her with a fury she had never known him exhibit—at least towards any member of his family. From that day might be dated the commencement of a kind of domestic reign of terror, at the hitherto quiet and happy Bullion House. The one great aim of her father concerning his daughter and his fortune had been—or rather seemed on the point of being—frustrated by that daughter. But he was not lightly to be turned from his purpose. He redoubled his civilities to Lord Scamp, who kept up his visits with a systematic punctuality, despite the contemptuous and disgustful air with which the young lady constantly received him. The right honourable roué was playing, indeed, for too deep a stake—an accomplished an elegant girl, with a hundred thousand pounds down, and nearly double that sum, he understood, at her father's death—to admit of his throwing up the game, while the possibility of a chance remained. Half the poor girl's fortune was already transferred, in Lord Scamp's mind, to the pockets of half a dozen harpies at the turf and the table; so he was, as before observed, very punctual in his engagements at Bullion House, with patient politeness continuing to pay the most flattering attentions to Miss Hillary—and her father. The latter was kept in a state of constant fever. Conscious of the transparent contempt exhibited by his daughter towards her noble suitor, he could at length hardly look his Lordship in the face, as, day after day, he obsequiously assured him that "there wasn't any thing in it"—and that for all his daughter's nonsense, he already " felt himself a lord's father-in-law !" Miss Hillary's life was becoming intolerable, subjected as she was to such systematic persecution, from which, at length, the sick chamber of her mother scarce afforded her a momentary sanctuary. A thousand times she formed the desperate determination to confess all to her father, and risk the fearful consequences: for such she dreaded they would be, knowing well her father's disposition, and the terrible frustration of his favourite schemes which was taking place. Such constant anxiety and agitation, added to confinement in her mother's bedchamber, sensibly affected her health; and at the suggestion of Elliott, with whom she contrived to keep up a frequent correspondence, she had at length determined upon opening the fearful communication to her father, and so being at all events delivered from the intolerable presence and attentions of Lord Scamp.

By what means it came to pass, neither she nor Elliott were ever able to discover; but on the morning of the day she had fixed for her desperate *dénouement*, Mr. Hillary, during the temporary absence of his daughter, returned from the City about two o'clock, most unexpectedly, his manner disturbed, and his countenance pale and distorted. Accompanied by his solicitor, he made his way at once to his daughter's apartment, with his own hand seized her desk and carried it down to the drawing-room, and forced it open. Frantic with fury, he was listening to one of Elliott's fondest letters to his daughter being read by his solicitor as she unconsciously entered the drawing-room, in walking attire. It would be in vain to attempt describing the scene that immediately ensued. Old Hillary's lips moved, but his utterance was choked by the tremendous rage which possessed him, and forced him almost to the verge of madness. Trembling from head to foot, and his straining eyes apparently starting from their sockets, he pointed in silence to a little heap of opened letters lying on the table, on which stood also her desk. She perceived that all was discovered,—and with a smothered scream fell senseless upon the floor. There, as far as her father was concerned, she might have continued; but his companion sprang to the bell, lifted her inanimate form from the floor, and gave her to the entering servants, who instantly bore her to her own room. Mr. Jeffreys the solicitor, a highly respectable man, to whom Mr. Hillary had hurried the instant that he recovered from the first shock occasioned by discovering his daughter's secret—vehemently expostulated with his client on hearing the violent and vindictive measures he threatened to adopt towards his daughter and Elliott; for the tone of the correspondence which then lay before him had satisfied him of the fatal extent to which his daughter's affections were engaged.

Now her treatment of Lord Scamp was accounted for! Her dreadful agitation on first hearing his intentions concerning that young nobleman and herself was explained! So here was his fondest hope blighted—the sole ambition of his life defeated,—and by one of his own—his inferior servants—an outer clerk on his establishment at Mincing Lane! Confounded by a retrospect into the last few months, "Where have been my eyes—my common sense?" he groaned—"the devil himself has done it all, and made me assist in it! Oh, I see! I remember! Those cursed days when he came up from the City to me—and when—I must always have *her* with me! There the mischief was begun—oh, it's clear as the daylight! *I've* done it! *I've* done it all! And now—by ——! I'll undo it all!" Mr. Jeffreys at length succeeded in subduing the excitement of his client, and bringing him to converse calmly on the painful and embarrassing discovery that had been made. Innumerable were the conjectures as to the means by which this secret acquaintance and correspondence had been carried on. Every servant in the house was examined—but in vain. Even Joliffe, his daughter's maid, came at length, however strongly suspected, still undiscovered, out of the fierce and searching scrutiny. Poor Mrs. Hillary's precarious situation even did not exempt her from the long and angry enquiries of her exasperated husband. She had really, however, been entirely unacquainted with the affair.

The next morning, Elliott was summoned from the City to Bullion House, whither he repaired accordingly about twelve o'clock, little imagining the occasion of his summons; for Miss Hillary had not communicated to him the intention she had formed of breaking the matter to her father, nor had she had any opportunity of telling him of the alarming discovery that had taken place. He perceived, nevertheless, certain symptoms of disturbance in the ominous looks of the porter who opened the hall-door and the servant who conducted him to the drawing-room, where he found Mr. Hillary and another gentleman—Mr. Jeffreys—seated together at a table covered with papers—both of them obviously agitated,

"So, sir," commenced Mr. Hillary, fixing his furious eye upon Elliott as he entered, "your villainy's found out—deep as you are!"

"Villainy, sir?" echoed Elliott indignantly, but turning very pale.

"Yes, sir—villiany! villainy! d———ble villainy! ay—it's all found out! Ah—ah—you cursed scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Hillary, with quivering lips and shaking his fist at Elliott.

"For God's sake, Mr. Hillary, be calm!" whispered Mr. Jeffreys, and then addressed Elliott with a quiet severity—"Of course, Mr. Elliott, you are aware of the occasion of this dreadful agitation on the part of Mr. Hillary?" Elliott bowed, with a stern inquisitive air, but did not open his lips.

"You beggarly brute—you filthy d——d upstart—you—you" stammered Mr. Hillary, with uncontrollable fury, "your father was a scoundrel before you, sir—he cut his throat, sir."——

Elliott's face whitened in an instant, his expanding eye settled upon Mr. Hillary, and his chest heaved with mighty emotion. It was happy for the old man that Elliott at length recollected in him the father of Mary Hillary. He turned his eye for an instant towards Mr. Jeffrey, who was looking at him with an imploring, compassionate expression; Elliott saw and felt that he was thunderstruck at the barbarity of his client. Elliott's eye remained fixed upon Mr. Jeffrey for nearly a minute, and then filled with tears. Mr. Jeffrey muttered a few words earnestly in the ear of Mr. Hillary, who seemed also a little staggered at the extent of his last sally.

"Will you take a seat, Mr. Elliott?" said Mr. Jeffreys, mildly. Elliott bowed, but remained standing, his hat grasped by his left hand with convulsive force. "You will make allowance, sir" continued Mr. Jeffreys, "for the dreadful agitation of Mr. Hillary; and reflect that your own conduct has occasioned it."

"So you dare to think of marrying my daughter, eh?" thundered Mr. Hillary, as if about to rise from his chair. "By ——, but I'll spoil your sport though—I'll be even with you!" gasped the old man, and sunk back panting in his seat.

"You cannot really be in earnest, sir," resumed Mr. Jeffreys, in the same calm and severe tone and manner in which he had spoken from the first—"in thinking yourself entitled to form an attachment and alliance with Miss Hillary?"

"Why am I asked these questions, sir, and in this most extraordinary manner?" enquired Elliott firmly, "Have I ever said one single syllable?"

"Oh, spare your denials, Mr. Elliott, said Jeffreys, pointing with a bitter smile to the letters lying open on the table at which he sat, "these letters of your's express your feelings and intentions pretty plainly. Believe me, sir, every thing is known!"

"Well, sir, and what then?" enquired Elliott, haughtily; "those letters, I presume, are mine. addressed to Miss Hillary?" Jeffreys bowed. "Well then, sir, I now avow the feelings these letters express. I have formed, however unworthy myself, a fervent attachment to Miss Hillary, and I will die before I disavow it."

"There! hear him! hark to the fellow! I shall go mad—I shall!" almost roared Mr. Hillary, springing out of the chair, and walking to and fro, between it and that occupied by Mr. Jeffreys, with hurried steps and vehement gesticulations. "He owns it! He does! The——" and he uttered a perfect volley of execrations. Elliott submitted to them in silence. Mr. Jeffreys again whispered energetically into the ear of his client, who resumed his seat, but with his eyes fixed on Elliott, and muttering vehemently to himself.

"You see, sir, the wretchedness that your most unwarrantable—your artful—nay, your wicked and presumptuous conduct has brought upon this family—I earnestly hope that it is not too late for you to listen to reason—to abandon your insane projects." He paused, and Elliott bowed. "It is in vain," continued Mr. Jeffreys, pointing to the letters, "to conceal our fears that your attentions must have proved acceptable to Miss Hillary—but we give you credit for more honour, more good sense, than will admit of your carrying further this most unfortunate affair, of your persisting in such a wild—I must speak plainly—such an audacious attachment, one that is utterly unsuitable to your means, your prospects, your station, your birth, your education"——

"You will be pleased, sir, to drop the two last words," interrupted Elliott, sternly.

"Why, you fellow! why, you're my clerk! I pay you wages! You're a hired servant of mine!" exclaimed Hillary, with infinite contempt.

"Well, sir" continued Jeffreys, "this affair is too important to allow of our quarrelling about words, Common sense must tell you that under no possible view of the case can you be a suitable match for Miss Hillary; and, therefore, common honesty enjoins the course you ought to pursue. However, sir," he added, in a sharper tone, evidently piqued at the composure and firmness maintained by Elliott, "the long and short of it is, that this affair will not be allowed to go further, sir. Mr. Hillary is resolved to prevent it—come what will."

"Ay, so help me God!" ejaculated Mr. Hillary, casting a ferocious glance at Elliott.

"Well, sir," said Elliott, with a sigh, "what would you have me do? Pray, proceed, sir."

"Immediately renounce all pretensions," replied Mr. Jeffreys, eagerly, "to Miss Hillary—return her letters—pledge yourself to discontinue your attempts to gain her affections, and I am authorized to offer a foreign situation connected with the house you at present serve, and to guarantee you a fixed income of £500 a-year."

"Ay! Hark'ee, Elliott, I'll do all this, so help me God!" suddenly interrupted Mr. Hillary, casting a look of imploring agony at Elliott, who bowed respectfully, but made no reply.

"Suppose, sir," continued Mr. Jeffreys, with an anxious and disappointed air,—"suppose, sir, for a moment, that Miss Hillary were to entertain equally ardent feelings towards you, with those which, in these letters, you have expressed to her—can you, as a man of honour—of delicacy—of spirit—persevere with your addresses where the inevitable consequence of success on your part must be her degradation from the sphere in which she has hitherto moved—her condemnation to straitened circumstances—perhaps to absolute want—for life! For believe me, sir, if you suppose Mr. Hillary's fortune is to supply you both with the means of defying him—to support you in life, on her part of frightful ingratitude and disobedience, and on your's of presumption and selfishness—you will find yourself awfully mistaken!"

"He's speaking the truth—by —— he is!" said Mr. Hillary, striving to assume a calm manner. "If you *do* come together after all this, d——n me if I don't leave every penny I have in the world, to an hospital—or to a jail-in which one of you may perhaps end your days, after all!"

"Perhaps, Mr. Elliott," resumed Jeffreys, "I am to infer from your silence that you doubt—that you disbelieve these threats. If so, I assure you, you are grievously and fatally mistaken; you do not, believe me, know Mr. Hillary as I know him, and have known him this twenty years and upwards, I solemnly and truly assure you that he will as certainly do what he says, and forever forsake you both, as you are standing now before us!" He paused. "Again, sir, you may imagine that Miss Hillary has property of her own—at her own disposal. Do not so deceive yourself on that score! Miss Hillary has, at this moment, exactly £600 at her own disposal"——

"Ay—only £600—that's the utmost penny"——

"And how long is that to last?—come, sir—allow me to ask you what you have to say to all this?" enquired Mr. Jeffreys, folding his arms, and leaning back in his chair, with an air of mingled chagrin and exhaustion. Elliott drew a long breath.

"I have but little to say, Mr. Jeffreys, in answer to what you have been stating," he commenced, with a melancholy but determined air. "However you may suspect me, and misconstrue, and misrepresent my character and motives, I never in my life meditated a dishonourable action." He paused, thinking Mr. Hillary was about to interrupt him, but he was mistaken. Mr. Hillary was silently devouring every word that fell from Elliott, as also was Mr. Jeffreys. "I am here as *a hired servant*, indeed," resumed Elliott, with a sigh,—"and I am the son of one who—who—was unfortunate"—his eyes filled, and his voice faltered. For some seconds there was a deep silence. The perspiration stood on every feature of Mr. Hillary's agitated countenance. "But of course, all this is as nothing here." He gathered courage, and proceeded with a calm and resolute air. "I know how hateful I must appear to you. I *do* deserve bitter reproof—and surely I have had it, for my presumption in aspiring to the hand and heart of Miss Hillary. I tried long to resist the passion that devoured me, but in vain. Miss Hillary knew my destitute situation; she had many opportunities of ascertaining my character—she conceived a noble affection for me—I returned her love; I was obliged to do it secretly—and as far as that goes, I submit to any censure—I feel—I know that I have done wrong!—If Miss Hillary choose to withdraw her affection from me, I will submit, though my heart break. If, on the contrary, she continues to love me," his eye brightened—"I am not cowardly or base enough to undervalue her love." Here Mr. Hillary struggled with Mr. Jeffreys, who, however, succeeded in restraining his client. "If Miss Hillary condescends to become my wife"——

"Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Oh Lord!" groaned Mr. Hillary, clasping his hands upon his forehead—"open the windows, Mr. Jeffreys, or I shall be smothered—I am dying—I shall go mad"—

"I will retire, sir," said Elliott, addressing Mr. Jeffreys, who was opening the nearest window.

"No, but you shan't though,"—gasped Mr. Hillary—"you shall stop here"—he panted for breath—"Hark'ee, sir,—dy'e hear, Elliott—listen"—he could not recover his breath. Mr. Jeffreys implored him to take time—to be cool.

"Yes—now I'm cool enough—I've—taken time—to consider—I have! Harke'e, sir—if you dare to think of having—my daughter—and if she—is such a cursed fool—as to think of having—you"—he stopped for a few seconds for want of breath—"why—look'ee, sir—so help me God—you may both—both of you—and your children—if you have any—die in the streets—like dogs—I've done with you—both of you—not a farthing—not a morsel of bread— —— me if I do!"—Here he breathed like a hard-run horse. "Now, sir—like a thief as you are!—go on courting—my daughter—marry her! ruin her! go, and believe that all I'm saying is—a lie!—go, and hope—that, by and by, I'll forgive you—and all that—try it sir! Marry, and see whether I give in! I'll teach you—to rob an old man—of his child! The instant you leave this house, sir—this gentleman—makes my will—he does!—and when I'm dead—you may both of you—go to Doctors' Commons—borrow a shilling, if you can—and see if your names—or your children's—are in it, ha, ha, ha! he concluded with a bitter and ghastly laugh, snapping his shaking fingers at Elliott—"Get away, sir—marry, after this, if you dare!"——

Elliott almost reeled out of the room, and did not fully recollect himself till the groom of his aristocratic competitor, Lord Scamp, whose cab was dashing up to the gates of Bullion House, shouted to him to get out of the way, or be driven over!

Elliott returned to his desk at Mincing-Lane, too much agitated and confused, however, to be able to attend to business. He therefore obtained a reluctant permission to absent himself till the morrow. Even the interval thus afforded, however, he was quite incapable of spending in the reflection required by the very serious situation in which he had been so suddenly placed. He could not bring his mind to bear distinctly upon any point of his interview with Mr. Hillary and Mr. Jeffreys; and at length, lost and bewildered in a maze of indefinite conjecture—of painful hopes and fears, he retired early to bed. There, after tossing about for several hours, he at length dropped asleep, and awoke at an early hour considerably refreshed and calmed. Well, then, what was to be done?

He felt a conviction that Mr. Hillary would be an uncompromising, an inexorable opponent of their marriage, however long they might postpone it with the hope of wearing out or softening away his repugnance to it; and that if they married in defiance of him, he would fulfil every threat he had uttered. Of these two points he felt as certain as of his existence.

He felt satisfied that Miss Hillary's attachment to him was ardent and unalterable; and that nothing short of main force would prevent her from adopting any suggestion he might offer. As for himself, he was passionately—and his heart loudly told him *disinterestedly* attached to her; he could, therefore, as far as he himself was concerned, cheerfully bid adieu to all hopes of enjoying a shilling of her father's wealth, and be joyfully content to labour for their daily bread. But, a fearful array of contingencies here presented themselves before him. Suppose they married, they would certainly have £600 to commence with; but suppose his health failed him, or from any other cause he should become unable to support himself, a wife, and, it might be, a large family; how soon would £600 disappear! And what would be then before them! His heart shrunk from exposing the generous and confiding creature whose love he had gained, to such terrible dangers. He could, he *would*, write to her, and entreat her to forget him; to obey the reasonable wishes of her father. He felt that Mr. Hillary had great and grievous cause for complaint against him; could make every allowance for his feelings, and forgive their coarse and extravagant manifestation; and yet when he reflected upon *some* expressions he had let fall, upon the intense and withering scorn and contempt with which he had been treated, the more he looked at THIS view of the case, the more he felt the spirit of a man swelling within him. He never trod so firmly, nor carried himself so erectly, as he did on his way down to the city that morning.

But then again, what misery was poor Miss Hillary enduring! What cruel and incessant persecution was being inflicted upon her; but SHE, too, had a high and bold spirit; he kindled as he pursued his meditations; he felt that the consciousness of kindred qualities endeared her to him tenfold more even than before.

Thus he communed with himself, but at length he determined on writing the letter he had proposed, and did so that night.

He was not dismissed, as he had expected, from the service of Mr. Hillary, who retained him, at the suggestion of Mr. Jeffreys, that shrewd person feeling that he could then keep Elliott's movements more distinctly under his own eye, and have more frequent opportunities of negotiating with him on behalf of Mr. Hillary. Elliott's position in the establishment was such as never brought him into personal contact with Mr. Hillary; and apparently no one but himself and Mr. Hillary were acquainted with the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. As before hinted, Mr. Jeffreys was incessant in his efforts, both personally and by letter, to induce Elliott to break off the disastrous connexion; and, from an occasional note which Miss Hillary contrived, despite all the *espionage* to which she was subjected, to smuggle to him, he learnt, with poignant sorrow, that his apprehensions of the treatment she would receive at the hands of her father, were but too well founded. She repelled, with an affectionate and indignant energy, his offers and proposals to break off the affair. She told him that her spirit rose with the cruelty she suffered, and declared herself ready, if he thought fit, to fly from the scene of trouble, and be united to him for ever. Many and many a sleepless night did such communications as these ensure to Elliott. He saw infinite danger in attempting a clandestine marriage with Miss Hillary, even should she be a readily consenting party. His upright and manly disposition revolted from a measure so underhand, so unworthy; and yet, what other course lay open to them? His own position at the counting-house was becoming very trying and painful. It soon became apparent that, on some account or another, he was an object of almost loathing disregard to the august personage at the head of the establishment; and the consequence was, an increasing infliction of petty annoyances and hardships by those connected with him in daily business. He was required to do more than he had ever before been called upon to do, and felt himself the subject of frequent and offensive remark, as well as suspicion. The ill-treatment of his superiors, however, and the impertinencies of his equals and inferiors, he treated with the same patient and resolute contempt, conducting himself with the utmost vigilance and circumspection, and applying to business, however unjustly accumulated upon him, with an energy, perseverance, and good-humour, that only the more mortified his unworthy enemies. Poor Elliott! why did he continue in the service of Hillary, Hungate and Company? How utterly chimerical was the hope he sometimes entertained of its being possible that his exemplary conduct could ever make any impression upon the hard heart of Mr. Hillary!

Miss Hillary did really, as has been just stated, suffer a martyrdom at Bullion-House, at the hands of her father. Every day caresses and curses were alternated, and she felt that she was in fact a *prisoner*—her every movement watched, her every look scrutinized. Mr. Hillary frequently caused to be conveyed to her reports the most false and degrading concerning Elliott; but they were such transparent fabrications, as of course to defeat the ends proposed. She found some comfort in the society of her mother, who, though for a long time feeling and expressing strong disapprobation of her daughter's attachment to Elliott, at length relented, and even endeavoured to influence Mr. Hillary on their daughter's behalf. Her kind offices were, however, suddenly interrupted by a second attack of paralysis, which deprived her of the power of speech and motion. This dreadful shock, occurring at such a moment, was too much for Miss Hillary, who was removed from attending affectionately at the bedside of her unhappy mother, to her own room, where she lay for nearly a fortnight in a violent fever. So far from these domestic trials tending, however, to soften the heart of Mr. Hillary, they apparently contributed only to harden it—to aggravate his hatred of Elliott—of him who had done so much to disturb, to destroy his domestic peace, his fondest wishes and expectations.

Lord Scamp continued his interested and flattering attentions to Mr. Hillary, with whom he was continually dining, and at length—a proof of the prodigious ascendency he had acquired over Mr. Hillary—succeeded in borrowing from him a very considerable sum of money. Hillary soon apprized his Lordship of the real nature of the hindrance to his marriage with Miss Hillary; and his Lordship of course felt it his duty, not to speak of his interest, to foster and inflame the fury of his wished-for father-in-law, against his obscure and presumptuous rival. Several schemes were proposed by this worthy couple for the purpose of putting an end to the pretensions and prospects of this "insolent *parvenu* of the outer counting house." An accidental circumstance at length suggested to them a plot so artful and atrocious, that poor Elliott fell a victim to it.

On returning to the counting-house, one day, from the little chop-house at which he had been swallowing a hasty and frugal dinner, he observed indications of some unusual occurrence. No one spoke to him; all seemed to look at him as with suspicion and alarm. He had hardly hung up his hat, and reseated himself at his desk, when a message was brought to him from Mr. Hillary, who required his immediate attendance in his private room. Thither, therefore, he repaired, with some surprise—and with more surprise beheld all the partners assembled, together with the head clerk, the solicitor of the firm, and one or two strangers. He had hardly closed the door after himself, when Mr. Hillary pointed to him, saying, "This is your prisoner—take him into custody."

"Surrender, sir—you're our prisoner," said one of the two strangers, both of whom now advanced to him, one laying hold of his collar, the other fumbling in his pocket, and taking out a pair of handcuffs. Elliott staggered several paces from them on hearing the astounding language of Mr. Hillary, and but that he was held by the officer who had grasped his collar, seemed likely to have fallen. He turned deadly pale. For a second or two he spoke not.

"Fetch a glass of water," said Mr. Fleming, one of the partners, observing Elliott's lips losing their colour, and moving without uttering any sound. But he recovered himself from the momentary shock, without the aid of the water, which seemed to have been placed in readiness beforehand, so soon was it produced. Pushing aside the officer's hand that raised the glass to his lips, he exclaimed, "What is the meaning of this, sir? How dare you deprive me of my liberty, sir?"—addressing Mr. Hillary—"What am I charged with?"

"Embezzling the money of your employers," interposed the solicitor. As he spake, poor Elliott fixed upon him a stare of horror, and after standing and gazing in silence for several moments, attempted to speak, but in vain; and fell in a kind of fit into the arms of the officers. When he had recovered, he was conducted to a hackney coach which had been some time in readiness, and conveyed to the police office; where, an hour or two afterwards, Mr. Hillary, accompanied by Mr. Fleming, the solicitor, and two of Elliott's fellow-clerks, attended to prefer the charge. Elliott was immediately brought to the bar, where he stood very pale, but calm and self-possessed, his eyes fixed upon Mr. Hillary with a steadfast searching look that nothing could have sustained but his indignant consciousness of innocence. He heard the charge preferred against him without uttering a word. The firm had had reason for sometime, it was said, to suspect that they were robbed by some member of their establishment; that suspicion fell at length upon the prisoner; that he was purposely directed that day to go unexpectedly to dinner, having been watched during the early part of the morning; that his desk was immediately opened and searched, and three five-pound notes, previously marked (and these produced so marked), found in his pocket-book, carefully hid under a heap of papers; that he had been several times lately seen with bank-notes in his hand, which he seemed desirous of concealing; that he had been very intimate with one of his fellow-clerks, who was now in Newgate, on a charge similar to the present; that the firm had been robbed to a considerable amount; that Elliott had only that morning been asked by one of the clerks, then present, to lend him some money, when the prisoner replied that he had not got £5 in the world.—All this, and more, Elliott listened to without uttering a syllable.

"Well, sir," said one of the magistrates, "what have you to say to this very serious charge?"

"Say!—Why *can* you believe it, sir?" replied Elliott, with a frank air of unaffected incredulity.

"Do *you* deny it, sir?" enquired the magistrate, coldly.

"Yes, I do! Peremptorily, indignantly! It is absurd! *I rob my employers?* They know better—that it is impossible!"

"Can you prove that this charge is false?" said the magistrate with a matter of-fact air. "Can you explain, or deny the facts that have been just sworn to?" Elliott looked at him, as if lost in thought. "Do you hear me, sir?" repeated the magistrate, sternly; "you are not *bound* to say any thing; and I would caution you against saying any thing to criminate yourself." Still Elliott paused. "If you are not prepared, I will remand you for a week, before committing you to prison."

"Commit me to prison, sir!" repeated Elliott, with at once a perplexed and indignant air,—"Why, I am as innocent as yourself!"

"Then, sir, you will be able easily to account for the £15 found in your desk this morning."—

"Ah, yes—I have forgotten that—I deny the fact. They could not have been found in my desk—for I have not more than £4, and a few shillings, in the world, till my next quarter's salary becomes due"——

"But it is *sworn* here—you heard it sworn as well as I did—that the money was found there. Here are the witnesses—you may ask them any questions you think proper—but they swore to the fact most distinctly"——

"Then, sir," said Elliott, with a start, as if electrified with some sudden thought—"I see it all! Oh God. I now see it all! It was placed there on purpose! It is a plot laid to ruin me!" He turned round abruptly towards Mr. Hillary, and fixing a piercing look upon him, he exclaimed, in a low voice, "Oh, monster!" He was on the eve of explaining Mr. Hillary's probable motives—but the thought of *his daughter* suddenly sealed his lips. "Sir," said he, presently, addressing the magistrate, "I take God to witness that I am innocent of this atrocious charge. I am the victim of a conspiracy—commit me, sir—commit me at once. I put my trust in God—the father of the fatherless!"

The magistrates seemed struck with what he had said, and much more with his manner of saying it. They leaned back, and conferred together for a few minutes. "Our minds are not quite satisfied," said the one who had already spoken, "as to the propriety of immediately committing the prisoner to Newgate. Perhaps stronger evidence may be brought forward in a few days. Prisoner, you are remanded for a week."

"I hope, sir," said Mr. Hillary, "that he will by that time be able to clear his character—nothing I wish more. It's a painful thing to me and my partners to have to press such a charge as this—but we must protect ourselves from the robbery of servants!" This was said by the speaker to the magistrates; but he did not dare to look at the prisoner, whose piercing, indignant eye he felt to be fixed upon him, and to follow his every motion.

That day week Elliott was fully committed to Newgate: and on the next morning the following paragraph appeared in the newspapers:—

"—— Street. Henry Elliott, a clerk in the house of Hillary, Hungate, and Company, Mincing Lane (who was brought to this office a week ago, charged with embezzling the sum of £15, the money of his employers, and suspected of being an accomplice of the young man who was recently committed to Newgate from this office on a similar charge), was yesterday fully committed for trial. He is, we understand, a young man of respectable connexions, and excellent education. From his appearance and demeanor he would have seemed incapable of committing the very serious offence with which he stands charged. He seemed horror-struck on the charge being first preferred, and asseverated his innocence firmly, and in a very impressive manner, declaring that he was the victim of a conspiracy. In answer to a question of the magistrate, one of his employers stated, that up to the time of preferring this charge, the prisoner had borne an excellent character in the house."

The newspaper containing this paragraph found its way, on the evening of the day on which it appeared, into Miss Hillary's room, through her maid, as she was preparing to undress, and conveyed to her the first intimation of poor Elliott's dreadful situation. The moment that she had read it, she sprung to her feet, pushed aside her maid, who attempted to prevent her quitting her apartment, and with the newspaper in her hand, flew wildly down the stairs, and burst into the dining-room, where her father was sitting alone, in his easy-chair, drawn close to the fire. "Father!" she almost shrieked, springing to within a yard or two of where he was sitting—"Henry Elliott robbed you! Henry Elliott in prison! A common thief!" pointing to the newspaper, with frantic vehemence. "Is it so? And you his accuser? Oh, no! no! Never!" she exclaimed, a wild smile gleaming on her pallid countenance, at the same time sweeping to and fro before her astounded father, with swift but stately steps, continuing, as she passed and repassed him—"No, sir! no! no! no!—Oh, for shame! for shame, father! Shame on you! shame! His father dead! His mother dead! No one to feel for him! No one to protect him! No one to love him—but—ME!"—and accompanying the last words with a loud and thrilling laugh, she fell at full length insensible upon the floor.

Her father sat cowering in his chair, with his hands partially elevated—feeling as though an angry angel had suddenly flashed upon his guilty privacy; and when his daughter fell, he had not the power to quit his chair and go to her relief for several seconds. A horrible suspicion crossed his mind, that she had lost her reason; and he spent the next hour and a half in a perfect ecstacy of terror. As soon, however, as the apothecary summoned to her assistance, had assured him that there were, happily, no grounds for his fears—that she had had a very violent fit of hysterics, but was now recovered, and fallen asleep—he ordered the horses to his carriage, and drove off at top speed to the chambers of his City solicitor, Mr. Newington, to instruct him to procure Elliott's instant discharge. That, of course, was utterly impossible; and Mr. Hillary, almost stupified with terror, heard Mr. Newington assure him that the King of England himself could not accomplish such an object! That Elliott must now remain in prison till the day of trial—about a month or six weeks hence—and then be brought to the bar as a felon; that there were but two courses to be pursued on that day, either not to appear against the prisoner, and forfeit all the recognizances, or to appear in open court, and state that the charge was withdrawn, and that it had been founded entirely on a mistake. That even then, in either case, Elliott, if really innocent (Mr. Newington was no party whatever to the fraudulent concoction of the charge, which was confined to Mr. Hillary and Lord Scamp), and would bring an action at law against Mr. Hillary, and obtain, doubtless, very large damages for the disgrace, and danger, and injury which Mr. Hillary's unfounded charge had occasioned him; or—more serious still—he might perhaps *indict* all the parties concerned for a conspiracy.

"But," said Mr. Hillary, almost sick with fright at this alarming statement of the liabilities he had incurred, "I would not wait for an action to be brought against me—I would pay him any sum you might recommend, and that, too, instantly on his quitting the prison walls."

"But, pardon me, Mr. Hillary—why all this"—

"Oh—something of great importance has just happened at my house, which—which—gives me quite a different opinion. But I was saying I would pay him instantly"——

"But if the young man be spirited, and conscious of his innocence, and choose to set a high value upon his character, he will insist on clearing it in open court, and dare you to the proof of your charges before the whole world—at least *I* should do so in such a case."

"You *would*, would you, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Hillary, angrily, the big drops of perspiration standing upon his forehead.

"Certainly—certainly—I should, indeed; but let that pass. I really don't see"——continued Mr. Newington, anxiously.

"D——n him, then!" cried Mr. Hillary desperately, after a pause, snapping his fingers, "let him do his worst! He can never find *me* out."

"Eh? what?" interrupted Newington briskly, "find you out! What *can* you mean, Mr. Hillary?"

"Why—a—" stammered Mr. Hillary, colouring violently, adding something that neither he himself nor Mr. Newington could understand. The latter had his own surmises—somewhat vague, it is true—as to the meaning of Mr. Hillary's words—especially coupling them, as he did instantly, with certain expressions he had heard poor Elliott utter at the police office. He was a prudent man, however, and seeing no particular necessity for pushing his enquiries further, he thought it best to let matters remain as Mr. Hillary chose to represent them.

Six weeks did poor Elliott lie immured in the dungeons of Newgate, awaiting his trial—as a felon. What pen shall describe his mental sufferings during that period? Conscious of the most exalted and scrupulous integrity—he who had never designedly wronged a human being, even in thought—whom dire necessity only had placed in circumstances which exposed him to the devilish malice of such a man as Hillary—who stood alone, and with the exception of one fond heart, friendless in the world—whose livelihood depended on his daily labour, and who had hitherto supported himself with decency, not to say dignity, amidst many grievous discouragements and hardships—this was the man pining amid the guilty gloom of the cells of Newgate, and looking forward each day with shuddering to the hour when he was to be dragged with indignity to the bar, and perhaps found guilty on perjured evidence, of the shocking offence with which he was charged! And all this was the wicked contrivance of Mr. Hillary—the father of his Mary! And was he liable to be *transported*—to quit his country ignominiously and for ever,—to be banished with disgust and horror from the memory of her who had once so passionately loved him—as an impostor—a villain—*a felon!* He resolved not to attempt any communication with Miss Hillary, if indeed it were practicable; but to await, with stern resolution, the arrival of the hour that was either to crush him with unmerited, but inevitable infamy and ruin, or expose and signally punish those whose malice and wickedness had sought to effect his destruction. What steps could he take to defend himself? Where were his witnesses? Who would detect and expose the perjury of those who would enter the witness-box on behalf of his wealthy prosecutors? Poor soul! Heaven support thee against thy hour of trouble, and then deliver thee!

Miss Hillary's fearful excitement, on the evening when she discovered Elliott's situation, led to a slow fever, which confined her to her bed for nearly a fortnight; and when, at the end of that period, she again appeared in her father's presence, it was only to encounter, despite her wan looks, a repetition of the harsh and cruel treatment she had experienced ever since the day on which he had discovered her reluctance to receive the addresses of Lord Scamp. Day after day did her father *bait* her on behalf of his Lordship—with alternate coaxing and cursing: all was in vain—for when Lord Scamp at length made her a formal offer of his precious "hand and heart," she rejected him with a quiet contempt which sent him, full of the irritation of wounded conceit, to pour his sorrows into the inflamed ear of her father.

The name that was written on her heart—that was constantly in her sleeping and waking thoughts, Elliott—she never suffered to escape her lips. Her father frequently mentioned it to her, but she listened in melancholy, oftener indignant silence. She felt convinced that there was some foul play on the part of her father, connected with Elliott's incarceration in Newgate, and could sometimes scarcely conceal, when in his presence, a shudder of apprehension. And was it likely—was it possible—that such a measure towards the unhappy, persecuted Elliott, could have any other effect on the daughter, believing him, as she did, to be pure and unspotted, than to increase and deepen her affection for him—to present his image before her mind's eye, as that of one enduring martyrdom on her account, and for her sake?

At length came on the day appointed for Elliott's trial, and it was with no little trepidation that Mr. Hillary, accompanied by Lord Scamp, stepped into his carriage, and drove down to the Old Bailey, where they sat together on the bench till nearly seven o'clock, till which time the Court was engaged upon the trial of a man for forgery. Amid the bustle consequent upon the close of this long trial, Hillary, after introducing his noble friend to one of the aldermen, happened to cast his eyes to the bar which had been just quitted by the death-doomed convict he had heard tried, when they fell upon the figure of Elliott, who seemed to have been placed there for some minutes, and was standing with a mournful expression of countenance, apparently lost in thought. Even Mr. Hillary's hard heart was almost touched by the altered appearance of his victim, who was greatly emaciated, and seemed scarce able to stand erect in his most humiliating position.

Mr. Hillary knew the perfect innocence of Elliott; and his own guilty soul thrilled within him, as his eye encountered for an instant the steadfast, but sorrowful eye of the prisoner. In vain did he attempt to appear conversing carelessly with Lord Scamp, who was himself too much agitated to attend to him! The prisoner pleaded Not Guilty. No counsel had been retained for the prosecution, nor did any appear for the defence. The Court, therefore, had to examine the witnesses; and, suffice it to say, that after about half an hour's trial, in the course of which Hillary was called as a witness, and trembled so excessively as to call forth some encouraging expressions from the Bench. The Judge who tried the case decided that there was no evidence worth a straw against the prisoner, and consequently directed the Jury to acquit him, which they did instantly, adding their unanimous opinion, that the charge against him appeared both frivolous and malicious.

"Am I to understand, my Lord, that I leave the court freed from all taint, from all dishonour?" enquired Elliott, after the foreman had expressed the opinion of the jury.

"Certainly—most undoubtedly you do," replied the Judge.

"And, if I think fit, I am at liberty hereafter to expose and punish those who have wickedly conspired to place me here on a false charge?"

"Of course, you have your remedy against any one," replied the cautious judge, "whom you can prove to have acted illegally."

Elliott darted a glance at Mr. Hillary, which made his blood rush tumultuously towards his guilty heart, and bowing respectfully to the Court, withdrew from the ignominious spot which he had been so infamously compelled to occupy. He left the prison a little after eight o'clock; and wretched indeed were his feelings, as the turnkey, opening the outermost of the iron-bound and spiked doors, bade him farewell, gruffly adding—"Hope we mayn't meet again, my hearty!"

"I hope not, indeed!" replied Elliott, with a sigh; and descending the steps, found himself in the street. He scarce knew, for a moment, whither to direct his steps, staggering, overpowered with the strange feeling of suddenly-recovered liberty. The sad reality, however, soon forced itself upon him. What was to become of him? He felt wearied and faint, and almost wished he had begged the favour of sleeping, for the night, even in the dreary dungeons from which he had been but that moment released. Thus were his thoughts occupied, as he moved slowly towards Fleet Street, when a female figure approached him, muffled in a large shawl.

"Henry—dearest Henry!" murmured the half-stifled voice of Miss Hillary, stretching towards him both her hands; "so, you are free! You have escaped from the snare of the wicked! Thank God—thank God! Oh, what have we passed through since we last met! Why, Henry, will you not speak to me? Do you forsake the daughter, for the sin of her father?"

Elliott stood staring at her as if stupified.

"Miss Hillary!" he murmured, incredulously.

"Yes—yes! I am Mary Hillary; I am your own Mary. But, oh, Henry, how altered you are! How thin! How pale and ill you look! I cannot bear to see you!" And covering her face with her hands, she burst into a flood of tears.

"I can hardly—believe—that it is Miss Hillary," muttered Elliott. "but—your *father!*—Mr. Hillary! What will he say if he sees you? Are you not ashamed of being seen talking to a wretch like me, just slipped out of Newgate?"

"Ashamed? My Henry—do not torture me! I am heart-broken for your sake! It is my own flesh and blood that I am ashamed of. That it could ever be so base"——

Elliott suddenly snatched her into his arms, and folded her to his breast with convulsive energy.

If the malignant eye of her father had seen them at that moment!

She had obtained information that her father was gone to the Old Bailey with Lord Scamp, and soon contrived to follow them, unnoticed by the domestics. She could not get into the court, as the gallery was already filled; and had been lingering about the door for upwards of four hours, making eager enquiries from those who left the court, as to the name of the prisoner who was being tried. She vehemently urged him to accompany her direct to Bullion House, confront her father, and demand reparation for the wrongs he had inflicted. "I will stand beside you—I will never leave you—let him turn us both out of his house together!"—continued the excited girl—"I begin to loathe it—to feel indifferent about every thing it contains—except my poor unoffending—dying mother!—Come, come, Henry, and play the man!"—But Elliott's good sense led him to expostulate with her, and he did so successfully, representing to her the useless peril attending such a proceeding. He forced her into the coach that was waiting for her—refused the purse which she had tried nearly fifty times to thrust into his hand—promised to make a point of writing to her the next day in such a manner as should be sure of reaching her, and after mutually affectionate adieus, he ordered the coachman to drive off as quickly as possible towards Highbury. She found Bullion House in a tumult on account of her absence.

"So—your intended victim has escaped!" exclaimed Miss Hillary, suddenly presenting herself before her father, whom Lord Scamp had but just left.

"Ah, Polly—my own Poll—and is it you, indeed!" said her father, evidently the worse of wine, approaching her unsteadily—"Come, kiss me, love!—where—where have you been, you little puss—puss—puss——"

"*To Newgate, sir!*" replied his daughter in a quick stern tone, and retreated a step or two from her advancing father.

"N—n—ew-gate!—New—new—gate!" he echoed, as if the word had suddenly sobered him. "Well—Mary—and—what of that?" he added, drawing his breath heavily.

"To think that *your* blood flows in these veins of mine!" continued Miss Hillary, with extraordinary energy, extending her arms towards him. "I call you *father*—and yet"—she shuddered—"you are a guilty man—you have laid a snare for the innocent—Tremble, sir! tremble! Do you love your daughter? I tell you, father, that if your design had succeeded, she would have lain dead in your house within an hour after it was told her!—Oh, what—what am I saying?—where have I been?"—She pressed her hand to her forehead; her high excitement had passed away. Her father had recovered from the shock occasioned by her abrupt reappearance. He walked to the door, and shut it.

"Sit down, Mary," said he, sternly, pointing to the sofa. She obeyed him in silence.

"Now, girl, tell me—are you drunk or sober? Where have you been? What have you been doing?" he enquired with a furious air. She hid her face in her hands, and wept.

"You are driving me mad, father!" she murmured.

"Come, come! What!—you're playing the coward now, Miss! Where's all your bold spirit gone? What! can't you bully me any more! Snivel on then, and beg my forgiveness! What do you mean, Miss," said he, extending towards her his clenched fist—"by talking about the fellow Elliott being—my VICTIM? Eh! Tell me, you audacious hussy! you ungrateful vixen! what dy'e mean? Say, what the d——l has become of you!" She made no answer, but continued with her face concealed in her hands. "Oh—I'm up to all this! I see what you're after! I know you, young dare-devil! You think you can bully me into letting you marry this brute—this beggar—this swindler! Ah, ha! you don't know me though! By ——, but I believe you and he are in league to take my life!" He paused, gasping with rage. His daughter remained silent. "What has turned you so against *me?*" he continued in the same violent tone and manner. "Haven't I been a kind father to you all my"——

"Oh yes, yes, yes! dear father, I know you have!" sobbed Miss Hillary, rising and throwing herself at his feet.

"Then why are you behaving in this strange way to me!" he enquired, samewhat softening his tone. "Mary, isn't your poor mother up stairs dying; and if I lose her and you too, what's to become of me?" Miss Hillary wept bitterly. "You'd better kill your old father outright at once than kill him in this slow way! or send him to a mad-house, as you surely will! Come, Molly—my own little Molly—promise me to think no more of this wretched fellow! Depend on't he'll be revenged on me yet, and do me an injury if he can! Surely the devil himself sent the man across our family peace! I don't want you to marry Lord Scamp since you don't like him—not I! I'ts true I have longed this many a year to marry you to some nobleman—to see you great and happy—but—if you can't fancy my Lord Scamp, why—I give him up! And if you give *him* up, won't you meet me half way, and make us all happy again by giving up this fellow so unworthy of you? He comes from d——d bad stock, believe me! Remember—his father gambled, and—cut his throat," added Hillary in a low tone, instinctively trembling as he recollected the effect produced upon Elliott by his utterance of these words on a former occasion. "Only think, Molly! *My daughter*, with a vast fortune—scraped together during a long life of her father's hard labour—Molly—the only thing her father loves, excepting always your poor mother—to fling herself into the arms of a common thief—a—a goal-bird—a felon—a fellow on his way to the gallows"——

"Father!" said Miss Hillary solemnly, suddenly looking up into her father's face, "You KNOW that this is false! You know that he is acquitted—that he is innocent– you knew it from the first—that the charge was false!"

Mr. Hillary, who had imagined he was succeeding in changing his daughter's determination, was immeasurably disappointed and shocked at this evidence of his failure. He bit his lips violently and looked at her fiercely, his countenance darkening upon her sensibly. Scarce suppressing a horrible execration,—turning a deaf ear to all her passionate entreaties on behalf of Elliott—he rose, forcibly detached her arms, which were clinging to his knees, and rung the bell.

"Send Miss Hillary's maid here," said he, hoarsely. The woman with a frightened air soon made her appearance.

"Attend Miss Hillary to her room immediately," said he sternly, and his disconsolate daughter was led out of his presence to spend a night of sleepless agony.

——"On bed
Delirious flung, sleep from her pillow flise:
All night she tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch
Exanimate by love: and then, perhaps,
Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene!"

Many more such scenes as the one above described followed between Mr. Hillary and his daughter. He never left her from the moment he entered till he quitted his house on his return to the City. Threats, entreaties, promises—magnificent promises—all the artillery of persuasion or coercion that he knew how to use, he brought to bear upon his wearied and harassed daughter, but in vain. He suddenly took her with him into Scotland; and after spending there a wretched week or two, returned more dispirited than he had left. He hurried her to every place of amusement he could think of. Now he would give party after party, forgetful of his poor wife's situation; then let a week or longer elapse in dull or morose seclusion. Once he was carried by his passion to such a pitch of frenzy, that he struck her on the side of her head, and severely!—nor manifested any signs of remorse when he beheld her staggering under the blow. But why stay to particularize these painful scenes? Was *this* the way to put an end to the obstinate infatuation of his daughter? No—but to increase and strengthen it—to add fuel to the fire. Her womanly pride—her sense of justice—came—powerful auxiliaries—to support her love of the injured Elliott. She bore his ill treatment at length with a kind of apathy. She had long lost all *respect* for her father, conscious as she was that he had acted most atrociously towards Elliott; and presently after "some natural tears" for the poor mother, she became wearied of the monotonous misery she endured at Bullion House, and ready to fly from it. Passing over an interval of a month or two, during which she continued to keep up some correspondence with Elliott, who never told her the extreme misery—the absolute *want* he was suffering, since her *father* refused to give him a character such as would procure his admission to another situation, and he was therefore reduced to the most precarious means possible of procuring a livelihood. Miss Hillary overhearing her father make arrangements for taking her on a long visit to the continent—where he might, for all she knew, leave her to end her days in some convent—fled that night in desperation from Bullion House, and sought refuge in the humble residence of an old servant of her father's. Here she lived, for a few days, in terrified seclusion—but she might have spared her alarms, for her father received the news of her flight with sullen apathy—merely exclaiming "well—as she has made her bed she must lie upon it." He made no enquiries after her, nor attempted to induce her to return. When at length apprized of her residence, he did not go near the house. He had evidently given up the struggle in despair, and felt indifferent to any fate that might befall his daughter. He heard that the banns of marriage between her and Elliott were published in the parish church where her new residence was situated—but offered no opposition whatever. He affixed his signature, when required, to the document necessary to transfer to her the sum of money—£600, standing in her name in the funds, in sullen silence.

(*To be continued.*)

From the Court Magazine.

ARDMORE PATTERN.

——Vide ipse furentem
Cæde Neoptolemum geminosque in limine Atridas.
ÆNEIAD, LIB. 2.

Well primed with whiskey, and with stick in hand,
Bold Paddy capers right *forenent* the tent-door;
Ready to tumble in the yellow sand
The boy that dares within his reach to venture.
IRISH TRANSLATION.

No person can form a proper estimate of the Irish character, nor duly appreciate the native politeness, frankness, humour, and boundless hospitality of the peasantry of that country, unless he has seen them at the fair or pattern. It is there only that the portrait of an Irishman can be seen at full length. There you may study him in every mood. In the vast panorama spread before you, every passion and feeling of his nature is alternately brought into play. At one moment he is kneeling with the most profound reverence, and to all appearance entirely absorbed in religious feeling, at the tomb of his patron saint; at the next, he is greeting, with all the frankness and cordiality of his heart, some friend whom he invites to join in the amusements of the day. Follow him into the tent. He sees a pair of brilliant eyes and smiling lips; a moment after a glass of his favourite nectar is quaffed to the lady's health, and they are tripping it on "the light fantastic toe." A stranger enters: he invites him immediately to participate in their revelling; nay, to such an extent is this carried, that where the stranger declines the offer, offence is frequently taken, and a battle ensues. It is a gratifying thing to see him now seated by his favourite *colleen*, and entertaining all around him with his humour and loquacity; now encouraging the dancers, now applauding the musicians, and frequently making merriment at his own expense. But the scene soon changes. He snuffs the bottle from afar, and instantly bounds off to the scene of action. Or should his jealous eye detect another bent upon his *Moria*,* his blood is instantly on fire. The offender is in a thrice knocked down, and when once the thing is begun, the amusement does not flag for a considerable time. In a few hours afterwards you will see him with his late antagonist, wringing his hand, and expressing his sorrow for what has occurred "all through a misunderstanding."

These scenes may be witnessed with more or less splendour in all parts of Ireland, but only to perfection in the remote districts. In those places bordering on great towns the amusements are greatly curtailed,—

> The potent monarch, called the constable,

is in the heart of the fair; and although it frequntly happens that the peelers† are obliged to practice the better part of valour, and "take to their heels and run," yet many a fair flour is nipt in the bud by their vexatious vigilance. Indeed, so contagious is association with Englishmen, that in those places, in times gone by famous for "their frolic and spree," nothing is now to be had but gingerbread and Punch and Judy! A passage the degenerate people are all agog with—

> The *bould* lieutenant,
> And the crew so gallant,
> A sailing up to Cork in a hackney chaise.

And instead of the music of "the sticks a rattling," and "the blast o' the pipes," the sound of the *sodger's* band delights the ear of the vulgar—

> For 'tis there's the randyvoo house, for each *bould* hero,
> For to take on whose heart beats high!

Cork fair once so renowned—held, too upon classic ground,

> That holds the *Shebeen*‡ that once held King Shamus,||

is now-a-days little better than a cattle-market.§ Donnybrooke, it is feared, has also suffered much from the march of intellect. Ardmose,* however, "where 't would be folly to talk of taking a peeler," still remains in all its glory: and unless the monks of La Trappe, who since the expulsion of their order from France, have established themselves in the neighbourhood, work a miracle there, promises to remain *in statu quo* for another half century.

The first people inhabiting Ardmore and the other part of the county of Waterford, of whom we have certain intelligence, were the Menapii, Ptolemy, who wrote in the year of Christ 14i0 informs us that the Menapii then inhabited the counties of Waterford and Wexford. Strabo, a writer of the Augustan age, places a people of the same name in Belgic-Gaul, near the banks of the Rhine; and in Cæsar's Commentaries, we find mention of the same tribe, who, he informs us, were expelled from their possessions by the Usipites, a German nation. Considering these facts, it appears extremely probable that within the two hundred years from Cæsar to Ptolemy, the Menapii emigrated and settled on the south, eastern coast of Ireland. The manners, too ascribed by Cæsar to the Menapii of Belgic-Gaul, are strikingly similar to those of the ancient Irish. "After all Gaul," said he, "had submitted to peace, the Morini, and the Menapii stood out in arms, and neither sent ambassadors to him, nor otherwise treated of submission." He describes their manner of making war, as retiring within their bogs and fastnesses, and from thence making sudden assaults upon the Romans. This was the practice of the Irish upon the Anglo-Norman invasion. The Decii were the next people we find in possession of these districts. The present occupiers are of the same race. Originally the Decii were planted in Meath, and possessed near the famous Tara an extensive tract of land called *Deisie Temragh*. They drew their descent from Fiachadh Suidhe, eldest son of Fedlimid, the law-giver, who was supreme monarch of Ireland from the year A. D. 164 to the year 174. Whether they effected their settlement by force, and banished the Menapii, we are uncertain. We find no mention of the Menapii after Ptolemy. It is extremely probable, that as the country was then but thinly inhabited, the two families became blended together.

The power of the Decii remained unimpaired from that time to the year 1169, when Melaghlin O'Feolain, prince of the Sept, was taken prisoner by Earl Strongbow, when the city of Waterford was stormed. By the mediation of Durmod Mac Murrough, king of Leinster, his life was spared, but the chieftaincy of the Decii ended with him. The principal part of their territory was given to Robert le Poer, whose descendant, Sir Richard le Poer, was created Viscount Desies and Earl of Tyrone in 1673. The natives, how-

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* Anglice, Mary.

† The Irish police, so called after Sir Robert Peel, who originally introduced them.

‡ A house of entertainment "for man and beast."

|| James the Second.

§ The following lines, descriptive of what Donnybrooke *was*, will be new to the reader. They are ascribed to an eminent member of the Dublin University:

> Duos *tinkeres* vidi pugnantes in *Donnybrooko*
> Et clangor *brokedownem* ortus strepitus *budgettarum*
> *Bridgem brokedownem* et omnes *tumbled-in* erunt,
> Et omnes *drownati* sunt qui *swim away* non potuerunt.

* In my last paper I omitted to say that in the time of Ptolomy, the geographer, Ardmore was a place of note. Speaking of the Blackwater, which discharges itself at Youghall, he says,

> Urbem LISMOR pertransit flumen Avenmore
> ARDMORE cernit ubi concitus æquor adit.

ever, were never removed from the place. And although Waterford city, Lismore, and several other parts of the county of Waterford, became strong holds of the English, they have to the present day remained a separate people.

In all the records of this county, I find no mention of the amusements of the people. Smith, who wrote scarcely a century back, though remarkable in other respects for his industry and accuracy, is silent upon the point; and Spenser gives us but very meagre information on this interesting subject. The only change, however, that appears to have taken place within the last few centuries, is in their dress. Since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a considerable improvement has been effected in this particular, as well here as in the other parts of Ireland. As many readers are perhaps unacqainted with the costume of the native Irish in those days, I cannot place it more vividly before them than by quoting the following description of the male attire, from Derricke:—

With skulls upon their powles,
  Instead of civil cappes;
With speare in hand and sword bysides,
  To bear off after clappes.
With jackets long and large,
  Which shroud simplicitie,
Though spiteful dartes which they doe bear
  Importe iniquitie.
Their shirtes be very strange,
  Not reaching past the thigh,
With pleates on pleates they pleated are,
  As thick as pleates may lie;
Whose slieves hang trailling downe
  Almost unto the shoe,
And with a mantle commonlie
  The Irish kerne doe goe.
And some among the rest
  Doe use another wede,
A coat, I ween, of strange device,
  Which fancy first did breed;
His skirts be very shorte,
  With pleates set thick about,
And Irish trouzes more to put
  Their strange protractours out.

The present dress consists of a frieze coat, generally blue, but not unfrequently a light grey; inexpressibles made indifferently from cordid fustian, sheep-skins, and drugget, a kind of coarse flannel with blue and white stripes. Their stockings are made of the undyed wool of the black sheep, but the better sort sport Connemara ones of blue and fancy colours. Brogues are the only covering used for the feet, but numbers of both sexes walk barefooted. The waistcoat is gaudy, if the owner can afford to have it. Red cloth is generally worn by the old people. A straw hat, bound with blue calico or red cloth, completes (when supplied with his *shilleilagh*) the equipment of a "batchellor" at the pattern of Ardmore. Upon ordinary occasions, however, a large outside coat is worn. It is somewhat similar to a coachman's coat, but appears of little use to the owner, as he always wears it *rolled up* upon his back.

The dress of the women is more peculiar. They all wear long blue mantles, with hoods, which when the hood is drawn over the head completely conceals the figure. Spenser vents a torrent of invective against this mantle, and indulges in some insinuations against the "beauties of Erin," which you would not expect from the gallantry of the author of the "Fairy Queen." "I am sure," he says, "you will think it unfit for a good housewife to stir in, or to busie herself in her house in such sort as she should." He concludes his observations on the subject, by strenuously recommending the proscription by law of all mantles! With the economy of the interior articles of dress I am not as familiar as the poet appears to have been. A skirt of red or green silk is worn by the richer class, over which is a cotton gown, drawn back however, so as to display to the fullest advantage the former, and pinned into a kind of train behind. The married women invariably bind their heads round with silk handkerchiefs of different colours, which give a strange and remarkably enlivening appearance to the vast assembly, half of which at least is composed of women. Saffron, blue, and scarlet are the predominant colours. The young women generally appear in lace caps. No such thing as a bonnet, I believe I am safe in saying, has yet ever been displayed at Ardmore.

Having said so much by way of preface, it is now time that I should introduce the reader to the pattern. On the level and capacious strand of Ardmore numerous tents are spread out, around which a dense mass of people are collected, whose numbers may be estimated at fifty thousand, comprising all ages and both sexes. In the bay lie a countless number of small craft, which have conveyed the fishermen of Youghall, Dungarvan, Waterford, and of all the adjacent coast of the counties of Cork and Waterford to the spot.

Oh were I a Homer or Nebucadnezzar,
'Tis I that would make its glory shine!

But how could I describe the din that arises from the motley crowd, and convey to the reader an adequate idea of the forest of human beings waving to and fro beneath us—some exercising their strength by casting immense weights—some contending in pedestrianism—one group dancing—another fighting—while a third is engaged in prayer—the music issuing from the tents, mingling with the shouts of the contending parties, and the ceaseless noise of those vending their wares!

Accompanied by five others of a somewhat similar disposition, and among them a young Frenchman who had been resident in those countries for above a year, and whom we knew by the familiar *soubriquet* of Burgoo[*], as somewhat resembling in sound his Gallic appellative. I visited the pattern. As I have good reason to remember my journey, I shall have little difficulty in detailing our operations. We were dressed as sailors: simply, blue jackets, white pantaloons, Leghorn hats, and light shoes—each carrying a "switch"[*] in his hand. Shortly after our arrival in bay, convoyed by a trustworthy "boy" named Ned Fagan, we found ourselves in the heart of the crowd, and at the entrance of the principal tent, which was in shape, as Ned remarked, "like a dog's elbow, both round and square."

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[*] A dish well known to sailors.

"Welcome, gentlemen! welcome, gentlemen!" exclaimed the smiling proprietress of the tent, as she marked our approach, standing behind a row of barrels, and drawing the liquor with a rapidity surpassed only by the activity of the consumers.

We returned the greeting of the "most sweet wench;" and in sooth she was "sweet as the Hybla honey."

"Wisha, welcome, young gentlemen! welcome to Ardmore!—I say, make room for the gentlemen—easy wid them pipes for a moment—Missus Carthy, bring us down a couple of gallons 'till we treat the gentlemen;"—and similar exclamations of delight at seeing the entrance of half a dozen madcaps evidently in quest of *divarshin*, burst from all sides of the tent.

I soon found myself in the lap of a matron, who kindly accommodated me with the only resting-place unoccupied. My companions shifted for themselves.

Order was in a moment after restored. The pipers once more blew up *Nora Crina*, and a group immediately commenced "handling their feet" in concert with the music.

Abundant supplies of liquors were soon brought us; and here in the outset, ignorance of the customs of the people had nearly the effect of involving us in a quarrel. One of my companions being presented with some drink declined accepting it, at the same time drawing from his pocket a quantity of silver for the purpose of paying for some.

"You an' your money, be d—d!" exclaimed the insulted countryman, and dashed the silver with violence from the hand of my friend. A scramble ensued, and considerable confusion was created.

"D'ye think no one has money but ye?" cried the irritated man, pulling a handful of silver from his pocket. "By *Jasus*, I spind money as free as ever you would, my man, whoever you are."

"Wisha, do as he bids you, *agragal*[†]," said some of the women, entreatingly; "do, for the sake of peace."

"Why don't you drink, Harry?" said I, seeing the necessity for active intervention. "And come, Sir," turning to the angry man, "here's your good health, not forgetting the girls! Harry, our turn will come by and by."

"That's something like reason," replied the countryman.

My friend apologised with a frankness that completely allayed all angry feeling, and thus for the present an engagement was averted.

"Come gentlemen, a dance! a dance!" now cried the matrons, anxious to have the matter forgotten, and perhaps too desirous to afford their daughters an opportunity of displaying their accomplishments before the company.

"Come gentlemen, a dance!" echoed the young men, eager for an opportunity to show their superiority as dancers over the strangers. "Sure an' 'tisn't with the likes of us that you'd be afraid to dance."

"Come boys, by your leave—dance you must, faith, or fight me!"—said an old man, with a white head, and a nose that vied in hue and beauty with the immortal nasal ornament of Bardolph, springing up, and volunteering the part of the master of the ceremonies.

"Here," said he, "is a partner for you, and do you *Eilleen* dance with that gentleman there. What, you rogue! you won't, won't you? 'Tis longing to be axed, you are! Come gentlemen—thunder and turf! won't you help yourselves?" said the jolly old dog, pushing forward the last remaining into the centre of the tent.

"Nate Callaghan!—where is that piper gone to?" exclaimed several impatient voices.

"Shut your *praty* trap! here I am," returned the musician.

"Morthy Sullivan!" said he, calling out to one of his colleagues, "call in Jack Carthy, and the fiddler—and I say, do you, Dindy Deshie, my tulip! take out that flute that you have hiding in your pocket, there—come, my *bouchal*, none of your scheming tricks, they won't do for you—out wid it—we want all the music of the pattern. Hurrough! now for it, my darlings!" said Nate, snapping his fingers and capering about the tent, elevated with a fresh draught of the best "Beamish and Crauford,"[*] qualified by a strong infusion of mountain-dew.

"I say, Morthy, what business have you standing there *gostering* with another man's wife?"—again exclaimed Callaghan.

"Oh!—*folly* on, my boy, *folly* on," replied Sullivan, good-humouredly.

"Another man's wife, indeed!" said Sullivan's companion, "I suppose, Mister Callaghan, he is to ax your leave to speak to his own wife!—very good money there was paid for it too!"

"Yerra, whisht you fool!" said Sullivan, endeavouring to soothe his spouse, "sure, you know 't was only joking he was."

"What consarn was it of his at all?" said his wife, not so easily pacified.

"How easily you're offended, ma'am!—I suppose you want him to ax your pardon, do you, Mrs. Sullivan? *Masha* sure *arno*!"[†] said Callaghan's wife, coming up.

The pipers, however, had now taken their seats, and the noise of the women was soon drowned in the screaming of their instruments.

The dance now commenced, and it was soon apparent that, however able to whirl in the graceful waltz or move through the light quadrille, we knew nothing of dancing, as that term is understood at Ardmore. Some of us had the good sense to confess our inferiority, but our friend Burgoo refused to yield the precedence to anybody.

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[*] An Englishman would call this a cudgel, weighing 7 lbs. Such an article is quite necessary to ensure *the maintenance* of the peace.

[†] My darling; literally my white, or unspotted love.

[*] The famous Cork porter.

[†] A term of Contempt.

"Come, I'll bet you a gallon of porter," said a young man to the Frenchman, "I'll dance wid you."

"A hornpipe?" said Burgoo.

"Yes, *agoniz*, or any other step Jack Quinlan ever taught," returned his challenger.

"Go it, Burgoo!" cried some of my companions, anxious to have a laugh at his expense.

Burgoo sprang upon the boards that were sunk in the earthen floor, and shouted out, "Music!"

"The pipers obeyed the call, and in an instant Burgoo and his antagonist were "footing it" with might and main.

Infelix puer et impar congressus Achillei!

The noise of his feet could scarcely be heard, as his light shoes fell upon the boards, while the sound of his competitor's brogues could be distinguished high above the loudest note of the bagpipes. In short, after a little more than fifteen minutes' exertion, he was forced to surrender, and he sank into his seat, in a state of the utmost exhaustion. His conqueror was, however, too generous to boast of his victory; on the contrary, he affected to believe that he had no advantage over him whatsoever.

A young man and woman now started forward.

"What will ye have?" said Nate Callaghan, who appeared to preside over the orchestra. "'Tatter'd Jack Walsh,' 'Shawen sthall,' 'The Rakes o' Mallow,' or what'll ye have?"

"'Nora Crina,' Nate, if you please," said the young woman, to whom her partner had referred the question.

This was by far the best dance yet. The lady sustained her part with becoming spirit, and her lover's performance was beyond all praise. During the dance he sang the following Irish song:—

Rinkie dhas ma Nora Crina,
Currig dha cus ma Nora Crina,
Nora! Nora!
Thurum pougua—
Whoo!
Thussa ma sthora Nora Crina!

The English of which is—

Dance prettily, Nora Crina!
Lightly dance it, Nora Crina!
Nora! oh, my Nora!
Ah, let me taste thy lips,
I've won it!
You're my soul's idol, Nora Crina.

While repeating the fourth line, he dexterously caught the maiden round the waist, and kissed her.

As soon as they had retired, Jack Carthy, the piper, was called on for a song.

"No," said Jack, evidently, however, with no intention of refusing; "I an't in the humour. My throat is as dry as the upper leathers of my brogues."

"A'thin, bad win' to you for a vagrant!" exclaimed one of the company. "I suppose there an't whiskey enough in the pattern to make it mellow for you."

Whiskey was immediately brought to Jack, and without further ado he warbled forth "The Ram o' Darby," to the delight of the listeners.

And ochone 'tis he was the curiousest ram, Sir,
That ever your eyes did see.

Jack was interrupted for a moment by the boisterous applause of the assembly.

"That's no more the air of 'The Ram o' Darby,'" said a countryman, in an under tone, to a friend near him, "than *av* 'Nobody can Deny.'"

"An't it, tho'?" cried out one of Carthy's friends, who overheard the remark. "Yerra, boys, do you hear him? This chap here says that that an't the air of 'the ram.'"

"Don't it please you?" thundered the vocalist, rising wrathfully. "Maybe this would be more to your liking!" and as he spoke, he discharged a pewter vessel that stood before him at the head of the critic.

Luckily the man caught it on his arm before it reached its destination. The blood, however, sprang profusely from his temples. The next moment his stick descended upon the skull of the piper, and Carthy rolled in the sand.

"I say, fair play!" "I'll back Jack Carthy!" "Now for it, Jack, my beauty!" mixed with the cry of "The Mulcahys for ever, or die!" burst from the crowd, which now pressed forward, eager for combat.

Carthy sprang from the ground, and flourishing his stick in the air, called on Mulcahy, his antagonist, to follow him. He then rushed from the tent, accompanied by everybody present. Each man singled out his enemy, and a general and desperate fight ensued.

"Jack Carthy! Jack Carthy! is it mad you are? Oh, yerra! will nobody hould him?" exclaimed his wife, wringing her hands, and forcing herself through the throng, into the presence of her husband.

"Go home, and mind your children, or I'll smash every bone in your body!" returned her angry lord.

Judy, however, did not so soon forget her duty to her husband; but seeing a man of huge dimensions bearing down upon Jack, quickly caught up a large stone, and placing it in the corner of her mantle, swung it with such precision and force upon his poll, that the man was instantly compelled to bite the dust.

—— furens mediisque in millibus ardet
Bellatrix audet que viris concurrere.

In a few moments the fight raged through the principal part of the pattern, nor did it cease till the parish priest, and his coadjutor "Father Tom," rode with their long whips into the crowd, nor until the parties had thrashed each other to their hearts' content. During the action I was separated from my companions; but we all escaped unhurt, except one, who undertook the office of peace-maker, and was knocked down for his pains.

I now wandered through the crowd, and for the first time had an opportunity of seeing the external amusements. The most remarkable thing I saw was "a pig chase." A prize pig was started, which was to become the property of the man who seized it by the tail and arrested its speed. To render the matter still more difficult, the tail of the hog was carefully shaved, and covered with lard. There were several competitors, and excellent sport was afforded. Eventually the animal was captured. One man, who evidently understood the business, kept pace with the others for some time, and did not attempt the tail till most of them had unsuccessfully tried it; then seizing a handful of small gravel, he sprang upon the pig and held it firmly. The poor animal halted, perhaps wearied, or seized at that juncture with some swinish whim. The prize, however, was awarded to the victor.

I now passed through crowds who stood regaling themselves at the numerous stalls, on which were spread out a vast profusion of apples, pears, cherries,* currants, gooseberries, and the other fruits so plentiful in that county in autumn. The only thing I observed in the way of an exhibition was one monkey, carried by an Italian boy, who had found his way thither. It created the greatest interest among the natives, being most probably the only specimen of foreign zoology ever witnessed by them.

"Yerra, look at the nate little hands of the cratur. How natural he cracks the nuts and ates the apples!" exclaimed some of the women, regarding him with admiration. "It would be a Christian, only it can't speak."

"I'm sure," remarked another, "'t an't lucky to have anything to say to it. Look at his tail."

I now returned to the tent where we originally met, and there found all my friends. I urged their immediate departure, as it had now grown late.

"Come, man," said one of my friends, shoving me a vessel containing some whiskey, "the Mermaid, you know, won't sail unless she has plenty of ballast."

I was overruled—perhaps the fates so willed it—and took the liquor. Several of my companions were considerably elevated—Burgoo, perhaps, more so than any body else. He sat beside a pretty girl of about eighteen, who appeared highly pleased at the Frenchman's attentions. Among many extravagant things which he did, he took off his hat, and insisted upon exchanging it for an old felt *caubeen* which was stuck upon the head of a countrymen near him. The man merely laughed at the matter, and in a moment or two returned his hat. Burgoo now turned to a young man, whose surly countenance should have bid him beware. He attempted a similar movement with him, but was instantly levelled on the floor. He was the admirer of Burgoo's companion. The moment he fell, a peasant grasped me by the throat, and each of my friends was singled out by the drunken men who now thronged the tent. Though some of us understood the use of our weapons, but for the interference of the women, perhaps our lives would have fallen a sacrifice. I succeeded in flooring my assailant, but the next moment I fell to rise no more—for that night—from a blow of a pewter pint on the side of my head.

When I awoke, I found myself in bed, surrounded by women. It appeared that as soon as I fell, some of the women shoved my body under a table, and covered me from their husbands' sight with their mantles. In the morning I was conveyed to the hospitable residence of a neighbouring clergyman, by whose attention I was soon restored. My companions had sailed, and I found myself thirty miles from home, without a farthing in my pocket. I remained with the Rev. Mr. ——— until the evening, when he supplied me with money, and having whispered in my ear the folly and danger of intemperance, bade me farewell at the next coach stage.

R. R. P.

From the Eclectic Review.

REMAINS OF FELICIA HEMANS.

1. *Poetical Remains of the late Mrs. Hemans.* Fcap. 8vo. pp. 321. Edinburgh and London, 1836.
2. *The last Autumn at a favourite Residence,* with other Poems; and Recollections of Mrs. Hemans. By Mrs. Lawrence. 12mo. pp. 419. Liverpool, 1836.

Mrs. Hemans, if not in all respects the most gifted of the female writers who form so bright a constellation in the sphere of our contemporary literature, surpassed them all in those attributes of genius which characterize the lyric poet. Without possessing the dramatic conception of Joanna Baillie or Mary Mitford, the masculine vigour and depth of thought displayed by the late Mrs. Fletcher, (better known as Miss Jewsbury,) or the fertile imagination of others of our delightful female prose writers, she outshone them all in her peculiar orbit; and though she wrote too much, and often too carelessly, to sustain in all her compositions the high standard of poetic excellence to which she often attained, her best productions, in her own rich and peculiar vein, rival those of the mightiest masters of English song; while their exquisitely feminine character justify the remark, that "the poetry of Mrs. Hemans could have been written only by a woman." There is much truth and discrimination in the following critical estimate of her productions, from the pen of her Biographer.

> "Without aspiring to the vehemence which some writers have mistaken for energy, the poetry of Mrs. Hemans is never languid, even in the depths of its taste, tenderness and elegance. To the most graceful and harmonious diction, she wedded themes of endless variety; the outpourings of piety, and love, and friendship; the delights of the past and of the future; records of household affection, lays of patriotism, and legends of history and romance. She

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* The best cherries in Ireland are to be had at Affane, a few miles distant. They were originally planted there by Sir Walter Raleigh, from the Canary islands.

> has also given many beautiful and most delicious illustrations of Wordsworth's favourite theory regarding the subtile analogy existing between the external and the moral world; and which has embued the aspects of nature with something akin to sentiment and perception. Nothing can be richer or more glowing than her imagery; yet her pictures are never overlaid with colour; and all her delineations are clear and distinct. Many of her descriptions are ornate, even to gorgeousness; but her decorations are never idle; they are brought in either to act as a foil to simple elegance, or to contrast with the anguish of defeated passion and baffled hope. The whole tone of her mind was poetical, and the most trifling occurrence of the moment, a word spoken, a tone heard, a circumstance of daily life, frequently formed the germ of what, in her active imagination, was woven into a beautiful and perfect composition. Yet it should be remembered, that, instead of trusting to her natural powers of thought and fancy, she was, through the whole course of her literary career, an ardent and unwearied student. From' a course of extensive reading, she enlarged her comprehension with much that was soul-stirring and noble; with much that was gentle and refined: and if she has not often ventured, as Wordsworth, Crabbe, and Wilson have so powerfully done, to descend to the delineation of what is homely in life and manners, it evidently arose from no arrogance of intellect, but simply from such themes being incompatible with the system which she formed for herself, and had resolved to follow out in her writings. . . . .
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> "Over all her pictures of humanity are spread the glory and the grace reflected from purity of morals, dignity of sentiment, beauty of imagery, sublimity of religious faith, and ardour of patriotism; and, turning from the dark and degrading, whether in circumstance or conception, she seeks out those verdant oases in the desert of human life, on which the wings of her imagination may most pleasantly rest."

In a word, her poetry breathes the spirit of romance, blended with the inspiration of the scenes of beauty which were the home of her affections; but of such feelings, pure and delicious as they are, it cannot be said that they have "less of earth in them than heaven." Her "sublimity of religious faith" had in it more of picturesque than of moral elevation; and savoured more of the choir than of the oratory. A fine enthusiasm lights up her poetry, but it is the enthusiasm of cultivated taste, the play of imagination, the beauty of sentiment, not the fervour of soul caught from the objects of a faith that transcends imagination, or the working of emotions almost too deep and sacred for utterance. Perfectly accomplished and self-possessed, moving every where with grace and dignity, her muse never betrays the agitation of passion, or the weakness of transport, but keeps her "wonted state,

> " With easy step and musing gait,
> And looks commercing with the skies,
> Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes;"

As if, like 'divinest Melancholy, held in holy passion still,' she could 'forget herself to marble' in the shrine of her own imaginings. No wonder that Mrs. Hemans should find the literature of Germany most in unison with her own style of thought and feeling. 'She took,' we are informed, 'particular pleasure in the writings of Schiller and Goethe; and considered her intimacy with their works in particular, and with the many treasures of German literature generally, as having imparted an entirely new impulse to the powers of her own mind.' But we are anticipating the brief record of her brilliant career.

Felicia Dorothea Browne—that was her maiden name—was born in Liverpool, Sept. 25, 1793. Her father was a merchant, at one time of some eminence, but who, having engaged in too extensive speculations, became involved, and, in consequence of reverses, retired, with his family, into Denbighshire. Her mother, whose family name was Wagner, is stated to have been of Italian descent, although the name is German. She is described as a very accomplished and excellent woman; and to her, Felicia was indebted for her intellectual and moral training, the fruits of which she survived to enjoy in an 'overpayment of delight.' She died at Bronwylfa, St. Asaph, early in 1829.

Brought up in a secluded region where the romantic varieties of sea and mountain scenery are beautifully combined, Felicia, at a very early age, began to display a susceptibility of those impressions of the sublime and lovely in the features of the material world, which exerted so marked an influence upon the tone of her mind and feelings. 'While yet only in her sixth year, she took to the reading of Shakspeare as her favourite recreation; and such was the retentiveness of her memory, that she could repeat pages of his most striking scenes, as well as many passages from our best poets, after little more than a single perusal.' This early love of poetry naturally gave birth to imitative efforts; and, in the words of her friend, Mrs. Lawrence, 'she added another example to the rare and splendid one exhibited by Lord Byron, of a precocious mediocrity which shot forth subsequently with all the vigour of genius.' A volume of her childish poems, with designs of her own, was published by subscription, at St. Asaph, in 1806, when she was, consequently, in her thirteenth year.

> "When some critic, 'expert in breaking a butterfly upon a wheel,' had launched out, in the oracle of the age, against these childish effusions, their little Author was put to bed for several days, weeping and heart-sick of vexation and disappointment. This was the first and the last time she tasted the bitterness of criticism; and this castigation (justifiable only by Dr. Parr's penal code, and his often expressed opinion of its salutary results,) *was* beneficial: it repressed a facility which might have been dangerous or fatal."
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> *Mrs. Lawrence's Recollections*, p. 291.

The discouraging effect could not have been very deep or permanent, since, we are told by her Biographer, this little volume of her infantine productions, 'was, in the course of the four succeeding years, followed by two others, which evinced powers gradually but steadily expanding, and which were received with increasing favour by the admirers of poetry.' None but those who have seen the volumes of letters she received from individuals the most distinguished in the literary world, 'can imagine,' says Mrs. Lawrence, 'the praise and homage that were offered to her, and this while she was still young.' All this was enough to intoxicate a romantic and beautiful girl yet in her teens; and any judicious friend must have trembled for the result. Gay, sanguine, and inexperienced, she appears to have given away her heart to a red-coat; and in her nineteenth year, was married 'to one who could never appreciate her,'—Captain Hemans, of the Fourth Regiment.

> " In the ages and situation in life of the parties, there was no disparity; but every prudential consideration forbade their union; and her mother assented to this unfortunate attachment, it is said, only because she dreaded for Felicia the fate of a beautiful elder sister, who had died very young of consumption. It is known that the estrangement which ensued arose only out of one of the least blameable sources of such conventional separations; either from the pressure of worldly cares, or the utter incapability of habits and feelings. But whatever censure may be attached to it, must not rest upon Mrs. Heman's, for, upon her mother's death, her offer to rejoin her husband was rejected. After this, and indeed from the year 1828, they met no more. On this subject, it is believed, she hardly ever spoke; never unless a few words burst from her under the pressure of recent vexation......She never complained, but what she suffered from this or other ills, might be gathered from her harassed, feverish countenance,—from the paroxysms of beating of the heart in almost audible pulsations, which used to seize her (as one of her children said,) "after she got her letters," and which gave melancholy indication of the lurking malady which was so soon to declare itself. She never complained, but what she felt may, perhaps, be traced from her picture of disappointed tenderness in her own "Properzia Rossi."
>
> —" Tell me no more, no more,
> Of my souls lofty gifts! are they not vain
> To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?
> Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind
> One true heart unto me, whereon my own
> Might find a resting place, a home for all
> Its burthen of affections? I depart
> Unknown, tho' fame goes with me. I must leave
> The earth unknown. Yet it may be that death
> Shall give my name a power to win such tears
> As would have made life precious."
>
> *Records of Woman.*

In the Biographical Memoir, the subject is slurred over by the statement that, unfortunately, Captain Hemans's health, having been undermined by the hardships he had endured in the disastrous retreat to Corunna, and in the Walcheren expedition, was so broken up as to 'render it necessary for him, a few years after their marriage, to exchange his native climate for the milder sky of Italy,'—leaving his wife, as it should seem, to bring up and educate her five boys as she could. We are no friends to the too common practice of exposing domestic details to the public eye: but if biography is to answer any worthy purpose, no facts ought to be withheld by a false delicacy, the knowledge of which is necessary to place the character delineated in a just light, and to give a monitory force to the tale of misfortune. Better that public curiosity should remain altogether ungratified, than that what purports to be a biographical memoir should be given, in which the main and governing circumstances of the individual's history are concealed.

The literary pursuits of Mrs. Hemans rendering it, in the smooth phrase of her Biographer, '*ineligible* for her to leave England,'—that is, to accompany her husband to Italy,—as if she could not have pursued them as well in that country as in North Wales!—she continued to reside with her mother and sister at a quiet and pretty spot near St. Asaph. There,

> ' in the bosom of her family, entirely devoted to literature, and to the education of five interesting boys, in whose welfare centered all the energies of her mind and heart, she
>
> " Trod in gentle peace her guileless way,"
>
> and won more and more on public regard and estimation. . . . From this studious seclusion were given forth the two poems which first permanently elevated her among the writers of her age; the " Restoration of the Works of art to Italy," and " Modern Greece." '
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> Memoir, pp. xiii., xiv.

The latter of these appeared anonymously in 1817, but had the advantage of being put forth by the fashionable Albemarle Street publisher, and immediately attracted the favourable notice of Lord Byron, of Shelley, and of Bishop Heber. It was noticed at the time in this Journal,* with cordial praise as a production of 'genuine talent and feeling;' and had the sex of the author been detected by the Reviewer, it is probable that a still warmer tribute of commendation would have been awarded to the skill and vigour of genius which could impart a sustained interest to the simple and obvious reflections suggested by the trite, though stirring theme, and pursued through a hundred and one stanzas of descriptive and sentimental verse. In 1819, appeared her " Tales, and Historic Scenes," in Verse; to which the name of the Author was attached; a volume which was described, in the notice given of it in our pages,† as 'highly creditable to the taste, and fancy, and extensive literary information of the accomplished writer,' whose talents, it was remarked, were certainly of no common order, and had been successfully cultivated. Other productions now flowed from Mrs. Hemans's pen in rapid succession. Besides the volume just mentioned,

> The Translations from Camoens; The Prize poem of Wallace, as also that of Dartmoor; The Sceptic, The Welsh Melodies; The Siege of Valencia; and the Vespers of Palermo; may all be referred to this epoch of her literary career, and are characterized by beauties of a high and peculiar stamp. With reference to the two last, it must be owned, that if the genius of Mrs. Hemans was not essentially dramatic, yet they abound with high and magnificent bursts of poetry.'
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> *Memoir*, pp. xv., xvi.

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* Eclectic Rev. Vol. X. 2d Series, p. 598.

† Ib. Vol. XIII., p. 81.

The period to which the publications belong, her Biographer supposes to have been 'probably the happiest period of her life.' Cheered and animated by the applause now unequivocally bestowed upon her poetical efforts, she continued to occupy herself with literary pursuits, in an uninterupted domestic privacy. Her talent for acquiring languages was remarkable. She was well versed in German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, and had some knowledge of Latin. Her preference for German literature has already been mentioned, as well as that she considered her intimacy with the treasures of that language as having imparted an entirely new impulse to the powers of her own mind.

> 'About this time were composed some of those inimitable lyrics,—more especially "The Treasures of the Deep," "The Hebrew Mother," "The Voice of Spring," and "The Hour of Death" .... which will find a response in the human bosom till the end of all time.'—*Memoir*, p. xviii.

Mrs. Hemans's fame had now spread across the Atlantic; and a Reviewer in the Boston Christian Observer (supposed to be Professor Norton) thus speaks, in 1828, of the estimation in which her poems were held in America.

> '"The writings of Mrs. Hemans have been so justly estimated in this country, that any praise now, can be little more than an echo of the public voice. Her poetry, so full of deep sentiment, so pure and elevating, calls up images and emotions like those with which we view the brilliancy of the evening star in the stillness of the summer night. It allies itself to every thing belonging to the better part of our nature."'

Professor Norton visited England, with his lady, in 1828; and one object which he had in view, was to become personally acquainted with Mrs. Hemans. On his return to America, he exerted himself generously and effectually to secure to her the copyright of the edition of her poems then about to appear. 'From the immense number of copies previously circulated there, she had never derived any advantage. His and Mrs. Norton's steady and essential kindness has been continued to her son Claude, now in America.' We transcribe with pleasure this statement from Mrs. Lawrence's "Recollections," as honourable alike to our accomplished countrywoman and to the American Professor, —and reflecting honour on both countries, whose literature and religion are one.

The death of Mrs. Hemans's mother in 1827, and the marriage of her sister* in the following year, added to the necessity of obtaining additional facilities for the education of her boys, induced Mrs. Hemans to leave St. Asaph, and to fix her residence at Wavertree near Liverpool.

> 'Whilst at that place, a favourable opportunity occurred for her visiting Scotland, with the scenery of which she was delighted; and the remembrance of the friends she had made, and the courtesy she had experienced there, was never effaced from her memory. In her journeyings on this occasion, she had the pleasure of forming a personal acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott, Lord Jeffrey, Wordsworth, the Author of Cyril Thornton, and other distinguished literary characters. ... While in the neighborhood of Edinburgh, her principal sojourn was at Milburn Tower, the seat of the venerable Sir Robert Liston.'

Mrs. Lawrence has given some fragments of letters received from her gifted friend during this excursion, expressive of the gratification she derived from the visit to Abbotsford, Ridal Mount, and Winandermere. They are brief and unstudied, and evidently meant only to convey her feelings to a friend who would sympathize with them. During her stay at Sir Robert Liston's, near Edinburgh, she formed an acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Greaves, which induced her to visit Dublin, and eventually to settle there. One inducement was, we are told, to escape from the continual succession of visiters to which she was liable at Wavertree, and to enjoy something more like retirement. At Dublin, her Hymns for Childhood, and her National Lyrics and Songs for Music, were published. Her constitution, never very strong, now began to shew the effects of the feverish excitement attendant upon a life of unremitted mental exertion and deep anxiety; and the hectic changes which passed over her countenance, too clearly indicated to her friends the insidious disease which was at work within. In Dec. 1834, Mrs. Hemans removed to Redesdale, about 7 miles from Dublin, the vacant summer residence of the Archbishop of Dublin, in the hope of deriving benefit from change of air and quiet. She was accompanied by her youngest son, who watched over her with the most devoted affection. Here she remained three months, but without deriving any benefit: and at length, her malady assuming an alarming character, she wrote to Mrs. Whately, expressing a deep sense of their kindness, but stating that she could not conceal from herself that her strength was sinking, and that she had consequently determined upon returning to Dublin, to be nearer her physicians. The following extract from one of her latest letters will be read with deep interest. It is dated Feb. 10, 1833. After referring to Sir Robert Peel's unexpected kindness to her son Henry, in appointing him to a situation in the Navy Office, which she says, 'filled my mind with joy and thankfulness, and lifted a weight of aching anxiety from my heart,' she continues:

> '"Well, my dear ——, I hope my life, if it be spared, may now flow back into its native course of quiet thoughtfulness. You know in how rugged a channel the poor little stream has been forced, and through what rocks it has wrought its way; and it is now longing for repose in some still valley. It has ever been one of my regrets, that *the constant necessity of providing sums of money to meet the exigency of the boys' education, has obliged me to waste my mind in what I consider mere desultory effusions.*

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* It was, we presume, *this* sister, Mrs. Hughes, who 'set so many of her songs to music, with a happiness of effect which so completely echoes their feeling, that it seems to be the result of a kindred unison, such as is sometimes so pleasing in the voices of sisters.'

'"Pouring myself away,
As a wild bird, amidst the foliage, turns
That which within her thrills, and beats, and burns,
Into a fleeting lay."

'"My wish ever was, to concentrate all my mental energy in the production of some more noble and complete work, something of pure and holy excellence, (if there be not too much presumption in the thought,) which might permanently take its place as a work of a British poetess. I have always, hitherto, written as if in the breathing times of storms and billows. Perhaps it may not even yet be too late to accomplish what I wish, though I sometimes feel my health so deeply prostrated, that I cannot imagine how I am ever to be raised up again. But a greater freedom from those cares of which I have been obliged to bear up under the whole responsibility, may do much to restore me; and though my spirits are greatly subdued by long sickness, I feel the power of my mind in full maturity....I have of late * * unkindness, but I shall never despond for these things. The very idea of possessing such friends as ——— and your dear, noble brother, is a fountain of strength and hope. * * * I am very, very weary of writing so long; yet still feel as if I had a thousand things to say to you. . . . .

* * * * * * * * * *

"'With regard to my health, I can only tell you that what I now feel is a state of sinking languor, from which it seems impossible I should ever be raised. I feel greatly exhausted with this long letter, * * so farewell! my dear, dear ———.

Your most affectionate
Felicia Hemans.'

After this, she rallied a little,—the treacherous nature of the disease often inducing the most flattering appearances to the very last. On Sunday, April 25th, she dictated to her brother, Major Browne, her last composition,—a

Sabbath Sonnet.

'How many blessed groupes this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow-paths their way,
Towards spire and tower midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day!
The halls from old heroic ages grey,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound. Yet, O my God, I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.'

These touching lines are more indicative of the tone of her mind at this period, than of the distinct nature of her religious views; and we transcribe with more satisfaction on this account a sonnet, written a few weeks before,

'*On reading* Coleridge's Epitaph *written by himself.*

"Spirit! so oft in radiant freedom soaring,
High through seraphic mysteries unconfined,
And oft, a diver through the deep of mind,
Its caverns, far below its waves, exploring;
And oft such strains of breezy music pouring
As, with the floating sweetness of their sighs,
Could still all fevers of the heart, restoring
Awhile that freshness left in Paradise.
Say, of those glorious wanderings, what the goal?
What the rich fruitage to man's kindred soul
From wealth of thine bequeathed? On strong, and high,
And sceptered intellect! thy goal confest
Was the Redeemer's Cross; thy last bequest,
One lesson breathing thence profound humility."

Although Mrs. Hemans's poems contain some occasional and somewhat indistinct references to the doctrines of Christianity, it must be admitted that they are deficient in that tone of Scriptural piety and devotional feeling which would indicate the ascendancy of religious affections in her own heart. Her literary pursuits seem to have led her too far away from the steady consideration of those eternal verities which relate to the objects of faith and the interests of the soul. Towards the close of life, however, as her mind became more weaned from earth, religious subjects acquired a deeper interest. "I could wish," says her Sister, "that some idea might be given of the gradually deepening tone of her character during the last year or two, which, as we now look back upon it, seems to have been a solemn, silently working preparation for that most fitting close. In all the notices that I have seen, this has been either overlooked or coldly or casually alluded to." We fear that she was too exclusively surrounded with associates who could neither appreciate nor were qualified to cherish the "warmer glow of awakened religion," apparent in some of her later productions. Mrs. Lawrence refers us to some touching lines to her Mother's Bible, as being characterised by "a sort of personal and domestic character" in the feelings from which they must have originated, which renders them peculiarly interesting in this respect.

To a Family Bible.

"What household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently! Of anxious looks beguiled,
My mother's eyes upon thy page divine
Each day were bent; her accents, gravely mild,
Breathed out thy love; whilst I, a dreamy child,
Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,—
Some fresh discovered nook for woodland play,—
Some secret nest. Yet would the solemn Word
At times, with kindling of young wonder heard,
Fall on my wakened spirit, there to be
A seed not lost; for which in darker years,
O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart's blessings on the holy dead and thee."

Nothing more beautiful than this exquisite sonnet, in our judgment, is to be found in her happiest efforts. But with still greater pleasure we transcribe the brief intimation that, in her last days, she was conversant with the works of an author, who, in the unction and heavenly spirit that pervade his pages, has been thought to come nearest to the inspired writers.

"The evening before her death, she listened with occasional expressions of interest, and even of admiration, to some passages from the works of Archbishop Leighton, which she had desired might be read to her.

"She expired at nine o'clock in the evening of Saturday, the 16th day of May, as if anticipating the Sabbath rest, quite exhausted, and fading away in the tranquil transition of sleep, and it is fervently hoped, without much suffering."

Mrs. Lawrence's Recollections, pp. 408, 409.

Her remains were deposited in the vault of St. Anne's Church, Dublin; and a tablet has been erected to her memory in the cathedral of St. Asaph, where those of her mother repose.

We must now indulge ourselves and our readers with a few more specimens of these interesting Remains. We know not the date of the following beautiful poem; but it was probably among her latest productions.

'The Wish.

'Come to me, when my soul
Hath but a few dim hours to linger here:
When earthly chains are as a shrivelled scroll,
Oh! let me feel thy presence! be but near!

'That I may look once more
Into thine eyes which never changed for me;
That I may speak to thee of that bright shore
Where, with our treasure, we have longed to be.

'Thou friend of many days!
Of sadness and of joy, of home and hearth!
Will not thy spirit aid me then to raise
The trembling pinions of my hope from earth ?

'By every solemn thought
Which on our hearts hath sunk in days gone by,
From the deep voices of the mountains caught,
Or all the' adoring silence of the sky :—

'By every solemn theme
Whereon, in low-toned reverence, we have spoken;
By our communion in each fervent dream,
That sought from realms beyond the grave a token:—

'And by our tears for those
Whose loss hath touched our world with hues of death;
And by the hopes that with their death repose,
As flowers await the south-wind's vernal breath :—

'Come to me in that day—
The one—the severed from all days—O friend!
Even then, if human thought may then have sway,
My soul with thine shall yet rejoice to blend.

Nor then, nor *there* alone;
I ask my heart if all indeed must die;
All that of holiest feelings it hath known?
And my heart's voice replies—Eternity!'

The stanzas 'To the Mountain Winds,' are distinguished by their exquisitely modulated rhythm, 'most musical, most melancholy,' like that of the Eolian choristers whom they apostrophize.

'To the Mountain Winds.

'Mountain winds! oh! whither do ye call me?
Vainly, vainly would my steps pursue!
Chains of care to lower earth enthral me:
Wherefore thus my weary spirit woo ?

'Oh the strife of this divided being!
Is there peace where ye are borne on high?
Could we soar, to your proud eyries fleeing,
In our hearts would haunting memories die?

'Those wild places are not as a dwelling
Whence the footsteps of the loved are gone!
Never from those rocky halls came swelling,
Voice of kindness in familiar tone!

'Surely music of oblivion sweepeth
In the pathway of your wanderings free;
And the torrent, wildly as it leapeth,
Sings of no lost home amidst its glee.

'There the rushing of the falcon's pinion,
Is not from some hidden pang to fly;
All things breathe of power and stern dominion,
Not of hearts that in vain yearnings die.

'Mountain winds! oh! is it, is it only
Where man's trace hath been that so we pine?
Bear me up to grow in thought less lonely,
Even at nature's deepest, loneliest shrine!

'Wild, and mighty and mysterious singers!
At whose tone my heart within me burns;
Bear me where the last red sunbeam lingers,
Where the waters have their secret urns!

'There to commune with a loftier spirit
Than the troubling shadows of regret;
There the wings of freedom to inherit,
Where the enduring and the winged are met.

'Hush, proud voices! gentle be your falling!
Woman's lot thus chainless may not be.
Hush! the heart your trumpet sounds are calling,
Darkly still may grow—but never free!'

But the noblest production of the volume the ode entitled 'Despondency and aspiratio which is too long to extract entire; but we mu make room for some of the concluding stanz

'Return no more, vain bodings of the night!
A happier oracle within my soul
Hath swell'd to power;—a clear, unwavering light
Mounts through the battling clouds that round me r
And to a new control
Nature's full harp gives forth rejoicing tones,
Wherein my glad sense owns
Th' accordant rush of elemental sound
To one consummate harmony profound;
One grand Creation-Hymn,
Whose notes the Seraphim
Lift to the glorious height of music wing'd and crown

'Shall not those notes find echoes in my lyre,
Faithful though faint?—Shall not my spirit's fire,
If slowly, yet unswervingly, ascend
Now to its fount and end?
Shall not my earthly love, all purified,
Shine forth a heavenward guide?
An angel of bright power?—and strongly bear

My being upward into holier air,
Where fiery passion-clouds have no abode,
And the sky's temple-arch o'erflows with God?

'The radiant hope new-born
Expands like rising morn
In my life's life: and as a ripening rose
The crimson shadow of its glory throws
More vivid, hour by hour, on some pure stream;
So from that hope are spreading
Rich hues, o'er nature shedding,
Each day, a clearer, spiritual gleam.

'Let not those rays fade from me:—once enjoy'd,
Father of spirits! let them not depart!
Leaving the chill'd earth without form and void,
Darken'd by mine own heart!
Lift, aid, sustain me! Thou, by whom alone
All lovely gifts and pure
In the soul's grasp endure;—
Thou, to the steps of whose eternal throne
All knowledge flows—a sea for evermore,
Breaking its crested waves on that sole shore—
O consecrate my life! that I may sing
Of Thee with joy that hath a living spring,
In a full heart of music!—Let my lays
Through the resounding mountains waft thy praise,
And with that theme the wood's green cloisters fill,
And make their quivering leafy dimness thrill
To the rich breeze of song! O! let me wake
The deep religion which hath dwelt from yore,
Silently brooding by lone cliff and lake,
And wildest river shore!
And let me summon all the voices dwelling,
Where eagles build, and cavern'd rills are welling,
And where the cataract's organ-peal is swelling,
In that one spirit gather'd to adore!

'Forgive, O Father! if presumptuous thought
Too daringly in aspiration rise!
Let not thy child all vainly have been taught
By weakness, and by wanderings, and by sighs
Of sad confession!—lowly be my heart,
And on its penitential altar spread
The offerings worthless, till Thy grace impart
The fire from Heaven, whose touch alone can shed
Life, radiance, virtue!—let that vital spark
Pierce my whole being, wilder'd else and dark!
Thine are all holy things—O make *me* Thine:
So shall I too be pure—a living shrine
Unto the spirit which goes forth from Thee,
Strong and divinely free,
Bearing thy gifts of wisdom on its flight,
And brooding o'er them with a dove-like wing;
Till thought, word, song, to Thee in worship spring,
Immortally, endow'd for liberty and light.'

We know not what to say of Mrs. Lawrence's poetical compositions. To bring them into immediate comparison with those of her accomplished and beloved friend, would be very equivocal kindness. The chief attraction of the volume, she seems to be aware, lies in the Recollections of Mrs. Hemans, contained in the Notes, which form a large portion of it, and for which we feel too much indebted to her to feel disposed to act the cold part of the critic on the present occasion.

From the Court Magazine.

THE FOREST TRACK.

A FACT.

OLD MAN. "'Tis unnatural, even like the deed that's done."—
SHAKSPEARE.

PART II.

At about seven in the evening of that day, while the Mayor of D—— was—"taking his ease in his arm chair," in other words, was dozing, after dinner, in the rudely-constructed, half-worn-out, unwieldy, and particularly unluxurious piece of furniture, that he was supposed to consider his arm-chair, he was disturbed by an intrusion of some of the villagers, and called upon to decide a dispute that could not be terminated without his interference. The Mayor, probably rather out of temper (though that is little to our purpose) at so untimely an interruption, roused himself from his nap, and desired that these molesters of the public peace might be brought into his presence.

His clerk or assistant accordingly, having set down his lantern at the other end of the hall, proceeded to usher them in.

The parties appeared before the wrathful functionary, followed by several of the villagers, some of whom, on the ground of private acquaintanceship with the Mayor, or the plea of their individual respectability, were admitted, whilst the rabble portion of these anxious spectators of a row, were turned away by the clerk, and gratified with the attention of a closed door.

The persons in debate were the Forest Keeper, and an old and poor, but venerable-looking man. The garments of this last individual were loose and tattered; they seemed scarcely sufficient to keep out the cold. His long, thin, white hair fell over the collar of his tattered coat and about his cheeks, the wrinkled and livid appearance of which bore witness that both the individual and his clothes had come to their worst days. Whether from shame, fear, or some still more distressing emotion, the old man so bowed his head that the front of his features was hardly discernible, being buried in the handkerchief that was tied loosely round his throat, and which in his present attitude became a sort of shelter from the curiosity of the lookers-on. It was also observable that he trembled exceedingly.

The Forest Keeper, on the contrary, strode firmly into the room; and as the disputants arrived side by side before the Mayor—a few hours ago the keeper's boon companion, and now to be appealed to as his judge—there was a swagger, and a withering look of triumph in his face and bearing, which, in consideration of the appearance of the defendant, no man of true courage would have assumed. Although Pierre Levèque had been exposed until this hour of the evening to an inclement atmosphere, his face was flushed and heated—not red, but glowing here and there with spots of a purple tint that seemed burnt into his countenance. His small grey eyes gleamed from their deep caves like those of an angry ferret; his short coat was buttoned close over his breast; he supported himself by his right hand upon his musket, as if it had been a stick, though his vigorous frame seemed hardly to render such a prop necessary; and his left hand, in which he held his cap, leant over the muzzle of the piece.

The Forest Keeper's voice evidently laboured under some unusual emotion, for twice he attempted to speak—twice, as if something had stuck in his throat, he stopped short, cleared his chest, and only with considerable effort regained the power of articulation. It soon appeared that the conduct of the defendant had incensed him beyond measure. Pierre Levêque set a great value upon his authority in the woods; and his bodily strength and rough uncompromising manners having given him a sort of notoriety in the neighborhood, he was accustomed to meet with little opposition in the discharge of his duties. This man had surely been intended for a tyrant. He enjoyed the petty power of exciting fear, where he could not be resisted, more than another would have enjoyed the emoluments of the office. It was well for the country that Levêque had not been born in a more elevated rank of life, or in a situation where he could have acquired great authority. It was well for the village of D——— that he was not their Mayor.

The Keeper's complaint was as follows:—He was making his rounds in the forest, when the sound of some one whistling caught his attention. On coming up to the spot, he discovered the defendant cutting wood. Having remonstrated sharply on this infringement of the forest laws, and declared that he would proceed against the aggressor, the old man, he said, attempted to evade the consequences by making off; but this having been prevented, he refused to give his name. A considerable altercation had ensued, when the delinquent at length consented to appear before the Mayor.

"He will gain nothing by his obstinacy," added the complainant, "for I am determined now to proceed against him with the utmost rigour. The old fellow shall see what he gets by braving Pierre Levêque;" and he thumped with the butt end of his musket on the floor, as if to find vent for his indignation.

"Be quiet, Pierre," said the Mayor; "it is my duty to settle this matter. Personal offence has nothing to do with the aggression, therefore you may as well keep your temper. Old man," he continued, turning to the offender, "let us hear how you can answer these accusations!"

The old man, who had not once lifted up his head, now drew from his pocket a ragged handkerchief, with which he wiped his face; then, for the first time looking full at the person who addressed him, touched his forehead with the back of his hand, by way of a respectful salutation, and continued to gaze upon him with an expression extremely difficult to interpret. To the Mayor it conveyed an indication of imbecility, which the age and decrepit appearance of the culprit tended to confirm.

"You are called upon," he repeated, mildly, "to give some account of yourself."

"*Monsieur c'est vrai.* I am a poor working man; that is, not much fit for work, as you see; but all my children are married, or in service, therefore I am under the necessity of helping myself. I live on the outskirts of the forest, about three quarters of a league from hence. The nights are cold, and I require a bit of fire in my cabin to keep off my rheumatism."

"All this is very well," returned the Mayor, interrupting the trembling voice that uttered these explanations, "but it is foreign to our purpose. You must be aware that it is against the laws to supply your exigencies by cutting wood that belongs to the government."

"I know it."

"If you have not the excuse of ignorance for the infringement of the law, there is none other to be offered."

"*Monsieur le Maire, écoutez.* I did not go into the forest to cut wood. I went thither to gather a bundle of the dry branches that had fallen from the trees. *Monsieur* will tell you. I had my faggot made up beside me at the time. *Monsieur* cannot deny that."

"I," exclaimed the Forest Keeper, thus appealed to,—"I care neither for you nor your faggot, if you had twenty faggots by you, it does not destroy the fact of your having cut wood, nor of your insolence to me, you old rascal! Dost thou think thus to escape me?"

"Rascal!" repeated the old man hoarsely, at the same time drawing up his decrepit figure so suddenly and fiercely, that it seemed a transformation effected by magic. "I a rascal, and you the man that say so!"

"Dare to reply to me, fellow, and you shall learn something else," rejoined the Forest Keeper, in a bullying tone, and with a sneering attempt at pleasantry, half addressed to the culprit himself, and half to the bystanders, "that won't please you."

The spectators now began to cast their jeers and sarcasms at the accused.

"Silence!" said the Mayor, in a tone of authority.

But to the taunts and allusions that were passing round him, the aged culprit seemed no longer to pay attention. He had relapsed into silence; his menacing look and attitude had subsided into one of deep meditation, or at least into a kind of quiet humility that waited for the interference which ought to suppress them, and disdained itself to reply.

Silence being at length restored, the Mayor once more addressed the culprit, but still without harshness. "It appears," said he, "that you cannot account for what has past, in any way that is favourable to your honesty; and since you will not answer plainly and sincerely, I desire to know your name, that I may do my duty as far as regards the offence."

"I am ready to answer any questions," persisted the old man;—"so help me heaven, as I will speak the truth this day, in presence of you all."

"Take down what he says," said the Mayor to his clerk, for he could not himself write. The clerk, who had his writing materials before him, put his pen into his mouth, and then into the ink.

"Proceed," said he, when he was thus prepared.

"You were seen in the forest of——, between the hours of four and five this afternoon?"

"I was."

"What was your occupation in the forest?"

"Picking up dry wood."

"In what part of the forest did you pursue this occupation?"

"I can hardly mention one particular place."

Here they were interupted by Pierre Levèque.

"Hold, Mr. Mayor. He is going to tell you some fine things, no doubt; but I warn you not to believe a word he says, for he cannot utter the truth."

"This remains to be shown," was quickly remarked by the old man, without looking round, and almost at the same moment in which the Mayor again enjoined silence.

"You know, I suppose, where you were first seen by the Forest-keeper?"

Instead of directly replying to this question, the accused turned to the accuser, and begged him to state where he had met with him.

Levèque described the spot, but not without accompanying his information with the same sort of scornful tone and expressions of which he had been so lavish throughout the discussion.

"I believe it was there that we met," the other nervously replied. "My head is something confused. It might have been there that you first saw me this afternoon. Of one thing, however, I am sure; it was not there that I first saw *you!*"

"What do you mean by these cavilling replies? Speak out, old man. Remember where you are. We want nothing but your name, and the circumstances of the case; so be brief and candid, or it shall be worse for you."

The Forest-keeper was now silent; and it was afterwards remembered that his countenance at this period underwent a strange alteration.

"Oh, Sir!" continued the old man, "I will say nothing but what is true; for being brief, alas!—I hardly know how. I am a weak old man; but I will clear myself. I will tell all—all. My name is Louis Morin—"

"Write down Louis Morin."

"I had come in the afternoon to this village upon business, and was returning home through the forest, by reason that it was the only way of reaching my home, which lies on the other side. As I live alone, I occupied myself in gathering a few sticks for my fire. This employment I left, *Monsieur le Maire*, for the one in which I was detected. And why?—because I am an infirm and miserable being, who have no power to take the law into my hands; because when my blood boils at the sight of sordid cruelty, I find my old limbs faint and palsied—easy to be overpowered—no longer of any use—and there was but that way, to pretend myself a thief, in order to bring to justice a stronger man."

The old man paused a moment, in the violence of his agitation, but lifted his hand, as if to deprecate any interruption, and to show that he would continue, if they left him to himself.

The gesture was obeyed, for everybody was confounded by his incoherent statement. The Forest-keeper seemed under actual suffocation.

"You have set down my name; *Monsieur le Maire*," he continued; "now set down his, that is by my side. Ask him for it, as well; and ask him—oh, Sir! ask him where he has left your daughter? You think that she is at N——; but she lies on the cold sod, where I first saw that man—murdered by him! Your money, and the trinkets she wore, are now about him."

At these words there rose a yell of horror through the room; and to that involuntary and but momentary disorder, succeeded a silence as complete. It was as if a sense of shame at yielding to the impulse of their own feelings in the presence of the unfortunate father had given a simultaneous check to the assembled villagers.

A silent but bewildering bustle followed.—Some had flown to the assistance of the Mayor—were sprinkling his hands and face—loosening his neckcloth, rubbing his limbs, which were extended stiff and motionless, in a fit of paralysis—or watching, with fear and anxiety, the awful derangement it had caused in his features.

Some instinctively planted themselves at the door; in apprehension of the assassin's immediate escape.

Pierre Levèque, meanwhile had flung aside his musket, and, under the dominion of an irresistible frenzy, thrown himself upon his feeble denouncer, seized him by the throat with both hands, and would in a few minutes more have wreaked his vengeance with the life of old Morin, had he not in his turn been seized, and forced to unloose his murderous grasp.

He was now held down with as much violence as the rough indination of his assailants could suggest. They tore away, rather than took off, his clothes, in their haste for the conviction of so horrible a crime.

The evidence, indeed, too strongly corroborated the accusation. His piece bore, on examination, the marks of having been recently fired. In his pockets were the very bag of money that had been deposited in the poor little girl's basket—her rings—her cross and heart—even her ear-rings, spotted with blood, as if they had been torn out of her ears.

* * * * *

In a short time the Mairie was silent. The village was filled with lamentation and revilings; and the door of the lock-up house was surrounded by most of the idle boys of the parish, assembled there to throw dirt and stones against the lodging of the murderer.

From thence Pierre Levèque was soon removed to prison, which, it is needless to add, he quitted only to undergo the last penalty the law awards to the murderer.

From Tait's Magazine.

A RICH MAN; OR HE HAS GREAT MERIT;

Being the autobiography of Archibald Plack, Esq., late Lord Mayor of London, in a series of letters to his Grandson, the Honourable George Spend. By John Galt.

Continued from page 343.

LETTER IX.

Hinging on in a sort of idleset all day in the store with Mr. O'Gommarel's provisions, I had more time than was just profitable for to make a meditation anent the nearest way to take in going to Lucky Fortune's tabernacle. While I was in this posture, the labouring men of the neighbourhood sometimes daunered in for a crack now and then; by the which they got an inkling of the nature of my business, learning that I bout to have now and then a pound or two no wanted; as I had but to sell, and to buy nothing, for I did not, in the slack of the season, settle every week with Mr. Boyle, the gentleman that had the doing, as was my wont when trade was lively. Thus it came to pass that a new light broke in upon me that was truly a god-send. The way of it was this:—

There was a weel-doing man, who used to get his wage by the half-quarter, who had eight dochters, every one of whom had a brother, as he told me. He was, however, a thought pawkie; for the dochters, and their having each a brother, made but nine children; whereas I, of a naturality, fancied that there was sixteen of them—eight laddies and eight lasses; and had, by consequence, a sore compassion for his small family, and used to think often with dolorosity concerning them even in the kirk.

One day he came to me, and said as how his employer was gone to Hull, and would not be back for a week; by which he was put to a pinch, as his wage was due and he knew not what to do—begging of me the loan of a pound note, saying he would pay it back, with a shilling for the accommodation, next week, when his employer came home.

Being wae for the poor man, with his heavy handful of eating moths constantly devouring, I gave him the pound note on tick; telling him he need not be particular about the usury, but only to be sure and pay me the pound. Weel, when the master came home, he paid the note like an honest man, and the shilling likewise, as a gentleman should; whereat I was not ill pleased. This was the mustard-seed that grew in time to be the great tree; for, when I was at my meditations in the cellar, thinking of this and that, the thought of the pound and the usury came uppermost; and I considered with myself that, if I could so lend, I would soon make my plack a bawbee; so, by littles and littles, I creepit into the banking line, as usury is called by the genteeler orders. My dealings, however, were at first with those in an ordinar' station of life—working tradesmen, and such like. Thus it came to pass that, before Mr. O'Gommarel's provisions were all sold, I had made, as ye may say, a penny more than my wage, having weel on to thirty pounds over and aboon hainings.

In the time I was thrang with idleset at the salt provisions, in warm weather, I made another prime reflection, which was of vast use to my prosperity; and I beg, Geordie, you'll take tent of the same—and that was, I lookit weel about me at the conduct of those said to be doing weel in the world; by which I discerned that there was a something no man could weel thrive without.

They were all sober, prudent, and honest folk. Hempies, I saw, might cut a galore for a season, but they sooner or later proved peoies and pluffs in the pan; whereas your real, sterling, cut-and-come-again characters were discreet men, who kent full well how many blue beans it takes to make five, and made a conformity thereunto.

I saw, likewise, that they were all harnisht in the conjugal yoke; though some of them, maybe, didna count marriage a matter of money; but those that did best were methodical lads, married upon elderly widows with a nest egg, whereon they clockit to some purpose: so it was from them that I resolved to take a pattern. I'll no deny, however, that there were decent weel-doers among them that werena just so particular, taking up with lasses for a fancy; but, all, both the widow-mongers and the tender-hearted, were most extraordinar' fond of their own firesides; which led me to conclude that, if a man ettles to do right in the world, he maun learn to think that hame's aye hamely; as I shall shew forth by the example of James Hobart, who was a nonplus among the acquaintance of my threshold days, for so I accounted the green strivings of my youth.

LETTER X.

James Hobart was a lad from the country; and, by reason of no other trade being in his village, was naturally a wheelwright. In his 'prenticeship, he foregatherit with one Harriet Lees, a weel-faured lassie that did turns about his master's house, by which it came to pass that he took a notion of her long before he was out of his time; and so it happened that, in the summer gloamings, him and her used to walk Damon-and-Phillising about the dyke-sides. In this jeopardy, it so fell out that an auld aunty that bonny Harriet had on Tower Hill, fell ill of an income in her legs, by which she was obligated to have somebody with her; and, no approving of the loup-the-dyke cattle of London, she, this frail woman, sent for Harriet—and Harriet came to her.

James Hobart was, about this season, on the finishing of his 'prenticeship, and knowing that he would soon have the upper hand of his 'denture, he made a preparation to follow; little thinking but London was a town for wheelwrights as good as Clearbrook. But he was mistaken, for there are no wheelwrights in London; and, for that matter, though I have been so long in it, I never saw a wheel or a reel for lint or tow therein. So, when James came and had seen his jo, ne'er a turn of work could he get to do; and he wandered about like a demented creature, ae bawbee going out of his pocket after another, as if they were trying how soon he could be brought to beggary.

One day, while he was very waeful, with nothing but the barren street before him, he happened to pass a blockmaker's shop-door; at the sight of which he had an inspiration. It seemed to him that there was a fitness between blockmaking and wheelwrighting that might by a little pains be brought into fellowship; so he went in, and confabbled with the man before he came out; and the upshot was, that James was taken in, and from that day and hour the world never gaed back with him. So, in process of patience, the fractious aunty departed, as she hoped herself, into Abraham's bosom, and James espoused his darling dagon, Harriet.

They had, as need not be told, only a cauld coal to blaw at; but they had a fine bleezing ingle of mutual affection: so they set to and warsled with the world, which they at last got the better of, and had sons and daughters. They were not, however, just marigolds, shining far and aye kenspeckle, but douce folk; and I had great satisfaction in sometimes, on a Sabbath night, drinking a dish of tea with them, for we sat in the same pew at the meeting.

Thus was I led to make an observe, that all who do well go regularly to the kirk; and James and his winsome marrow never missed a day. So they came into prosperity; and when he died, last year, soon after his wife, he was far ben in the world, having been all his days a credit both to his kith and kin, and his three buirdly sons masters of vessels.

Taking by times James Hobart for a patron, I soon saw that, if I expected to prosper, there was no help for it, but to marry a wife; and I began to cast about for a good one; but for a season I came little speed at the fishing. Howsever, I had learnt, by Mr. O'Gommarel's provisioning, that, with a thought of canniness, I could turn a better penny on my own pook-neuk in the banking line than by being subject to the hither and thither of any master; so, when the store was toomed, I grew more intent to get an equal than a superior; which was the cause of my becoming a guidman; by which, as you shall hear by and by, you are the son of my dochter, and in the land of the living, seeking a replenishment, and keeking devouring horses at the College, where it would be more to your advantage, maybe, if you read the Scriptures.

However, Geordie, as ye cannot but be interested to hear how it came to pass that I got lawfully a dochter, the whom in time came to have a kittling, whilk was you, I will let this letter go by the post-mail, and in another rehearse more particularities.

LETTER XI.

Being in a way of trial, and seeing that the way to thrive was to be happily married, and to go to the kirk regular, making my home at my own fireside, I had a meditation thereanent; and I saw that, although there might be a cosiness in the lot of siclike as James Hobart, there was likewise a peradventure; so, not being overly likely to be taking to a maiden's ee, I resolved on making a prudent choice. It's wonderful how Providence helps a man when he has wrought himself into a resolution, especially if the drift o't be weel-doing.

I had not been long matured in the thought that I ought to marry, when there was an upcast from Providence, showing a good-will towards mine intent. Going now and then on the Sunday to take a dish of tea with James Hobart and his helpmeat—for she was truly that—it fell out one night that a decent woman of the widow gender, not too well stricken in years for me, also was there at her tea. Her guidman had been a sailmaker in Liverpool, and she was sib herself to Mrs. Hobart, which was the cause of her apparition there; for he being dead and gone, she had come to resident in Radcliff Highway, and was very lonely, being new in widowhood; for which cause she was invited to make a passover of her weariness, by coming to take her tea.

As soon as I saw Mrs. Canvas, though I was more than seventeen years younger, I had an instinct, and said to myself, Please God, this shall be my commodity. And really we passed a very conversible afternoon. Towards the gloamin, however, the skies began to gloom; but as it turned out, that was the way Providence blithened on what it had ordained to come to pass; for, about the time for Mrs. Canvas to go home, there was an evendown pour, and it rained and better rained, as if the windows of heaven were opened, and the angels had been washing their dwelling; so that it behoved me to go home with her, to scog her from detriment with an imbreley, which was covenanted. But, as we crouched along, the waters were none assuaged, and there came on such a pour of wet, that if, in mercy, an entry had not been opened to us, into which we sheltered, it's no saying to what shifts we would have been driven. However, into the closs-mouth we went, and long we stood together there; but not a dawn of hope kythed. Wet, wet it was, and Mrs. Canvas thought of home, giving me to understand that, if I had been her guidman, she would not have objected to go with me to rest ourselves intil a public.

Hearing this, I said, in a consolatory manner, that truly a woman who had been married, was, by reason of widowhood, in a lanerly condition; and, from less to more, we thickened into an understanding; insomuch that, when it faired, I saw her safe home, and called the next morn's morning to speer if she was none the worse of the blattering. In short, having heard from James Hobart, that Mrs. Canvas had a something, I made her my polar star; and, no to waste words, we were by and by married. But, for all that, she was not your grandmother; for she had not been my guidwife scarcely a twelvemonth and a day, when she took a kittling in her craig, and departed this life at her appointed time with a sore heart—a kink as it were—leaving me all her residue, which was a good penny, more than double and aboon for what I married her; but she said I had made the best of husbands, and needed a consolation for the loss of her: so saying, she died, leaving me with the meal, though the basin was taken away.

LETTER XII.

Seeing myself, by the blessing of God, and the removal of my wife, in a state of mair business than I ever thought to be in, I again began to think how I could best cast my bread upon the waters; so, having learned something of how to do in the provisioning, I set myself—for, as it were, a pastime in my doleful widowhood—once more among the casks and kegs of a store of beef and pork; and for more than twelve months, if I didna make gold in gowpens, I turned the penny; which with my banking, made it no an ill trafficking I had taken up.

It was then I had a preeing of the world; for, as my means grew, and my profits kittled both by the store and the lending of money for a consideration, I had an insight of men's bosoms. Many's the Nebuchadnezzar of the Royal Exchange that has had his ain straits, that, in my day, I have helped. They used to gang by me on Cornhill with a dry civility in their looks, and a pawkie fearfulness in their secret eyes, that told me, though they hid it from the world, how much they were beholden to my wife's residue. The seeing of this made me gleg; and at last I could tell, by the way of a squint, whether a man was going up or stoitering down the hill. It's really wonderful to think of the key ye get to men's bosoms when you lend them money. Mind this, and think weel of the consequence, my man, Geordie, when your pouch is yawp for a "replenishment."

However, it wasna in learning just the ways of the world that I was industrious, for I was a thought maybe commendable in all things, especially as, before the second year of my doleful widowhood, I began to see that my purse could bide to be shaken in the teeth of an ordinar gale of wind, and that even my superiors once, were, if not inferior, maybe no better than equals.

In this tining and winning there came a to-pass of which it's right I should set down a make mention; for, in the beginning, it did not kythe to my advantage: but it is ordained that good shall come out of evil.

Being, you see, thriving in the provision line, I thought I would enlarge; for, by this time, I had made an observe that, whomsoever in London dealt in eatables and drinkables, and is well-doing in the ways of private conduct, is sure to fen; so I gave an order to my correspondents in Limerick, Cork, and Belfast, to send me an augmentation of their articles in the fall of the year. The reason of my having correspondents for the same things in different places, was this, that they might not be led to think of making their conjectures about the stroke of business I did. Thus it fell out, that, about Martinmas time, which is the season for slaying bullocks and stots, my neighbours, seeing I was getting cargoes, and having a high opinion of my canniness, resolved to get cargoes too, by which the market was glutted, as the saying is. like a churchwarden eating the bastard child of a married man that can afford to pay for it; and thus it came to pass, that some of these speculators, no having their pockets so well lined as mine, were put to sad shifts for the needful, as their bills payable came due. I jaloused that this would be the case, but waited on, keeping a calm sough. No, howsever, to simmer and winter about it, I got many a sappy bargain from them, both of salt beef and pork, in the spring of the year, to say nothing of what I had laid in myself—the cause of all. Indeed, I began to have compunctions of spirit that I was beguiled to my undoing, by reason of so many bargains; but the Lord aye prospers the well-doing with prosperity, and just in the nick of time there came out a rumour of war anent the Falkland Islands, by which the price of Irish provisions was increased, and I got off all I had briskly, without a detriment, maybe with a bawbee of profit. Well it was that I had shown such a sagacity; for, in a short time, the news of the war diminished away, and those who bought my goods were pushed what to do with them, although they were accounted sicker souls.

By this affair I got a repute that was as good as much profit. It was seen by the handling I made of the job, that I could see as far into a nether millstone as most people; and thus it came to pass that I grew to be in much esteem with my neighbours, some of whom thought they were of the seed of Isaiah the prophet, and prognosticated that there were signs about me of one ordained to gather the residue of the fruits of the earth as they kythe in the bit rags of bank notes.

LETTER XIII.

By the time my Falkland Island job, as I call that rehearsal just mentioned, was turned into sterling, there was an elderly decent man, of few kindred, with an only dochter, that I fell into some acquaintance with. She, as you shall be told, came to be your grandmother.

This Mr. Marling was a discreet man; and having few down-draughts, his bit gathering was not the worst thing in London town. It therefore attracted us into a cordiality; and I saw that his sonsy only dochter had many points of haivins that showed gumption. In short, in a reasonable time, we were married, and she, being of a genteel turn, I did not make an objeck to her taking a genteel house, because, with her prospect, and what I had in the foot of the stocking, we could afford it. So, thus, I came to be transported into a sphere of life that was not thought of in the days of erranding at Glasgow.

But, saving the exploit of the marriage, and the getting of a child, which was your mother, and which we were not very long about, I cannot say that there was much variorum in my way of life for several years. I saw that, with cauny handling, there was outcoming in the provision line: so I keepit on for an ostentation. But the best spoke in my wheel, and it made little cheeping, was the discounting, after all; the beginning of which, as I have rehearsed, had only the chance of a shilling.

By my clecking with what I had, and old Mr. Marling's frugality at gathering, before your mother, my only dochter, came to be six, there were not wanting fools who said that I was a warm man; and, surely, it would be an onthankful acknowledgment to deny I had not prospered in all things by my judicious circumspection. At this juncture, however, it was ordained in the councils of eternity, that a golden tree should surely shoot for my behoof; and, accordingly, it so fell out. Mr. Marling, my guidfather that was, one day coupit o'er off his seat in a 'poplexy, and left to your mother, that was his oe, twenty thousand pounds, and a residue to me and my wife that was worth the lifting off the midden with a pair of tongs. The fact is, that nobody had a notion he would cut up to the tune he did; for it was on the right side of fifty thousand.

There had been a graduality of respect towards me for some time—I was sensible of that; but really the outcoming of reverence that followed on the death of Mr. Marling, was just extraordinary; telling me that, let your men of poeticals say what they will, there's no endowment of nature equal to the dripping roast of a fat legacy. But, Geordie, mind now what I say.

Riches I never thought of but as the means to get the mastery of the good things of life; and, therefore, I saw when Mr. Marling's hoggart fell among us, it was no longer required of me to be so methodical in my 'conomy as I had been; so I gave consent to my wife to take a fine house; and, as she then began to complain of the rheumatism in her legs, it would not have been Christian to have stood out overly dourly against having a carriage of our own, 'specially when the doctor gave it as his advice that it would do her no harm.

But, although, from our flitting intil that house, it couldna be said that the warld gaed back with me, there was an increase of fasheries that I did not expect. But, in those days, mony a braw man kent what it is to be powdered; and so it was with me. I could complain of no ail; but they little ken what the calamities of life are, that have never felt a youky head because of mity powder.

LETTER XIV.

Your grandmother was a by-ordinary woman for natural sagacity—in that way, she might have been the narrow of Mrs. Douce of Glasgow; so, as soon as we were well settled in our new house, she said to me, one night, as we were in our bed, talking composedly of this and that—the weather being very warm, by reason whereof we could not sleep—that she thought there was a prudence in making use of the means God gave, as well as in gathering them; and that, since we could afford to act as well as our neighbours, we would be looked down on if we did not.

I said that that was my very opinion; and, therefore, while I looked after the traffic, I would trust to her eidency to see to the house. Thus a sort of a silent 'pact and covenant grew up between us: and she went, and came, and said, and did, in all manner of matters of householding, as seemed good in her own eyes; by which, she being a woman of commonsense—which I understood, from some of my friends, is a very rare things in wives—we had a lowne time o't.

Thus it happened that an exploit came uppermost, that well deserves a place in the chronicles; for there was an instance in it of great prudence, the which my wife often thought was just extraordinar, considering my natural parts, as they had been brought out by an yedication no particular. It concerned our only dochter, Mary, your lady mother, at that time little better than a playoc bairn.

You see, when, after my guidfather had won away, with a direck circumbendibus, into Abraham's bosom, I made a count and reckoning with the wife, of all that we then had in the hoggart; and the upshot was, that we thought we might take, as I have set forth, a new house; and, as a carriage is surely a great saving to shune and clothes in wet weather, to say nothing of the solacium of it at all times, we resolved that we might do a waur turn in our time than set up one for an economy—which, at the flitting, we did: it gied, however, to my heart to use it, save when the lift was high, the sky blue, and the sun clear.

When we had gotten the chaise, I had a meditation with myself; and I saw that my wife, owing to the straitened way she had been brought up, and likewise that, as my own schooling was not college lair, our get might ettle at a better refinement; so I said that, as the Lord had blessed our basket and our store with a moderation, we ought to take the sanctified use of things. The guidwife cordially agreed with me that it would be a becoming testimony of thankfulnesss so to do; and I accordingly hinted to her, that, being sensible of our own deficiencies, we should put Clemy into a boarding school, to learn manners and to play on the spinnet. To this there was a most pleasant assent; but the guidwife would not allow that she herself had been educated in a straitened circumstance—though she could not but see that I had not been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. Anent this, however, there was no controversy; for I had often observed that leddies schooled to narrow breeding, are aye the most logive, and make up for being scrimpily thought of by the rest of the world, by thinking muckle of themselves; so, for peace in the house, and glad to get Clemy in a way to take on a pedigree education, I minded the auld guess, that what the rich put in their pouches, the beggars throw awa; and I made the affront a pocket napkin.

Boarding schools for bits of lassies that have a prospect are no that ill to find; therefore, we soon got a very prime one; but I would not hear of it; for there was in it a lord's daughter, and I was a thought blate to let a bairn of mine rampauge with a cutty of nobility. So we gave it the go-by—and well it was that we did; for we got an inkling of a capital leddy in the country, an offisher's widow by lot, and a dean's dochter by nature, forbye being a woman of a share of mother's wit, and a most accomplished character.

To her house, after some negociation, I took your mother, in our own vekle, and were well pleased with Mrs. Mortimer, who was surely a most particular leddy, and had all in her domicile on chandler pins. My wife gave her many directions concerning how she thought Clemy should be brought up. In this, however, I thought she was rather inordinate, and said, maybe a wee shortly—

"Mrs. Mortimer, ye see we're hamely folk, and it has pleased Providence to give us something for our dochter; so make her, as well as ye can, fit to use it discreetly, and we'll never say ye were slack."

The leddy was confounded; and she looked at me with an inquisitive eye, and replied—

"Sir," said she, "I do not wonder that a man who thinks so well has prospered in this world."

When my wife heard a lady of such breeding say so, I could see a change, and, maybe, more respect for my opinion, on her part, than was very kenspeckle before; for, like other married women, she certainly had not, till this time, always a gospel reverence for her breadwinner's condescendence and discernment.

LETTER XV.

In the meantime, there was no backwardness in the world with me; for I, being accounted to have elbow-room, had a nerve for an advantage. On one settling day on the Stock Exchange, I made a rough penny on all the best part of my gathering, as well as on Clementina's legacy, for which maybe a puirer man would be more thankful. It was thus:

For some time before, there had been a sough from the parish of France, anent convention doings there, by which men of a discerning spirit saw a hobbleshow barming—and so I thought too; and in consequence gave out that I had a something to lend on mortgage, not thinking the funds the best investments.

This notification caused many a right honourable and others of landed pedigree, to make application; and, in short, I saw a way of laying out every plack and bawbee I had scraped together, over and aboon my dochter's gratis gift, by way of wadset for a time, on a good advantage. Seeing this, without thinking of the French convention, I made up my mind to sell out. No other thought had I but to raise the needful for my own ends. But it was soon known, to the consternation of bulls and bears, that I was turning all my stock, even my dochter's, into money; then everybody thought I had got an inkling of something no canny, and the hobbleshow that was the consequence was dreadful, after it was known that I had really sold all. Some said the King of France, that afterwards got his head chappit off, had been obligated to drink aquafortis. In short, the Stock Exchange was in a commotion, like as it sometimes is; down fell the stocks, down, down, and up flew many a broker's eye, till ye could discern only the white thereof, all owing to me and the wadset intention.

As the fall took place after I had sold out, I had a great plant at my banker's. I began to think—especially as, at the close of the market, it began to spunk out that the latest news from France were rather of a "healthy tint"—that the panic might be from my operations. I said, however, nothing, keeping my own counsel even from the guidwife, for there are things that wives at times should not be conjunct in.

Next morning, I was down at the opening. All looked well; but there was now and then a little waver, shewing, it maybe, a shade of difference upwards.

Then was the time—I bought a few thousands. No sooner had I done so, than the tidings flew that I had made a spec. In came buyers on buyers, droves on droves, as well informed as a flock of sheep louping a dyke; up jumped the stocks, like merryandrews on the slackwire, and before twelve o'clock the reaction was full one and five-eighths above what I had sold at; so I bought in for money, and sold for the account, whereby I got creeshy paws to lick without any outlay of mind. But it, was not so thought; and I was, of course, reckoned to be one of the slyest fox-paws in the city; it being the whole sprose of the day, how cleverly I had managed; of which there can be no doubt, as those that said so were considered good judges. In short, I became into such repute, that divers brokers came from Lombard Street, bowing and cringing, asking me to join their old established firms.

LETTER XVI.

From the time I had entered into the banking line, when my chance was only a shilling, I thought it necessary to look weel into the characters and capacities of men; and I soon discerned that it was the custon of bankers to hold their heads higher than merchants, and to snuff the east wind with round and wide nostrils. But I likewise saw, although they were as the golden images in papistical kirks, muckle made o' things, yet that the merchauts, after all, were like the priests, using them for their own advantage, and, in short, were the bees that made the honey.

I cannot say, however, that their gesticulation, in the way they shot out their snouts, gave me an inordinate conceit of their judgments as human creatures; indeed it's the nature of banking operations to spawn small ideas; for the tradesmen themselves have only to think if their customers be of an ability to endure a certain time.

This consideration of durability breeds a constipation of the understanding; and no doubt it is because they are so afflicted with it that nobody who can help it likes to see the front of them at a board where any measure of understanding is required.

As for the merchants, poor dependant things—

for even when they get their bills done, the inward gladness of their hearts is aye mollified with a humiliation—they are much to be pitied. I never see one of them guffawing, and eagerly kilfudyorking with a banker, saying the craw's white, as he says it, without being duberous of his credit. Catch me, Geordie, melting the bills of such nichering cattle, though I may be wae for their extremities. But, to make an end, however, I never greened to be otherwise than on a guid-e'en and guid-day footing with my banker, for fear of my credit; as I jaloused others in the world might see with the tails of their een as well as me. Nevertheless, my exploit on the Stock Exchange made some noise; and it's wonderful to think how wise I grew: as everybody said, I was just in a sense a wee Solomon.

And thus it came to pass that I ne'er was a partner in a ostentatious banking house: at which many marvelled; but I minded what I had heard aunty say when I was only saft in the horn:—"There's no telling," quo' she, "when twa heads are on the bolster, by whilk the guid or the ill luck comes." In like manner, thought I, there's no telling who is the cause of making the siller in a partnership. Therefore, all my days I eschewed to go marrows with anybody, 'cepts the guidwife; and with her, ye ken, I could not help it, being ordained from the foundations of the world to the conjugal yoke.

But, although I had no broo of your company concerns, there was an outcoming in my prosperity that weel deserves to be noticed, especially for the heartening it gave the guidwife, who, like all helpmeats of thriving characters, liked to have a share of the gains. And it fell out in this way. Just on the back of my Stock Exchange exploit, the alderman of our ward took the gout in his belly, the day after the 9th of November, and was, on the 10th, in Abraham's bosom; by which there came to be a vacancy in the court of aldermen.

As soon as it was known that he was departed, several gentlemen came to my door and finding me not at home, they said they would pay their respects to Mrs. Plack, who had a good repute for sagacity in the neighbourhood; and being let in to her by the flunkie, they told her, with a dolorous voice, what a calamity had befallen the ward, inquiring if she thought I would allow myself to be sheriff, as it was minded to make one of the sheriffs his successor. She thereupon answered and said, that, as it was an honour, to be sure I ought to accept, and that her endeavours to persuade me would not be to seek. So, when I came home, I heard of the deputation, ye may be sure: but it's necessar to tell you all about it, for Mrs. Plack's heart was set on it, and therefore she thought it was a case needful of a particular cooking.

LETTER XVII.

Coming home to my dinner that day, as I was telling, after the deputation had been seeing how the land lay, I could discern that there was a gale in the cat's tail. Mrs. Plack was going up and down, speaking loud and often to the servants, and had seemingly a great turn in hand, though I could not see't. She never, however, opened her lips to me, but had dinner served in less than no time and a jiffy; and I could see, for I have a discernment when onything's gaun on by common, was most instantaneous to have the lad out of the room, and ourselves, in the secresy of cabinet ministers, as was seen when the table was drawn.

"Mr. Plack," said she—which was the more remarkable as her use and wont was to call me only Plack—"Mr. Plack, I have been thinking that life is but in our life, and that we are all life-like and yet doomed to die. There's Mr. Alderman Gravy—he is released from the troubles of this world, and his place must be filled up. What is your opinion of the accident?"

I, being as innocent as a lamb of the cabal, but having heard when I was out of the Alderman's calamity, replied that it was indeed a hasty warning to be moderate.

"Moderate!" cried she—"I was saying nothing of that; but only observing it was a thing to be considered."

"No doubt, my dear," quo' I, "it cannot but cause a reflection."

"Snuffiies!" said she, tartly. "It would not ill become a man of your substance to think of some one fit to be his successor. Londin, depend on't, cannot do without an Alderman; and Sheriff Stew, it is said, will be his successor; so that there will be a vacancy in the sheriffdom."

Still in perplexity, I said, not knowing what I said, "Do you, my dauty, say so?"

"I never heard," she answered, somewhat gaily, seeing I was dumfoundered, "that Job was a provision-merchant, or I would have an excuse for his wife's railing, having such a husband; but not to say too much about it, what do you think of letting it be known you intend to offer yourself to the room of Sheriff Stew?"

"Me!" cried I, in a consternation—"I would as soon think of evening myselt to a kennawhat."

"And, why not?" was her sober quest; "surely ye might be that. You know, you know, my dear Plack, that we are not now as we were."

Then, after some more ambulation, she told me what had been the purpose of the deputation in the forenoon, advising me to consent to the proposal. But I told her that, although I maybe had a bit sleight at turning the penny, it was far from my hand and capacity to be a sheriff, whose duty it is to see rogues stretched, "which," quo' I, "it is weel known, is a most kittle part to play weel."

"Nay," said she, "but you are not the first that did not know his genius before it was tried. As for the trouble, a tureen of turtle soup might be either a sheriff or an alderman. No, no, Plack; leave the matter to me—first sheriff, then alderman—and afterwards I know who will be Lady Mayoress; in saying which, she gave me such a bewitching look, that I could not but keckle. So it came soon to a bearing, that I was to come forward; and in the course of the evening, Deputy Spice, the grocer, was sent for to know particulars.

Deputy Spice was not at home, and Mrs. Plack was frightened when she heard it; but he had gone to nugger mugger with some other person. But, while she was in the middle of her dolorosity anent this suspecting, he came to the door, and with him another of the common council, that had not been of the morning party, which shewed I was growing popular.

Hearing what was come to pass, Mrs. Plack went away, leaving us to our ain confabble; and then we had all the outs and ins laid open. But just in the crisis of our discourse, there arose a shriek and a blast your eyes in the lobby, which took us all to the room door, when we beheld Mrs. Plack lying on the floor, as it were in a cold swoon, and Jacob, the footman, limping as if his leg was put out of joint.

It seems that she had, somehow, not being used to it, put out the lamp in trying to snuff it, and Jacob, soon after, coming up in the dark, stumbled against her at the room door, by which arose all the hobbleshow. She, however, utterly denied, even to me, that she was in a listening posture at the keyhole.

Not however, to spin out particulars till they grow tedious, when peace was restored, I consented to let the gentleman think I was not sweert against being a sheriff, which made them both most content; and, thus, next morning, it was bruited about that I was to be the new one; so, in process of time, on the appointed day, I was chosen; to the great contentation of Mrs. Plack, who was maybe more vogie of the honour than me. No that I was just heart-broken with the thought of being a sheriff of London, whilk is a higher post in the government than the Lord Provost of a city that shall be nameless.

(*To be Continued.*)

From the Metropolitan.

SNARLEYYOW; or, THE DOG FIEND.*

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.—BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The whole of which has been fudged out of the History of England, and will therefore be quite new to the majority of our readers.

Were we in want of materials for this eventful history, we have now a good opportunity for spinning out our volumes; but, so far from this being the case, we hardly know how to find space for what it is now absolutely necessary that the reader should be acquainted with. Our friends may probably recollect, when we remind them of the fact, that there was a certain king, James II., who sat upon our throne, and who was a very good Catholic—that he married his daughter, Mary, to one William of Orange, who, in return for James's kindness in giving him his daughter, took away from him his kingdom, on the plea, that if he was a bad son-in-law, at all events, he was a sound Protestant. They may also recollect, that the exiled king was received most hospitably by the grand monarque, Louis XIV., who gave him palaces, money, and all that he required, and, moreover, gave him a fine army and fleet to go to Ireland and recover his kingdom, bidding him farewell with this equivocal sentence, "That the best thing he, Louis, could wish to him was, never to see his face again." They may further recollect, that King James and King William met at the battle of the Boyne, in which the former was defeated, and then went back to St. Germains and spent the rest of his life in acts of devotion and plotting against the life of King William. Now, among other plots real and pretended, there was one laid in 1695, to assassinate King William on his way to Richmond; this plot was revealed, many of the conspirators were tried and executed, but the person who was at the head of it, a Scotchman, of the name of Sir George Barclay, escaped. In the year 1696, a bill was passed, by which Sir George Barclay and nine others who had escaped from justice, were attainted of high treason, if they did not choose to surrender themselves on or before the 25th day of March ensuing. Strange to say, these parties did not think it advisable to surrender themselves; perhaps it was because they knew that they were certain to be hung; but it is impossible to account for the actions of men: we only can lay the facts before our readers.

Sir George Barclay was by birth a Scotchman, of high family, and well connected. He had been an officer in the army of King James, to whom he was strongly attached. Moreover, he was a very bigoted Catholic. Whether he ever received a commission from King James, authorising him to assassinate King William, has never been proved; but, as King James is well known to have been admitted into the order of the Jesuits, it is not at all unlikely. Certain it is, that the baronet went over to St. Germains, landed again in England, and would have made the attempt, had not the plot been discovered through some of the inferior accomplices; and it is equally sure that he escaped, although many others were hung—and few people knew what had become of him. The fact was, that when Barclay had fled to the sea-side, he was assisted over the water by a band of smugglers, who first concealed him in the cave we have described, which was their retreat. This led to a communication and arrangement with them. Sir George Barclay, who, although foiled in his attempt at assassination, never abandoned the cause, immediately perceived what advantages might be derived in keeping up a communication by means of these outlaws. For some time the smugglers were employed in carrying secret despatches to the friends of James in England and Scotland; and as the importance of the correspondence increased, and it became necessary to have personal interviews instead of written communications, Sir George frequently passed over to the cave as a rendezvous, at which he might meet the adherents of the exiled king. In the course of time he saw the prudence of having the entire control of the band, and found little difficulty in being appointed their leader. From the means he obtained from St. Germains, the smuggling was now carried on to a great and very profitable extent; and, by the regulations which he enacted, the chance of discovery was diminished. Only one point more was requisite for safety and secrecy, which was, a person to whom he could confide the charge of the cave. Lady Barclay, who was equally warm in the cause, offered her services, and they were accepted; and at the latter end of the year 1696, about one year after the plot had failed, Lady Barclay, with her only child, took up her abode in this isolated domicile; Sir George then first making the arrangement that the men should always remain on the other side of the water, which would be an additional cause of security. For upwards of four years, Lady Barclay had remained an inmate, attending to the instruction of her little Lilly, and carrying on all the correspondence, and making all the necessary arrangements with vigour and address, satisfied with serving the good cause, and proving her devoted allegiance to her sovereign. Unfortunate and unwise as were the Stuart family, there must have been some charm about them, for they had instances of attachment and fidelity shown to them, of which no other line of kings could boast.

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* Continued from page 305.

Shortly after the tragical event recorded in the last chapter, the Jesuit came out of the cave and went up to Sir George, who coolly observed, "We have just been sending a traitor to his account, good father."

"So may they all perish," replied the priest. "We start this evening?"

"Certainly. What news have you for St. Germains?"

"Much that is important. Discontent prevails throughout the country. The affair of Bishop Watson hath brought much odium on the usurper. He himself writhes under the tyrannical commands of the Commons, and is at issue with them."

"And in Scotland, father?"

"All is there ripe and ready—and an army once landed, would be joined by thousands. The injustice of the usurper in wishing to sacrifice the Scotch Settlement, has worked deep upon the minds of those who advanced their money upon that speculation—in the total, a larger sum than ever yet was raised in Scotland. Our emissaries have fanned the flame up to the highest pitch."

"To my thoughts, good father, there needed not further discontent. Have we not our king dethroned, and our holy religion persecuted?"

"True, my son—true; but still we must lose no means by which we may increase the number of our adherents. Some are swayed by one feeling, and some by another. We have contrived to throw no small odium upon the usurper and betrayer of his wife's father, by exposing and magnifying, indeed, the sums of money which he has lavished upon his courtesan, Mistress Villiers, now, by his heretic and unsanctified breath, raised into the peerage by the title of Countess of Orkney. All these items added together, form a vast sum of discontent, and could we persuade his Catholic majesty to rouse himself to assert once more his rights by force of arms, I should not fear for the result."

"Had I not been betrayed," observed Sir Robert, musing, "before this the king would have had his own again."

"And thrice blessed would have been the arm that had laid the usurper low," rejoined the Jesuit; "but more of this hereafter. Your lady hath had much converse with me. She thinks that the character of the man who commands that cutter, is such as to warrant his services for gold, and wishes to essay him."

"The woman Corbett is of that opinion, and she is subtle. At all events, it can be tried; for he would be of much utility, and there would be no suspicion. The whole had better be left to her management. We may employ, and pay, yet not trust him."

"That is exactly what Lady Alice has proposed," replied the Jesuit. Here Lilly came out to tell her father that the morning meal was ready, and they all returned to the cave.

That evening the boat was launched, and the Jesuit went over with Sir Robert, and landed at Cherbourg, from whence they both proceeded with all expedition to the court of King James.

We have entered into this short detail, that the reader may just know the why and the wherefore these parties in the cave were introduced, and now we shall continue our most faithful and veracious history.

CHAPTER XIX.

In which Smallbones is sent to look after a pot of black paint.

We must now return to the cutter, which still remains at anchor off the point in Portsmouth harbour. It is a dark, murky, blowing day, with gusts of rain and thick fog. Mr. Vanslyperken is more than usually displeased, for, as he had to wait for the new boat which he had demanded, he thought this a good opportunity of enlivening the bends of the Yungfrau with a little black paint—not before it was required, most certainly, for she was as rusty in appearance as if she had been built of old iron. But paint fetched money, and as Mr. Vanslyperken always sold his, it was like parting with so much of his own property, when he ordered up the paint-pots and brushes. Now the operation of beautifying the Yungfrau had been commenced the day before, and the unexpected change in the weather during the night, had washed off the greater portion of the paint, and there was not only all the trouble, but all the expense, to be incurred again. No wonder that Mr. Vanslyperken was in a bad humour—not only in a bad humour, but in the very worst of humours. He had made up his mind to go on shore to see his mother, and was pacing the quarter-deck in his great coat, with his umbrella under his arm, all ready to be unfurled as soon as he was on shore. He was just about to order his boat to be manned: Mr. Vanslyperken looked up at the weather—the fog was still thick, and the rain fell. You could not even make out the houses on the point. The wind had gone down considerably. Mr. Vanslyperken looked over the gunnel—the damage was even greater than he thought. He looked over the stern, there was the stage still hanging where the parties had been standing or sitting, and, what was too bad, there was a pot of paint, with a brush in it, half full of rain water, which some negligent person had left there. Mr. Vanslyperken turned forward to call somebody to take the paint below, but the decks were empty, and it was growing dark. A sudden thought, instigated no doubt by the devil, filled the brain of Mr. Vanslyperken. It was a glorious, golden opportunity, not to be lost. He walked forward, and went down into his cabin again, where he found Smallbones helping himself to biscuit, for the lad was hungry, as well he might be; but on this occasion Mr. Vanslyperken took no notice.

"Smallbones," said he, "one of the men has left his paint-pot on the stage, under the stern, go and bring it in immediately."

"Yes, sir," replied Smallbones, surprised at the unusually quiet style of his master's address to him.

Smallbones ran up the ladder, went aft, and slid down by the rope which held the plank used as a stage by the painters. Mr. Vanslyperken seized his carving knife, and following softly on deck, went aft. He took a hurried look forward, there was no one on deck. For a moment he hesitated at the crime; he observed the starboard rope shake, for Smallbones was just about to shin up again. The devil prevailed. Mr. Vanslyperken sawed through the rope, heard the splash of the lad in the water, and, frightened at his own guilt, ran down below, and gained his cabin. There he seated himself, trembling like an aspen leaf. It was the first time that he had been a *murderer*. He was pale as ashes. He fell sick, and he staggered to his cupboard, poured out a tumbler of scheedam, and drank it off at a draught. This recovered him, and he again felt brave. He returned on deck, and ordered his boat to be manned, which was presently done. Mr. Vanslyperken would have given the world to have gone aft, and to have looked over the stern, but he dared not; so pushing the men into the boat, he slipped in, and was pulled on shore. Without giving any directions to the men he stepped out, and felt a relief when he found himself on terra firma. He walked away as fast as he could—he felt that he could not walk fast enough—he was anxious to arrive at his mother's. The rain fell fast, but he thought not of his umbrella, it remained under his arm, and Mr. Vanslyperken, as if he was chased by a fiend, pushed on through the fog and rain; he wanted to meet a congenial soul, one who would encourage, console him, ridicule his fears, and applaud the deed which he would just then have given the world to have recalled.

Where could he seek one more fitted to the purpose than his mother! The door of the house where she lodged was common to many, and therefore opened with a latch. He went in, and up-stairs, tried the door of his mother's room, and found it fastened within. He knocked, heard the grumbling of the old woman at her being obliged to rise from her chair: she opened the door, and Vanslyperken, as soon as he was in, slammed it too, and, exhausted with his emotions, fell back in a chair.

"Hey day! and what's the matter now?" cried the old woman, in Dutch; "one would think that you had been waylaid, robbed, and almost murdered."

"Murdered!" stammered Vanslyperken; "yes—it was murder."

"What was murder, my child?" replied the old woman, reseating herself.

"Did I say murder, mother?" said Vanslyperken, wiping the blended rain and perspiration from his brow with a cotton handkerchief.

"Yes, you did, Cornelius Vanslyperken; not that I believe a craven like you would ever attempt such a thing."

"But I have, mother. I have done the deed," replied Vanslyperken.

"You have!" cried his mother; "then at last you have done something, and I shall respect you. Come, come, child, cheer up, and tell me all about it. There is a slight twinge the first time—but the second is nothing. Did you get gold? Heh, my son, plenty of gold?"

"Gold! no, no—I got nothing—indeed I lost by it—lost a pot full of black paint, but never mind that. He's gone," replied Vanslyperken, recovering himself fast.

"Who is gone?"

"The lad, Smallbones."

"Pish," replied the old woman, rocking her chair. "Ay, well, never mind—it was for revenge, then—that's sweet—very sweet. Now, Cornelius, tell me all about it."

Vanslyperken, encouraged by the sympathy, if we may use the term, shown by his mother, narrated what he had done.

"Well, well, child, 'tis a beginning," replied the old woman, "and I'll not call you craven again."

"I must go back," said Vanslyperken, starting up from his chair.

"Go, child, it is late—and dream it over. Vengeance is sweet, even in sleep. I have had mine—and for years have I dwelt on it—and shall for years to come. I shall not die yet—no, no."

Vanslyperken quitted the house, the weather had cleared up, the breeze was fresh and piercing, and the stars twinkled every now and then, as the wild scud which flew across the heavens admitted them to view. Vanslyperken walked fast—he started at the least sound—he hurried by every one whom he met, as if fearful to be recognised—he felt relieved when he had gained the streets of Portsmouth, and he at last arrived at the point, but there was no cutter's boat, for he had given no orders. He was therefore obliged to hire one to go on board. The old man whom he engaged shoved into the stream; the tide was running in rapidly.

"A cold night, sir," observed the man.

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, mechanically.

"And a strong tide, with the wind to back it. He'd have but a poor chance, who fell overboard such a night as this. The strongest swimmer, without help, would be soon in eternity."

Vanslyperken shuddered. Where was Smallbones at this moment? and then, the mention of eternity!

"Silence, man, silence," said Vanslyperken.

"Hope no offence, Mr. Lieutenant," replied the man, who knew who his fare was.

The boat pulled alongside of the Yungfrau, and Vanslyperken paid his unusual fare, and stepped on the deck. He went down below, and had the precaution to summon Smallbones to bring lights aft. The word was passed along the lower deck, and Vanslyperken sat down in the dark, awaiting the report that Smallbones could not be found.

Snarleyyow went up to his master, and rubbed his cold nose against his hand, and then, for the first time, it occurred to Vanslyperken, that in his hurry to leave the vessel, he had left the dog to the mercy of his enemies. During the time that Vanslyperken waited for the report of the lights, he passed over in his mind the untoward events which had taken place, the loss of the widow's good will, the loss of Corporal Van Spitter, who was adrift in the Zuyder Zee, the loss of five thousand pounds through the dog, and, strange to say, what vexed him more, the loss of the dog's eye; and when he thought of all these things, his heart was elated, and he rejoiced in the death of Smallbones, and no longer felt any compunction. But a light is coming aft, and Vanslyperken is waiting the anticipated report. It is a solitary purser's dip, as they are termed at sea, emitting but feeble rays, and Vanslyperken's eyes are directed to the door of the cabin to see who it is who carries it. To his horror, his dismay, it is brought in by the drowned Smallbones, who, with a cadaverous, and, as he supposes, unearthly face and vacant look, drawls out, "It's a-blowed out twice, sir, with the wind."

Vanslyperken started up, with his eyes glaring and fixed. There could be no mistake. It was the apparition of the murdered lad, and he fell back in a state of unconsciousness. "You've a-got it this time," said Smallbones, chuckling as he bent over the body of the lieutenant with his purser's dip, and perceived that he was in a state of insensibility.

Had Mr. Vanslyperken had the courage to look over the stern of the cutter when he re-ascended on the deck, he would have discovered Smallbones hanging on by the rudder chains; for had the fog not been so thick, Mr. Vanslyperken would have perceived at the time that he cut Smallbones adrift it was slack water, and the cutter was lying across the harbour. Smallbones was not, therefore, carried away by the tide, but being a very fair swimmer, had gained the rudder chains without difficulty; but at the time that Smallbones was climbing up again by the rope, he had perceived the blade of the carving knife working at the rope, and was assured that Vanslyperken was attempting his life. When he gained the rudder chains, he held on. At first he thought of calling for assistance; but hearing Vanslyperken order his boat to be manned, the lad then resolved to wait a little longer, and allow his master to think that he was drowned. The result was as Smallbones intended. As soon as the lad saw the boat was out of hearing he called out most lustily, and was heard by those on board, and rescued from his cold immersion. He answered no questions which were put to him till he had changed his clothing and recovered himself, and then with great prudence summoned a council, composed of Short, Coble, and Jemmy Ducks, to whom he narrated what had taken place. A long consultation succeeded, and at last it was agreed that Smallbones should make his appearance as he did, and future arrangements to be taken according to circumstances.

As soon as Smallbones had ascertained the situation of his master, he went forward and reported it to Dick Short, who with Coble came aft in the cabin. Short looked at Vanslyperken.

"Conscience," said Short.

"And a d——d bad un too," replied Coble, hitching up his trowsers. "What's to be done, Short?"

"Nothing," replied Short.

"Just my idea," replied Coble, "let him come to if he pleases, or die and be d——d. Who cares?"

"Nobody," replied Short.

"My eyes, but he must have been frightened," said Smallbones, "for he has left the key in the cupboard. I'll see what's in it for once and away."

Snarleyyow, when Smallbones opened the cupboard, appeared to have an intuitive idea that he was trespassing, so he walked out growling from under the table; Short saluted him with a kick in the ribs, which tossed him under the feet of Coble, who gave him a second with his fisherman's boots, and the dog howled, and ran out of the cabin. O Mr. Vanslyperken! see what your favourite was brought to, because you did not come to.

At this time Smallbones had his nose into the stone jar of scheedam—the olfactory examination was favourable, so he put his mouth to it—the labial essay still more so, so he took down a wine glass, and without any ceremony filled a bumper, and handed it to Coble.

"We'll drink to his recovery," said Obadiah, tossing off the contents.

"Yes," replied Short, who waited till the glass was refilled, and did the same.

"Here's bad luck to him and his own good stuff," said Smallbones, tossing off a third glass, and filling it again he handed it to Coble.

"Here's reformation to him," said Coble, draining the glass again.

"Yes," replied Short, taking the replenished vessel.

"Here's d——n to him and his dog for ever and ever, Amen," cried Smallbones, tippling off his second allowance.

"Who's there?" said Vanslyperken in a faint voice, opening his eyes with a vacant look.

Smallbones replaced the bottle in the cupboard, and replied, "It's only Smallbones, sir, and the mate's come to help you."

"Smallbones!" said Vanslyperken, still wandering. "Smallbones is drowned—and the whole pot of black paint."

"Conscience," said Short.

"Carving knife," rejoined Coble.

"Carving knife!" said Vanslyperken, raising himself up, "I never said a word about a carving knife, did I? Who is it that I see Short—and Coble—help me up. I have had a sad fall. Where's Smallbones? Is he alive—really alive?"

"I believe as how I bees," replied Smallbones.

Mr. Vanslyperken had now recovered his perfect senses. He had been raised on a chair, and was anxious to be rid of intruders, so he told Short and Coble that he would now do very well, and they might go; upon which, without saying a word, they both quitted the cabin.

Mr. Vanslyperken collected himself—he wished to know how Smallbones had been saved, but still dare not broach the subject, as it would be admitting his own guilt.

"What has happened, Smallbones?" said Vanslyperken. "I still feel very faint."

"Take a glass of this," replied Smallbones, opening the cupboard, and bringing out the scheedam. He poured out a glass, which Vanslyperken drank, and then observed, "How did you know what was in that cupboard, sirrah?"

"Because you called for it when you were in your fits," replied Smallbones.

"Called for scheedam?"

"Yes, sir, and said you had lost the carving knife."

"Did I?" replied Vanslyperken, afraid that he had committed himself. "I have been ill, very ill," continued he, putting his hand up to his forehead. "By-the-by, Smallbones, did you bring in that pot of paint?" said Vanslyperken adroitly.

"No, sir, I didn't, because I tumbled overboard, pot and all," replied Smallbones.

"Tumbled overboard! why, I did not leave the ship till afterwards, and I heard nothing about it."

"No, sir, how could you?" replied Smallbones, who was all prepared for this exclamation, "when the tide swept me past the saluting battery in a moment."

"Past the saluting battery!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, "why, how were you saved?"

"Because, thanks to somebody, I be too light to sink. I went out to the Ower's light, and a mile ayond it."

"The Ower's light!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"Yes, and ayond it, afore the tide turned, and then I were swept back again, and came into harbour again just half an hour afore you came aboard."

Mr. Vanslyperken looked aghast; the lad must have had a charmed life. Nine miles at least out to sea, and nine miles back again.

"It's as true as I stand here, sir," continued Smallbones; "I never were so cold in all my life, a-floating about like a bit of duck-weed with the tide, this way and that way."

"As true as you stand here!" repeated Vanslyperken; "but do you stand here?" and he made a desperate grasp at the lad's arm to ascertain whether he held substance or shadow.

"Can I do any thing more, sir?" continued Smallbones; "for I should like to turn in—I'm as cold as ice even now."

"You may go, replied Vanslyperken, whose mind was again becoming confused at what had passed. For some time the lieutenant sat in his chair, trying to recollect and reason; but it was in vain, the shocks of the day had been too great. He threw himself, dressed as he was, upon his bed—never perceived the absence of his favourite—the candle was allowed to burn itself to the socket, and Vanslyperken fell off into a trance-like sleep.

CHAPTER XX.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken proves false to the Widow Vandersloosh, and many strange things take place.

Mr. Vanslyperken was awakened the next morning by the yelping of his dog, who, having been shut out of the cabin, had ventured up the ladder in the morning when the men were washing the deck, and had a bucket shied at him by Jemmy Ducks, with such excellent precision, that it knocked him over, and nearly broke his hind leg, which he now carried high up in the air as he howled upon the other three at the cabin door. Mr. Vanslyperken rose, and tried to recollect what had passed; but it was more than a minute before he could recall the circumstances of the day before. He then tried to call to mind how he had gone to bed, and by what means Snarleyyow was left outside, but he could make nothing of it. He opened the cabin door, and let in the dog, whose lame leg instantly excited his indignation, and he then rang his bell for Smallbones, who soon made his appearance.

"How came the dog out of the cabin, sir?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir; I never put him out."

"Who is it that has hurt him?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir; I never touched him."

Vanslyperken was about to vent his anger, when Smallbones said, "If you please, I don't know what's a-going on. Why here, sir, the men washing the decks have found your carving knife abaft by the taffrail. Somebody must have taken it there, that's sartain."

Vanslyperken turned pale.

"Who could have taken it?"

"That's what I said, sir. Who dare come in the cabin to take the knife? and what could they have taken it for, but unless it was to cut summut?" And Smallbones looked his master full in the face. And the lieutenant quailed before his boy. He could not meet his gaze, but turned away.

"Very odd," continued Smallbones, perceiving the advantage he had gained.

"Leave the cabin, sir," cried Vanslyperken.

"Sha'n't I make no inquiries how this ere knife came there, sir?" replied Smallbones.

"No, sir, mind your own business. I've a great mind to flog you for its being found there—all your carelessness."

"That would be a pretty go," murmured Smallbones, as he shut the cabin door.

The feeling of vengeance against Smallbones was now redoubled in the breast of his master, and the only regret he felt at the transactions of the day was, that the boy had not been drowned.

"I'll have him yet," muttered the lieutenant; but he forgot that he was shaving himself, and the involuntary movements of his lips caused him to cut a large gash on his right cheek, from which the blood trickled fast.

"Curses on the—(razor he was going to say, but he changed it to)—scoundrel!"

A slice with a razor is certainly a very annoying thing. After a certain time Mr. Vanslyperken finished his toilet, called for his breakfast, went on deck, and as the day was fine, ordered the paint to be renewed, and then went on shore to ascertain if there were any commands for him at the admiral's office.

As he walked up the street in a brown study, he at last observed that a very pretty woman dogged him, sometimes walking a-head and looking back, at others dropping astern, and then again ranging up alongside. He looked her in the face, and she smiled so sweetly, and then turned her head coquettishly, and then looked again with eyes full of meaning. Now, although Mr. Vanslyperken had always avoided amours on account of the expense entailed upon them, yet he was, like a dry chip, very inflammable, and the extreme beauty of the party made him feel unusual emotions. Her perseverance too—and her whole appearance so very respectable—so superior to the class of people who generally accosted him. He thought of the widow and her money bags, and thought, also, how infinitely more desirable the widow would be, if she possessed but the beauty of the present party.

"I do believe I've lost my way," exclaimed the young person. "Pray, sir, can you tell me the way to Castle Street, for I'm almost a stranger? And" (added she, laughing) "I really don't know my way back to my own house."

Castle Street was, at this time, one of the best streets in Portsmouth, as Mr. Vanslyperken well knew. This assured him of her respectability; he very gallantly offered his arm, which, after a little demur, was accepted, and Mr. Vanslyperken conveyed her to her house. Of course she could do no less than ask him to walk up, and Mr. Vanslyperken, who had never been in any thing approaching to good society, was in astonishment at the furniture. All appeared to denote wealth. He was soon in an interesting conversation, and by degrees found out that the lady was a young widow of the name of Malcolm, whose husband had been factor to the new company, called the East India Company; that she had come down to Portsmouth expecting him home, and that she had learnt that he had died on shore a few days before his intended embarkation for England. Since which, as she liked the place and the society, she had thoughts of remaining here.

"They say that gold in India is to be had for nothing."

"It must be very plentiful," replied the widow, "if I am to judge by the quantity my poor husband sent me home, and he was not out more than three years. He left me a week after our marriage."

Here the lovely widow put her handerchief up to her eyes, and Mr. Vanslyperken attempted to console her.

"It's so very unpleasant to be left without any one to advise you, and exposed to be cheated so dreadfully. What can a poor lone woman do? Did you ever see me before, sir?"

"I never did," replied our lieutenant. "May I ask the same question, for I thought you appeared to know me?"

"O yes! I've seen you very often, and wished to know who you were, but I was ashamed to ask. One cannot be too particular in my situation."

Mr. Vanslyperken was much pleased, but he had remained some time, and he thought it right to depart, so he rose and made his adieus.

"I hope I shall see you again," cried the widow earnestly. "You will call again, sir, won't you?"

"Most certainly, and with the greatest pleasure," replied Vanslyperken.

The lady extended her gloved hand, and as it was closed in that of Vanslyperken, he thought he felt a slight, a very slight pressure, which made his heart leap. And then, as he shut the door, she gave him such a look—O those eyes!—they pierced right through the heart of Vanslyperken.

The reader may not, perhaps, be aware who this gay widow might be. It was Nancy Corbett, who had, by the advice of Lady Alice, taken this step to entrap Mr. Vanslyperken. Nancy had obtained from Moggy all the particulars of the lieutenant's wooing of the widow Vandersloosh, and his character as a miser and a coward. Had he been a miser only, she would have attacked by gold alone, but being a coward, it was decided that he should have some further stimulus to betray his country, and enlist himself among the partisans of King James.

Beauty, joined with wealth, the chance of possessing both, with the attractive arts of Nancy, were considered necessary to sway him. Indeed they were so far right, that had any one made the bold proposal to Vanslyperken of joining the other party, and offered him at the same time ample remuneration, he would have been too suspicious or too timorous to run the risk. It was necessary to win him over by means which appeared accidental rather than otherwise. The difficulty of correspondence was very great; and as the cutter constantly was despatched to the Hague, and the French had agents there, not only letters, but even messengers, might be sent over without risk and without suspicion; for open boats being then the only means of communication, during the wintry part of the year, the correspondence was very precarious, and at long intervals.

Thus was Nancy Corbett changed into a buxom widow, all for the good cause, and well did she perform her part; for there was no lack of money when such services were required. Vanslyperken left the house quite enchanted. "This will do," thought he, "and if I succeed, Frau Vandersloosh may go to the devil." He returned on board, unlocked his cabin, where Snarleyyow had been secured from the machinations of Smallbones and other malcontents, and sat down to enjoy the castle-building which he had commenced after he left the house. He patted his dog, and apostrophised it. "Yes, my poor brute," said Vanslyperken, "your master will get a rich widow, without it being necessary that you should be laid dead at her porch. D—n Frau Vandersloosh."

The widow was more enchanting when Vanslyperken called on the ensuing day, than she was on the first. Her advances to the lieutenant were no longer doubtful to him. She entered freely into the state of her affairs, asked his advice upon money matters, and fully proved to his satisfaction that, independent of her beauty, she would be a much greater catch than Frau Vandersloosh. She spoke about her family; said that she expected her brother over, but that he must come *incog.* as he was attached to the court of the exiled king, lamented the difficulty of receiving letters from him, and openly expressed her adherence to the Stuart family. Vanslyperken appeared to make very little objection to her political creed; in fact, he was so fascinated that he fell blindly into the snare; he accepted an invitation to dine with her on that very day, and went on board to dress himself as fine for her as he had for the widow Vandersloosh. The lovely widow admired his uniform, and gave him many gentle hints upon which he might speak: but this did not take place until a *tête-à-tête* after dinner, when he was sitting on a sofa with her; (not on such a fubsy sofa as that of Frau Vandersloosh, but one worked in tapestry,) much in the same position as we once introduced him in to the reader, to wit, with the lady's hand in his. Vanslyperken was flushed with wine, for Nancy had pushed the bottle, and, at last, he spoke out clearly what his aspirations were. The widow blushed, laughed, wiped her eyes as if to brush away a falling tear, and eventually, with a slight pressure of the hand, stammered that she did not know what to say, the acquaintance was so short—it was so unexpected—she must reflect a little: at the same time, she could not but acknowledge, that she had been taken with him when she first saw him; and then she laughed and said, that she did really begin to believe that there was such a thing as love at first sight, and then—he had better go now, she wished to be alone—she really had a headache. Oh! Nancy Corbett! you were, indeed, an adept in the art of seduction—no wonder that your name has been handed down to posterity. Mr. Vanslyperken perceived his advantage, and pressed still more, until the blushing widow declared that she would really think seriously about the matter, if on further acquaintance she found that her good opinion of him was not overrated.

Vanslyperken returned on board intoxicated with his success. On his arrival, he was informed that a messenger had been sent for him, but no one knew where to find him, and that he must be at the admiral's early the next morning, and have all ready for immediate sailing. This was rather annoying, but there was no help for it. The next day Vanslyperken went to the admiral's, and received orders to sail immediately to the Hague with despatches of consequence, being no less than an answer from King William to the States General. Mr. Vanslyperken proceeded from the admiral's to the charming widow, to whom he imparted this unwelcome intelligence. She, of course, was grave and listened to his protestations with her little finger in her mouth, and a pensive, cast-down eye.

"How long will you be away?" inquired she.

"But a week or ten days at the farthest. I shall fly back to see you again."

"But, tell me the truth, have you no acquaintances there?—now, tell me the truth—I don't mean men."

"Upon my honour, fair widow, I don't know a single woman there," replied Vanslyperken, pleased with this little appearance of jealousy; "but I'm afraid that I must leave you, for the admiral is very severe.

"Will you do me one favour, Mr. Vanslyperken?"

"Anything:—ask what you will."

"I want this letter forwarded to my brother—I am very anxious about it. The French agent there will send it on;—it is inclosed to him. Will you do me that favour, my dear sir?—I'm sure you will if———"

"If what?"

"If you love me," replied the widow, laying her hand upon Vanslykerpen.

"I will most certainly," said Vanslyperken, taking the letter and putting it in his pocket."

"Then I shall ask you another," said the widow. "You will think me very foolish, but there may be an opportunity—will you write to me—just a few lines—only to tell me that you have given the letter, that's all—and to say how you are—don't you think me very foolish?"

"I will write, dearest, since you wish it—and now, good-bye."

Vanslyperken took the widow round the waist, and after a little murmuring and reluctance, was permitted to snatch a kiss. Her eyes followed him mournfully till he shut the door and disappeared, and then Nancy Corbett gave way to unbounded mirth.

"So the fool has bit already," thought she; "now if he only writes to me, and I get his acknowledgement of having delivered the letter, the beast is in my power, and I can hang him any day I please. Upon his honour, he did not know a single woman there:—Lord have mercy!—what liars men are—but we can sometimes beat them with their own weapons." And Nancy's thoughts reverted to her former life, which she now dwelt upon with pain and sorrow.

Mr. Vanslyperken returned on board; the anchor was weighed immediately that the boats had been hoisted up, and the Yungfrau ran out with a fair wind, which lasted until the evening, when it fell almost calm, and the cutter made but little way through the water. Many of the men were conversing on the forecastle as usual, and the subject of their discourse was the surmising what had become of Corporal Van Spitter. In one point they all appeared to agree, which was, that they hoped he would never return to the cutter.

"If he does I owe him one," observed Jemmy Ducks. "It's all through him that my wife was turned out of the vessel."

"And a little bit from her tongue, Jemmy," observed Coble.

"Why, perhaps so," replied Jemmy; "but what was it set her tongue loose but the threat of *him* to flog me, and what made him threaten that but the 'peaching of that fat marine?"

"Very good arguments, Jemmy. Well, I will say that for your wife, Jemmy, she does love you, and there's no sham about it."

"Never mind Jemmy's wife, let's have Jemmy's song," said Spurey; "he has'nt piped since he was pulled up by the corporal."

"No: he put my pipe out, the hippopotamus Well, I'll give it you—it shall be about what we were talking of, Obadiah." Jemmy perched himself on the fore-end of the booms, and sung as follows:—

"I suppose that you think 'cause my trousers are tarry,"
 And because that I ties my long hair in a tail,
While landsmen are figged out as fine as old Harry,
 With breast-pins and cravats as white as old sail;
That I'm a strange creature, a know-nothing ninny,
 But fit for the planks for to walk in foul weather;
That I ha'nt e'er a notion of the worth of a guinea,
 And that you, Poll, can twist me about as a feather,—
  Lord love you!!

"I know that this life is but short at the best on't;
 That Time it flies fast, and that work must be done;
That when danger comes 'tis as well for to jest on't,
 'Twill be but the lighter felt when it do come:
If you think, then, from this that I an't got a notion
 Of a heaven above, with its mercy in store,
And the devil below, for us lads of the ocean,
 Just the same as it be for the landsmen on shore,—
  Lord love you!!

"If because I don't splice with some true-hearted woman,
 Who'd doat on my presence, and sob when I sail,
But put up with you Poll, though faithful to no man,
 With a fist that can strike, and a tongue that can rail;
'Tis because I'm not selfish, and know 'tis my duty
 If I marry to moor by my wife, and not leave her,
To dandle the young ones,—watch over her beauty,—
 D'ye think that I'd promise and vow, then deceive her?—
  Lord love you!!

"I suppose that you think 'cause I'm free with my money,
 Which others would hoard and lock up in their chest,
All your billing and cooing, and words sweet as honey,
 Are as gospel to me while you hang on my breast:
But no, Polly, no;—you may take every guinea,
 They'd burn in my pocket, if I took them to sea;
But as for your love, Poll, I indeed were a ninny,—
 D'ye think I don't know you cheat others than me?—
  Lord love you!!"

"Well, that's a good song, Jemmy, and he can't pull you up for that any how."

Mr. Vanslyperken appeared to think otherwise, for he sent a marine forward to say, that no singing would be permitted in future, and that they were immediately to desist.

"I suppose we shall have a song considered as mutiny soon," observed Coble. "Ah, well, it's a long lane that has no turning."

"Yes," replied Jemmy, in an under tone, "and for every rogue there's a rope laid up. Never mind, let us go below."

Mr. Vanslyperken's dreaming thoughts of the fair widow were nevertheless occasionally interrupted by others not quite so agreeable. Strange to say, he fully believed what Smallbones had asserted about his being carried out by the tide to the Ower's light, and he canvassed the question in his mind, whether there was not something supernatural in the affair, a sort of interposition of Providence in behalf of the lad, which was to be considered as a warning to himself not to attempt anything farther. He was frightened, although his feeling for revenge was still in all its force. As for any one suspecting him of having attempted the boy's life, he had recovered from that feeling; even if they did, who dare say a word? There was another point which also engrossed the moody Vanslyperken, which was, how he should behave relative to the widow Vandersloosh. Should he call or should he not?—he cared nothing for her, and provided he could succeed with the Portsmouth lady, he would pitch her to the devil; but still he remembered the old proverb, "You should never throw away dirty water before you are sure of clean." After some cogitation he determined upon still pressing his suit, and hoped at the same time that the widow would not admit him into her presence. Such were the different resolves and decisions which occupied the mind of Mr. Vanslyperken until he dropped his anchor at Amsterdam, when he ordered his boat to go on shore, and gave positive directions to Dick Short that no one was to leave the cutter on any pretence, for he was determined that as the widow would not have his company, she should neither have the profits arising from his men spending their money at her house.

"So," cried Coble, after the boat shoved off, "liberty's stopped as well as singing. What next, I wonder? I sha'n't stand this long."

"No," replied Short.

"Stop till he makes friends with the widow," observed Bill Spurey; "she'll get us all leave."

"Mein Gott, he nebber say any ting before," observed Jansen.

"No; we might almost go and come as we wished. We must not stand this."

"We won't" replied Jemmy Ducks.

"No," replied short.

While the crew of the cutter were in this incipient state of mutiny, Vanslyperken bent his steps to deliver up to the authorities the despatches with which he was charged; and having so done, he then took out the letter intrusted to him by Nancy Corbett and read the address. It was the same street in which lived the Frau Vandersloosh. This was awkward, as Vanslyperken did not want to be seen by her; but there was no help for it. He trusted to her not seeing him, and he proceeded thither: he ran down the numbers on the doors until he came to the right one, which was exactly opposite to the widow's house:—this was more unfortunate. He rang the bell; it was some time before the door was opened, and while he was standing there he could not help looking round to see if any one saw him. To his annoyance, there stood the widow filling up her door with her broad frame and Babette peeping over her shoulder. Mr. Vanslyperken, as there was only the canal and two narrow roads between them, could do no less than salute her, but she took no notice of him farther than by continuing her stare. At last, upon a second pulling of the bell, the door opened, and on Mr. Vanslyperken saying that he had a letter for such an address he was admitted, and the door immediately closed. He was ushered into a room, the window-panes of which were painted green, so that no one outside could look in, and found himself in the presence of a tall man, in a clerical dress, who motioned to him to sit down.

Vanslyperken delivered the letter, and then took a seat. The gentleman made a graceful bow, as if to ask permission to break the seal, and then opened the letter.

"Sir, I am obliged to you for charging yourself with these packets—infinitely obliged to you. You are in command of a sloop here, I believe."

"A king's cutter, sir," replied Vanslyperken, with importance; "I am Lieutenant Vanslyperken."

"I thank you, sir. I will take down your name. You expect, I presume, to be rewarded for this small service," continued the gentleman, with a bland smile.

"Why, she must have told him," thought Vanslyperken; who replied with another smile, "that he certainly trusted that he should be."

Upon which reply, the other went to an escrutoire, and taking out a bag, opened it and poured out a mass of gold, which made Vanslyperken's mouth water, but why he did so Vanslyperken did not give a thought, until having counted out fifty pieces, the gentleman very gracefully put them into his hand, observing.

"A lieutenant's pay is not great, and we can afford to be generous. Will you oblige me by calling here before you sail for England, and I will beg you to take charge of a letter."

Vanslyperken was all amazement: he began to suspect what was the fact, but he had the gold in his hand, and, for the life of him, he could not have laid it down again on the table. It was too great a sacrifice, for it was his idol—his god. He therefore dropped it into his pocket, and promising to call before he sailed, bowed and took his leave. As he went out, there was the Frau Vandersloosh and Babette still watching him at the door, but Vanslyperken was in a state of agitation, and he hurried off as fast as he could. Had he known why they watched so earnestly, and what had occurred, his agitation would have been greater still. As soon as Mr. Vanslyperken had arrived on board, he hastened down into his cabin, and throwing the money down on the table, feasted his eyes with it, and remained for nearly half an hour in a state of deep cogitation, during which he often asked himself the question, whether he had not been a traitor to the king and country in whose pay he was employed. The answer that he gave to himself was anything but satisfactory; but the prospect of possessing the fair Portsmouth widow, and the gold displayed upon the table, were very satisfactory, and the balance was on the latter side: so Vanslyperken gradually recovered himself, and had risen from his chair to collect the gold and deposit it in a place of safety, when he was interrupted by a tap at the door. Hastily sweeping off the gold pieces, he cried, "Come in;" when who, to his surprise, should appear in excellent condition and fresh as a peony, but the lost and almost forgotten Corporal Van Spitter, who raising his hand to his forehead as usual, reported himself man-of-war fashion, "Vas come on board, Mynheer Vanslyperken." But as the corporal did not tell all the facts connected with his cruise in the jolly boat to Mr. Vanslyperken, for reasons which will hereafter appear, we shall reserve the narrative of what really did take place for another chapter.

(*To be continued.*)

From the Spectator

A RESIDENCE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

A Residence at Constantinople, during a period including the Commencement, Progress, and Termination of the Greek and Turkish Revolutions. By the Rev. R. Walsh, L. L. D. In 2 vols.

Although the temporary interest of the historical portion has elapsed, and the arrangement, following the order of time, is of necessity broken and desultory, these are two delightful volumes. The matter is various; the manner animated, with a touch of courtliness. For occasional rather than continuous reading, it is a long time since we have met such an attractive work.

It is in the recollection of most persons who take an interest in literary matters, that Dr. Walsh accompanied Lord Strangford to Constantinople, as Chaplain to the English Embassy. This was at the close of 1820, about the time of the breaking out of the Greek insurrection; and he remained there four years, when he returned over-land to England. Six years afterwards, Dr.

Walsh again assumed his spiritual function at Pera; and found matters greatly changed in his absence. The Greeks were free, the Janissaries destroyed, and red caps were substituted for turbans; dogs, the former Scavengers of Constantinople, were driven away, and hogs substituted in their stead; wine was publicly drank, ham as publicly eaten, by the politer classes; stranger still, the Sultan was transformed from one of the most bloody butchers of history to a mild and merciful prince; and what is stranger than all, the monarch had turned a "public instructer," having started a newspaper, and occasionally writing "leaders" himself. But the most striking events of the early Greek war, the effects they produced at Constantinople, and the customs and character of the people both before and after the Turkish reform, are far from being the only subjects of the volume. Dr. **Walsh** agreeably describes his passage out, and the places at which he touched; pleasantly intermingling the past and the present. He made various excursions from Pera, in which he equally displays the observer and the scholar, presenting his reader with descriptions of scenes and persons, and Bible and Classical Illustrations. He also furnishes much information as to the various nations and faiths which inhabit Constantinople, more especially of the Armenians, Greeks, and Jews.

The best mode of conveying an idea of the book, however, will be to allow it to speak for itself, paying no further regard in the selection of the extracts than to their variety. Here is a lively account of Dr. **Walsh**'s investigation of the plains of Troy.

"I crossed the mouth of the Simois, now called the Mender-sou; a turbulent, muddy river, just such a one as would roll down to the sea the shields, horses, and bodies of heroes that were slain on its banks. It falls into the Hellespont between the promontories of Sigæum and Rhœteum, about four miles apart; and a flat sweeping bay is formed, where sundry modern Greek craft were drawn up on the strand, like those of their ancestors in days of yore. On this alluvial marshy surface stagnant water had accumulated, from which in summer the beams of the sun extract a pestiferous miasma, generating a disease like your Walcheren fever; so that the shafts or rays of Apollo are still as deadly as of old in the same place. The very first glance at it would induce you to say, here is the sickly spot depicted at the commencement of the *Iliad*. I passed up a wide plain, between two nearly parallel ranges of hills or high grounds. On my right next the sea, was what I supposed to be the mound of Hercules, where Neptune sat with the gods favourable to the Greeks; on my left, at a greater distance, was the Kali-Kolone, where those of the Trojans reclined. I climbed, in the middle of the plain, a lofty circular eminence, evidently artificial, called now Udgectpé, supposed to be the tomb of Æsites, whither Polites was sent to watch the movements of the Greeks. I saw he could not choose a better spot, for it commanded the whole plain to the Hellespont.

"From hence I proceeded to Bounarbashi,—which literally means the 'head of the spring:' and here were actually hot wells issuing from the rocks, which were so warm that they sent forth a smoke, and I could hardly bear my hand in them; a colder spring was at a little distance. That nothing might be wanting in its present appearance to its ancient character, there were stone basins in which several Turkish females were washing clothes, resembling the πλύνοι; or perhaps the identical ones in which the Trojan women were engaged in a similar occupation, just before the Greeks came upon them. I breakfasted beside an exceedingly limped and picturesque stream, flowing through a verdant flowery meadow, and having elms, willows, tamarisks, cypresses, and other marshy plants adorning its banks, and fish gliding through the current and bounding from place to place so plenty, that I procured a large dish of them for my meal. The local appearances of this stream exactly resembled those of the Scamander. From hence I climbed the hill of Bounarbashi; when every circumstance reminded me of the site of Tory. Tenedos lay conspicuously beside me, and Ida rose behind me. Even the ἐρινεὸν, or mount of wild figs, was there, covered at this day with these trees, from which I gathered a branch full of fruit as a trophy and memorial.

"I set out to return after an early dinner, about the time that Priam left the city to proceed to the Grecian camp to beg the body of Hector. He journeyed the same way, I suppose, at the same pace, and had the same distance to go. I descended the hill like him, accompanied by several persons, who left me on the plain. I arrived at the point of junction between the two rivers at twilight, as he did when darkness was coming on; and, by an odd coincidence, my surrogee, who had separated from me at Bounarbashi, met me at this spot, like another Mercury, to conduct me on. It is a curious fact, and gives an extraordinary interest to the place, that though the rivers do not join here now, as in the time of Priam, there is evident testimony that they did so formerly. The Scamander at this day makes its way to the Ægean by another and more recent channel; but the ancient bed, where it formerly united its streams with the Simois, is still distinctly traceable. I arrived at supper-time at the tomb of Achilles, near which was his tent, which Priam reached at the same hour exactly.

* * * * * *

"I will not tire you by renewing the controversies of this celebrated place, which have been discussed by much more competent persons; nor will I combat the parodox of Jacob Bryant, who cuts the Gordian knot, by affirming that no such place as Troy ever existed, and, consequently, no such event as the war ever happened; but as you enjoin me to send you something "to set up poor Homer," I may assert that, notwithstanding some trifling discrepancies, a man who visits the spot must be convinced that it was the scene of Homer's poems. It is quite impossible that his descriptions and the face of nature should so correspond by chance. There is sometimes less credulity in believing than in disbelieving, and he must be a credulous person indeed, who could suppose that so many minute and accurate resemblances could occur by mere accident."

As a contrast to the past, take this picture of the present.

Turkish Desolation.

"My way lay along the shores of the Hellespont; the weather had now become moderate, and the storm was succeeded by a balmy sunshine. I cannot describe to you the exquisite beauty of the undulating downs, which extend along the Asiatic side of this famous sea. The green sward sloping down to the water's edge, intersected every mile by some sweet wooded valley, running up into the country at one extremity, and terminating in the other by a romantic cove, over whose strand the lucid waves rippled.

The sound of the waters had something regularly soothing and harmonious; and as I made my solitary way in silence along the shore, like Chryses of old, (who by the by, was also a clergyman,) I thought the waves returned the actual sound of πολυφλοῖσβειο θαλάσσης. Here it was that the first picture of Turkish desolation presented itself to me. While those smiling prospects, which a good Providence seems to have formed for the delight of man, invite him to fix his dwelling among them, all is desert and desolate as the prairies of the Missouri. In a journey of nearly fifteen miles along the coast, and for half the length of the Hellespont, I did not meet a single human habitation; and this in the finest climate, the most fertile soil, and once the most populous country in the world!"

Of the Greek war, the particulars, as we have said already, are too desultory to furnish a complete view. If we except the horrible devastation of Scio, they are rather fragments of history than history itself. But the two following passages are not without interest.

Uses of a Maratime Population.

"The great service which the islands rendered to the cause of Greece, was the sudden creation of a navy. The three most sterile and least productive, were those which were most commercial. Having no means of subsistence on the barren rocks on which they were placed, they sought abroad what nature had denied them at home. Hydra and Spezzia, at the entrance of the Gulf of Engia, and Ipsara, off the coast of Scio, were the great trading islands, whose ships were the common carriers of the Archipelago; and nothing could more strongly mark the growing wealth and prosperity of the people, than the fleets which these barren rocks suddenly supplied to the common cause. Every merchant converted his trader into a ship of war. They had all been armed more or less against the pirates, and an additional supply of cannon was readily purchased; even the pirates themselves, like the klephtes on shore, abandoned their trade of plunder, and formed against the common enemy. In this way the insurrection had scarcely commenced on the continent, when the sea was covered with a squadron of one hundred and twenty sail of armed ships carrying from ten to twenty guns of different calibre. The expense at first fell heavily and solely on the merchants; who, without hesitation or reflection, caught at once the general enthusiasm; but presently the other islands were ordered to pay their tribute exclusively for the support of this naval force, and ships were sent about to collect it.

"The achievements of this fleet are almost as incredible as its creation, if we consider the mode in which it was manned. It had one common admiral; first Jaconki Tombasi, and after him Andreas Miaulis; but the crews were without officers, and were almost entirely independent of one another; they had all shares in the ships when engaged in commerce, and they still retained a similar feeling. Every man on board was made acquainted with the object of any expedition, and thought he had a right to give his opinion on it: this, fortunately, was a perfect unanimity in their hatred to the Turks, and a perfect unity of action when called on to oppose them."

"The slight frame of the ships, and the incongruous materials of which the equipage was composed, were altogether inadequate to contend with the gigantic force of the the Turkish vessels, which in appearance are perhaps the finest in the world,—of which a single one of first-rate would apparently blow the whole Grecian squadron out of the water. But, like the Persians of old, they were as unmanageable as they were large; and the only part of their crews which was capable of manœuvering them were Greeks, who could no longer be trusted. But they had another enemy to combat with, before which the very magnitude of their noble ships was a cause of destruction: this was the brulôts, or fire-ships, which were directed against them with such tremendous effect. It was not a novel invention, but the revival of a practice which had terrified Asia and astonished Europe in the middle ages.

CONSTANTINOPLE ON THE FIRST NEWS OF THE GREEK INSURRECTION.

Hitherto we enjoyed the most perfect tranquillity. We went about with a feeling of as much security as in London, wherever business or amusement led us; and we found all classes of the various nations which compose the population of the capital, not only disposed in the most friendly manner towards us, but towards each other. One day I went down to Galata, and paid a visit to Mr. Barbaud, a venerable old gentleman, who was considered the father of the British factory. He was a pleasant man, and rather inclined to be cheerful than serious. I perceived him labouring under great agitation. He said he had been fifty years in the country, and never saw it in the state of perilous commotion in which it then was. I thought, from his usual habits, he was jesting with me; but I found him perfectly serious. He informed me he had just had certain information of a general insurrection of the Greeks all over the Turkish empire; that Prince Ypsilantes, with whose father he was well acquainted, had entered Moldavia from Russia; raised the standard of revolt, which all the Greeks of the provinces had joined; and that they were daily expected to march on Constantinople, where the whole population of Oriental Christians were ready to join them; and that a total destruction of persons and property of all the Frank residents must ensue in the commotion. In confirmation, he showed me a Greek proclamation, which he had just received from one of his correspondents. He assured me at the same time, that such was the secrecy with which this vast project was conducted, that the most remote rumour or suspicion of such a thing had not transpired among the numerous Greeks with which he and other merchants had daily and extensive business. On my return to Pera, I found a total change had taken place in a few hours in the appearance and manners of the people. There was no public newspaper to transmit the intelligence of any event; but personal communication is a more rapid conveyance. The news of the insurrection had just transpired, and it was caught up and spread from mouth to mouth with the rapidity of wildfire. The Armenians, who have shops in Galata, were hastening home to their residences in Pera; a group of them was ascending the hill before me, and they looked about every minute in the greatest alarm. They are a quiet, timid people, and they seemed to labour under the apprehension of some great evil. The Turks were walking slowly about, holding one hand on the hilt of their yatagans, and with the other twisting their mustaches; while the Greeks and Jews, whenever they met them, got out of their way into some store or coffee-house that happened to be open."

The atrocities which were daily and systematically perpetrated in the streets of the capital after the confirmation of the first report, equal the most savage horrors attendant upon the sack of a city. The Turks pinned the Greeks to the wall as they met them in the street: when, taught by experience of the fate which awaited them, they confined themselves to their houses, their houses were ransacked, their property plundered, and the owners dragged forth and murdered, with a composed and methodical cruelty almost incredible. Nor did the Mussulmans stop here the Franks were insulted, spit upon, beaten, and robbed; and the armed populace fired upon the European vessels in the harbour. Of all these proceedings Dr. Walsh gives general and particular examples, sufficient to enable any one to sup full of horrors. About the diplomatic proceedings he is brief, complimentary, and cautious. We gather enough, however, to conclude that England was not represented with becoming spirit, nor, from some wretched Tory notions about "balances of power" and "ancient allies," her character properly maintained. A remark that may be extended to the representatives of every other European power, with one exception. Whatever might have been his motives, the only one of the band who acted with the decision and energy befitting a great nation, was the Ambassador of Russia. There is also another conclusion to which the reader of these sections of Dr. Walsh's *Constantinople* will come,—which is, that the government of Russia, or any other *government*, must have been so great a change for the better, as to be beyond all degree of comparison.

Let us turn from these subjects to others of a lighter nature, and conclude our extracts with a few miscellaneous subjects.

The Press in Turkey.

"On Saturday the 5th of November, 1831, this phenomenon, called *Taakvimi Veekai*, or the "Tablet of Events," first appeared in the Turkish capital, and has ever since been regularly published. In order to give it more extensive circulation, every pasha in the empire is obliged to subscribe for a certain number of copies, for the information of the people of his pashalik, among whom they are distributed. It is printed in two folio sheets, in Turkish and in French; the latter is called the *Moniteur Oriental*. The one is read by the natives and rayas, and the other by the Franks. It is issued with great exactness; and every Saturday morning it is sent up with our breakfast as regularly as a weekly paper in London. The Sultan takes great interest in it, reads it regularly, and is himself a contributor to it, writing sometimes the leading article.

"The contents of the paper are usually as follow. They commence with Constantinople and the concerns of the Turkish empire. The principal details are those of the army and navy, their movements and the change of officers, with bulletins of action by land or sea, fairly given, without much pompous Orientalism. Then follow civil affairs, events of the provinces, with always a favourable view of things, and an eulogium on the Sultan's measures for the good of the people. Then succeed news of other countries; with sometimes extracts from the debates of the French Chamber of Deputies and the English Parliament, in which latter Mr. O'Connell cuts a conspicuous figure. One could hardly imagine that violent democratic language would be permitted in a Turkish paper; as yet, however, it is harmless, for the people do not understand it. But the most extraordinary communication is a kind of budget, in which the receipts of public money are given, and the expenditure accounted for, with an accuracy of detail in piastres and paras that would please Mr. Hume. This is a thing before unheard of in Turkish policy; where public money was a mystery, and every thing concerning it kept secret, both in its collection and expenditure. These subjects are varied with accounts of useful inventions, elementary sketches of the arts and sciences, and sometimes pleasing and instructive stories.

"The Turks, when this newspaper first appeared, had no conception of any amusement to be derived from such a thing; but, like children, when their curiosity was once excited, it knew no bounds. The publication of the news of the empire in this way soon became of universal attraction. The paper made its way to the coffeehouses, and the same Turk that I had noticed before dozing, half stupified with coffee and tobacco, I now saw actually awake, with the paper in his hand, eagerly spelling out the news. But the most usual mode of communicating it are news-rooms; and a place is taken where those who wish to hear it assemble. A stool is placed in the centre, on which the man who can read sits, and others form a circle round him and listen. The attention paid is very different from that which I saw them give to a story-teller. There was no mirth or laughter excited, but all seemed to listen with profound attention, interrupted only sometimes by a grave ejaculation of "Inshallah," or "Allah Keerim." The first thing a Turk of any consequence is anxious to know is, whether he has been mentioned, and what is said of him; and in this he shows a sensitiveness even superior to a Londoner or a Parisian, because, as the Sultan is the virtual editor, his opinion of a man is of some importance.

Geography and the use of the Globes.

"Lord Strangford sent the Porte a valuable present. He had brought with him a pair of very large globes from England; and as the Turks had latterly shown some disposition to learn languages, he thought it would be a good opportunity to teach them something else; and he determined to send them over to the Porte, and asked me to go with them and explain their object.

"This important present was brought over with becoming respect. A chouash went first with his baton of office; then followed two janissaries, like Atlases, bearing worlds on their shoulders; then myself, attended by our principal dragoman in full costume; and, finally, a train of janissaries and attendants. When arrived at the Porte, we were introduced to the Reis Effendi, or minister for foreign affairs, who, with other ministers, were waiting for us. When I had the globes put together on their frames, they came round us with great interest; and the Reis Effendi, who thought, *ex officio*, he ought to know something of geography, put on his spectacles and began to examine them. The first thing that struck them was the compass in the stand. When they observed the needle always kept the same position, they expressed great surprise, and thought it was done by some interior mechanism. It was mid-day, and the shadow of the frame of the window was on the floor. I endeavoured to explain to them that the needle was always found nearly in that direction, pointing to the north: I could only make them comprehend that it always turned towards the sun. The Reis Effendi then asked me to show him England. When I pointed out the small comparative spot on the great globe, he turned to the rest, and said "Kutchùk," little; and they repeated all round "Kutchùk," in various tones of contempt; but when I showed them the dependencies of the empire, and particularly the respectable size of India, they said "Buyùk," big, with some marks of respect. I also took occasion to show them the only mode of coming from thence to Constantinople by sea, and that a ship could not sail with a cargo of coffee from Mocha across the isthmus of Suez. The newly-appointed dragoman of the Porte, who had been a Jew, and was imbued with a slighter tincture of information, was present; so, after explaining to him as much as I could make him comprehend, I left to him the task of further instructing the ministers in this new science. Indeed it appeared to me as if none of them had ever seen an artificial globe before, or even a mariner's compass.

Ambassadorial Presents.

"The manner in which these presents were disposed of was a proof of the estimation in which they were held. They consisted of jewels, snuff-boxes, and other articles presented to the Sultan, Grand Vizir, Reis Effendi, and other officers. These things were made by Rundle and Bridge, jewellers to the King, who had an agent at Constantinople to repurchase them. Instead of being retained by the persons to whom they were presented as honorary distinctions, which they would be fond to keep and display, the agent was immediately sent for; and frequently, on the very day on which they were given, a bargain was made, and the article was bought and sent back to London, where it was a little altered in the setting, repurchased by Government, and again presented by the next Ambassador; so that the same article has gone through this process several times.

A Physiological Fact.

"A singular circumstance related by some of these men was, that almost the only part of their emaciated companions, who died in the fortress, capable of affording a meal, was their hearts. While all the rest of the body was attenuated so that scarcely a fibre of flesh covered the bones, the muscles of the heart remained as plump and full as during health, and was always the part sought by those who fed on the body."

From their first appearance as a nation, the Turks and their Sultan have always been inscrutable—a moral and historical puzzle. Many of the facts of Dr. Walsh add considerably to the difficulty; but neither his statements nor his reflections furnish means of solving it. The only effects in which we can see the slightest trace of causes, are the present peaceable state of Constantinople, and the ease with which some of the late changes regarding religious punctilios have been effected. The massacre of the Janissaries, and the thinning of the levies in mass raised for the Greek and Russian wars, pretty well purged the capital of its scum, leaving only the more quietly-disposed behind; and as to the other point, Dr. Walsh seems to consider that Infidelity is widely spread amongst the Mahometans even of the lower classes.

From Tait's Magazine.

"SCHLOSS HAINFELD; OR, A WINTER IN LOWER STYRIA."

BY CAPTAIN BASIL HALL.

Here is a book which, from its subject alone, will be peculiarly welcome to all which now remains of the most brilliant literary circle that ever graced the capital of Scotland. But the Castle of Hainfeld will be universally acceptable; for it is a veritable romance of real life—the only sort of romance whose interest never flags. It is, moreover, composed with remarkable freedom and facility; and, to use a favourite blunt epithet of the author, with *honest* feeling, and seaman-like heartiness. It is with melancholy pleasure we are called to glance back upon the early circumstances of the heroine of Captain Hall's narrative, the Countess Purgstall, and a society such as Edinburgh can never again boast of. But we must be as concise as possible.

Captain Hall, with his wife and children, spent the winter or early spring of 1834 in Italy. While upon his way from Rome to Naples, by a strange concurrence of circumstances, he received a letter from the Countess Purgstall, an unknown old lady, a native of Scotland, but for forty years exiled to Germany, who claimed to be an early friend of his father, and urgently entreated him to visit her at her Castle of Hainfeld, in passing through Lower Styria to Vienna. To accomplish an object which the lady seemed to have much at heart, she recommended him to take this route, instead of that through the Tyrol, which is usually followed by the English. Captain Hall knew little about Styria, Higher or Lower, and less of Countess Purgstall, though he had a dreamy recollection of hearing of a Miss Cranstoun, the sister of Lord Corehouse and of Mrs Dugald Stewart, who had married, in the end of the last century, an Austrian nobleman, of high rank and large estates, gone with him to Germany, and never again revisited Scotland. By and by, he had a vague remembrance of having heard that his countrywoman was remarkable clever, though rather eccentric; that she had been extremely unfortunate in her family, and was left solitary in the world. He found her widowed and childless, bed-ridden, and very old; haunted with the horror of dying among servants, without one friend or countrymen to close her eyes. These melancholy terrors afford the key to the extreme anxiety with which this poor lady desired the company of strangers, who were her own country people, and the children of her old friends. Her letters placed every motive before Captain Hall, which could induce a traveller to turn aside; and it was certainly not easy to resist an opportunity of contemplating a state of society so novel and singular as that which she pictured in her letters. She wrote—

"The constitution of the American States interested you. Why should not ours do so? The country is divided into circles; mine contains 4200 souls. My bailiff collects all the taxes within the circle; manages the conscription; the police; the criminal justice in the first instance; the property of minors, &c. &c. He must have passed his trials as an advocate, and I must pay him and his assistants, or what is called my chancery. I defy the public affairs, in as far as this goes, to cost less to a government. The said bailiff also collects the dominical, or what is due to me, and manages the landed property, which, as we have no farming, is kept, according to the Scotch phrase, in our own hands. The first crop of hay was housed yesterday; so, if you travel with your own

> horses, good food is ready for them. After the wheat and rye are cut down, buckwheat is sown, which can ripen even under the snow. It is the food of the peasantry, as oatmeal was formerly of the Scotch Highlanders; but the crop from the best ground is sold off, to pay the very high taxes. The people are good and docile. The noblesse, owing to the dreadful war, &c., are mostly on short commons. We have *no* poor; which, owing to the question in England respecting the poor laws, is deserving of being noticed. No man is allowed to marry till he can prove he is able to maintain a wife and children; and this, with the law of celibacy of the clergy, and the caution required of the military[*]—almost an act of celibacy—are checks on population which would make the hearts of Mr. Malthus and Miss Martineau burn within them for admiration. The result is, *the entire demoralizing of the people. The mask of religion helps nothing.* At the last grand jubilee, in the next parish, seventy-two pairs of virgins adorned the procession, dressed in white, and covered with garlands of flowers. In eight months forty-four of them were in the family way. Madame Nature is not a political economist, and she does not let her laws be outraged with impunity."

In Hainfeld, as in every castle in the country, there was a prison or dungeon where smugglers and criminals were kept. The *dungeon* of the Scottish lady was a strongly barred but well aired apartment upon the ground floor. In her letter of invitation, she says farther—

> "My horses shall be in waiting as soon as you tell me the day and the number necessary to conduct you to poor desolate Hainfeld, and any friends of yours shall be *heartily* welcome; only I pray you to prepare them for our half-savage state of existence. Vulgar meat and drink in plenty, and an undiscovered country is all they dare expect . . . .
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> "The country from Bruck to Gratz is extremely romantic. Your late arrival, alas! will only shew you the nakedness of the land; though autumn, as it retires, may still, as Sir Walter expresses it, leave 'its mantle's fold' on the forests; but 'the shroud of russet dropped with gold,' is a poor indemnity for the summer's beauty you have left behind you. All things pass! . . .
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> "During the thirty-six years I have lived in this country, I have forgotten, in a great degree, English; and I see so many new words in a Review Mr. Hay lent me a few days ago, they quite confuse my poor head. It is a dreadful fate to survive all one lived for, as I have done—even the language of my mother country. My spirits are failing me to-day, and the very flies will not allow me to write; they nestle between my spectacles and my eyes, and torment me. I pray write soon, my dear sir.
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> "Your darlings will, I am sure, be perfectly safe under the care of their German governess, who, I trust, will find herself perfectly at home; while your precious Scotch nursery maid and I will understand one another famously. Such a person as she is ceases to be a servant—she is a friend. She can dine with Mr. and Mrs. Baliff, or where she wills. . . . . . .
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> "I must warn you about the custom-houses—they are one of our plagues.
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> "Hainfeld is about six hours from Gratz. Your sweet infants will be sadly disappointed when, instead of a splendid dwelling, they see a building like a manufactory; the grounds in culture to the door, and the cows lodged within a gunshot of their bed-chamber. At first they will be afraid of me, for I am now like nothing they ever saw, except the picture of Mademoiselle Endor in an old family Bible. Alas! the ravages of time are equally visible on its possessor, and upon poor desolate Hainfeld! Farewell!"

Notwithstanding this preliminary warning, Captain Hall would not think of a lady like a mummy: and as he had always, like the rest of the world, imagined a German castle to be a huge dark building, perched upon a beetling precipice, and half hid in the shades of dense forests, he would not take the Countess's word. He found it true, nevertheless. The bed-rid aged lady—the prototype of *Die* Vernon!—brightly as her spirit still beamed, was not unlike a mummy; and the castle, placed in the flattest part of a flat valley, with its thirty-nine apartments on one floor, was very like a cotton-mill with four pepper-box turrets.

But in Riegersburg, the ancient and magnificent abode of the Purgstalls, in the same neighbourhood, he found a proper castle of romance. In old times it had resisted the assaults of the Turks. It resembles Edinburgh Castle, but it stands higher above a plain extending to the foot of the Rhetian Alps, in a richly wooded and well cultivated country. Really we know not where to look for such faithful descriptions of the interior of desolate German castles as are found in this work. Captain Hall visited many of the decayed baronial neighbours of the Countess, whom he found living in absolute poverty or severe privation in corners of their hereditary homes. But the lady herself is of far more consequence than her house or her neighbors. It is thus she is formally introduced—

> Miss Jane Anne Cranstoun was born in Scotland about the year 1760, of a noble family, both by the father's and the mother's side; and she enjoyed likewise the advantage of being allied to the aristocracy of talent, by the marriage of her sister with the celebrated Dugald Stewart. Her own abilities and attainments improved these advantages, and won for her, early in life, the intimate friendship of Sir Walter Scott; and, long before he was known to the public, she had discovered the secret of that wonderful mine of intellectual gold, which has become in our day the established currency of fashionable literature in every part of the civilized world. In the latter stages of our acquaintance with her, we came upon some curious circumstances connected with this intimacy, which shall be touched upon in due season. In the meantime, I may mention that we made out, almost to demonstration, that one of the most original and spirited of all his female characters, no less a personage than Die Vernon, must have been sketched from this very lady.
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> "In the year 1797, Miss Cranstoun married Count Purgstall, a German nobleman of the highest family in Austria, with whom she proceeded to Lower Styria, where his large estates lay; and she never afterwards returned to her native country. During the fierce wars which Napoleon waged with Austria, her husband served in the army in posts of distinction; until, towards the close of those disastrous periods, he was taken prisoner under circum-

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[*] No officer in the Austrian army is allowed to marry, unless he previously deposits a sum of money in the hands of Government for the maintenance of his widow and children in the event of his death. The sum varies with the rank of the officer.—B. H.

> stances so peculiarly distressing, that his health gave way, and after in vain trying the climate of Italy, he died in 1811. Madame Purgstall was now left with an only child, a son, who lived only a few years after his father's death. No sooner was he gone, than upwards of seventy claimants as heirs-at-law pounced on the noble estates of the ancient family of Purgstall, and the poor desolate widow had enough to do to establish her right even to that portion of the property which had been settled upon her."

In former times, the Countess had been "the gayest of the gay," and extremely active both in body and mind. After the death of her only son, a sickly precocious boy, and a prodigy of talent, she gave herself up to grief; courted it, and could not let it go. But, as Dr. Johnson's old friend says, "The world will creep in." The old lady, even in her bed, took a lively interest in the affairs of Europe and the gossip of the neighbourhood; and was, somehow, always better informed of the goings-on in her castle than those who enjoyed the use of their limbs. By the time Captain Hall first saw her, the Countess had been confined to her bed for three years; her iron richly ornamented coffin was prepared; and she had contrived many pious schemes to bribe the priests to allow her heretic bones to repose in the same vault with her son and her husband. The priests were tolerant; her remains now rest in the spot upon which she had set her heart. There is much of the *womanly* and romantic in the character of the Countess. In the coffin she kept a packet of the letters of her son and her husband. Upon them her head was laid by her own orders when she was committed to dust. A number of relics of those two cherished individuals were placed at her feet. She foretold her own death to Captain Hall upon the 22d March, the anniversary of her husband's death—her "day of doom"—and she actually died upon the 23d; a shattered frame yielding to the workings of a warm and excited imagination.

There were, however, many mitigating circumstances in the lot of this lady, miserable as she called herself, and as she chose to be.

> "Her complaints had not attacked her eyes nor her hands, so that she could both read and write. Neither was she in the least deaf, and her powers of speech were perfect—that is to say, her articulation was perfect, for as to her language, it was made up of a strange confusion of tongues. The most obvious and predominant of all was good honest Scotch, or rather classical English with a strong Scotch accent. Along with this, was mixed a certain portion of German, chiefly in idiom, but often in actual words; so that we were at first occasionally puzzled to know what the good old lady would be at. Her French was a singular compound of all these dialects. But, in whatever language she spoke, her ideas were always so clear and so well arranged, and her choice of words, however mispronounced, so accurate, that, after we had learned the cause of the seeming confusion, we never failed to understand her.
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> "What surprised us most, on first making the Countess Purgstall's acquaintance, was her wonderful cheerfulness; as this was evidently inherent and not the result of effort, and was constantly sustained, it imparted by reflection to all of us, young and old, a spirit of vivacity which invariably accompanied us while we remained in her room, and made those periods of the day which we passed by her bedside, by far the most agreeable of the twenty-four hours. Her conversation, like her spirits, never flagged; it ranged all over the world, and dealt with every possible topic under heaven. She had mixed in the society of some of the first men of the day, not only at home but abroad; and, as she possessed a memory of uncommon tenacity, she could relate anecdotes by the dozen, of almost anybody one had ever heard of, from Bonaparte and the Emperor Alexander, to the peasants of her own estate, who had campaigned under them, or fought against them. Or she would relate stories of Sir Walter Scott's first essays in literature, tell about Schiller and Goethe, or describe Haydn and Mozart's playing on the piano-forte. But it was not on such stirring themes alone that she was amusing and instructive; every thing she touched, however trivial or uninteresting in other hands, derived an agreeable point and useful purpose from her manner of handling it. Not her great friend, Sir Walter, had a more ample store of anecdotes; and these never came in awkwardly, but always so appropriately, that you might have thought sometimes they were made for the sole purpose of illustrating the subject under discussion. Yet, in spite of this boundless fertility, her conversation was merely sprinkled with anecdotes, not overloaded with them, 'like an over-plummed plum-pudding,' as was remarked of a famous story-teller."

Captain Hall has enriched his volume with several of these stories; some of them narrations of curious facts—others, superstitious and legendary, gathered in Scotland and Germany. We have rather anticipated the course of Captain Hall's relation, which its better parts will not bear to be mutilated, and now return to the introduction of himself and his family at Hainfeld.

> "We found our aged friend, as we had been told to expect, in a huge antiquated bed, with faded damask curtains, in a room feebly lighted, and furnished in a style of a hundred years ago. Her wasted form was supported by half a dozen pillows of different shapes and sizes, and every thing about her wore the appearance of weakness and pain. Every thing, I should say, except *her* voice, expression of countenance, and manners; in none of which could be traced any symptom of decay or weakness. Still less might any feebleness be detected in what she said; for nothing in the world could be more animated or more cordial than her welcome. She shook hands with each of us as if she had known us all our lives, and expressed over and over again her joy at having succeeded in bringing us to her castle.
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> "'You must be sadly tired, however,' she said, 'and the children must be almost ready for their beds; so pray show that you feel at home by selecting the rooms which suit you best. There are enough of them, I trust; and presently the dinner, which has been ready for you an hour or two, will be served up.'
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> "Off we set, under charge of the major-domo, Joseph, who, in obedience to the magnificent orders of his hospitable mistress, had lighted the stoves in three times the number of apartments we could by any possibility occupy, in order, as he said, that we might pick and choose. In most old castles which I have seen, the rooms are small and comfortless; but in Hainfeld they were large and commodious; and though the furniture was not abundant, or at least

not so superabundant as in modern mansions, it was all good, and even elegant, in its old fashioned heavy way.

"In the principal room which had been preparad for us, and which was the best in the castle, there stood, in rather tottering condition, a handsomely got up bed, at least eight feet wide, furnished with crimson silk curtains, bordered with silver lace, two or three inches broad, surmounted by a massy carved cornice, fringed with silver tracery, in the same taste as a rich but heavy embroidery which figured at the head of the bed. In like manner the walls were hung with crimson satin; and round the room were placed old fashioned sofas with curling backs, and arms like dolphins' tails, embossed in gold, and all padded with elastic cushions wrought in flowers. Fancifully carved writing-tables, supported by not less fantastically shaped legs, with snug places for the feet to rest upon, stood here and there. Bureaus, chests of drawers, and queer looking toilet tables groaning under the weight of huge mirrors, completed the furniture. Of course there were plenty of chairs—heavy old fellows, with high puffy seats, cane backs, and whirligig arms, comfortable enough to sit upon, but not easily moved from place to place. Most of the rooms were ornamented with grotesque work in plaster, in high relief, on the roofs; and such of the walls as were not hung with hideous staring antediluvian family portraits, were painted in fresco, with battle-pieces, hunting-scenes, and other embellishments, in the same luxurious but antiquated taste."

Under the guidance of Joseph, the Caleb Balderstone of Hainfeld—an old soldier of the wars of Napoleon, and, for a quarter of a century, the attached and devoted minister of the Countess—Captain Hall *explored* the southwest wing, and established his family in comfortable winter-quarters. First in his suite was a small antique room,

"Crammed with grotesque oak and ebony furniture, and hung round with small pictures. Then followed a commodious, warm, and well-lighted library, richly stored with German and French books, besides a valuable collection of classical English works, mostly—with the exception of the Waverley novels—about half a century astern of the present taste. Adjacent to the library, we came upon the only really comfortable room in the castle, a distinction which it owed to the circumstance of its possessing an open fireplace—a very rare phenomenon in any part of Germany—and with this exception, I believe, totally unknown in the remote province of Styria. It was of the kind called a Franklin, being half stove, half fireplace, and had been placed there many years before by Lord Ashburton, who wisely thought that a winter in Styria, without the sight of a fire, must be a dreary affair.

"We at once fixed upon this little room as our evening snuggery, where we took tea when our party was not too large; when company came, the library was used, until the winter fairly set in.

"The next apartment contained a billiard-table; then came a small dining-room, and, at the end of the whole, a large supper-hall, which we occupied only on high days and holidays; of these—strange to say, considering the condition of our hostess—we had not a few before we disentangled ourselves from the enchantments of this strange castle."

The Halls were sometimes disturbed by delicate fears of remaining too long, or, as the Scotch say, *sorning* upon their hostess; but that lonely and deserted lady had evidently set her heart upon keeping them near her until, as she said, they laid her poor shattered head in the coffin. The remotest hint of their intention to proceed to Vienna, threw her into paroxysms of grief; and she was continually occupied in contrivances to keep them beside her, and, consequently, to render their residence agreeable. That he did remain until he had closed her eyes, and that his ingenious contrivances and affectionate assiduities contributed to tranquillize, to soothe, and even to gladden the latter days of this interesting woman, must ever remain a source of generous and consoling reflection to Captain Hall and his family; and also to her friends. The engaging prattle and caresses of his children, the attentions of Mrs. Hall, and even the society of her countrywoman, the Scotch nurse-maid, were all so many sweet influences unexpectedly shed around the sick-bed of the bereaved and self-exiled lady, who cherished, to her last hour, the warmest feelings towards friends, kin, and country.

Captain Hall contrives to make a most entertaining chapter out of "*The Neighbours*;" and the Austrian nobility at their country residences, as he saw them, certainly furnished matter for curious remark to a British gentleman, accustomed to witness the refinements and substantial luxury of English magnates. The castle of Hainfeld is close to the frontiers of Hungary; and, as the Countess urged her visiter to see as much as possible of strange manners, and sent him out skirmishing in every direction, he went, among other places, to the castle of a Hungarian nobleman, near the village of St. Gothard. The Englishman was frequently unlucky in his dinners in a land where even the nobles dine at noon when in the country, and where there seems not much of that homely and rude, but profuse abundance and free hospitality, which the state of society would lead one to expect. We hope that the saying may hold, of a hungry man being an angry man; for, surely, resentment has pointed the traveller's relation of this semi-barbarous Hungarian noble host.

"The dinner appeared; and, as our morning's expedition had made us more than usually hungry, we looked forward with less dread than we had ever done before to the overloaded table, which all reports of the nature and extent of a German dinner, led us to expect. But our fears on this score, if we had any, were groundless—for a less loaded repast never was seen. There was positively too little for the company, and we felt awkwafd at having, by our intrusion, diminished the scanty allowance of the family. Every dish was carried off the table, as clean as if, instead of a goodly company of Hungarian ladies and gentlemen, with a couple of hungry heretics from England, the Baron had introduced a dozen of his wild-boar hounds to lick the platters.

"As this was the only Hungarian dinner we saw during our stay in these parts, a notice of it may perhaps interest the lovers of good cheer. We had, first of all, coldish, dirty-looking thin soup; then a plate with ill-cut slices of ill-salted tongue; and, after a long and dreary interval, a dish, consisting of slices of boiled beef, very cold, very fat, and very tough. I know not whence the fat came; for in that country there are no cattle bred for the table, but only for the plough and the wagon; and, after many years of labour, they are killed, not because they are fit to be eaten, (quite the contrary) but because they can work no longer. The next dish promised better; it was a salmon, twisted into a circle, with his tail in his mouth, like the allegorical images of eternity. But I am sure if I were to live, as the Americans say, from July to Eternity, I should not wish to look upon the like of such a fish again. It had been brought all the way from Carinthia by the bold Baron himself. I need not say more. And yet its bones were so nicely cleaned, that the skeleton might have been placed in a museum of natural history, and named by Agassiz or Deshayes, without further trouble. Next arrived a dish of sausages, which disappeared, in what the Germans call an augenblick, or twinkling of an eye. Lastly came the roast, as it always does in those countries; but, instead of a jolly English sirloin or haunch, the dish consisted of a small shred of what they facetiously called venison—but such venison! Yet had the original stag been alive from which this morsel was hewn, it could not have moved off faster. To wind up all, instead of dessert, we were presented with a soup plate holding eleven small dry sweet-cakes, each as big as a Genevese watch-glass. In short, not to spin out this sad repast, it reminded me of long bygone days spent in the midshipmen's berth on short allowance, where the daily bread and beef of his gracious Majesty used to vanish in like manner, and leave, as Shakspeare says, 'not a wreck behind!' I ought not to omit that the wine was scarcely drinkable, excepting, I presume, one bottle of Burgundy, which the generous master of the house kept faithfully to himself, not offering even the lady by his side, a stranger, and his own invited guest, a single glass, but drinking the whole, to the last drop, himself! So much for a Hungarian magnate!

Dr. Clarke's picture of the Russian nobility does not surpass this. Even in our barbarous Highlands, in the beginning of the last century, the sitters below the salt were treated with better breeding.

The Hungarians find no favour with Captain Hall; and we suspect that, if he had visited Austria and Hungary before he saw the United States of America, his opinions of Jonathan, and his social state and political institutions, would have been somewhat different from what they have been reported in his Travels. We must here indulge in a quotation, not from the most entertaining, but undoubtedly from one of the most important parts of the volume.

"What we heard of Hungary, did not very much tempt us to go far into that still half-savage region. The peasantry are kept in a deplorable state of subjection by their lords, who, if not vested with the power of life and death, in all cases where their will and pleasure is contradicted, possess the power of punishing corporally and summarily whoever may chance to offend them. We were shewn a letter one day from a lady who had gone as governess to that part of Hungary which lies nearest to Poland, and where, from political and other circumstances, the country is in an extraordinary state of excitement. There, it would seem, the peasantry have a particular dislike to their seigneurs; and in consequence of some of their insurrectionary proceedings, no fewer than seventeen of them were hanged on the trees close to the house in which the lady was residing! So that she and her pupils could not go out to walk, without passing the spot where these seventeen victims were *exposed in terrorem* to the remaining tenantry. Nor dared she or her young ladies stir from the house without three armed servants as an escort.

"After learning this and many similar enormities, it was pleasant to hear our Hungarian friends assert, that, although they form politically a part of the Austrian dominions, they are, in fact, an independent and free nation; and what was still more amusing, to hear them maintain roundly, that they possessed a constitution very much resembling that of England. Upon coming to close quarters in conversation with some of these Hungarians, we learned that the chief, and, in fact, as far as we could discover, the sole point of resemblance between the constitutions of Hungary and England consisted in their both having two legislative chambers. But there occurs this trifling distinction—both chambers consist of hereditary nobility, neither being elective by the people. Moreover, the country, though not thickly inhabited, contains upwards of three hundred thousand nobles—that is, persons of noble family, all of whom are exempted from taxes, and are vested with many other arbitrary and galling privileges. However low in life these persons of noble blood may be—butchers, bakers, shoemakers—they retain their nobility, and exercise their privileges. This is only a small item in the catalogue of differences between us; but we soon found it hopeless to talk to the Hungarians on the subject; and it is perhaps well for them if they are pleased with what they cannot hope to alter."

But Captain Hall is not more captivated by the "paternal government" of Austria, than with the aristocracy of Hungary. He makes some extraordinary disclosures, even amidst his reservations. This volume is, however, put forth merely as a pilot-balloon, to ascertain how the wind sets; and if from the favourable point—of which we cannot doubt—Captain Hall, in the course of the full narrative of his travels in Italy and Germany, will, we imagine, have much more and weightier matter to lay before the public, concerning the tendencies of absolutism, as seen in these states. Meanwhile, we cannot forbear noticing his slight picture of the "paternal government." With a candid mind, the truth will out, in spite alike of prejudice and purpose.

"I have been led to suspect, from a great number of circumstances, which I had an opportunity of seeing or hearing about, from good authority, during my stay in Austria, that the government, if not avowedly and purposely, at all events instinctively encourages whatever has a tendency to keep the human mind in a state of uninvestigating ignorance.

"It is not my present purpose to go at any length into this very curious and characteristic feature of the Austrian system of government. The details are, indeed, long and complicated; but the result is simple, and easily told. The chief object aimed at seems to be to prevent the human mind coming to maturity. Thus the government does not merely, by the agency of a huge physical force, keep down the spring of that exertion which the nation, if left at all at liberty, might make to disenslave itself, but it effectually prevents even the wish of the people to be free. This it accomplishes, chiefly, by obstructing, in every possible way, the growth of thought; and by removing all hope of emancipation, it utterly destroys that elasticity of spirit and self-confidence, without which nothing can ever be done in the way of reformation. The country is overspread with troops, and watched by police officers, under the superintendence of whom nothing generous can spring up

> It is as if we were to irrigate our fields with boiling water, instead of leaving them to the cool and invigorating rains and dews of heaven. The moral crop in Austria is blighted in the very bud, by the vicious system of political irrigation. The bitter bread of abject servitude which it produces, is repugnant to the taste of all who have known better things; and, if it be eaten in silence by those who have never left the country, it is the silence of ignorant hopelessness, not the tranquillity of contentment.
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> "To bring a country into such a state is a melancholy affair: to keep it so is a difficult and still more melancholy task. But, as the mind is the first and most important thing to be controlled, the most powerful of all moral machinery is brought to bear upon it—I mean Religion. Before adverting, however, to that important engine, I may mention, what indeed most people know, that so rigorous a censorship of the press is established in Austria, that scarcely any foreign books, at all calculated to minister to independent thoughts or feelings, are allowed to cross the frontier; and, although the most profligate works ever printed are, in point of fact, smuggled in, and sold in great numbers, the really good books—those which would essentially improve the nation—are generally unknown."

Captain Hall imputes the disorder of manners to the celibacy of the clergy; but he also adverts to the absolute "paternal" way in which marriages are made among the higher classes, as a fertile source of profligacy—and to what we apprehend is a yet more powerful, as it is a universal cause.

> "In hearty co-operation with the priests comes a huge army of a quarter of a million of military men, drawn away from their homes, and virtually, in like manner, condemned to celibacy; but who are, if possible, even less scrupulous than the priests in their morals, and less restrained in their wish to avenge insulted nature by breaches of the law in question.
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> "This army, as I may have occasion to describe more in detail at another time, is employed in peace chiefly in the collection of the revenue, or, what is the same thing, to punish those who are tardy in their payments. The soldiers are quartered in vast numbers on the inhabitants of the villages all over the country, and thus they become domesticated in the families of the peasantry. All this has the double effect of further corrupting the people, and of showing them how utterly hopeless resistance must be. The discipline of the troops is very strict. The corporal punishments are greatly more prompt and severe than in any other army; and, by one means or another, the most implicit obedience is secured."

The "paternal government" of Austria pays that degree of attention to the state of the press, which would satisfy the most rigid of our moral Tories. Captain Hall has stated that unbounded license is granted for the introduction of the most depraved books—"those which minister to the sensual appetites, and give an impulse to vicious indulgence; while those which teach habits of self-restraint, and cherish manly and virtuous aspirations, are, in point of practice, carefully excluded, as dangerous to the established order of things." We were not prepared for this active and systematic corrupting of public morals, in order to insure passive obedience among the people.

We are not going to defend the Catholic clergy, nor yet their religion; but before Captain Hall come to such sweeping conclusions, we would beg of him to pause upon the recollection of Lower Canada, and of Ireland—where, amidst all the prevailing misery, manners are more pure than in some Protestant kingdoms not far off—and to inquire whether it may not be an overpaid and *established* hierarchy and priesthood, which is at once corrupt and the source of corruption. Wherever the Catholic clergy are *poor*, they are also virtuous. Captain Hall cannot have forgotten the saying of his native country—"A puir kirk will be a pure kirk."

But we have unpardonably wandered from the Countess, and Hainfeld, the focus of all the interest of this work.

> "Now," said the Countess triumphantly, "now that we have Schloss Hainfeld all to ourselves, I trust I shall hear no more of preparations and packings up; but that you will, like good people, decide upon staying the winter with me; at all events, that you will stay during the severity of the season, and help me to get through this trying period, always doubly dreary to me. God knows if ever I shall see another spring, and, if it be not impious to say so, I hope I never may. My wish," continned the forlorn invalid, "would be, to drop off while you are here to attend me, instead of being left to die alone—helpless myself, and unprotected by others. Oh, do stay by me, and I may safely promise not to keep you long! Your children are as dear to me almost as to yourselves—their companionship, and especially that of the infant, gives me fresher interest in life than I ever dreamed of feeling again. But the link will soon snap. I cannot go on long in this way. All my maladies are on the increase; while my physical strength is gradually yielding to the pressure of disease. Had you not come to me so providentially, I should have been dead by this time; and I should have died wretched and alone, with no hand to close my eyes or smooth my pillow. Heaven has sent you, I feel well assured, to perform these last offices. Do not—oh, do not seek to counteract its dispensations!"

Captain Hall, as he has now reason to be greatly satisfied, must have reproached himself for ever, had he turned a deaf ear to those affecting appeals. In the interval which elapsed before the closing scene, he studied the German language, enjoyed himself with his children, and amused the tedium of winter by lively scrutiny and remarks on the usages of the people. Persons familiar with the Highlands of Scotland, or the more remote districts of Ireland, even up to a very late date, would not have been nearly so much surprised by the customs of Styria as the traveller was.

> "The style of living in Styria differed widely from that of England, or anywhere else, that we had seen. It reminded us constantly of what we had read in old books, or heard in the stories of old people. Our castle, in fact, was a sort of liberty-hall, to which people came uninvited at all hours and seasons; sometimes they came to dinner; sometimes to supper; and generally they staid the night, but vanished next day;—or they remained a week, just as suited themselves, kissing their hostess's hand when they came and when they went, welcome either way.

Some of those guests are graphically and humorously depicted. There is, in particular, one lady, named the *Bore*, who would make a fresh character for a comedy or a novel. She seems a cousin-*German* of the celebrated Miss Pratt, with even more hardness or imperturbability. Miss Pratt was quick and rather thin-skinned; her German cousin is as impassible as a rhinoceros.

Like other English travellers, Captain Hall had his full taste of Continental discomforts. And here again we could almost lay an equal bet that he would now place America—that bastard England—somewhat higher in the scale of comfort and civilization than formerly. It gives us an unpleasant chill, even in this warm June, to read a passage like the following; but it also makes us bless our stars, our snug homes, and our cheerful fires.

"In this house, to which I am describing our visit, there is not a single carpet. The floors of the principal rooms are as beautifully inlaid and polished as a lady's work table. This may be in good taste, but what is the result of the elegant expense? The cold to the feet is excessive, while the cost of such floors would have covered them with comfortable carpets three times over. Again, there is not one open fire-place in the house, except that in the kitchen; but, instead of cheerful grates, as in England, or fire-places, with blazing logs of wood in them, as in Switzerland and France, they have only their wretched, lumbering, ugly stoves, which heat the rooms to be sure, but in such a close, stuffy, breathless style, that, to our sense at least, comfort is out of the question.

"Moreover, whenever, in one of these houses, the door is opened, the company may be said to be in the open air, for every apartment looks into the unprotected corridor. In summer this matters not, or matters little; but in winter, however close the doors be fitted, or however thick the wood, the cold will pierce through. Even were it otherwise, still, in passing from room to room, you are necessarily exposed to the wind, and a certain share of the wet which is driven in. For each traject we made, we were exposed to as many changes of air. We dined in one room—removed to the piano-forte and music in another—drank tea in a third—besides having to pass from our room after dressing for dinner, and returning to it again at night; and at each of these changes of location, as they say in America, we had truly to make a journey 'out of doors.'

"In other parts of the world, when the cold becomes excessive, and the body cannot be kept warm by such fires as are to be found in bad inns, there remains always the resource of bed and blankets. At least I knew a family, who, in travelling from Paris to London, in the bitter winter of 1829–1830, were detained at Calais for the greater part of a day, and not being able, by any quantity of fire-wood, to keep the circulation sufficiently active, magnanimously went to bed after breakfast, and lay there till the steamboat was ready to start!

"This, unfortunately, you cannot do in Germany; in the whole range of which, so far as I have seen, and I have travelled over a great part of it, there is not one tolerable bed to be seen.

"The Germans are a cleanly, sober, civil, hospitable, honest set of people; but they have no idea whatever of how the night ought to be passed. Provided they get through the day with good faith to their neighbours, honour to their king, and devotion to their pipes and priests, they seem to think that the other half of the twenty-four hours may be got over as if it formed an immaterial portion of their time. At all events, I have seldom seen a German bed in which an English gentleman would not feel half ashamed to put one of his tired pointers after a day's shooting. I do not dwell on the minor discomfort of having no bed-posts or curtains—that one is accustomed to elsewhere abroad. What I complain of is their being so insufferably small in every one of their dimensions.

"Under you is a waving sea of wretchedly-stuffed mattrasses, or an ill-prepared sack of straw or Indian corn leaves, either of which is a luxury compared to that horror of horrors, a feather-bed—which, in nine cases out of ten, you are forced to lie (not to sleep) upon—and, what is unspeakably worse, instead of a good honest blanket or two over you, there is another of these abominable feather-beds. Between these two hateful affairs there are inserted two damp cloths called sheets, but which might, with more propriety, so far as size is concerned, be named pocket-handkerchiefs. To complete the furniture of the bed, there is laid over it, in the day time, a counterpane of muslin, with a showy fringe, and sometimes worked with flowers—a gaudy covering to the misery which lies buried beneath, 'like roses o'er a sepulchre.'

"I would ask any single gentleman or lady, or lady and gentleman combined in wedlock, how the livelong night—as it may well be called, when passed in a German bed in a German winter—can possibly be arranged with comfort on such terms? * * *

"Be these speculations as they may, they contribute nothing to help one to get through the night in Germany; and I took the liberty, when travelling, or when visiting any of the Countess's friends near Hainfeld, to bring my nautical resources into play on this important occasion; and I am sure the German chambermaids must have been greatly edified, as I could see they were greatly astonished, by my devices. My first operation was to wheel, or—as castors are unknown in those remote regions of the globe—to drag two of the things called beds together; and having placed them side by side, and thus doubled the width of the platform, I set my people to sew the sheets together, so as to make one pair out of the two. The ponderous covering of a feather-bed, however, admitted of no substitute. When on, we were too warm; when off, too cold. Thus we were obliged to pass the night in a sort of perpetual ague—a shivering and hot fit by turns—as the feather-bed was pulled on or kicked off. On some occasions, indeed, by dint of much asking, we contrived to get, not blankets, because they are totally unknown, but heavy cotton-coverlids, which, in like manner, we sewed together; and thus, at last, after the expenditure of a considerable portion of time and patience, and no small labour, a tolerably comfortable, or at all events, a less wretchedly uncomfortable bed was rigged out.

"As every traveller ought, of course, to have the moral improvement of his fellow-creatures at heart, I made it a rule never to undo these valuable stitches and other nocturnal arrangements on quitting any house; but left the whole apparatus as a model for imitation throughout the German empire."

We hope the empire will profit by these good examples.

The middle of March found the comforters of the poor Countess still at Hainfeld; but, as there was then no more immediate prospect of her decease than when they arrived in October, they became extremely anxious to depart, and a conversation took place upon the subject. The affair was become rather serious, as, for aught that was apparent, the old lady, although she had a short illness, might still live for years. In referring to these circumstances, Captain Hall says—

"As the Countess spoke in a cheerful and almost playful tone, I replied, in the same tone—

"'Pray, ma'am, when do you mean to die—for something will depend upon that?'

"The old lady laughed at my taking the matter up in this way, and exclaimed—

"'You are quite right; you cannot be expected to stay here for an indefinite period; and you would be as wrong to promise it, as I should be unreasonable to exact it. But,' added she, in a more serious tone, and after pausing a minute or two, 'I shall not keep you long. You know well how fatal to my happiness this period of the year has often proved. The 22d of March is the most unfortunate day in my life. My husband expired on that day, four-and-twenty years ago; and on that day I think I may safely say to you that I shall die!'

Captain Hall, however, agreed to remain until the 30th, though he fancied this presentiment of death a freak of the Countess.

"I looked, of course, not a little surprised. I cannot say I was shocked; for I could scarcely believe the Countess in earnest."

"'Ah!' she sighed, 'that will be long enough. Many days before that time arrives, you will, I trust, have laid me quietly in my grave; and I shall be joined again to those beings for whom alone I wished to live, and for whose sakes I am so anxious to die.'

"From that time forward she never spoke more on the subject. To all appearance, also, she went on steadily improving in health, or rather not falling into greater illness. The only striking difference in her was, that she could not read her letters; but she listened with much interest to their being read by us; and she insisted upon our resuming our daily readings with her as before her late violent attack. She conversed, too, nearly as formerly, and related anecdotes with all her wonted animation.

"So complete, indeed, appeared to be her re-establishment, that, on the 20th of March, I wrote to her friends, to state that I fully believed all immediate danger was past. The post-bag, however, was scarcely closed before I was summoned to the Countess's room, where I found her in a high fever, and talking incoherently."

She actually expired upon the 23d. The death-bed scene is exceedingly affecting, so far as the Hall family were concerned. The picture of the chamber of death affords, we think, besides a highly characteristic scene, a favourable specimen of Captain Hall's peculiar powers of description:—

"The most prominent actor of the party was poor Joseph, the Countess's faithful servant, in whose arms, in the same bed, eighteen years before, her son, her only child, had expired. This affectionate creature, as I have already mentioned, had promised his mistress, at that time, when deserted apparently by all the rest of the world, that he never would leave her while she lived—and well he kept his word. Though a hardy old soldier, who had served in all the rugged campaigns of Napoleon, he was quite unmanned by the approaching dissolution of his revered mistress. We could not console him, and made no attempt. We gave him the first place, however; and, in spite of his remonstrances, made him take the chair nearest to the dying Countess's head, while we sat lower down at the side of the bed. All the women who used to be in attendance in turn upon her, as well as the cook, housemaids, and others, were assembled in the apartment, each with a nicely folded snow-white pocket handkerchief in hand; and while some wept from affection, and some from companionship, they all went through the motions of grief. The men servants of the house, to the number of a dozen at least, came into the room from time to time, and gathered in groups round the bed, or stood near the door; but all in silence, and without any outward show of sorrow, though I fully believe they all felt very deeply.

"The male domestics whom I have just mentioned were not elegant, brisk fellows, in gay liveries, but coarsely clad, rough-haired, labour-looking men—'Haus Knechte,'—as they are called—truly hewers of wood and drawers of water; so that their appearance on this occasion, by the side of their dying mistress, looked not a little strange. Lastly came the parish priest; for, although the Countess was a strict Protestant, she had always lived on friendly terms with the Roman Catholic clergy of the neighbourhood. This gentleman, in particular, she had always esteemed; and Joseph, knowing how much it would gratify him, as well as how satisfactory it would prove to the people on the estate, very judiciously suggested his being invited. With corresponding delicacy and good taste, the priest did not attempt to interfere with what was going on, but sat at a little distance, as a deeply interested spectator, but no more.

"Old Joseph, however, who was a good Catholic, thinking, I suppose, it might do no harm to give his mistress's soul a chance, took advantage of my back being turned, and stuck a lighted candle into the old lady's hand, a few minutes before she breathed her last. I was startled by this proceeding, and would have removed the candle; but Joseph, down whose cheeks the tears were flowing abundantly, beseeched me to let it remain. The effect was not a little picturesque, as it lighted up the dying woman's face, and showed every change of countenance with the utmost distinctness. The lights and shades which it cast on the surrounding anxious groups—for every one now closed round the bed—were in the highest degree striking; and the moment of our poor friend's death might have furnished admirable materials for a picture. When all was over, Joseph's grief became excessive and uncontrollable."

We give but one more passage.

"At sunset, in the presence of a great multitude of people, Joseph and I, according to promise, placed the body of our venerable friend in the iron coffin, which, as I have already mentioned, the Countess had prepared many years before. We took care to rest her head on the bundle of her husband's and son's letters, which I have before described; and at her feet we placed, according to her desire, a small box, containing, I suppose, other relics.

"When at length it was time to close the lid, I thought Joseph would have expired on the floor of the chapel, as he kissed his mistress's cold hands; and, on his knees, intermixed his prayers for her soul with passionate expressions of his own despair. I was at last obliged to take the keys from his hand, and close the padlocks myself.

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"On Saturday the funeral took place. The procession was to have started from Hainfeld castle at noon; but, owing to the slowness which characterises every thing in Austria, the preparations were not completed, and the whole party under weigh, before one o'clock. The body, in its ponderous coffin, and covered with the pall and scutcheons, which had evidently seen many a similar ceremony, and now hung threadbare to the ground, was placed, not in a hearse, but on one of the Countess's own wagons, as they are called—just a good honest four-wheeled cart—drawn by four of the farm horses. This unpretending equipage headed the procession. Next followed about two hundred men bareheaded, and one hundred women, the peasantry of the estate, all on foot, and marching four abreast, chanting Ave Marias and Pater Nosters alternately, from time to time, in chorus. The effect of these simple sounds as the procession passed over the hills, and tracked its way through the wooded ravines, after leaving the flat valley of the Raab, was singularly pleasing. Additional effect was given also by the bells of the different village churches, which were set a-ringing the moment the procession came in sight. And as these hamlets lay pretty close to one another on the road by which we passed, for a distance of nearly a couple of leagues, we seldom ceased to hear one set of bells, before detecting the incipient sounds of another, stealing from the dells and forests before us, in which the villages lay hid.

"As we passed through the villages, all the inhabitants flocked to the roadside, to show their respect to the Countess's memory; for she seems to have been equally esteemed at a distance as close to her own castle. Our course lay over a steep and very rugged, though not high range of hills; and, as the road, by necessity, was made to wind round the obstacles, we got many pleasant views of the procession, as it threaded its way amongst the woods.

"Besides the regular tenantry of the estate, there followed many hundreds of men and women, and swarms of children, from all the adjacent villages; so that the whole forest through which we passed seemed alive; and, as these extra attendants upon the procession observed no order of march, but made short cuts over the knolls and across the glens, they gave to the whole somewhat the appearance of a wild hunting party. The day, fortunately, was remarkably fine, and the fresh but calm air of spring breathed health and beauty all around a scene which, however solemn in some respects, had nothing melancholy in it. At all events, it was unlike most funerals, from being unattended by almost any bitter regrets, and widely different from that which had passed over the same ground eighteen years before, when the poor afflicted Countess followed her child to the grave!

"On reaching the summit of the ridge, we came full in sight of the noble rock and castle of Riegersburg, for many ages the country seat and stronghold of the Purgstall family. As we wound slowly down the northern side of the hills, we began to hear the bells of the parish church at which our solemn march was to end. The whole flank of the rock on which the church stood was covered with people. About half way up, the worthy Pfarrer, surrounded by his assistant priests, met the body; and a halt being ordered, the followers, who were on foot, were sent in advance, while those who had come in carriages got out and took their station behind the coffin. The clergymen led the way; and, though it appeared that a point of church etiquette prevented their appearing in canonicals, they chanted prayers and hymns all the way to the church, while the rest of the persons forming the procession sung the responses.

"Meanwhile, a grand 'Miserere' was sung by a full body of village choristers, in a style, as it struck us, of much greater simplicity and beauty, and certainly of more earnest solemnity, than any of those pompous 'falsettos' we had heard a year before in St. Peter's at Rome, in the presence of the Pope and all his cardinals."

To many readers, the early and intimate connexion of Walter Scott (then a very young and modest youth, the son of a writer to the signet, and no doubt, delighted to have made his way into such good and congenial society with Miss Cranstoun will prove the main attraction of this volume. We hear not very much of it; but from that little may infer a great deal. Captain Hall relates that the "intimacy led Sir Walter, very early in life, to consult Miss Cranstoun about his literary productions, respecting which, it appears, that he, with the usual diffidence of genius and powers unexercised, felt extremely distrustful. Fortunately, he met not only with sympathy and encouragement, but with solid counsel, from a congenial mind, whose sagacity penetrated much sooner than the rest of the world through the modest veil which concealed those talents destined so soon to command universal attention. There was nothing, however, of a more tender sentiment between them; and, while her interest in him arose entirely from an early appreciation of his great capacity, and the unrivalled sweetness of his disposition, his thoughts and his feelings were pointed, with her entire approbation, in quite another direction." Miss Cranstoun was by many years the senior of Scott.

The public already know that an early kindling of the genius of Scott was the consequence of reading Taylor's translation of Burger's ballad of "Leonore," which Mrs. Barbauld had brought to Edinburgh.

"Miss Cranstoun described this strange work to her friend: the young poet, whose imagination was set on fire by the strange crowd of wild images and novel situations in this singular production, never rested till, by the help of a grammar and dictionary, he contrived to study it in the original; and she, as usual, encouraged him to persevere; and at the end of a few weeks' applied to the German language, he had made out the sense, and had himself written a poetical translation of that poem.

"One morning, about half-past six, Miss Cranstoun was roused by her maid, who said Mr. Scott was in the dining-room, and wished to speak with her immediately. She dressed in a great hurry, and hastened down stairs, wondering what he could have to say to her at that early hour. He met her at the door, and holding up his manuscript, eagerly begged her to listen to his poem! Of course, she gave it all attention; and having duly praised it, she sent him away quite happy, after begging permission to retain the poem for a day or two, in order to look it over more carefully. He said she might keep it till he returned from the country, where he was about to proceed on a visit to the house where the lady to whom he was attached was residing."

Miss Cranstoun made a very kind and delicate use of the translation, in advancing the tenderest interests of her young friend, but without any effect. Sir Walter, latterly "crazed with care," was early "crossed in hopeless love." The Countess related many anecdotes of this interesting period of Scott's history to Captain Hall, which, with all the world, he now exceedingly regrets that he did not write down at the time, with many of her other stories and anecdotes. While at Hainfeld, in the winter of 1834–5, Captain Hall received a letter from Mr. Lockhart, of which the following is an extract:—

"If, when you read this, you be still in the Chateau of Sir Walter's old and dear friend, the Countess Purgstall, pray ask her whether she can give me copies of letters from Sir Walter at the period of their intimacy. *He* had carefully preserved, nay, bound up hers; and if I had the other part of the correspondence, many points now dark would be cleared up. It is obvious that Miss Cranstoun had much influence on the formation of his tastes and manners, and that she was, in short, *the* woman who first took him in hand, and did for him the sort of thing which, until some fair hand does for us, we are all bears!

"I should delight in her reminiscences of the suppers in Frederick Street, that I have so often heard him speak of.

"Finally, pray ask the Graffin whether she ever recieved a long and beautiful letter from Sir Walter, acknowledging the receipt of a book which was, I conclude, the same I once saw elsewhere—viz. her 'Denkmahl.'* I lately found such a letter, unsigned and unaddressed, but charming."

The Countess had never received the letter; and that for the best or worst of reasons—the poetical compliment alluded to in it had probably never been composed. This affectionate and truly amiable letter certainly required no such gilding to make it welcome to the venerable lady, who was proud of the career of her early friend and of her own discernment of genius which broke late and tardily upon the rest of the world.

With a few sentences from this letter we shall conclude our hasty notice of Captain Hall's engaging volume. To his proofs that Countess Purgstall was the original of Scott's *Die* Vernon, we have not adverted; but he makes out a curious and a strong case.

"1820.

"MY DEAR AND MUCH VALUED FRIEND,—You cannot imagine how much I was interested and affected by receiving your token of your kind recollection after the interval of so many years. Your brother Henry breakfasted with me yesterday, and gave me the letter and the book, which served me as a matter of much melancholy reflection for many hours.

"Hardly anything makes the mind recoil so much upon itself, as the being suddenly and strongly recalled to times long past, and that by the voice of one whom we have so much loved and respected. Do not think I have ever forgotten you, or the many happy days I passed in Frederick Street, in society which fate has separated so far, and for so many years.

"The little volume was particularly acceptable to me, as it acquainted me with many circumstances of which distance and imperfect communication had left me either entirely ignorant, or had transmitted only inaccurate information.

"Alas! my dear friend, what can the utmost efforts of friendship offer you, beyond the sympathy which, however sincere, must sound like an empty compliment in the ear of affliction! God knows with what willingness I would undertake any thing which might afford you the melancholy consolation of knowing how much your old and early friend interests himself in the sad event which has so deeply wounded your peace of mind. The verses, therefore, which conclude this letter, must not be weighed according to their intrinsic value; for the more inadequate they are to express the feelings they would fain convey, the more they show the author's anxious wish to do what may be grateful to you.

"In truth, I have long given up poetry. I have had my day with the public; and, being no great believer in poetical immortality, I was very well pleased to rise a winner, without continuing the game till I was beggared of any credit I had acquired. Besides, I felt the prudence of giving way before the more forcible and powerful genius of Byron. If I were either greedy or jealous of poetical fame—and both are strangers to my nature—I might comfort myself with the thought, that I would hesitate to *strip myself to the contest* so fearlessly as Byron does; or to command the wonder and terror of the public, by exhibiting, in my own person, the sublime attitude of the dying gladiator. But, with the old frankness of twenty years since, I will fairly own, that this same delicacy of mine may arise more from conscious want of vigour and inferiority, than from a delicate dislike to the nature of the conflict. At any rate, there is a time for every thing; and, without swearing oaths to it, I think my time for poetry has gone by.

"My health suffered horridly last year—I think from over labour and excitation; and, though it is now apparently restored to its usual tone, yet during the long and painful disorder, (spasms in the stomach,) and the frightful process of cure, by a prolonged use of calomel, I learned that my frame was made of flesh, and not of iron; a conviction which I will long keep in remembrance, and avoid any occupation so laborious and agitating as poetry must be to be worth any thing.

"In this humour, I often think of passing a few weeks on the continent—a summer vacation if I can—and of course my attraction to Gratz would be very strong. I fear this is the only chance of our meeting in this world—we, who once saw each other daily! For I understand from George and Henry, that there is little chance of your coming here. And, when I look around me, and consider how many changes you will see in feature, form, and fashion, amongst all you knew and loved; and how much, no sudden squall or violent tempest, but the slow and gradual progress of life's long voyage, has severed all the gallant fellow ships whom you left spreading their sails to the morning breeze—I really am not sure that you would have much pleasure.

"The gay and wild romance of life is over with all of us. The real, dull, and stern history of humanity has made a far greater progress over our heads; and age, dark and unlovely, has laid his crutch over the stoutest fellow's shoulders. One thing your old society may boast, that they have all run their course with honour, and almost all with distinction; and the brother suppers of Frederick Street have certainly made a very considerable figure in the world, as was to be expected, from her talents under whose auspices they were assembled.

"One of the most pleasant sights which you would see in Scotland, as it now stands, would be your brother George in possession of the most beautiful and romantic place in Clydesdale—Corehouse.

"This is a melancholy letter; but it is chiefly so from

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* This is a work in German which the Countess had published, giving an account of her husband and son. Denkmahl means monument.

> the sad tone of yours—who have had such real disasters to lament—while mine is only the humorous sadness, which a retrospect on human life is sure to produce on the most prosperous. For my own course of life, I have only to be ashamed of its prosperity, and afraid of its termination; for I have little reason, arguing on the doctrine of chances, to hope that the same good fortune will attend me for ever. I have had an affectionate and promising family, many friends, few unfriends, and, I think, no enemies—and more of fame and fortune than mere literature ever procured for a man before.
>
> "I dwell among my own people, and have many whose happiness is dependent on me, and which I study to the best of my power. I trust my temper, which you know is by nature good and easy, has not been spoiled by flattery or prosperity; and therefore I have escaped entirely that irritability of disposition which I think is planted, like the slave in the poet's chariot, to prevent his enjoying his triumph.
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> "Should things, therefore, change with me—and in these times, or indeed in any times, such change is to be apprehended—I trust I shall be able to surrender these adventitious advantages, as I would my upper dress, as something extremely comfortable, but which I can make shift to do without."

We sadly fear this philosophy is not so easily attainable as in the season of prosperity may be imagined. The life of Sir Walter Scott is pregnant with lessons of warning against those great moral mistakes, which betray even the wisest and the best into the fatal folly of living rather to the eyes of the world than to the dictates of their own reason and heart.

From the Metropolitan.

ARDENT TROUGHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.

BY THE SUB-EDITOR, E. HOWARD.

Continued from Page 371.*

Immediately that I had lost sight of the enthusiast, James Gavel, I fancied that there came a lull, and that the tempest had visibly decreased. Even in my perilous, my almost desponding situation, I could not but give many regrets to the stern, high-souled, and self-immolating seaman, and I inwardly prayed that the sacrifice might not have been in vain.

After the emotion naturally attendant upon this awful incident had somewhat subsided, I turned my thoughts to my present situation. The boat had shipped but little water, and rose buoyantly upon the high, long, and unbreaking swell. It was the long-boat—a large and stoutly-built craft, that had been used to ship the pipes of wine, and perfectly seaworthy; but, saving the thwarts, there was nothing whatever in her; neither sail, oar, rudder, or spar of any kind. Still, it was necessary to make our situation as endurable as possible. Jugurtha had set himself down in the stern-sheets, with his knees drawn up, and his hands resting upon them, with the lower part of his body immersed in water, apparently satisfied, certainly apathetic. In this situation he remained motionless for at least twenty minutes, and Bounder, the Newfoundland dog, had coiled himself up, with evidently something of a similar feeling, under the head sheets. I occupied this space of time alternately in prayer, and the most bitter anticipations.

But man's duties cease but with his life, and I knew that action was the best, and generally the victorious, antagonist to apprehension. By this time, it required no superstitious feeling to perceive that the storm was fast decreasing. The wind howled over the ocean in intermitting and fitful gusts, and in the hollows of the vast seas we were nearly becalmed. I roused myself and arose.

"Jugurtha," said I to the negro, placing my hand kindly upon his shoulder, "Jugurtha, do you hear me? My brave black brother, we must bestir ourselves, and bale the boat out."

At the first few words he was heedless, but, when the two syllables, brother, met his ear. he started and trembled, and immediately one of the most intense and unsophisticated grins of pleasure divided the lower part of his countenance for a moment, showing two ranges of teeth of the whitest and the largest, and he then jumped upon his legs as if he had been electrified. Though I talked about baling the water out of the boat, I had no idea how it was to be effected. Either hat or cap we had none; and my ingenuity could furnish no better means than the toilsome and childish ones of using the hollows of our hands. Jugurtha knew better. He had his jacket off in an instant, and making a sort of bucket of the body of it, with my assistance, we scooped out the water manfully. In less than half an hour we were tolerably dry.

Wet and weary as we were, fatigue made her usual and uncompromising demand upon nature for sleep. So Jugurtha and I lay down in the bottom of the boat fraternally, and, as the night was cool, Bounder came and thrust his shaggy and warmth-imparting hide between us, and thus we slept in an open boat, and in the open ocean, the retiring storm singing us its mournful lullaby.

Well do I remember it, that repose was a delicious one. For the first hours my senses were swaddled with a deep, dreamy, and vague consciousness of security, a feeling of having the arms of a tangible Providence round about me, and I nestled into my fancied happiness, as does the unweaned infant into the bosom of its mother. But toward morning the visions of my mind grew more distinct, and more joyous. I dreamt, ridiculously enough, that I was asleep in the best state bed of Mr. Falck, my old master, and that his five daughters were standing around me, with merry malice in their faces. Methought that I saw them distinctly, but I could not wake. They spread around this large bed, a most superb breakfast, nor was there wanting wines and fruits. I strove to arouse and scold them for this their graceless conduct in being thus in a bachelor's bed-room, and for bringing about me also so many appetising and tantalising viands. But my efforts were vain, I could neither move nor speak, though I heard and saw every thing minutely. And then methought that the plump, and pretty, and red-haired Miss Agatha, came close up to my bed side, and dabbling my blushing and burning cheeks with her very white fingers, said to me, mouthing her words like a nurse to its child, "Pretty little babe, it can't wake up, can't it !—high nonny, ho nonny, and there's its breakfast, pretty dear —it shall have some sugar if it will open its pretty eyes, bless it !" And, at every word, the sisters around were convulsed with laughter. A feeling of dissatisfaction—of the supernatural, now began to creep over my dream ;—how was it that I appeared to be as marble, motionless, powerless?

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* *In the August Number erroneously printed "Wretched Merchant."*

"See at it," said my wicked tormentor, "how vexed it looks in its slumbers. Hush thee, my babe. Ardenty, pardenty, they sha'n't tease it —no, they sha'n't. Come, sisters dear, let us rock it, and sing to it."

And then, methought, that each of the four sisters, laying hold of a bedpost, began, despite the level and firm floor, rocking me most energetically, and that the young and little Mira, with her oblique bright eyes glistening with mirth, stood, singing at the foot of the bed, as well as she could for laughing, "There it goes up, up, up, and here it goes down, down, downy," &c.

I dreamt that this farce was kept up a considerable time, till at length Mira exclaimed, "Oh! the dunder-headed sleeper, it will never wake—let us try this;" and she dashed full into my face a huge jug of cold water.

I awoke indeed. The salt spray was pouring down my face. My bed of state was changed into a crazy boat; the banquet around me was the famine-stricken waves; for the fresh and merry faces, there was nothing human to look upon but the black and disfigured countenance of Jugurtha. All my companions consisted but of two dumb animals. Hope had sunk with the brig and Gavel beneath the unfathomable waves: —in the bitterness of my spirit I cursed the fallacious dream, and then turned aside and wept.

The horrors of the three next days! The years of miseries—of mortal sufferings—of infinite agonies—that they contained! Had it not been that I afterwards rectified my calendar by that of the rest of the world, I should have believed that the sun did not set for months. What is time but the noter of sensations, of actions? Oh! those days were long, long years. But they had their uses.

Shall I describe them? My spirit faints before the task. Had I the poetry of Byron, or the prose of Marryatt, I should not thus quail at my attempt. But, as I have said, those days of despair had their uses—precious and soul-preserving—however weak may be my recital of them, I feel the endeavour to describe them has all the solemnity of a duty.

The first morning was cloudless, the day was sultry, and the wind had entirely gone down. The swell was long and monotonous. Neither Jugurtha nor myself scarcely moved. We crouched ourselves as much down into the bottom of the boat as we could, to escape the intolerable eye of the veilless sun. I spoke not. About noon, the negro made some attempts to swallow a few mouthfuls of salt water, which he had scooped up in the hollow of his hand; but he spat them out again with grimaces of the utmost disgust, and made afterwards no similar attempt, but relapsed into the state of apathy that seemed natural to him when under disasters. The dog was, this first day, the most restless of the three. He stalked from stem to stern, and from thwart to thwart, backwards and forwards, in the manner that wild animals do in their dens in a menagerie, and he would pause at each turn, and set up a piteous, a heart-breaking howl, and this he continued for the livelong day; but when the sun went down, he came aft to us in the stern sheets, and nestled himself down beside us. He endeavoured to lick my hands and face, but his tongue was hard and rough, and the attempt was evidently painful to him. The whole of this day of glaring light and silence I was tortured with a fiery thirst. I began to envy Gavel.

How weak is the heathen fable of Tantalus, compared with what we then suffered! Before our eyes, dancing, smiling, down into its clear and immeasurable cool depths, shone the mocking liquid. What fountain gushing forth in its purity from the hard rock—what brook wantoning, splashing, and laughing, over the cold pebbles, could rival the tempting and transparent appearance of the blue waves upon the treacherous bosom of which we floated? But place it to the burning lips—let it touch the arid and scorched throat—the mockery—the agonizing mockery! Thirst is, to the internal man, what racks, and wheels, and the burning pile, is to the external. May my worst enemy never endure it in the extreme.

As night fell, the fangs of hunger were buried deeply in our bosoms, and we became wolfish —all but the noble, the generous dog. Confidingly he lay his drooping head upon my knee, with his fine languishing eyes looking entreatingly in my face, whilst I, monster that I am, was greedily speculating upon what moisture was in his brain, what sustenance in his honest, and his faithful heart. Jugurtha read my thoughts— famine has a wondrous sympathy. His wild eyes glared at the caressing animal at my feet, which had saved my life. The black arose and stood up, and unclasping the knife that hung round his neck, after the manner of seamen, by a lanyard, he prepared greedily to enact the butcher. But, as he did so, he commenced a savage, unearthly howl, the first sounds that ever I had heard from his mouth, for his tongue had been lopped away. The dire wail might have been heard for miles in the silence of that dreadful evening, as it stole along over the gently undulating water.

He advanced towards Bounder, and my heart smote me. The dog had borne me safely through the storm, and over the angry waves. He had been my playfellow, and he was now trusting me as a friend. He was our companion in misery—embarked in the same peril—and yet to eat him! How faithless, how very *human* would have been the act! I could not consent to it. Bounder himself seemed to understand the intention of the black, for he eyed the brandished knife wistfully, whined piteously, and crept still more closely to me as to his natural protector.

"Jugurtha," said I, mildly, "you are very hungry, my friend, and so am I—let us wait. Poor Bounder has been our companion in danger. To-morrow we may meet with some vessel—some relief; God has mercy for the merciful. Do you comprehend me. Put up the knife, my brother. Believe me, that we shall sleep the better for it, than if we had gorged ourselves with the flesh and blood of this good fellow."

At these words the savageness of the poor fellow's features relaxed; without a murmur he shut his knife, and then laid himself quietly down by my feet—and we again prepared ourselves to rest like three brothers.

At the ready obedience of Jugurtha, my heart was softened with a woman's tenderness, and, with the tears in my eyes, I made a solemn vow, that if the Almighty spared our lives, ever after, come weal, come woe, the despised black should be to me as a friend and as a brother, that he should eat of my bread and drink of my cup, and his home should be under my roof. How have I kept that vow? Not, alas! too well.

My slumbers this second night were interrupted, uneasy, and dreamful. I revisited, in my sleep, every banquet of which I had partaken since I could boast of memory. How unsatisfactory they all were! The promise kept to the eye was continually belied to the lips. And yet, sometimes I tasted; but when my dream produced this fruition, the craving that followed for more, more, more, was intolerable. As night was advancing into morning, I felt extremely cold, chilled, aguish. My companions in misery did not seem to enjoy a better rest. Bounder was evidently hunting, seizing and devouring his prey, all night. The sleep of the negro was stark, profound, and death-like. He was the happiest of the three.

Morning came, and the fire-darting sun, and the suffocating heat, and the all-consuming thirst. Our parched and strained eye-balls scanned our bounded horizon, but no friendly sail, no speck, no succour appeared. Blue and overpoweringly bright was all around us—above us beamed forth intolerable day. Famine had become gaunt in the features of Jugurtha—the dog was restless and feverish, and I was nearly mad with hunger, thirst, and a thousand bitter hallucinations. I was, I fear me, growing delirious. I fancied I saw land—cool bowers—fountains playing—and then some vast three decker would come sweeping by, and when I was upon the point of hailing the winged monster, to entreat her not to run over us, the phantom ship would vanish. But the most frequent delusion was, that I could perceive bottles floating past us, doubtless filled with some agreeable and cooling liquid, none of which I could ever reach. The day previous, I had been depressed, and almost silent; this day, I felt an irresistible impulse to talk, but when I looked upon Jugurtha, his countenance appeared so stern, so famine-sharpened, that, for a long time, I resisted the temptation.

It might have been about two hours after noon, when the black suddenly sprang upon his legs, as if no longer able to endure the tortures of his hunger, and made most impressive signs that he would kill and eat. Thirst, at that moment, was my predominant affliction. I did not believe that the blood of the dog could quench it, and my aversion to the shedding of the stream of life, even though of an irrational animal, was just as strong as ever.

"Jugurtha, let us not kill. No good as yet come of it. Captain Tomkins killed the steward, and then Gavel killed the captain—and God was angry, and destroyed the brig, and all that was in it, but you and me and this poor dog. You understand me—you savey—we will sleep to-night—to-morrow morning, God no come to us, we kill Bounder, and eat—savey so!"

He nodded in assent, and I now found that I was the better understood when I spoke to him in the abbreviated jargon common among negroes. I almost felt that, in withholding Jugurtha from feeding upon the dog, I was doing wrong, and not following up that immutable and divine law of self-preservation that God has planted in our bosoms as a bar to suicide. However, I determined that I would restrain him no longer than till the following morning; and that I myself, however loathingly, would partake of the revolting meal. It seemed as if the negro had determined to obey me unto the death; and thus my heart grew more and more towards him. I bitterly regretted that he could not converse with me. Still I continued to address him, for the mania of much speech was upon me; and I thought, also, that my words might, in some measure, divert his thoughts in our melancholy strait. Thereupon, the following remarkable monologue ensued.

"Jugurtha is a good man."

He shook his head mournfully in the negative.

"Jugurtha does not love to shed blood."

Another unequivocal sign of dissent.

"But Jugurtha good man—he loves his white brother—and he will do for that love, what his white brother bids him."

He came and kissed my hand affectionately and respectfully. I was much moved.

"For why does my brother love me, his white friend, so well!"

He stood up, and with the most eloquent pantomine that I ever beheld, he made me understand more fully than words could do, that he loved me for my kindness to himself and to his shipmates, and that I, of all men, had never spurned nor insulted him. I now found that conversation was not difficult.

"How came you, Jugurtha, to lose your tongue?"

He lay down in the bottom of the boat, upon his back, imitated the passing of bands or chains over his arms and legs, then took out his knife, and went through the action of excising the member of speech.

"In the name of the merciful! who, who?"

But his pantomine could not spell a name; I endeavoured to get it from him by interrogatories.

"Black man in Jugurtha's country?"

Replied to by a dissenting and indignant shake of the head.

"Buckra body?"

A savage and vindictive assent.

"But who, who could dare do this in a civilized country?"

This poor Jugurtha could not explain.

After this we were for some time silent, when the idea struck me like the flash of a sunbeam in the darkness of a dungeon, that Jugurtha, my elected brother, standing as he did with me, on the very threshold of death, might not be a Christian. If so, what a duty had I to perform—and in a space of time, how short!

I questioned him. He knew nothing of God or of redemption—he had never prayed. He had no idea of an hereafter; or, at least, so I understood him by his action, for when I asked him where he would go to after death, he expanded his arms suddenly, so as to imitate the bursting of a bubble, and expelling the breath violently from the mouth, he then passed his hand impatiently across his face.

"Jugurtha," said I, "the great Being who made that sun, and you, my friend, and me, and all things, made them in love, and for love—to be happy with trials here, and happy without trials after we are dead, for ever, and ever, and ever. You hear that Jugurtha:—now, the great Being did not make us all with his own hand, but by his eternal law; but he made the first man and the first woman with his own hands himself—our father and our mother—and so, Jugurtha, we are all brothers and sisters—never mind colour—that come from hot sun in one country, from cold weather in other country."

Jugurtha seemed to understand me very well, and so I proceeded.

"But your first father and mother, and my first father and mother, too, whom I told you God made with his own hands, behaved very bad—did what God told them not to do, and told falsehoods, and thus sin came upon them, and upon all the race, and upon you and me, and death, too, which before sin came, was not, so, for that, we all must die."

At this announcement, the negro seemed very miserable; but this feeling I soon removed, for I continued, in this familiar manner, to explain to him, not the mysteries, but the facts of the resurrection of man, and then the ineffable and loving sacrifice of the redemption. I opened his soul to the eternal beneficence: I exalted him to immortality, and he wept genuine tears of joy. This was not done in a moment: I had to repeat and to re-repeat—but I wearied not. I forgot my hunger and my thirst, and that I was desolate on the lone waters;—if his body was lost, I panted to save his soul: of a surety, I had then the gift of tongues:—as yet it was inspiration; and, just as the sun was setting—may God pardon me if the act was impious, I baptized the negro with the salt and bitter waters that were destroying us, and that I thought so shortly would prove our graves.

After this ceremony, imperfect only in form and not in spirit, I prayed with him through the short twilight, and then we lay down much comforted and resigned to die, if God so willed it.

It was evident to me that the negro was sinking fast. He was much older than myself, and had toiled more, previously to the foundering of the Jane. For myself, I was labouring under over-excitement; I had spoken too much; my mind began to wander. Jugurtha was no longer the shipwrecked and dying negro, but the imperial Numidian that had battled so long with all-subduing Rome; yet I could not conceive how it was that the mighty warrior lay so quietly and so attenuated at my feet.

"Up, son of Manastabal!" I wildly exclaimed, "the Roman legions are upon thee! Why sleepest thou here? Marius with his cohorts and his eagles are upon thee. Charge with the Mauritanian horse—call to thy comrade, King Bocchus;—but I remembered not that thou art dumb;—a pretty king, truly!—how wilt thou plead before the Roman senate against the injured and much-wronged Adherbal?—thou wilt murder him;—very well—but have I not just baptized thee in the name of the blessed triune Deity?—and we have promised to have no more blood. Jugurtha, methinks that thou art but a sorry king after all:—what, dead?—yes:—I know that it took six days to starve thee to death, and I thank God, I have not yet seen my third of starvation." And thus my senses rambled.

I can just remember that the thought struck me amidst my coming madness, that, to hesitate longer to devour the poor dog would have been an indirect suicide, and that I was fumbling for the knife of the prostrate black, when I fell off into utter unconsciousness.

The next morning, when the sun was two hours old, I awoke, or perhaps, I should rather say, recovered from my long swoon, mad, but with a blessed, a heavenly insanity:—the memory of it will never leave me:—it was burnt indelibly into my scorched-up brain by the seething sun. It must live while I have life; perchance after the death of mortality, it may prove something more than a mania vision.

I arose from my recumbent posture, stiff and weak, but sweetly tranquil in mind. I looked around me, and it was calm. Even the long and measured swell of the day before had gone down. At my feet lay the negro and the dog. Pulsation was going on in each, but they were both insensible. My attempts to rouse Jugurtha produced only a lethargic motion of impatience, and I soon forbore to disturb him. Hunger, thirst, anxiety, terror, the fear of death, every feeling had disappeared excepting that of a delicious weakness; it seemed to me as if my being had travelled back to its very earliest unsinful childhood; it was an effort too much for me to stand, so I reclined upon one of the fore and aft seats in the stern-sheets of the boat. The [illegible] stream of bliss came over my sense of existence so gently that my gratitude was vividly aroused, and I burst forth into unconscious hymnings: "Glory to thee, Everlasting;—I am here!" I exclaimed rapturously; "dost thou call for thy servant? Lo! I am ready: on the misty beam of the sun will I ascend, and kiss the foot-stool of thy throne. Beautiful! I bless thee: my tongue is weak, and there are no words from my lips that are meet for thee. Who shall measure thy love, thou illimitable in mercy? The shining bosom of thy sea is glorious in the resplendency of thy heavens,—but what is it! or the orbs that wheel everlastingly through thy firmament,—what are they! But as a grain of sand on the sea-shore, as a drop in the vast ocean, compared to the vastness of the conception of thee, even in a worm like me. Unutterable! Mysterious! none can comprehend thee; even those about thy throne are lost in awe; we know thee only as an eternal and unfathomable, illimitable principle of love. Take me to thee; lap me in the shadow of thine all-embracing wings; teach me my song of praise, that I may sing it, and my heart be glad."

I spoke rhapsodies like these, and my bosom dilated with unspoken aspirations too glowing for words;—hour passed after hour, and then, when the beams of the sun came slantingly from the heavens, me-thought that misty spirits travelled down them from above as on an etherial road, and they came walking on the waters, and crowding around the boat, where I lay as on my death-bed. I know it was illusion all; but how void, how all-glorious did these beings appear. At first, I discerned them but faintly; I pressed my hands over my eyes; I attempted to rub out from them those heavenly appearances, as so many spectra that were the vain creations of a disordered organization. But they would not depart; they pressed round and smiled upon me. Some of these beautiful shadows fanned me into coolness with their ambrosial wings, raining down fragrance the while. Each moment, they became more palpable, more real, and then a symphony of many mingled voices stole gently along the surface of the waters, and though the words were in a language never heard by me before, yet I understood it intuitively and at once, and the chorus seemed to say to me, "Brother spirit, come to thy mansion above."

And anon, the boat had changed to a cloudy car, and the figure of Jugurtha stood afar off in vast proportions on the waves, and seemed like some giant ascending into view over a far distant hill; and gradually the space between the blue water and the blue heavens seemed to decrease, nor knew I whether the one descended or the other rose. At last, they fairly mingled together, and were as one, and then vast volumes of golden mists were slowly unfolding in the centre, like the ivory doors of a glorious temple, and, at one sudden burst, light the most transcendant flashed upon my brow, and entered into my very heart, which knew it at once to be the essence of the Eternal, whilst, from the four corners of the universe came overbearing thunders of harmony that syllabled out to my whirling brain the word ADORE! and then stunned by the excess of light and of melody, I fell down senseless upon where I had stood.

At that moment, had my soul actually passed away, what a glorious euthanasia!

But we mut now return to the severe, to the biting realities of life.

When I next became sensible to external objects, it was with a feeble, childish, and idiotic perception, but, at the same time, a truly comfortless one. Vague and indistinct visions of ship's beams, of tarry effluvia, and of strange and unfriendly faces, all dimly seen through a kind of suffocating twilight, were the first things upon which I employed my thoughts, and then memory began slowly to withdraw the dark veil between me and the past, and firstly the scene of what I thought my triumphant dying presented itself vividly, and afterwards all the sad occurrences of the foundered ship and my drowned companions marched in mournful array before my mental vision.

I now began to ascertain that I was in the hold of a large ship, and that I was recumbent upon a black and tattered blanket spread on the coiling of the cables. I looked upon myself, and felt disgust at the filthy rags with which I was covered, and I shuddered when I viewed my embrowned and skinny hands, and the shrunken sinews of my withered arm. I knew myself, and was wretched. I felt extremely hungry, and yet, at the same time, an irresistible disposition to sleep, to which I gave way, and was once more buried in oblivion. When I next awoke I found myself much renovated, and what added considerably to my happiness, on the one side of me there was the watchful Jugurtha, and, on the other, the faithful Bounder:—I embraced them both.

In a short time, preceded by several men bearing lanthorns, a party of gentlemen, accompanied by several ladies, were assisted into our dungeon, and they clustered round us with looks of as much commiseration as of curiosity. The surgeon, and who does not when ill, know a surgeon instinctively? approached me and felt my pulse, then the beatings of my heart, after which he turned to the company and said in very excellent Castilian,

"After all, this hideous and loathsome skeleton may live."

What a lesson for the vanity of Ardent Troughton, who, but a few weeks before, thought himself so handsome!

"Let me look at him—nay, nay—withhold me not;—I am proof against ugliness:—hold up the lanthorn to his face, my friend:—I have an interest in him. You all know, cruel men that you are, that you would have abandoned them as dead, had it not been for my whim;—the light higher—Jesus! what a ghastliness—yet its eyes are monstrous large and fine, as I'm a Catholic! Can it speak, or is it dumb like the two others.

All this was uttered by a Spanish lady of radiant beauty, and, as I gazed into the sweet harmonies of her countenance, I drank in health and strength, as from a fountain of life.

"Lady!" I replied in Spanish, "the wretched merchant thanks you. Oh, give me but the air and the light of heaven:—the life you have preserved shall be devoted to you."

"There," said she, with a glorious and triumphant smile, "there; when I picked up a riven and sapless weed upon the ocean, I acquired a devoted—which of you all, gentlemen, Spaniards though you boast yourselves, have made me a speech so gallant? By all means, Captain Mantez, let him have better accommodations."

"Has he any civil or military rank?" said the commander, tossing up his head, so as to give the crown of it, against the low beams a smart admonitory rap.

I answered shortly in the negative, and the proud Spaniard turned round abruptly and disappeared.

My fair advocate next turned to a rough-looking man, "Surely, you, who being second in command, have a cabin so spacious, can afford room in it for this poor man, and a decent change of raiment also."

But the first mate did not appear to be much pleased with this appeal. However, he growled out to me as graciously as he could, "Are you a seaman, senior?"

I shook my head.

"You see, Donna Isidora, that my clothes would not suit him, and my cabin is but just painted!—he will do very well here until we let go the anchor."

So he departed to perform his duties, leaving like the Levite that passed by on the other side, the most important one unfulfilled.

Donna Isidora at these repulses smiled somewhat bitterly, and now seemed determined to try, in malice, how far this inhospitable spirit would be carried; so she turned to a very effeminate and elaborately-dressed man, with two watches, or rather watch, chain, and appendages hanging from each fob, and said to him, "Well, count, for the honour of the ancient Iberian hospitality, you ought to take him into that after-cabin of yours, which you have fitted out so luxuriously, and of which you are so proud."

"Is he noble—is he an hidalgo—has he never ridden upon an ass?"

"I think that I heard him say that he was a merchant;" but, before the lady had finished her compassionate speech, the man with the old escutcheon was hobbling up the after-hatchway.

The three ladies who had accompanied Donna Isidora began to titter, and to show signs of being much amused. My champion now looked round with an amiable perplexity, in which there was, I could not help thinking, a great deal of malice, when she suddenly exclaimed, "The Virgin be praised! here comes the padre. Take care, holy father, for this place is rather of the darkest—mind how you step—benedicite!—now you are safe, so you need hold and press my hand no longer. In good season have you come, holy father. My stray drift of the ocean turns out to be a Spaniard—Spanish, are you not, signor? You see, he assents—a Spanish merchant, who has already devoted his life to me."

The ecclesiastic snuffled out a sigh that might have been construed by those around either as the plethoric or the amorous—for the priest was very fat, and, for a celebate, very inflammable.

"And, in order to make the offering of some value to me," she continued, "you must assist to prolong it, by yielding up to him a part of your excellent berth, and procuring him some sort of decent habiliments."

"Why, beautiful daughter, if you would sometimes step into my humble cell, and watch the amendment of your protegé—for you know that I am vowed to works of brotherly love and charity—if you would step in ——"

"Of course—of course."

"I have some excellent conserves—the nuns of Santa Marguerìtta are illustrious confectioners—may purgatory be short to them—and there's some noyeau from Martinique—than which only one thing is more delicious that can meet the lips," and he moistened his own most significantly. "Yes, daughter bella, charity—but I have said fine things about charity after mass—we will take the poor publican in unto my cell. Son," said he, addressing me through his nose, "doubtless thou art a child of the holy mother church, and a devout Catholic?"

"No, holy father," I replied, firmly, yet respectfully. "I am not, I was bred a Protestant."

This indiscreet avowal had a sensible effect on all around, and even the tender-hearted ladies, with the generous Isidora, recoiled a step from my miserable lair. The priest affected to be horror-struck, lifted up his hands, and commenced muttering something in Latin, in which the words "de hereticos—damnati sunt—in sæculis sæculorum," were very audible. He then turned to the lady, and this imitator of the good Samaritan continued thus: "You see, my daughter, how impossible is this thing. The wretch—the horror—the thing abhorred, is chained to Satan to all eternity. It would be sacrilegious to touch him—an impiety, a sin against Heaven to relieve him."

"Unless he repent," said my gentle patroness.

"Unless he repent, and be converted—but till then ——"

"Till then, he must be fed, and clothed, and tenderly administered to, to enable him to live, and do that same good work of repentance and conversion."

"I gainsay it not, my daughter; but ill would it become me, to take as it were, into my bosom a heretic, and a contemner of truth. Now, lady, this poor dumb negro, who never heard, probably, of the name of the Saviour, is ten millions of times a superior being to this Lutheran monster—he is no Protestant, and I may therefore assist him."

"I beg your pardon, reverend sir, he is also a Protestant, for I baptised him myself, after the ritual of the reformed church, as well as I could remember it, when I thought him dying in the boat in which you found us."

At this bold disclosure, the priest actually fled as fast as his weight would permit, crying out, with horror, that I believe was unfeigned, "Blasphemy! blasphemy! a sin against the Holy Ghost."

During all this there was an eager spectator of this curious scene. It was the surgeon, a sallow and a dark-browed man, who seemed to hold his thoughts in bonds, and that looked with contempt alternately upon both the priest and myself. However, whilst the divine was preaching charity, the silent surgeon was himself nourishing me with sago.

When I had finished this recruiting preparation, I thanked him warmly, and then added, "Compassionate signor, though, as yet, you have not spoken to me, and your looks have not encouraged me, it is from you only that I have received substantial benefit; all that I ask from the hospitality of this ship is the plainest food, fresh air, and a sail upon the half-deck, and when I reach my home, at Barcelona, for this trifling succour every party concerned shall be amply repaid."

"God forbid," said Donna Isidora, "that you should think so meanly of us. Speak, Julien," said she, turning to a very young, and a very handsome man, upon whose arm she was leaning, "speak to your unfortunate Christian countryman, and let your own nobleness and Castilian honour supply you with words."

The youth repaid her for this confiding speech with a look eloquent in affection, and then turning to me, said, with a slight tremulousness in his tone, that proved his heart was touched, "Stranger, and my friend—I welcome you to my board, to my wardrobe—to all I possess—tell me not who you are till you part with me in health and in peace—I will, till then, recognise in you only the dignity of misfortune."

"And your own," said I, grasping his extended hand. "But, noble Spaniard, the wretch that thus lies degraded here before you, will presume to make terms with you, and without a compliance with them, he cannot avail himself of your generosity. From these associates," pointing to the negro and the dog, "I have vowed never to depart—for know, illustrious signor, we were three days together, starving in the midst of the ocean, and did not eat each other!

"Do you hear, Isidora," said Julien, "they did not eat each other? The reason is good."

"Oh!" said she smiling, "the plea is unanswerable."

"We shall be somewhat crowded, signor, certainly; but, as you did not eat each other, why, we *must* make room. O Isidora!" said he, as he was retiring with the lady, "do not smile at the poor merchant's plea. It was something—it was much—that, in a situation so horrible, the white man spared the black; but, that both should have spared the dog—by heavens! it was magnanimous! That merchant shall be my friend."

Sweetly did those words fall upon my crushed spirit. I was rewarded, yea, more than indemnified, for all my past sufferings.

In a very short space of time we three were removed into the ample and airy cabin of Julien all our wants attended to, and nothing left undone that, under the circumstances, could add to our comforts. In fact, the whole berth was *given up to us,* the proprietor sleeping elsewhere. He visited me continually, and the Lady Isidora looked in most graciously sometimes. One thing, however, puzzled me a little; each visit that they paid me, caused them to gaze with increasing astonishment upon me; but their astonishment was mingled with symptoms of genuine pleasure and triumph.

After I had been the inmate of this cabin for about a fortnight, during which I and my suite had eaten enormously, Julien and Isidora gave me the flattering intelligence, that myself and companions seemed to be totally forgotten by almost every one in the ship, and they begged me for the present, to deny myself the pleasure of walking the decks, at least, during the daylight, stating as one of the principal reasons for their wish of my adopting this line of conduct, that they might avoid the enmity of the ecclesiastic.

Of course, to benefactors such as these, I could deny nothing. So I became, in some sort, a willing prisoner in my cabin. At this interview I gained the intelligence that the ship in which I was, had formerly been a Spanish sixty-four, that she was now armed *en flute*, and though not regularly commissioned, was commanded by a captain of the royal navy of Spain; the other officers and the crew being similar to those employed in the merchant service. It had come from Lima, and had on board of her many passengers, and a considerable quantity of troops of the line. She was also richly laden, and I understood that there was no small degree of apprehension on board as to her meeting either with French or English cruisers. Indeed, at that time, every Spaniard was liable to be accosted in the bombast of ancient Pistol,

> "Under which king, Benzonian—speak, or die?"

For, at this crisis, Joseph was reigning at Madrid, and Ferdinand, though in France, together with the English, was reigning over most of the provinces. Don Mantez, the commander, had, therefore, till he reached Cadiz, resolved to be all things to all men. However, he had not much occasion to make use of his diplomacy, as the English cruisers alone were upon the seas, and to these only had he to give an account of himself.

Don Julien had learned incidentally from my conversation, that I had come from England, and, when the ship met with the first British man-of-war, he was considerate enough to ask me if I wished to communicate with her. As my intentions were to get to Spain, and to Barcelona with all despatch, I declined the offer. Whether this proceeding made a favourable impression upon him or not, at that time, I could not tell.

At length we arrived off Cadiz, and heaving to, several boats, containing various military and naval officers, came on board, and, for several hours, the decks, both above and below, were crowded with persons in brilliant uniforms, for an arrival like ours was an affair of some singularity, and of consequence to the Spaniards. Just at this time, Don Mantez, the captain, condescended to remember that he had taken my miserable self, and my as miserable suite on board. Consequently, he sent for Julien, as he afterwards informed me, and addressed him thus:

"Don Julien de Aranjuez, I understand that you have been harbouring in your cabin that miserable, beggarly, and heretic Spaniard that we picked up at sea with the black and the dog. I have nothing to say to it. Your cabin for the voyage is your private property—you certainly have paid for it handsomely—but it is my duty to put on shore these miserable infidels; from their appearance, they must be the lowest of the low—let the blackguards depart."

"Don Mantez, none such are now on board. I certainly have two friends in my cabin, and to whom, with your permission, I shall give a passage to Barcelona."

"Don Julien, you are heartily welcome. Will you and your friends dine with us to-day? As we shall not sail eastward until seven this evening, his excellency, the governor and suite, will do my poor board the honour of their presence. And so you rid yourself as soon as you could from your mendicant pensioners. Truly you were wise. We shall see you at three o'clock."

Julien, accompanied by his blooming cousin Isidora, now entered their cabin, their countenances radiant with mirth and self-satisfaction. After a few compliments between my lady preserver and myself, Julien rather rudely pushed her out of the cabin, and then, immediately opening one of his large ironbound chests, produced a magnificent costume of a colonel of hussar cavalry. "Here, my friend, quick, dress yourself in some of these, my vanities,—leave nothing: I order it. And here, my black merry face, whip me on this embroidered jacket; now the Turkish trowsers and red boots; put this muslin turban on a little on one side. He'll do, he'll do. Here, Sambo, look at your manifold beauties in this glass! Holy mother! but he seems born to it!"

When Jugurtha beheld himself in the mirror, he pranced about with delight, and much to our confusion in the confined space of the berth, whilst the mutilated remains of his tongue made a shrill, vibratory sound, not unlike the clashing of cymbals.

When I had finished my toilet, Julien walked round and round me with pride and satisfaction. "Ignatio! but you are superb. Three weeks have done the wonders of years. I hardly dare let Isidora see you! My life for it, you are a gentleman; and you'll be an excellent Catholic soon, for 'twere a pity that a man with so noble, so distinguished an air, should be a heretic. Now, my dear sir, it is the only confidence I will require of you till we separate. What is your lordship's appellation?"

"No lord, good Julien—in sooth, but a simple gentleman—by name, Ardent Troughton."

"Ardent Troug—Troot—Trotoon—it is dangerous to the teeth—it will never do, the name is positively impossible—at least to the mouth of any thing but a Saxon. Do me the singular favour to repeat it."

"Ardent Troughton."

"Ah! it is downright barbarous, and should be English: but by your air—your complexion—your speech—English you cannot be."

"No," said I, "I am nativeborn Spain."

"It rejoices me to hear it. But we must make your name more Spanish. What think you of Don Ardentizabello de Trompe Hilla? Will you remember it—Don Ardentizabello de Trompe Hilla!"

"I will try."

"And you have lately arrived at Cadiz from a secret mission to the court of Persia, with your mute; and you are now desirous of visiting, before you return to finish your negotiations, your chateau near Barcelona."

"And his excellency the ambassador's luggage."

"I have taken care of that in my cabin. Now, steal out, and mingle with the crowd of poking fools in uniforms and canonicals, that are thrusting themselves in every corner of the between decks, and take care to come on the quarter-deck with the largest bevy of them that you can. I'll go before to receive you."

"Jugurtha," said I, as I left the cabin, "stick close to me, and when I speak, do you salaam me, as in your own country."

The negro grinned a willing assent from ear to ear.

I and Jugurtha soon, in the imperfect light of the between decks, mingled unnoticed with the crowd of curious visiters, and my accoutrements jingling harmoniously, I ascended to the quarter-deck. No sooner had I gained footing upon it, than Don Julien stepped forward, and taking me very respectfully by the hand, led me up first to the governor, and then to the captain, introducing me as "His Excellency Don Ardentizabello de Tromp Hilla, lately from the court of Persia." We bowed to each other diplomatically, arms were presented by the guard, and the band struck up with the constitutional air.

I was then led to the ladies, and bland smiles and honeyed words met me from all quarters. When presented to the Donna Isidora, she drily remarked, "that she had seen somebody very like me before, and that she thought my complexion had been a little spoiled by exposure to the sun."

No one recognised us, and Jugurtha and I were the admiration of every body. The captain only was a little annoyed that I should have come on board without being perceived. The day passed merrily. All was gaiety, and courtesy, and gallantry—we dined under an awning of flags on the quarter-deck, and Jugurtha waited assiduously, and with tolerable expertness, behind my chair. About six the party broke up, the visiters went on shore, and sail was made upon the vessel.

When every thing was put to rights, sail shortened and trimmed for the night, the passengers, the military officers, and myself, retired with the captain into the state cabin. Don Xavier, the priest, was most attentive to me; indeed, he divided his discourse between the Donna Isidora and myself. We then had some very good music and singing, that would have done honour to any amateur party.

Taking advantage of a pause in our amusements, the captain approached to where Isidora, the pedre, and myself, were seated, and after several compliments and apologies, begged to be informed in what manner it had escaped his notice when I came on board.

"Indeed, Don, I've no recollection of the matter: it has quite escaped my notice, too. But I suppose," said I, with all the *nonchalance* of a superior, "that some of your people handed me up the side."

"I am sure of it," said the lady, archly.

"But truly grieved am I, that I was not at the gangway to receive you."

"But I do not think that you were so remiss. However, I did not much mark my reception. Was the gallant captain present when I first made my appearance on board, lady?"

"Most certainly; and in a detestable humour. He swore awfully. It was a happy thing that you did not hear him. I would not have answered for the consequences."

Don Mantez began to twirl his mustachios and look pugnacious, as well as mystified, when his tormentor, perceiving that she might carry her banter too far, said, "Do not, captain, suppose for one moment that when the Don came on board, you lost sight of your natural character; you acted up it:—the gentleman, for reasons that I dare say he can explain, came on board under an impenetrable disguise, and from a very humble conveyance."

"Consequently," said the captain, "I am pardoned for any unintentional neglect," bowing very low.

"Completely," said I, with a patronizing air, and the conversation dropped.

It may be well supposed that I enjoyed the liberty and the fresh breezes now at my command, and instead of retiring to our cots, Julien, Isidora, and myself, grouped ourselves apart upon the poop, and conversed till long past midnight. I then prevailed upon my kind host to forego his scruples, founded upon his chivalrous notions of hospitality, and to listen to every particular of my life. He did so with an attention the most absorbed, and parts of my narrative beguiled his beautiful betrothed of many tears. When I had finished, they both extended to me the hand of friendship, and were profuse in their offers of assistance. Alas! they little knew how much themselves stood in need of it.

They were both descendants from the same noble Catalonian family, possessing large estates in South America. The cry of independence, accompanied by all the ferocities of a civil and exterminating war, had long been raised in the American possessions of Spain. Don Julien had commanded a cavalry regiment—had fought,—and now that the struggle seemed all but hopeless, was bringing his beautiful cousin, and much of their mutual wealth in specie, to their native country. After their espousals and the placing of his wife in a situation of safety, it was his intention, either to join the struggle for Spanish independence at home, or again to go to America, and discover what might yet be saved of the paternal estates. They had in their infancy resided in the vicinity of Barcelona, but though they could remember the names of several of the families in the city, they had no recollection of that of my father.

The disguise that Julien had compelled me to assume was still persevered in—none were in the secret but ourselves and the faithful domestic of the cousins, who had supplied all our wants whilst we were confined to the cabin, and it was generally thought throughout the ship that the two wretches that had been picked up at sea, had stolen away in a shore-boat at Cadiz for some very good reasons best known to themselves, but not over-honourable to the parties. As to Bounder, he, fattened up as well as his companions, had the whole run of the vessel, and became a general favourite. Indeed, Captain Mantez had expressed his intention of keeping the fine animal, against which I vehemently entered my silent protest.

After a short and prosperous voyage, we cast anchor outside of the harbour of Barcelona.

(*To be continued.*)

From Tait's Magazine.

THE RELIQUARY

Is an interesting volume of "Quaker poetry," to use a term invented by the ***Quarterly Review;*** and the joint production of Bernard and Lucy Barton, a father and daughter. The young lady, however, no longer adheres to the Society of Friends. She is a Churchwoman; but her mind must have been nursed and cultivated within the sober, though no longer unimaginative precincts of the Society. As the compositions of the daughter are not distinguished from those of her sire, we can only judge from internal evidence, in referring the different poems to the true author. We should, however, assign by far the larger portion to the gentleman. In a sensible critical and philosophical preface, an "Appeal for Poets and Poetry," Mr. Barton pleads the cause of the poor neglected Muse, with animation and congenial fervour. We are induced to cite his opinions upon one point, as we conceive them peculiarly applicable to the volumes of Mr. Hamilton and the Basket-maker mentioned above, and to other unnoticed ones before us; for Mr. Barton is, we think, mistaken in imagining that much less verse is published now than appeared twenty years ago. On the contrary, we believe, from good evidence, that there never was so much poetry of a certain kind put forth; though, from obvious causes, it makes much less noise in the world than formerly. What would once have attracted a large circle of admirers and *talking* tea-table patrons, is now limited to a narrow personal circle. In his advocacy of even *mediocre* and indifferent poetry, Mr. Barton acutely remarks—"We have abundant need of every counteracting impulse of which we can avail ourselves, to keep in check the worldliness of our own hearts: we require the aid of every lever on which we can lay our hands, to lift us out of ourselves; of every incentive which may lead us to look be-

l ourselves; of every connecting link which
s us to the great family of human beings.
... Let me appeal to the simple, unelabor-
and comparatively unadorned productions
any poets; men preferring no claim to su-
atural inspiration—some of whose perform-
s the critical and the fastidious would
ly call poetry; but who, by the artless ex-
ion of pure thoughts and devotional feel-
in unpretending verse, have soothed, and
orted, and gladdened, in sorrow, and sick-
and in death. Let the poet, then, worthily
is gift, and exercise his calling; and he may
y commit his fame among men, his favour
God, to the sympathies of our common na-
and the yet more boundless mercies of one
tely purer, higher, and holier! Even in
world he will find no want of fitting audit-
o repay his toil. Childhood, with its ten-
ess of thought and guilelessness of feel-
will ever furnish him with numerous rea-
who will gladly turn to his pages. Youth,
its ardent and generous susceptibility, will
find a chord responsive to its own kindling
spirit-stirring aspirations." In this strain
oet is exhorted, both in prose and verse, to
y even the *single* talent with which he may
trusted. The opening verses, upon that
which every man of genius should cherish
now thine own worth, and reverence the
is an admirable illustration of these opi-

e direct tendency of the poems of the
r and Daughter is religious and moral cul-
and strengthening. The verses upon the
s, "*What is our being's end and aim?*" is
d a noble and energetic poem.

Mr. Barton is neither a new nor an undis-
ished aspirant in the fields of poesy, we
d prefer to select our few specimens from
roductions of his daughter; but to them we
no clew, save what we hope is the true
an elegance and simplicity which fre-
ly remind us of the hymns and *moral*
of Cowper, with a certain tenderness of
and delicacy of touch, which, as we think,
s the sex of the writer. *The Missionary*;
nes on the death or dying scene of Clap-
n; verses to the *Sky Lark*, to the *White*
ine; on Paul Veronese's Offering of the
Men—must be from the pen of Lucy
n. So in all probability are the verses we
bout to cite.

A CHRISTIAN HEROINE.

d all the widows stood by him, weeping and show-
coats and garments which Dorcas made while she
ith them."

hou didst not soar to deathless fame
By deeds of high emprise;
et not the less thy honour'd name
With dark oblivion dies.

ar more the Christian's heart reveres,
By Christian precepts tried,
hy works of love, those widow's tears,
Than many a heroine's pride.

From Jael's dark relentless deed,
From Judith's valour stern,
Thy unobtrusive claims to plead,
With partial joy I turn.

Thou wast not call'd, from slavery's yoke
To set thy country free;
The syren wile, the deadly stroke,
Were never dealt by thee.

By deeds which all may imitate,
Thy *modest* name is known.
Thus made by gentle goodness great,
Should woman's worth be shown.

Sir Eustace is a fine dirge-like ballad, which we should also imagine we owe to the young lady's pen; with the beautiful poem entitled—

THE STARTING-POST; OR, CLARKSON AT WADESMILL.

"Coming in sight of Wadesmill, in Hertfordshire, I sat down disconsolate on the turf by the road-side, and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind, that, if the contents of the Essay* were true, it was time some person should see these calamities to their end. Agitated in this manner, I reached home. This was in the summer of 1785.—CLARKSON'S *History of the Abolition*, VOL. I. p. 210.

A Wanderer by the road-way side,
Where leafy tall trees grow,
Casting their branching shadows wide,
Sits on the turf below.

Though rich the landscape, hill and plain,
Before him there outspread,
One hand holds fast his bridle-rein,
One props his thoughtful head.

The flush of youth is on his brow,
Its fire is in his eye;
And yet the first is pensive now,
The latter nought can spy.

Does proud ambition's fitful gleam
Light up his soul within?
Or fond affection's gentler dream
Prompt him love's bliss to win?

These are forgotten, or unknown;
For o'er the Atlantic main,
His ear has caught the captive's groan,
Has heard his clanking chain.

Nor less from Afric's land afar,
Borne by the billowy waves,
The hideous din of sordid war,
The shrieks of kidnapped slaves.

The iron of that galling yoke
Has entered in his soul!
How shall power's tyrant spell be broke
The sick at heart made whole?

Who, e'en on Albion's far-famed isle
Where Freedom gives her laws,

---

* On the slave trade, we presume.

Nobly forgetting *self* the while,
Shall live but for her cause?

Who, the apostle of her creed,
Shall journey to and fro,
Her universal rights to plead,
And slavery overthrow?

"*Thou art the man!*" the prophet cried;
The awe-struck monarch heard;
And while his heart with anguish sighed,
Compunction's depths were stirred.

As clear, as vivid the appeal
To freedom's champion given;
And God himself hath set his seal—
The message was from heaven!

* * * * * * *

THE GOAL; OR, CLARKSON IN OLD AGE.

Near half a century hath flown:
That way-side Wanderer now
A venerable sage hath grown,
With years traced on his brow.

More bent in form, more dim of eye,
More faltering in his pace;
But time has stamped in dignity
More than it reft of grace.

And joy is his, age cannot chill,
Memories it need not shun;
The lone enthusiast of Wadesmill
His glorious goal hath won!

Not vainly has he watched the ark
Wherein his hopes were shrined,
Nor vainly fann'd fair freedom's spark
In many a kindling mind.

* * * * * * *

We must stint us here; but we hope that this poem, with many others in the volume, will soon become familiar among the children of the land. —After the many beautiful verses which have been inspired by the same theme, the following, from their living energy, will still be perused with admiration.

THE BIBLE.

Lamp of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveller's way!

Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;
True Manna from on high!
Our guide and chart! wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky!

Pillar of fire—through watches dark!
Or radiant cloud by day!
When waves would whelm our tossing bark—
Our anchor and our stay!

Pole-star on life's tempestuous deep!
Beacon! when doubts surround;
Compass! by which our course we keep:
Our deep-sea lead—to sound!

Riches in poverty! Our aid
In every needful hour!
Unshaken rock! the pilgrim's shade,
The soldier's fortress-tower!

Our shield and buckler in the fight!
Victory's triumphant palm!
Comfort in grief! in weakness, might!
In sickness—Gilead's balm!

Childhood's preceptor! manhood's trust!
Old ages's firm ally!
Our hope—when we go down to dust—
Of immortality!

Pure oracles of Truth Divine!
Unlike each fabled dream,
Given forth from Delphos' mystic shrine,
Or groves of Academe!

WORD of THE EVER-LIVING GOD!
WILL OF HIS GLORIOUS SON!
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

* * * * *

Many of these little pieces possess gre smoothness of versification, and sometimes th last grace—simplicity. Here is an example:—

Dews that nourish fairest flowers,
Fall unheard in stillest hours;
Streams which keep the meadows green,
Often flow themselves unseen.

Violets hidden on the ground,
Throw their balmy odours round;
Viewless in the vaulted sky,
Larks pour fourth their melody.

Emblems these, which well express
Virtue's modest loveliness;
Unobtrusive and unknown,
Felt but in its fruits alone.

In the same style of simple elegance is th brief *Comparison*:—

Many a flower, by man unseen,
Gladdens lone recesses;
Many a nameless brook makes green
Haunts its beauty blesses.

Many a scatter'd seed on earth
Brings forth fruit where needed:
Such the humble Christian's worth.
By the world unheeded.

There is a fresh and healthful spirit in the vers entitled *Town and Country*, the text of which Cowper's well-known line—

"God made the country, and man made the town."

This poem we ascribe to Mr. Barton. It addressed to a friend in London.

Thy lot in crowded streets is thrown,
Mine in the rural shade;
Yet, of the life that each hath known,
How mingled is the braid!

The moral is wound up by a singularly felicitous illustration:—

Virtue will own no *local* spell,
  Howe'er by us esteemed:—
In EDEN's bowers, man sinn'd and fell!
  In SALEM—was redeem'd!

Sabbaths at Sea is an exceedingly touching and beautiful poem. So is the hymn commencing—

"The earth, O God! is full of Thee;"

composed on the text, "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord." The spirit of true devotion breathes richly from these stanzas:—

The sea—the broad and billowy deep—
  Proclaims Thy master-hand;
Whether its waves in tempests leap,
  Or rippling kiss the strand.

"There go the ships!" There spout and hiss
  Leviathans at play;
And there the tiny nautilis
  Holds on his fearless way.

The mighty winds that come and go,
  Bear music on their wings,
With which the list'ning earth below,
  And heaven's high arch-way rings.

We cannot afford space for any of the lighter compositions; but we venture to think we have entitled ourselves to the thanks of our readers for even the little we have done, in directing their attention to a new volume of "Quaker poetry," with which to embue the memories of their little ones, and the perusal of which is highly calculated to soften their own hearts, enlarge their charity, and warm their devotional feelings.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

DELICATE ATTENTIONS.

"WHY, Gingerly!" exclaimed Tom Damper, as he entered the public drawing-room at Mrs. Bustle's Boarding-House, at Brighton; "Why, Gingerly! this is one of the finest days of the season, all the world is out enjoying it, yet here are you, at three o'clock, sitting alone, on the self-same chair, in the self-same attitude, and looking through the self-same pane of glass, as at eleven this morning when I left you. What ails you?"

Gingerly made no reply; but breathed on one of the panes of glass, drew the letter B on it with his forefinger, and heaved a sigh.

"You are the oddest fellow in the universe," continued Damper. "We have been here nearly a month, yet, since about the third day after our arrival, you have hardly stirred out of the house."

"It is a very nice house," said Gingerly; and he heaved a heavier sigh than before.

"It was at my recommendation you came to it," said Damper; "but, though I am not insensible to the merits of the inside of it, its outside also has many charms for me. Again I ask, what ails you?"

"Damper!" said Gingerly.

"Well."

"Damper!" repeated Gingerly, with a sigh.

"You said that before."

"Damper—were you ever in love?"

"I was never out of it till I had turned five-and-forty; but being, at this present talking, within two months of fifty, and a bachelor moreover, I should think myself a fool were I in such a scrape now. You, who are by five years my senior, of course are not."

Gingerly made no reply; but, sighing profoundly, took his handkerchief from his pocket and smeared out the large, flourishing B which he had just before drawn. There was a pause of a minute.

"Damper—may I trust you with a secret?"

"Yes,—so it be not a love-confidence."

"In that case, my dear friend, I shall have nothing to thank you for."

"Seriously now, my dear Gingerly, do you mean to say you are in love?"

Gingerly expended another sigh, again turned towards his favourite pane, and re-instated his big, bouncing B.

"O, Damper!" at length he exclaimed, "if you had a heart you would feel for me."

"I should if I saw you hanging, or drowning, or suffering under any reasonable trouble; but to feel for an old bachelor of fifty-five in love, and for the first time in his life, too!—Ridiculous! But come; I suppose I must listen to you, so tell me all about it."

"And who so proper as you for the confidence, when you are to blame for the accident?"

"I!" exclaimed Damper, with unfeigned surprise.

"Yes, you," answered Gingerly; "because but for your recommendation I never should have set foot in Mrs. Bustle's boarding-house."

"So, then, it is some one in this house who has smitten your susceptible old heart?" said Damper, with a laugh. And he continued: "I think I can name the tender fair one."

"To be sure you can," replied Gingerly.

"It is old Widow Swillswallow, who eats and drinks from morning till night, and is heard by all in the house, snoring from night till morning."

"Faugh!" exclaimed Gingerly with a shudder of disgust.

"Or old Miss Fubsworth, who was born on the day of the coronation of George the Third?"

"Absurd!" exclaimed Gingerly.

"Then it must be old Widow Waddllove; for she is the only other lady-lodger here."

"Preposterous!" cried Gingerly, somewhat angrily. "Old *this*, and old *that!* Is there nobody else you can think of?"

"There is but one other," replied Damper; "in which case I am sorry for you. You have not the slightest chance in that quarter; for Mrs. Bustle is engaged to be married to Captain O'Popper."

"*Mistress* Bustle! Pooh! Can't you think of *one* more."

"There is not one more, except, indeed, her daughter, Betsy."

"Well!" said Gingerly.

"Well!" echoed Damper. "You can't bethinking of her."

"And why not? She is very pretty."

"True," replied Damper; "but you forget that she is also very young."

"No," said Gingerly; "that's the very thing I am thinking about. She is eighteen: a delicious age! Surely, now, you don't pretend that a girl of eighteen is too young for me!"

"Not a day," replied Damper, somewhat drily; "but I, who am your junior, should think myself too old for a girl of eighteen."

"I don't care for that, my good friend. I am my own master, have an unencumbered nine hundred a-year, am not troubled with a relation in the world—and—and—in short, I'm resolved to marry Betsy Bustle." Saying which, he flourished half a dozen B's with an air of unconquerable determination.

Damper gave him a twirl round and stared him full in the face.

"Gingerly," said he; "if your head were not as bald of hair as an apple, I should advise you to go this moment and get it shaved, for you are mad—stark, staring mad. Fifty-five and eighteen! If you *do* marry Miss Bustle, my fine fellow, look out for squalls."

"Of course," replied Gingerly, with a look of extreme simplicity; "I must expect that our children will squall just the same as other people's."

"You misunderstand me; I say, if you do marry Betsy Bustle, remember that there is already a lover in the case."

"Damper, don't say so," cried Gingerly.

"There is," continued the consoling friend; "there is, or I am much mistaken. A favoured lover, too: favoured by the daughter, by the mother, and, which is of no little importance, by Captain O'Popper also—the Captain, as you know, being as much master here as if he and Mrs. Bustle were already united."

Gingerly turned pale, and big drops rolled from his brow. For some time he was unable to speak. At length, with faltering voice, he inquired of Damper what grounds he had for his belief.

"Chiefly this," replied the latter: "I have frequently heard her speak to her mother about a certain George; and from the tone in which she always utters the name"——

"Then I am the happiest man alive!" joyfully exclaimed Gingerly. "My name is George."

"But," said the imperturbable friend, "she sometimes speaks of him as '*young* George.'"

"And what then? I never told her my age; and she is not obliged to know that I am fifty, or so. I tell you what, Damper; that I am the object of her tender thoughts I am now certain—that is to say, *almost* certain. Now I would have proof of it, and *that* you must obtain for me."

"I have already told you I will have nothing to do with a love confidence," coolly replied Damper.

"But you must, my dear Damper; for this once you must—unless you wish to see your poor friend throw himself from the head of the chain-pier souse into the sea."

As Gingerly uttered these words with something like earnestness, his friend, unwilling to be accessory to such a catastrophe, consented, after some further entreaty, to undertake the task:—not without thinking to himself that should Gingerly actually marry the girl, he would be the greatest fool in the universe—excepting only the girl herself for marrying him.

"Now," said Gingerly, "I must first of all confess to you that I am the most timid man alive—I mean in love matters—and that is why I have never popped the question to mortal woman. Indeed, as to popping the question at all, it is a thing I could not do were I to live a thousand years. Pop! To a delicate-minded man the very word itself is a horrid word. I could as soon pop a pistol at a woman's head as the question at her heart. No: if I succeed, as I am sure I shall, in ensnaring the heart of my charming Betsy, it will be, not by any daring manœuvre, but by sly approaches, by little gallantries, by delicate attentions, such as the female heart only can appreciate, such as no female heart can resist."

"And when do you mean to begin?" said Damper.

"I shall astonish you, my dear fellow, I know I shall: I *have* begun. I have already made one step in advance, and I flatter myself you will give me some credit for the ingenuity of it. You know the new novel that every body is talking about—'The Timid Lover.' Well; the hero, Mortimer Saint-Aubyn de Mowbray Fitz-Eustaceville, is a character exactly resembling me—timid as I am—something younger, to be sure; but that does not signify—and the heroine is very much like Miss Bustle. Yesterday I bought the book—paid a guinea and-a-half for it, as I hope to be saved: and sent it anonymously to Betsy—*anonymously*—do you mark the delicate attention?"

"I do," replied Damper; "but, for the life of me, I can't discover the ingenuity of the proceeding."

"It consists in this—and that is the point you must assist me in. Nearly at the end of the first volume there is a situation of great interest, where the timid lover first hints at his passion for the heroine. I put a piece of paper into the book to mark the place, and Miss Bustle *must* have noticed it. Now I want you to draw from her whether, in reading that passage—for I saw her reading it last night—she thought of me. If she did she is mine. That I call both delicate and ingenious."

At this moment Miss Betsy entered the room, and, greatly to the satisfaction of Gingerly, with a volume of the "Timid Lover" in her hand. Gingerly having whispered to his friend that now was the time for the experiment, he cast a look of ludicrous tenderness at the young lady, stammered a few words which were utterly unintelligible, and went out for a walk; but with the intention of soon returning to learn the result of Damper's inquiries.

"What a funny gentleman!" exclaimed Miss Bustle, as Gingerly made his retiring bow.

Funny! thought Damper; that is not a very promising epithet for the timid lover.

"His manners is much altered since he first came here," continued Miss Bustle. "*Then* he was very talkative; *now* he scarcely ever utters a word. And he gives one such comical looks, too! Captain O'Popper said yesterday that one would think he was casting sheep's eyes at somebody or other—though I don't know what that means. But he is a nice old man, after all. I wonder, though, he does not wear a wig; his old bald head shines so one can almost see one's face in it. I don't think such a *very* bald head is pretty."

It will not be expected that Damper was much encouraged by these observations to proceed on his friend's behalf; but, having undertaken his cause, he resolved against abandoning it.

"Miss Bustle," said he, "you are mistaken concerning Mr. Gingerly upon one point: he is not old—not remarkably old."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Bustle; "how one may be deceived by appearances! He looks a great deal older than my poor, dear, dead-and-gone grandpapa, who was sixty-three when he died."

"He is nothing like so old as that," said Damper; "and then, Miss Bustle—and then, he is rich." This last word did Damper emphasize in a way to produce an effect—and so it did.

"Rich!" responded Miss Bustle; "is he indeed? Lord! how I should like to have *him*—for a grand-papa. I dare say he is very kind to *his* grand-children."

The learned advocate perceiving that he had taken nothing by his motion, fell back upon the point on which he had been chiefly instructed: and merely explaining, by the way, that as his friend was unmarried it was impossible he should have children, and that, therefore, grand-children were out of the question, he went at once to the subject of the book.

"Is that a new work you are reading, Miss Bustle?"

"Yes, sir; it is the 'Timid Lover,' and is only just out."

"You are fortunate in getting it so early from a circulating library," observed Damper, pretending ignorance of the fact.

"Anxious as I was to read it, I might have waited six weeks for it had I depended on the library, and after all, perhaps, have been obliged to read the third volume first. No, sir, it is a present; and, although it came anonymously, I know very well who sent it. What delicate attention! Oh!" And here the young lady placed her hand upon her heart, and sighed.

Bravo! thought Damper; this will do. "And pray, Miss," said he, "is there not in it one situation of peculiar interest? I mean that where the timid lover first hints at his passion for the heroine."

"It is charming," replied Miss Betsy; "it absolutely drew tears from me!"

"And did you think of no one—*no one*—whilst you were reading it?" inquired Damper.

"Indeed I did; and I'll tell you, in confidence, who it was. I thought all the way through of Mr. Gingerly."

"Well, thought Damper; there is no accounting for the freaks of the heart! And that my old friend should make a conquest of one of the prettiest girls in Brighton!"

"The two characters are so alike! except," continued Miss Bustle, "that Mr. Gingerly is *rather* the elder of the two."

"Yes, yes; I admit that my friend is a little older than the hero, Mortimer Saint-Aubyn de Mowbray Fitz-Eustaceville is represented to be."

"What!" exclaimed Miss Betsy, bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter; "think of him as the divine Fitz-Eustaceville! Shocking! No; what made me think of him was the nasty old rival, Lord Grumblethorpe, who comes in at the critical moment and prevents the declaration of love. But Fitz-Eustaceville is so like a certain person! But wasn't it a delicate attention, Mr. Damper, on the part of the *friend* who sent me the books? And, then, to put a slip of paper into that very place! Oh! it speaks volumes!"

At this moment Mr. Gingerly returned; and Miss Bustle being summoned by a servant to go to her mamma, he and Mr. Damper were left together.

"Well," eagerly cried the timid lover; "well, have you sounded her?"

"I have," was the reply.

"She has read the passage in question?"

"Every syllable of it."

"Did it produce any effect upon her?"

"Tremendous!"

"Did she cry. That's the great point. Did she cry!"

"A bucket-full!"

"You delight me, my dear Damper. Did she notice the bit of paper? Did she speak of me? Did she remark upon the delicate attention?"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes," impatiently replied Damper. "And now, pray, don't teaze me any more about it."

"But my dear, dear Damper; did she speak much about me? and what was it she said?"

"Why—not much; but what she did say was quite conclusive."

"I told you so: I knew that by a little ingenious contrivance, by a few delicate attentions, I should make my way to her heart."

"Now, my good friend," said Damper, gravely, "prepare yourself for a ——" Damper's speech, the tendency of which would doubtless have been to undeceive his self-deluded friend, was cut short by the dinner-bell; and, as they descended to the dining-room, Gingerly declared his intention to spare neither pains nor expense to win (in his own delicate way) the affections of Miss Betsy Bustle. Damper sighed for the infatuation of poor Gingerly, and resolved, in his own mind, to save him from any aggravated disappointment, by repeating to him, at the earliest opportunity, and word for word, all that had passed in his conversation with the young lady.

When the friends entered the dining-room they found the places, all except two, occupied. These were near the head of the table, at which was seated Mrs. Bustle. Captain O'Popper did the honours at the bottom. At his left was the lovely Betsy, and next to her was a young man of about three-and-twenty. This gentleman wore a blue frock-coat of military cut, a buff waistcoat, and a military stock. He was dark; not ill-looking; had a profusion of black hair; huge whiskers; and mustachios of the fiercest:—such, indeed, as might well have excited the envy of one of Napoleon's Old Guard. He smelt strong of cigar, and was clerk to an attorney at Shoreham. This personage was no other than George—*the* George—Mr. George Hobnill.

Gingerly cast a longing look towards the end of the table where was seated his beloved, but there was not a place vacant within eight of her. Mr. Hobnill, who occupied the seat for which the former would have given one of his ears, and whom he now saw for the first time, he inwardly wished—a long way further off than Shoreham.

"Mr. Gingerly," cried Mrs. Bustle, "as I know you are a lady's man, I have reserved *that* seat for you. You are fortunate to-day in having a lady on each side of you." This she uttered in a tone of patronage: at the same time pointing to a vacant chair between Gingerly's prime horrors—Old Widow Swillswallow and Miss Fubsworth. Damper was placed next to Widow Waddilove.

"Come, Mr. G." mumbled Miss Fubsworth, "come between us ladies. We old folks are always best together."

The earth did not open and swallow Mr. Gingerly at a gulp, as he wished it might, for at the moment of the utterance of these words his eyes met those of Miss Bustle.

The dinner was provided with the usual boarding-house munificence. First, was served a huge white earthenware tureen, full to the brim of a thin, nankeen-coloured liquid, on the surface of which floated a few chips of toasted bread. Mrs. Bustle, as she distributed this in copious portions amongst the company, commended her cook for her culinary ability in general, but chiefly praised her for the excellence of her "gravy-soup."

"The only good gravy-soup in all Brighton," exclaimed Captain O'Popper; "and I'm just waiting to hear who'll say the con*trary*." This proposition, uttered with an unquestionable brogue, was universally granted: at least, nobody *said* the contrary.

Then came three soles to be divided amongst fifteen bodies. This seemed to be a difficult operation; but Mrs. Bustle performed it with a degree of ingenuity which would have done honour to the mistress of any boarding-house in England. Two or three times, in the course of her occupation, she took occasion to say that this was "the poorest fish-day she had ever known in Brighton."

"The only three soles in the market—barring the other three we let go to the Pavilion," said the Captain.

Next appeared, at one end of the table, a roast leg of mutton; and, at the other, a dish containing some five or six mutton-chops—very broad and very thick, with long *tails* of fat and gristle depending from the narrow ends of them. These were interspersed with thick slices of raw onion, and were described by Mrs. Bustle as "Cutlets *ally* sauce *Peekong*"—a dish for which her cook was "particularly famous!"

"*Peekong!*" responded the Captain. "You may well say *peekong*, Madam! and I don't, think there's anybody here will contradict *that*.'

The dinner was completed by an enormous [looking] gooseberry-pie, which derived its name from the half-pint of gooseberries discovered at the bottom of the dish when, after some difficulty, a breach had been effected through the thick, hard crust over the top of it; together with twelve stringy radishes, one lettuce divided into quarters, and a small glass bowl-full of lumps of yellow-looking cheese, of mouse trap size and Mac-adam substance.

"Shy fare again, to-day!" muttered a quiet little gentleman at table.

"Shy what, Sir!" exclaimed the Captain. "What's shy, Sir? And, by the powers! is it 'shy' you are saying!"

"I—I only spoke, Captain," mildly replied the gentleman.

"I'm satisfied, Sir," said Captain O'Popper.

"I declare, Mr. Gingerly," said Mrs. Bustle, "you have eaten no dinner: I really believe you are in love."

Gingerly was preparing a languishing look for the especial service of Miss Betsy, when the effort was paralyzed by the Captain's——

"Mr. Gingerly in love! Ha, ha, ha! At his time of life! Ha, ha, ha! Well:—better late than never, eh! my old Trojan? Ah! those sheep's eyes of your own, Daddy Gingerly! I say, Miss Fubsworth!—Mrs. Swillswallow!—take care of your hearts, ladies. Or, come, Daddy; is it Mrs. Waddilove you may happen to be after?"

"Sir, I—a—I beg, Sir—a—I must desire—" said Gingerly, (assuming as dignified an air as his mingled confusion and vexation would allow) —"these liberties, Sir,—a—I——"

The Captain, a good-natured man at heart, perceiving that he had given pain, apologized—though with far better intention than tact.

"Mr. Gingerly, Sir; I'm sorry you have taken seriously what I meant only in joke." [Mr. Gingerly bowed, and the Captain continued.] "I was wrong, though, and I'm prepared to confess it." [Here Mr. Gingerly bowed again.] "I had no right to take a freedom with a perfect gentleman like you, Sir,"—[Mr. Gingerly bowed almost down to the table.]—"who are old enough to be my grandfather;"—[Mr. Gingerly did *not* bow.]—"and I ask your pardon."

Two maid-servants coming into the room with the dessert—one bringing a plate of apples, and the other a plate of biscuits!—diverted the attention of the company from the affair; and Mr. Gingerly availed himself of that opportunity to be seized with a fit of coughing, and to cover his face with his handkerchief. When he had recovered from this attack, he had the gratification of hearing the following portion of a conversation between Mr. Hobnill and Miss Bustle. As it was carried on in an under-tone he overheard no more of it than is here reported.

"Now don't deny it, George."

"*Paw* my life, not the slightest ide*or*."

"I'm certain * * * because * * * Fitz-Eustaceville * * * slip of paper * * * if any one else *dared*, the consequences would * * * Captain O'Popper * * * style of the thing * * * so like you, you creature!"

"If you won't believe me I can't help * * * *Paw* my honour * * * piece of im*paw*tinense * * * horsewhip * * * really not the least ide*or*."

"Now, it's of no use, George * * * sweetly pretty * * * I knew you'd deny it * * * if you were to swear it I wouldn't * * * folly to deny * * * you have a right, dear George, and of course * * * been any one else * * * insolent monster! * * * delicate attention."

"* * * will think so, why, aw, * * * "

"Now that's quite sufficient to * * * O, George! * * * elegant expedient * * * fully appreciated * * * even had I ever given you cause to doubt; but, *now* * * * susceptible heart * * * so *very* delicate an attention * * * yes, dear George, for ever!"

Could there have been the smallest doubt upon any disinterested mind as to the *filling-up* of this short conversation, or to the terms upon which it implied the whisperers to stand in relation to each other; it must have been removed by the unequivocal twist with which Mr. Hobnill indulged his mustachios at its conclusion. But Gingerly was not in a condition to think rationally. How could he? He was in love. He complained of the oppressiveness of the heat; expressed his conviction that the thermometer must suddenly have risen from seventy-five to a hundred; drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped the perspiration from his glossy, bald head. The next minute he wondered what could make him feel so cold. Damper recommended him to leave the room. It was not the room, however, that produced these extraordinary sensations in him; it was part of the company. But lovers, like drowning men, will catch at the slightest chance of salvation. "I will have proof more relative than this," mentally ejaculated he. He bethought him of the torn paper in Zadig, one-half of which, when read by itself, was a cutting satire, but, when joined to the other, the whole turned out to be nothing more than an innocent love-poem. So it may be in this case, thought he: there was something which, certainly, was not quite agreeable in what I did hear; but had I heard all that passed it would have been a different affair. And, hereupon, he rubbed his hands and proposed to Damper that they should have a bottle of port together. The wine was brought; and, according to the amiable fashion of boarding-houses, it played pendulum across the table, vibrating between him and his partner. And did he not invite the ladies on either side of him to take wine? No. And out of this marked neglect of them, he drew occasion for a delicate hint as to the real direction which his affections had taken. He filled a glass, gave it to a servant, and, in a hesitating, indistinct way, said something to her; at the same time pointing in the direction where Miss Bustle was placed. The girl crossed the room, and stood, with the salver in her hand, between the young lady (who was intently occupied in paring an apple) and Mr. Hobnill. To Gingerly this was an awful moment. He felt that he was committing a declaration. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth: not a syllable could he utter. He screwed his lips up to the circumference of a pin-hole, looked hearts and darts, but dared not, for some time, raise his eyes from the table; and when, at length, he did, they met those of Mr. Hobnill!

"You are vastly *paw*lite. With great plea*shaw*," said Mr. Hobnill, as he took the glass. "Your good health, Mr. Ginjawberry."

Ere Mr. Ginjawberry (as he was miscalled by his rival) had recovered from the shock occasioned by the failure of this delicate little attention, (to say nothing of seeing his wine swallowed by the man of all others for whom he could heartily have wished it had been poison,) Miss Betsy had finished her operation on the apple.

"There, George," said she, as she presented it to Hobnill, "haven't I done it nicely for you!"

"Whatever *you* do *must* be nicely done," replied the favoured youth.

"Now, George, that is so like you: you do say the most elegant things!"

Gingerly swallowed the glass of wine which stood before him; filled again and swallowed that; filled again and would have done the same thing, had not Damper, who had observed him, proposed that they should walk.

Betsy, who had caught the word, intimated to her mamma that, as she had not been out all day, she also should like a walk. Gingerly, emboldened by what he could not help considering as a delicate hint on the part of the young lady, and, perhaps, rendered somewhat less diffident by the wine he had taken, asked permission to offer the young lady his arm.

"Surely," said Mrs. Bustle.

Gingerly was on his legs in an instant; and cast a look at his friend Damper, which literally interpreted, meant, "What is your opinion of affairs *now?*"

"O dear! mamma," exclaimed Miss Betsy, "impossible! only think!—The idea, you know?"

"Nonsense! my love," replied Mrs. Bustle; "there can be no sort of impropriety in your walking with Mr. Gingerly."

"Confound her impudence!" muttered Gingerly.

None in the least, Betsy," said the Captain; "it is not as if——"

"Captain O'Popper," said Gingerly, eagerly interrupting him, as if apprehensive of a disagreeable conclusion to the speech; "Captain O'Popper, I—a—Miss Bustle and I—a" Then turning to Hobnill, he said in a taking it-for-granted tone and with somewhat of an air of triumph,—"You are going back to Shoreham, Sir."

"*Paw* my life," replied Hobnill (half addressing himself to Betsy)—*Paw* my life, I hardly—I am not *paw*sitively obliged, but—"

"No, no, George," said Betsy; "there is no occasion for your returning to-night. Come and take *one* turn with this gentleman and me on the Chain-pier; and when we have brought him home again I shall want you to walk with me to my Aunt Heathfield's, at Preston."

"I am afraid, my love," said the considerate mamma, "you will be too tired to go to Preston this evening if you walk much now."

"So I should, mamma," eagerly replied Miss Bustle; "so I think I had better walk by-and-by instead. Hadn't *we*, George?"

"Tired!" exclaimed the Captain. "It's mighty ridiculous for *young* people to talk about being tired. What is it you are made of? Why, look at Mr. Gingerly there! He does not appear to be very strong on the pins; yet I dare say he, even at his age, could contrive to walk that much."

Again was Gingerly seized with a fit of coughing, which compelled him to conceal his face with his handkerchief.

"I hope, my dear Gingerly," said Damper to him, as they were taking a stroll along the Marine Parade, "I hope that, by what you have observed this afternoon, you are cured of your folly. I speak to you as a friend and with a friend's freedom. I observed all that passed, though, for want of opportunity, I made no remark to you upon it. 'Tis clear the girl likes that vulgar puppy, that impudent attorney-ling, and looks on him as an Apollo upon earth. Rely on it you have not a chance. You have *his* black bushy head, huge whiskers and fierce mustachios, together with your own superabundant thirty-odd years against you. So give it up, my dear fellow; like a sensible man, give it up at once."

"No," replied Gingerly; "I am more determined upon the point than before. The affair is taking precisely the turn I could have wished. I did not expect her to surrender at the first shot—I should have been disgusted if she had done so. But her reserve! her modesty! Did you not observe her timid acquiescence in my invitation to a walk!"

"'Timid acquiescence,' you call it! Unequivocal repugnance."

"Maiden coyness, I tell you. And then, that natural little piece of girlish hypocrisy, resorted to for the purpose of concealing her *real* feelings! Did you mark that! I mean her *pretending* to prefer a walk with that insignificant, impertinent, ill-bred, vulgar, ——! D—n the ugly rascal!—Damper: if Mrs. Bustle allows fellows of that sort to sit down at her table, no gentleman will remain in her house. We'll go home [illegible] and tell her so. No, no: George Gingerly is [illegible] to give in to a rival of *that* stamp."

"[illegible] will," said Damper; "but the [illegible] the more uncomfortable will [illegible]"

"By dint of delicate attentions," said Gingerly, "I'll carry her against the world!"

"And well have your 'delicate attentions' already served you!" exclaimed the consoling Damper. "The first—the book—*has* turned to the advantage of the amiable Mr. George Hobnill, who, spite of his own resolute abnegation, is enjoying the entire credit of it."

"Not he!" replied Gingerly; "a coarse-minded fellow like that, would never be suspected of any thing half so elegant. Though—ahem!—it is possible I might have cut that a little too fine. But the second—the wine—what say you to that? Fifty guineas to a shilling, if that Hobnill, or Hobnail, or whatever his vulgar name may be, had not swallowed it at the very moment when —— But I'll punish the fellow if I meet him again. I'll overwhelm him with ridicule, and break his heart that way: I'll *call* him Hobnail!"

It was half-past nine. They returned to their quarters at Mrs. Bustle's. In the drawing-room they found the Captain and Mrs. Bustle, in one corner, playing cribbage; and, in another, was the quiet little gentleman, fast asleep, with a newspaper on his knees. Reclining on a sofa was a youngish man, evidently dressed *at* some leader of fashion who unquestionably knew what he himself was about; whilst the costume of the imitator, approaching, though but very little, towards caricature, proved that he (the imitator) did not. This Exquisite was engaged in picking his teeth; and (as a subsidiary employment) skimming a new novel which he had just procured from a circulating library. For the benefit of future readers, as well as to exhibit his own fine taste and profound judgment, he occasionally made a pencil-note in the margin. These notes were brief but pithy: as, "What stuff!" "Not so bad." "You don't say so!" "I shouldn't wonder!" "*Tolarible* good!" "*Abommanubble* bad!" The commentator (as he afterwards turned out to be) was one of the "Sweetly-pootty-petturn Mem" gentlemen from the Emporium of Fashion in Regent Street. But the principal group in the room consisted of four elderly ladies in petticoats, and three other old women in trowsers, who were squabbling at a game of penny-loo, and, in the best-bred way imaginable, accusing each other of cheating!

Gingerly looked around him in the hope of finding Miss Betsy, but she was not present. "Then," thought he, "she is fatigued by her walk, and has retired for the night."

As the clock struck ten, the Captain said to Mrs. Bustle, "This is rather too late for Betsy to be out."

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Bustle; "George, you know, is with her."

A certain athletic Irish officer in the Life-Guards, whose nerves were not easily discovered, said, when endeavouring to illustrate the effect produced upon him by some sudden and terrible shock, "It threw me into such a state, (and truth compels me to confess it,) that, by Jasus! you might have knocked me down with a poker!"

An instrument of much less power would

have served to prostrate Mr. Gingerly, upon hearing the words uttered by Mrs. Bustle.

Five minutes passed away—ten—fifteen—twenty!—but no Betsy appeared. Gingerly now computed the time by seconds, and each second appeared to him an hour. He went to the window and peeped: he went to the door and listened. His bald head was steaming—he consulted the thermometer, and was astonished to find that it indicated no more than seventy-four degrees. At length, at eleven o'clock, Miss Betsy, accompanied by *her* George, returned.

"And how did you find your Aunt Heathfield?" inquired Mrs. Bustle.

"Quite well, Mamma. And I have promised to go to her on Saturday and remain till Monday. And George is to come and take me there; and then he is to come over and pass the Sunday with us; and then George is to come on Monday and bring me home again. And, O Mamma! Cousin Harriet is come home from school, for good; and she is so delighted with George!—now don't deny it, dear George; you know it's true—indeed, I told her that if I were not *certain* I should be jealous."

"Come, Gingerly," whispered Damper to him, "go to bed." But Gingerly was rivetted to the spot!

"And, O Mamma!" continued the young lady; "we went into M'Seedling's Nursery, and saw such beautiful flowers! George insisted upon buying some for me. I chose four myrtles, four jessamines, four red-roses, and four such beautiful white rose-trees! But they would not sell them for less than a guinea-and-a-half; and although they are such *loves*, I would not allow him to give so much for them. A guinea-and-a-half again, indeed! That would be too much."

"Too much!" exclaimed the Captain; "by the Powers! and I think so too. He had better save his money for the *occasion*." Again Damper whispered his friend "to bed."

"Well," said Betsy, "I have such a passion for flowers, that scatter the road with them and I'm sure it would lead to my heart."

Gingerly's countenance brightened. "Come," said he to Damper, (at the same time rubbing his hands,) "I *will* go to bed."

He wished "good night" generally. "Good night to *you*, Mister—Hob-*nail*," said he to his rival; and brought up with a significant "Ahem!" But no effect was produced by the perpetration of this heart-breaking-ridicule.

"Good night, Mr. Gingerbread," replied Hobnill; and there was a general laugh.

Utterly confused, bowing very low, placing his hand upon his heart, and attempting to look—a look!—he stammered forth, "May light slum—Miss Bet—I mean, Miss Eliz—Miss—May your downy pil—Oh! Miss Bets—goo—good afternoon." He left the room; and as he closed the door he fancied he heard a titter, and something about "sheep's eyes." When he had reached his room, he rang for a servant, to whom he gave particular orders to call him at five o'clock!

Seven o'clock of the following morning found Gingerly at M'Seedling's nursery. The plants which had been selected by the charming Miss Betsy Bustle stood in a place apart, exactly as she left them. As he beheld them Gingerly's heart palpitated.

"What is your price for these plants?" inquired Gingerly.

"Maybe ye're wanting them, sir," said M'Seedling; "if so, ye'll no find their like within ten mile round."

"What is the price of them?" repeated Gingerly.

"I refused thirty-five shillings for them yester-e'en, which was offered me by a young *mee*-litary gentleman and his wife, as I guess."

"D——n the military gentleman!" impatiently exclaimed Gingerly; who, although he knew how much it was that M'Seedling had actually demanded for his plants, yet he did not choose, by correcting the man's memory, to expose his own knowledge of what had occurred on the previous evening. "D——n the military gentleman! What do you ask for that lot of plants?"

"Weel, sir," replied the nurseryman; "I'm just thinkin' I canna in conscience tak' less than twa *pund*"——

Gingerly's hand was instantly in his pocket.

"Ten," added the wily professor of the most innocent and most ancient calling on earth.

Gingerly paid the man the sum he demanded, though not without a passing reflection in his own mind on the unsettled meaning of the term "conscience."

"Now," said Gingerly, "I have paid you handsomely for these things, and I shall expect in return that my instructions will be strictly attended to concerning the delivery of them. They must be left at Mrs. Bustle's Boarding-house, at Brighton, at half-past nine precisely. Should the carrier be asked who sent them he must say he doesn't know. He must simply leave the plants and, along with them, this card." Saying which, he took a card from his pocket; and, having scratched through his own name so carefully as to allow of its being read, he wrote on the other side: "These, the fairest of the vegetable creation, to the fairest of the human creation."

There! thought Gingerly, as he retraced his steps to Brighton; I think, my *military* gentleman, I have now done *your* business for you! The hint about strewing the road to her heart with flowers was pretty plain: and I have strewed it to the tune of two-pound-ten. The card is ingeniously contrived, though sending it is a bold step, certainly; but it will prevent mistake. At any rate, Master Hobnail, you shall not smuggle my trophies this time. "These, the fairest of the vegetable creation, to the fairest of the human creation!" That's a touch above an attorney's clerk, I flatter myself. A delicate attention and elegantly contrived.

For reasons best known to himself, Gingerly, on this particular occasion, took his breakfast at the York. His walk had given him an appetite, which he inflicted, in all its vigour, upon the cold chicken, and ham, and eggs, and rolls, which were placed before him. This ended, he returned to Mrs. Bustle's; and appeared in the eating-room just as the general breakfast was served. The party consisted of the same persons as were assembled at dinner on the day before, and Hobnill was seated next to Miss Betsy as upon that occasion. Gingerly was so fortunate as to find a chair immediately opposite to his idol, and next to him was his friend Damper.

"Don't you take any thing, Mr. Gingerly?" said Mrs. Bustle to him, after he had sat sometime unoccupied at table.

"I——I'll take half a cup of weak tea, thank you, Madam," replied he, in a tender tone, and with a sigh.

"But don't you eat anything, sir?"

"I——I have no appetite," was the reply, and with the same accompaniments.

"Then, decidedly, you *are* in love," continued the lady.

By the most fortunate concurrence of circumstances—(fortunate for Gingerly's cause)—even whilst Mrs. Bustle was uttering these words, Jenny, one of the maids, entered the room.

"Please, mum," said Jenny, "hasn't nobody ordered no flowers to be sent here?"

Gingerly turned pale, and his heart beat against his side as if it would have jumped through his waistcoat.

"Not that I am aware of," replied Mrs. Bustle. And, having looked inquiringly round the table without receiving any reply, she continued: "No, Jenny, it is a mistake; they are not for here."

Jenny went out, but presently returned. "Please, mum, the man says he is sure on it as how they are for here; he says Mrs. Bustle's boarding-house, quite distinct; and he had a card to leave along with them, only he had the misfort'n' to lose it by the way, which, howsomever, isn't of no consequence, as he has found the house without it."

Gingerly's heart sank in his bosom.

"Do go, Betsy, my love, and see what all this is about," said Mrs. Bustle.

Betsy obeyed. Scarcely had she left the room, when, with eyes sparkling with joy, she bounded in again.

"O, George!" she exclaimed, "how *very* foolish of you! It is a delicate attention, truly delicate, indeed! but you shouldn't have done it."

"Done it! done what?" inquired George.

"Now, how silly it is of you to pretend astonishment, George, dear—Go, Jenny, and see those flowers taken *very* carefully up into my room.—O, Mamma! they are such loves!—It is very foolish of you, George; but, certainly, never any thing in my life gave me half so much pleasure!"

"*Paw* my life, Betsy, I'm *paw*fectly ignorant of what you mean;" said Hobnill.

"You ridiculous creature! where is the use of your denying it, when they are the very plants, every one of them, which I selected last night, and you tried to bargain for."

"I *saw*lemnly decla*or*"——

"What's the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Captain O'Popper. "If you didn't send Betsy those plants. Mr. George, why, somebody else did; and as nobody else has the smallest right in the universal world to take such a liberty, that other somebody, whoever he may be, is an impertinent fellow. There's a bit of logic for you. But I'll beat about till I discover who this somebody is; and then we shall see whether Mr. Somebody or Captain O'Popper is the best man at ten paces."

"Lord, sir!" said Betsy, "it *is* George.—Now—now, hold your tongue, George, and don't deny it, unless you'd make me very angry. I knew them every one again the instant I saw them. Besides," added she, (at the same time bestowing upon him a tender look, and gently placing the tips of her delicate fingers on his arm,)—"Besides, dear George, it is so completely your style of thing!"

George, finding denial to be in vain, relinquished the contest. He looked at his watch, rose from table, and announced the necessity of his return to Shoreham.

That's something, and be hanged to him! thought Gingerly.

"And *must* you go back this morning, George?" inpuired Betsy. "Well, if you must——But just stop a moment." She ran out of the room, and, after the lapse of a few minutes, returned with a handful of flowers. "Here, George," she said (as she placed one of them in his button-hole, and put the others, carefully made up in a sheet of writing-paper, into his hand) "take these. I plucked some of the most beautiful of them for you, for no one has a better right to them than *you.* Good bye, George!—And, George; be sure you come back to dinner to-day, for I shall want you to walk with me to Aunt Heathfield's again this evening."

The feelings of poor Gingerly, during this scene, may be (to use a phrase the originality of which is not insisted upon) may be more easily conceived than described. The rival having fairly taken his departure, Gingerly rose from his seat, walked to the window, back again to the table, resumed his seat, rose, walked towards the fire-place, once more to the window, then to the door, and—out he rushed.

"Is your friend ill?" said Mrs. Bustle to Damper.

"I fear so," replied Damper; "I'll follow him." But Damper knew very well the cause of his friend's disorder.

Damper sought Gingerly all over the house, but he was nowhere to be found. He then went out—paced the Marine Parade—traversed the Steyne—East Cliff—West Cliff—up one street—down another—looked into all the libraries—but to no purpose. He neither saw, nor could he hear any thing of, Gingerly. He became alarmed. He went to the Chain Pier, and walked, hurriedly, to the end of it. But there was no Gingerly! "Can he have been so rash!" exclaimed Damper. One of the men belonging to the Pier was sitting smoking a pipe on the signal-gun. Damper approached him. With some hesitation Damper said, "Pray—pray, my good friend—have you seen an elderly gentleman throw himself into the sea within these two hours?"

The man deliberately took his pipe from his mouth, did what smokers are in the habit of doing upon such an occasion, and, after leisurely scratching his head, said—

"An elderly gentleman, sir?—Let me see!—an *elderly* gentleman. Why—a—no, sir, I can't say as I have. But if I should see e'er a one in the course of the a'ternoon, where shall I have the pleasure of letting you know."

Damper retraced his steps, and soon, to his great joy, met Gingerly. The latter allowed him no time to speak, but thus, at once, accosted him:

"It is awful! truly awful! Would you believe it? That rascally attorney's clerk who walked off with those flowers—with the credit of the little act of gallantry, too—they were my flowers—it was I who sent them."

"I would have sworn it," replied Damper. "To repeat Miss Betsy's words, it was 'so completely your style of thing.' But let me congratulate you on finding you alive: I began to fear you had committed some desperate act."

"Why, no, I have not yet done so. An ingenious expedient has occurred to me;—I'll try it—I don't think it can fail, for the dear girl has a great deal of feeling."

"True," replied Damper, "but not one particle for you. Be wise, book a place in the four o'clock coach, and return to town. All your ingenious expedients, all your delicate attentions, have turned to the advantage of the interesting Hobnill; and take my word for it that"——

"I won't listen to any thing you can say," cried Gingerly, interrupting him. "This *cannot* fail—at least if you will second me in it."

For some time Damper refused to have any thing more to do with the affair; but, upon Gingerly's promise that, should his next delicate attention be no more successful than the others, he would abandon the pursuit of the fair Betsy, and return to his quiet chambers in Lyon's Inn, Damper undertook to assist him. Thus pledged, he listened patiently to Gingerly's instructions; the result of which is now to be shown.

"You seem agitated, Mr. Damper," said Betsy, who was sitting alone in the drawing-room when he entered.

"Why, the fact is, Miss Bustle—I—I am afraid to acquaint you with it, but soon or later you must know it;" replied Damper, who was almost ashamed of the ridiculous commission he had undertaken.

"Good Heavens! what has happened?" exclaimed she.

"Why—this morning, a gentleman, a *certain* gentleman, went into Tuppen's Library. Scarcely had he entered, when he heard another gentleman mention your name in a way not altogether respectful. This, the gentleman,—that is to say, the *certain* gentleman,—could not endure. He struck the other; a challenge ensued; within an hour afterwards they met on the Downs; exchanged shots; and the gentleman, your champion, was wounded."

"Wounded! who was it?" inquired Miss Bustle.

Now comes the trial, thought Damper.—"It is one," said he, "who takes the deepest interest in every thing that concerns you. In short—for the circumstances of the case compel me to speak out—he entertains for you the most unbounded affection; and, as you already possess his heart, he has authorized me to"——

Betsy Bustle fainted! Damper rang the bell violently. In a moment there was Mrs. Bustle, *sal volatile*, Captain O'Popper, hartshorn, George Hobnill, burnt brown paper, and all the lodgers. In the midst of the confusion Gingerly (with a lackadaisical air, and his left arm in a sling) entered the room, and stood, unperceived, behind the crowd which was pressing about the fair fainter. Not a little delighted was he at the effect produced by this, his last, and most ingenious expedient.

"Betsy, my child. what *is* the matter?" cried Mrs. Bustle.

"Betsy, my de*or*, what *is* the matter?" echoed George.

Either these sounds, or the burnt brown paper, or the hartshorn, or the *sal volatile*, or perhaps, the suffocating pressure of the persons about her—a circumstance inevitable on occasions of this nature—revived her. She opened her eyes; and the first object she beheld was George, kneeling at her side, and officiating as administerer of the burnt brown paper aforesaid. She burst into a flood of tears. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered to speak, she threw herself into his arms, and exclaimed:—"Oh! George! how *could* you be so foolish as to expose your dear, your precious life, on my account? Had any thing fatal happened to you I should have gone distracted! But whereabouts are you wounded?"

"Wounded!" exclaimed George, in utter amazement: "Wounded! What an ide*or! Paw* my honour, I"——

"Now don't deceive me, George; let me know the worst. But your endeavouring to conceal it from me is so like you! It is so *very* delicate. Oh! Mamma! after this, can you refuse to ——?"

"I understand you, my dear child: you have my consent; and, with the consent of George's parents, the banns shall be published on Sunday."

"George," said the Captain, "I didn't think you had so much in you. But you are a brave fellow; so, as to the consent, by the Powers! I say *ditto* to that. And, Mrs. Bustle," said he in a whisper to the lady, "as we are both in a consenting mood, let us consent to marry one another at the same time."

"Oh! Captain!" was the lady's laconic, but expressive, reply.

Gingerly, pale, and trembling from head to foot with rage and disappointment, was about to rush forward and explain; but he was restrained by an admonitory gesture from his friend.

"My dear Gingerly," said Damper, taking him aside; "remember your promise: the four o'clock coach and Lyon's Inn. Keep your own counsel: so shall you appear ridiculous in the eyes of none but of an old and trusty friend. Your ingenious contrivances, from first to last, have all turned to the advantage of your rival; nor have you the credit of being even suspected of the smallest of them. If you are resolved to marry, say '*Will you?*' to the first woman you may happen to meet; for, rely on it, at your time of life, you are not likely to entrap a female heart by Delicate Attentions." P*.

⁂ In the hope of preventing "a collision," the writer of this paper begs leave to state, that he is himself preparing the subject of it for the stage.

From the Court Magazine.

THE FOREST TRACK.

A FACT.

PART I.

The Mayor of D—— was seated by a blazing fire, enjoying the recreation of his pipe and a bottle of beer, in company with the Forest-keeper, who occupied the other side of his hearth, in a like attitude and pastime. The room in which they sate was a large brick kitchen, forming the best part of the ground floor at the *Mairie;* and, the church only excepted, the Mairie itself was the building of most importance in the village of D——. Probably in former times, this house had belonged to one of the old families of the "noblesse de province:"—both its wings had been destroyed since then; and it consisted, now, merely of the centre of the original building, much the worse-looking for the loss of its supporters, as well as for a partial decay of plaster and wood-work that had followed the days of its prosperity. A space, which in all likelihood was once occupied by the lawns, pleasure-grounds, parterres and avenues of the chateau, now separated from its relics, had been turned into ploughed fields and meadows, or made the site of hovels and mean-looking shops; one small court alone remaining, partly divided into a kitchen garden, whose useful neatness would have been more suitable for the front of a modern cottage, than for this old, narrow building, with its largepaned windows and nearly hingeless venetian blinds, indicating, as they did, pretensions it was no longer in a state to support. Round this court had been built a wall of much later date; a porch also in front of the house, had been added, of white stone, upon which the word MAIRIE appeared in large letters, which as well as the tri-colour flag above the iron "grille," announced its present destination.

The Mairie was situated at the extremity of the village of D——, which, lying towards the German frontier of France is of itself a place too insignificant to be known beyond its own neighbourhood. On one side, the Mairie looked to the street, on the other, it communicated with a lane that ran behind the high road, leading to the principal town in the department. This lane after a certain extent, branching off on the way to a little hamlet, rather more than a league distant from the village, skirted the forest of ——; in which direction it was confined by the course of a narrow canal, lying parallel with its path, and following the boundary of the wood. The unceasing traffic between the village and the hamlet rendered this road a thoroughfare of constant resort. By some of the peasants, however, who were in the habit of passing to and fro, a shorter cut had been made across the forest, which, affording greater shelter from the severity of the elements, as well as abridging both time and steps, had, now that the winter had set in, become a regular, though less frequented track. Two great advantages occurring to the Mayor from the situation of his house, may be understood by this topography of the forest. The first, that by its vicinity he was defended from the north-west wind:—the second, that to the convenient communication of the above-mentioned lane, he was indebted for the more speedy arrival of his poultry, eggs, and other comestibles, which, on their way from the "Métairie" of his cousin of the hamlet, "Fermier Bourgeois," and retailer of live stock and vegetables, were always presented for his inspection prior to their entry into the village.

The Mayor, from whose fireside a considerable digression has been made, was elected to that office in the year 1832. Of an honest and conscientious character, the strictness with which he attended to his duty was so balanced in the minds of the people, by his benevolence and impartiality, that he possessed the esteem of the whole *arrondissement.* Left a widower with one daughter, now between twelve and thirteen years of age, these two made their home happy to each, and were as well reported for their mutual affection, as for their good dealings towards their neighbours.

It happened that on the present afternoon, being towards the close of December, the Mayor had occasion to send to the neighbouring hamlet the sum of 1200 francs. This money, tied up in a bag, lay on the table near which he was sitting; it was to be conveyed to its destination by his daughter Félicie, who was going at the same time to attend the "fête" of one of her cousin's family, whence she was to return on the following day.

Perhaps this appears a large sum to have entrusted to the care of a child: but it must be remembered that, being brought up in a situation where she had found herself obliged to act and think after her own judgment, and to take the entire management of the affairs of the house, Félicie Nicot was considered, and indeed deservedly, by her father, as more trust-worthy than any one else, and was in the habit of performing, with great accuracy, services of this kind, not unfrequently required by a person, who like the Mayor, was apt to be entrusted with money, and other important commissions.

The Mayor of D—— enjoyed a sort of celebrity in his way: he took precedence of the "*Curé*" on all public occasions, which shows the undue influence of Mammon over the church. Even in the attitude of good fellowship maintained between himself and the Forest keeper, as they now sate together drinking and smoking by the fire,—something in the individuals betrayed that difference of station, which may always be remarked among the lower classes, in their degrees, if not of refinement, at least of wealth or office; and which, while living on terms of perfect companionship and familiarity, never fails to be exacted on the one part, and acceded to on the other. These distinctions are always more striking where a public functionary is concerned. Thus, although in his own house, one of these men occupied a chair, which, whilst it was as hard, as unwieldy, and as mean in appearance as the other, had yet the addition of two joints that were supposed to have converted it into a "*Fauteuil.*" Now in the provinces a seat in the "*Fauteuil*" is a post of honour.

This man was the one who took the lion's share of the talk—the other was content chiefly to listen. Whilst the first thumped with his hand upon the table, the other might be heard calmly replying "*Monsieur vous avez raisan.*" When the superior contradicted, the other yielded, and if the former held out his snuff-box without turning his head the way he offered it, the latter bowed as much as if he had been looked at. And all this was for the reason that the humble individual was Pierre Levèque, the Forest-keeper, and the other Jean Nicot, Mayor of D——.

The Mayor was a jolly-looking man, with a round cheek and a merry eye. He always clapped his hands at his own jokes, and always laughed at them twice as loud as any body else, which made them go off with great effect, nobody supposing so much noise could have been made about nothing.

The Forest-keeper was a dull-looking, square-jointed man, with harsh, matted hair, gray eyes deeply sunk in their sockets, a nose without a bridge, his jaws under-hung, his cheeks lank. He seemed as if he would have been better pleased to have sate stupifying his senses with the fumes of tobacco, than to have the trouble, either of talking or of listening; but he also seemed anxious to conciliate the person with whom he was holding converse—so that sluggishness and servility were contending with him for the upper hand. There was altogether somewhat repulsive in his appearance.

The conversation of these two men, if it might so be called, was drawing to a close. The heat of the fire, the soporific effect of their occupation, and the draughts that were its necessary concomitants, had considerably abated the Mayor's eloquence, and relieved his friend from the labour of acquiescence. They sate with their eyes directed toward each other, but half closed, like those of two tabby cats in broad day-light; but they still probably fancied themselves in the enjoyment of social intercourse. At this moment, a door from the foot of a staircase leading to the upper rooms, was opened by the Mayor's daughter, who came in carrying a basket on her arm, ready to set off on her visit to the hamlet.

According to the custom of her country for persons in that rank of life, Félicie wore no bonnet; her hair was parted under a cap, which, as she belonged to an affluent family, was neatly embroidered and trimmed with lace. It might have been becoming, had not the cold pinched her small features into a sharp expression, and turned all the pink of her fair skin to a fresh lilac.

She had fine gold ear-rings dropping almost to her shoulders, and a heart and cross of gold upon her bosom, over a white frill, and a high stuff dress. There were two or three rings also on her fingers, besides a numerous addition of chilblains. All these she concealed under a pair of white knitted gloves; she then dismounted from a peg a heavy cloak, by which she was to be secured from the effects of "a nipping and an eager air," under whose blighting influence the whole face of nature seemed congealed and withering.

"It's a long way, Mademoiselle, I'm thinking, you've to go this afternoon," said the Forest-keeper, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"A long walk, and a cold one too, Maître Pierre; but what of that?—a good welcome and a warm fire when it's over;—then I've my thoughts to beguile the way."

"And your thoughts," rejoined the man, lazily, as he shook the ashes from his exhausted pipe upon the hearth, "your thoughts are then very pleasant?"

"Why not?" said Félicie; "sometimes I can be as gay all alone as if I were in the best of company. I ask no better than to be alone sometimes—to-day, for instance."

"What shall you think about to-day?" said Pierre Levèque.

The Mayor opened his half-shut eyes, suspended his occupation for a moment to spit upon the hearth, and resumed it, with his looks fixed on the little girl's smiling face, and wearing an expression of complacent inquiry, that denoted his approbation of whatever she might chance to say, and his conviction that it would be worth listening to.

"First," replied Félicie, "of many things that I have to tell Josephine; afterwards, there's the dance next Sunday! further, how much I shall have to do when I get home, to make up for lost time—with all that—how my father will be getting on without me. You see," she added, nodding, as she drew the strings of her cloak, "there's enough to occupy my thoughts during a good long journey."

"And I," rejoined her father, "shall be thinking of 1200 frs. that belong to Gérard Huvier, which Jean Nicot must replace, if lost, from the dower of Félicie Nicot; and this is the only thing that ought to occupy her attention till she arrives with them quite safe at his door."

"I mus'n't then even think of you?" asked the little daughter, fondly.

The Mayor stroked his flat shining hair over his forehead, rubbed the palm of his rough hand past his nose and mouth, caressing his chin with his fore finger and thumb, whilst he replied, in a tone, meant to be full of warning—

"Not unless you should lose the money."

"Oh!—if I were to lose the money, indeed," exclaimed Félicie, "where should I go then?"

"That I can't answer for; all I advise is, that you don't come back to me." And here the Mayor clapped his hands, and laughed, and the Forest-keeper and Félicie laughed too, at the idea of the reception she should meet with after having lost the 1200 frs.

"*Allons, mon enfant,*" interrupted the good-humoured father; "waste no more time; the sky looks gray and heavy in the wind. I should be loth to see another fall of snow, and not be sure thou wert well housed."

"I'm going," she gaily answered; "I will but put my handkerchief smooth over the bag, then slip on my *gros sabots*, give you a kiss, and go."

"You'll find it heavy walking by the water's edge," observed the Forest-keeper.

"I know it, Maître Pierre; but for me it matters not. I am not cast down by a trifle. Oh! when once I set out, my resolution never fails; I think, indeed, that it increases with every step; the first is always the most difficult with me. That, in the present case, is to leave this good fire."

And still Félicie felt more inclined to remain there talking, than to depart; for although ready equipped, she stayed spreading her hands before the blazing wood, that she might, as she called it, "set out warm."

The Forest-keeper, who had also risen either to go, or to make room for her at the fire, took up his cap, and leant against the chimney piece, as if he was himself aware of the effort it required to brave the cold air.

It was past three in the afternoon by the Mayor's silver watch: his anxiety increased at this discovery, and he again urged his daughter's departure, saying, "You will be late child; the day closes early; and you must remember you have more than a league to walk."

"Mademoiselle can never go by the road," said Levêque.

"Is there any danger?" anxiously inquired the father.

"The snow," returned the man, "has drifted at the water's edge to such a height, that the stream is no longer to be distinguished from the path; one or two places besides, in the road, that have iced over since the thaw, are all but impassable."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Félicie; "what am I to do, then?"

"You had better take the bye-path through the forest," suggested the Mayor.

"'Tis the shortest and the safest," added the Forest-keeper.

"'Tis very lonely," observed Félicie.

"Mademoiselle, you will save more than a quarter of an hour's walk; and if you keep to the left under the trees, the track is dry and clear, and you can meet with no sort of impediment."

"You think it is the best thing I can do?"

"*C'est comme ca que je l'entends.*" .

"*Allons*—I shall follow your advice. *Adieu mon petit père—Salut Monsieur!*"

"*Au plaisir*," returned the Forest-keeper; and Félicie crossed the kitchen. Having gained the door, she stopped a moment, with her back against it, before she raised the latch; then looking round at them both, but especially at the stranger, with a half-embarrassed smile, as if afraid of being more laughed at than she laughed at herself—

"You don't know," she said, "why I had rather go by the water's edge. It is, now don't laugh at me, because I am afraid!"

"Bah!" uttered her father.

The Forest-keeper smiled. "You, Mademoiselle," he repeated quietly, "you afraid! and of *what*, may I ask?"

"*I am no longer* so," she replied, still laughing, *and still ashamed.*

"It was very foolish!—*à demain donc!*" and she disappeared through the door.

Félicie began her journey very prosperously. She took the advice of the Forest-keeper; and either regardless of the momentary timidity by which she had been assailed, or, if it were something more durable, determined not to yield to its impression, penetrated resolutely into the recesses of the wood. Perhaps as the day closed on the young girl's path, and the clouds gathered in heavy masses above, and the tall stripped trees shook their frosted boughs, and shut out the relics of the fading light, except by glimpses, her weak fancies increased more than she would have liked to own. Then, probably, she began to wish she had set out a little earlier; perhaps she prayed that she might arrive in safety, or even regretted having ever quitted her father's fireside. Perhaps, on the contrary, with a mind as hardy as her frame, the anticipation of her visit, and the exercise of walking, dispelled every childish terror, and the weariness of her lonely journey was forgotten in the pleasures that were to succeed it. Be this as it may, Félicie went on, not only without cause of alarm, but without meeting any one, until she came to nearly the thickest part of the forest. Here her attention was first arrested by the sight of an old man, employed in making up a bundle of dry fagots. She was near enough to see him plainly, though not so close as to make it necessary to address him, and she passed on at the distance of perhaps fifty paces.

I know not whether these unimportant details of the little girl's proceedings may have led to the idea that her expedition was to be accompanied by any extraordinary circumstances, or that it was, in any way, more eventful than other journeys of the same kind, which must appear simple and common enough in the daily life of a person of her station and habits; but it is nevertheless true, that, after the incident last related, the unfortunate young creature had scarcely proceeded a few furlongs further, when *she fell dead*—from a shot fired from behind *the trees*.*

From the Metropolitan.

THE BROKEN NOBLE AND HIS TARDY FORTUNE.

A nave rotto ogni vento è contrario.

WHILE in Paris, in 1816, I went to get my lottery ticket renewed for the next drawing. Having conceived some hope that the numbers upon it might come out, provided my Spanish friend's aspiration for the term of life should be realized in my case. While waiting for the inscription, and holding the two five-franc pieces that were to pay for it, a figure of rare occurrence now—and such as we shall not see much longer—glided in, and stood next to me at the counter. It was a thin, upright, and *chevalresque* looking man of sixty or sixty-five, whose white hairs were arranged in the most exact *aile de pigeon* mode. I could almost have sworn, from the pale olive face, Roman nose, and bright eye, that he was a Provencal, or, what is better, a Gascon.†

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* For continuation of this article, see page 513.

† To the English, the children of the Garonne are chiefly

This gentleman—it was impossible to mistake him for any thing else—was dressed in a well-worn, but well-brushed suit of black, varying slightly from the cut of the past century; and all he wore, including his shoes and silk stockings, was put together in a way that never can be achieved in our jacket-and-trowser times. The ruffles had been laid aside, but every movement of the hands, indicated the habit of that most gentlemanly appendage, and (*mirabilé dictu!*) his nails were neither black nor bitten, from which I concluded that he had passed the term of emigration in England. A thin muslin cravat, tied as tight as possible, and showing no bow or knot, a croix de St. Louis, and a gold-headed cane, were certainly originals—perhaps all he had saved of his ancient stock. The adjustment I have described, was partly concealed by a gray garment, twice too wide for him, and which, most likely to avoid the post-revolutionary fashion, had been shaped as like a dressing gown as consisted with the sartorial licence that called it a great coat. A deputy collectress was making out my chance, when the *buraliste* herself emerged from an inner room, and instantly asked "Monsieur le Comte" what there was for his service? He answered, (laying, as I expected, a good deal of emphasis upon the last letter of the *e*, in "Tirage," and on the first *l*, in "s'il vous plait") that he wished to know the numbers drawn on a day indicated by the ticket he then handed over, with a courteous bend, to the comely office-keeper, who presently after screamed (as none but Parisian women *can* scream)—"Ah! Monsieur! Ah! pour le coup c'est trop beau! Vous avez donc un Quaterne, et vous ne le saviez pas?" Then, in less violent chromatics, and returning the ticket with the printed list, by which she had just collated it,—"Tenez! Regardez zy, Monsieur, ils sont ben là tous les quatres. *Mais*, faut il avoir du bonheur pour deviner-z-aussi juste que ca!!" The count smiled at the last illogical member of the sally, but it was only for an instant, and he then calmly asked when and where he was to present the ticket for payment.

I heard a story somewhere, of a choleric man's finding a friend under the razor and suds of a new valet, who either from awkwardness or the stranger's presence, scarified his master's chin in a dozen places before one half of its beard was disposed of. The patient, after wincing a little, turned round to remonstrate, but received such a gash on the cheek in consequence, as quickly induced him to resume his full front. Upon this the visitor started from his chair, and bellowed to the unskilful domestic—"if your master chooses to put up with this, *I* will not. Draw another drop of blood from him, butcher, and I strangle you on the spot!"

My feelings were very nearly a kin to those of the peppery gentleman, on observing the impassibility of a man, who bearing the impress of the *cassette du Roi*, in the degree of moderate subvention,—stood unmoved at the gain of several thousand pounds, but "I bit in my breath," and ventured to congratulate him as well on his success, as upon the equanimity he observed under it. Never shall I forget the impressive tone of the reply, or the sad expression of features that accompanied it! "Very thankful, sir, for your kind expressions. Yes, a few years ago this would have been beyond my wishes even, and made me happy, I believe: but now, thank God! there is no event possible that could elate or depress me. I have gone through all—for me, all is past. Good evening, madam; Sir, I have the honour to salute you!"

There was no natural phlegm about this man, his feelings must have been acute, and the amount of their sufferings, before subsiding into the calm of despair, fearful to conjecture. Perhaps his true state was even more to be compassioned than he himself supposed, and that he was in reality only incapable of gratification though retaining a sense of past afflictions. It must require an immense pressure of misery to destroy the artificial buoyancy of a Frenchman's spirits, so that the "cessante causa, tollitur effectus" principle applies to him no longer. That which seems most strange in this instance, is, that a man should speculate for gain by the most desperate, though least exciting, mode of hazard, when success of an extraordinary extent could afford him no gratification. I felt for the poor gentleman sincerely, though not without some reflections upon the perverseness of Fortune, in lavishing favour upon one insensible to it, while another, for whom I felt much more subjectively, would have received her gifts with gratitude, and sought renewals of them by unremitting offerings at the shrine of her most Pagan divinity.

Puckler, Jun.

From the Metropolitan

MARTIN WERNER.

A SKETCH.

The shades of evening were beginning to creep darkly over the surrounding objects, ere Martin Werner laid down his brushes and palette. His easel was placed so as to catch every ray of light from the solitary window that illuminated the room in which he sat. He had been working all the day to finish his picture, and it was with a heavy sigh that he now desisted. But the sigh was not one of despair, for his nature was sanguine, and there was a buoyancy in his soul that had never yet deserted him. This might have resulted from the consciousness of a genius that must, either at a present or a future time, find its reward in the applause of thousands; or it might be only the light-heartedness of youth and health. But certainly, to look at himself and his abode, most persons would have said that Martin Werner had great cause for melancholy. The apartment was large and cold, but he consoled himself by saying that he could not complain of having no room to work in: and though the window would not open to

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known by the reputation they have for exaggerating and boasting. These are the weeds of a very rich soil. The Gascons ought to be substantially understood as eminently talented, brave, and hospitable.

admit air as well as the yellowish light by which the painter worked, yet draughts poured in from every direction, which, he said, kept up a constant circulation of fresh air. No fire cast a cheerful glow over the desolate region, and the corner opposite to the empty grate was occupied by a lowly bed, beside which stood a large chest, containing the painter's wardrobe. Martin Werner had laid aside his colours, and was carefully searching for something that lay at the bottom of this chest. At length, he dragged forth the object, and proceeded to the window to examine its contents. It was a leathern purse, and from it he drew—carefully wrapped in paper to preserve its lustre—a shining coin. In a happier hour he had been attracted by its brightness, and had determined never to part with it. But now the hand of stern necessity was held forth; he had tasted no food all day. He gazed upon it, and, for a moment, a tear dimmed his eye; for it recalled distinctly his mother, in her distant home; his brothers, tossing on the fickle and deceitful waves; and his sisters, even now, perhaps, thinking how their brother's pictures would be admired and gazed at in the great city. The whole course of his life passed as in a dream before him. Again he was in the cottage home which had sheltered his infancy; again he heard the shouts of the happy urchins who had been his playmates; again he wandered from them, and stood alone with nature—the blue vault above, and the lovely earth beneath; he heard the gurgling of the thousand streamlets—the roar of the distant ocean—the songs of the wild birds—and high overhead the lark, to him the sweetest songster of them all, sending forth its notes, distinct and clear, while the straining eye could scarce perceive the motion of its fluttering wings. All the haunts of his boyhood passed, like the scenes of a magic lantern, before him; and with them the train of happy associations that were connected with each individual spot.

"I cannot part with it," he said, unconsciously, aloud; "surely, such a dream of happiness is worth starving for. Besides, my picture will be finished to-morrow, and I can wait till then."

With this heroic resolution he replaced his treasure; and folding his arms, he stood at the window, whistling one of the plaintive little airs of his country. Group on group of chimneys, of all shapes and sizes, formed the most prominent feature in the landscape before him; and houses, with flat roofs and steep roofs, a strange heterogeneous mass of buildings, through which the eye in vain wandered for some pleasing object on which to rest. Amongst them, however, our artist's imagination went to work. Lofty domes and stately palaces arose at the waving of the magic wand of his fancy—forms of beauty and loveliness, wandering amid gardens of luxury and delight, while angel messengers bore peace and happiness to their solitude. From these visions of bliss he turned to the destruction of worlds and empires, and the awful depths of the infernal regions—the gigantic billows overhanging the shuddering group of devoted wretches lected on a rock during the great deluge, or the conflagration of majestic cities, doomed by the will of Heaven to destruction.

Again his dreams were painfully interrupted by the pangs of hunger; he thought that sleep might lull him into insensibility to them, and stretched himself on his bed. But sleep came not; and after tossing about for some time, he started up and sought, through several streets, the shop of a baker. One he at last espied, and hastily entered. The shopkeeper cast a suspicious eye upon his customer; for his clothes were not so new as they had been, and were, besides, covered with divers spots and patches of paint, which did not, by any means, add to the gentility of his appearance. Our artist demanded a loaf, in payment whereof he laid down his last bright coin. The baker took it, scrutinized it, turned it over and over, then dashed it violently against the board, and declared it to be a counterfeit.

"A counterfeit!" exclaimed the painter, dismally. But fearing that his tone and look might betray his circumstances, he added carelessly, at the same time laying down the coveted loaf, "well, it's of no consequence; I don't happen to have another with me now: good night, sir."

Affecting an independent swagger, he left the shop, and hastened down the street; but, had he looked back, he would have seen the sharp face of the baker peering after him, as he muttered to himself, "You don't happen to have any more with you now, sir. Aye, aye, you're a pretty scamp, I warrant you; and I shall look twice at your money if ever you come to my shop again."

Martin Werner hastened home. Till that hour he had not known absolute want, and even his buoyant spirits threatened to desert him at the approach of grim penury. Once more he ransacked his chest, for in one corner he remembered to have seen a crust. He found it; it was mouldy, and covered with dust; but he shook that off, and ate it with a keen relish; then got into bed, and slept more soundly than he who had supped upon all the delicacies that wealth could procure.

The morning sun was shining brightly upon him, through the window, when he awoke. He leaped from his bed, exclaiming, as he hastily dressed himself, "The crisis of my adversity is past! I have climbed its steep hill, and shall now descend to the fair, sunny vale, on the other side. The sun shines gaily on my morning's work; I will take it for an omen—a prognostic of brighter days to come!"

Under these favourable auspices he finished his picture. It was sold, not certainly for its full value as a work of art, but for more than the young and unknown artist had ventured to hope. Success *did* follow. Each succeeding production of his genius brought fresh fame and profit to the painter; and in after years, when he had become the favoured of kings and princes, when his pictures were admired by nations, and purchased by governments, he thought, with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain, of the mouldy crust which he had so contentedly eaten in his lonely and desolate garret.

From Frazer's Magazine.

MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Honour to Woman!" is our standing toast. For are not the maids, wives, and widows of these sea-girt isles our pride and hearts' delight! Long may they continue, as their mothers were before them, essentially and mentally *feminine!* All other changes in a nation are of trivial import when compared with a change for the worse in the character of its females. They are as the well-springs that feed the stream of future human life,—a stream whose course will be fearful, deadly, and desolate, if the fountains be polluted.

The female philosophers and politicians of France, at the close of the last century, so did their godless work, that he who runs may read its consequences in the present generation. We would not that Britain should be thus, and so contaminated; and therefore have felt it to be our duty occasionally to hold up to ridicule the praise-intoxicated presumption which, with cap and bells jingling, would "run a muck" against all established and even sacred things. It is not the lady, but the inflated, ignorant charlatan, at whom we point with the finger of scorn. Quacks are of no sex. But to our subject.

Whether the authoress of *The Outlaw*, *née* Anna Maria Fielding, claim kindred with the immortal chronicler of *Tom Jones*, is to us unknown. Her mother, we believe, was of French Huguenot lineage; the Co. Wexford being filled with such exiles for conscience sake, for whom "the lines" can scarcely be said to have "fallen on pleasant places," theirs being the singular lot to be tumbled out of the frying-pan of the edict of Nantz into the fire of Scullabogue. The Fieldings, it appears, had estates, which they resolved and re-resolved to "see about" improving; till, somehow, while they were debating, the acres glided out of their possession. But this is "a way they have in Ireland;" so nobody was surprised, except, perhaps the outgoers. What became of the old people is not on record. The young lady, however, seems not to have been inclined to go simpering, "Fuimus," throughout the land. She left the paternal halls, and, appearing in England, took possession of a new Hall by right of conquest: assuming (like Scipio Africanus) the name of what she had subdued. Although a dozen years have elapsed since this event, we are happy to add that the conquered party has evinced no disposition to throw off the yoke, nor has the question of "*repaling* the union" been once mooted.

The Irish sketches of Mrs. S. C. Hall are her most prominent performances. In them, like the admirable Edgeworth, she makes her pen ancillary to national improvement, by the gentle, shrewd, and good-humoured indication of Milesian absurdities. The rotting shed of an Irish hovel, sheltering, as it does, the most helpless and trampled on of God's creatures, covers an inexhaustible mine of pathos, as well as fun—*there* is the true *flebile ludibrium* of the satirist. When Gonzalvi took to exterminating the banditti in the neighbourhood of Rome, loud murmurs arose among the artists at the prospect of being deprived of such capital materials for their craft, in costume, grouping, and incident. Poulet Scrope is not aware of the ruin his Poor Law for Ireland would entail on the numerous artisans who make a livelihood of the present state of things,—Wilkie, by painting "Peep o' day boys;" or Maclise, by "installing Captain Rocks;" Banim, by the heart-rending fidelity of his graphic scenes; or Lover, by the arch waggery of his prose—not to be surpassed, save by the witchery of his song. All this would pass away; nor would the living models from which they now draw have more substantial existence than Crofton Croker's "fairies," or Moore's "ragged royal race of Tara." Solved by the magic touch of substantial emancipation from rags and famine, the copper chains in which the archbeggar contrives to keep his "hereditary bondsmen" would have the fate of Wood's halfpence in the last century.

Happily, however, for poets, painters, and Mrs. S. C. Hall, our enlightened ministry have a different method of doing "justice to Ireland;" and are wisely impressed with the expediency of continuing the starvation system, as the fittest regimen for the distempered greenlanders. They seek to amuse them, meantime, with municipal moonshine; and have found a most dignified occupation, in joining the descendant of a Kerry pedlar in his melodious howl against the barons and peerage of England. Let Mrs. Hall continue her sketches. During Sultan Mahmoud's reign there will be no lack of ruined villages.

From Frazer's Magazine.

SIR JOHN C. HOBHOUSE.

This right honourable baronet is now a member of the cabinet presided over—at least nominally—by the brother of the gentleman whom he once so unmercifully exposed in Covent Garden to the cabbage and turnip-tops of its liberal electors, and the unsparing raillery of Mr. Canning, poured in with so much effect upon the "mud-bespattered Whigs, taking refuge from the oppression of their popularity under the bayonets of the Horse Guards." Times are changed since. Hobhouse no longer writes letters to Lord Erskine, or Lord Erskine's friends, sneering at green ribands, and laughing at the pretensions to political purity in the holders of place and pension. We are no longer told to "Ask him, gentlemen," when any of the Whigocracy forgets to advocate in power those doctrines which he had maintained to be indispensable to the very existence of the country while out of office. No! The usual change has taken place: the brawling patriot has been transformed into the lickspittle placeman.

He began life as a butt of Lord Byron's, who made many most unsavoury rhymes on his name. In fact, we do not remember any person of note among us who has had the fortune of being saluted with titles less redolent of grace than Cam Hobhouse. Hook, by an error of the press, saluted him with an appellation which, it must be admitted, his personal appearance perpetually tends to suggest. Galt, in his notice of the Pot and Kettle controversy, bestows upon him the title of the former utensil. Lord Palmerston (we believe) eulogised him in an ode in the *John Bull*, the first distich of which was

> " I care not a —— [*very familiar beast*]
> For John Cam Hobhouse."

Cobbett styles him Sancho, for his obsequious servility to Sir Francis Burdett, to whom he bore the same relation as the greasy clown did to his mistaken but chivalrous master. The time has come when in the queer revolution of things which we are doomed to witness, our Sancho has got the government of an island, and rules India with a degree of wisdom which would excite envy in the cabinet of Barataria.

We remember him—we regret to say, a good many years ago—in Athens, where he distinguished himself by wearing a pair of green baize breeches, which produced an epigram hardly fit to be repeated to ears polite; but which, neverless, has appeared in print. The collection of such compliments paid to Hobhouse would be large. It is a pleasent reflection for any man that he should have been particularly distinguished by his contemporaries. When he makes a gathering of works attributed to him, we trust that he will not forget the famous letter in which he boasted that three hundred Muciuses had sworn to murder Canning. He may append to it, as a fitting note, Canning's complimentary billet—that the author of a certain pamphlet was a liar and a scoundrel, who only wanted courage to be an assassin. It would also be an agreeable literary curiosity, if he were to publish at the same time Lord Byron's confidential note, in which his lordship recommended certain folks not to trouble themselves by making vain efforts to appear in the alien character of men of honour.

He is perhaps the best exemplification of Lord Mansfield's saying, that popularity is gained without a merit, and lost without a fault. He had no claim whatever, except impudence and servility, on Westminster, when he was elected; and these qualities he possessed when he was turned out. One of the main pretences for his ejection, was his devotion to the cat-o-nine-tails. His successor has made that much-abused instrument the principal engine of discipline in his well-whipped and ill-fed army. Of Hobhouse's political career the records are short. The man has done nothing, because nothing is in him. *Ex nihilo nil fit*—there is no getting blood from a turnip; and it is one of our misfortunes that we should be compelled to write about such people at all. But the amber of office embalms them for their day. Shrined for a while in that we are doomed to observe the forms of creeping things, our wonder at which—a small one under existing circumstrances—secures the tribute of a page even to " my boy, Hobbio." We have added to his name the title of his first performance—the *Miscellany*; or, as his friend Lord Byron (Murray's edition, vol. i. p. 185) too tr called it, the *Miss-sell-any*. The names of other literary performances we have forgotte

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From Blackwood's Magazin

SPRING SONNETS.

No. I

THE DEFEAT OF WINTER.

I.

But yester morn the frozen snow
  Grimly o'ermantled lawn and lea;
Grey clouds shut out the sky; the sea
Whitened in foam the cliffs below;
  And stormblasts vexed the leafless tree.

II.

And now—as by the sudden wave
  Of some benign enchanter's rod—
How placidly the waters lave
The entrance of the dank sea-cave—
  How brightly greens the vernal sod!

III.

Up from the dark mould, see, arise
  The snow-drop with its soundless bell!
The crocus opes its azure eyes;
And, by the fountain-side, espies
  A thousand daisies in the dell!

IV.

Hearken the birds—all winter long,
  That through the bleak air tuneless flew;
The woodlands seem alive with song,—
They flit about, a rapturous throng,
  And dart the green boughs thro' and thro'.

V.

Upon the furze the linnet sits,
  And to the silence sweetly sings;—
Up from the grass the sky-lark flits,
Pours forth its gushing song by fits,
  And upwards soars on twinkling wings!

VI.

From crevice and from sheltered nook,
  Where they have slept the winter through,
The midge and fly now gladly look
On the bright sun;—some skim the brook,
  Some wheel in mazy circles by.

VII.

The bee within its waxen cell,
  Hath felt the vernal call, and come
Forth in the warm daylight to dwell,—
Hath bade the silent hive farewell,
  And o'er the field delighted hums!

VIII.

Sky—earth—and ocean—each hath felt
  The sudden influence; life renewed
Into all nature's veins hath stealt;
And Love, with an engirding belt,
  Hath beautified the solitude.

IX.

As at a new, a glorious birth,
  The soul exults, the heart leaps up;
A visioned joy illumines earth;
The primrose glows with silent mirth,
  As does the hyacinth's blue cup.